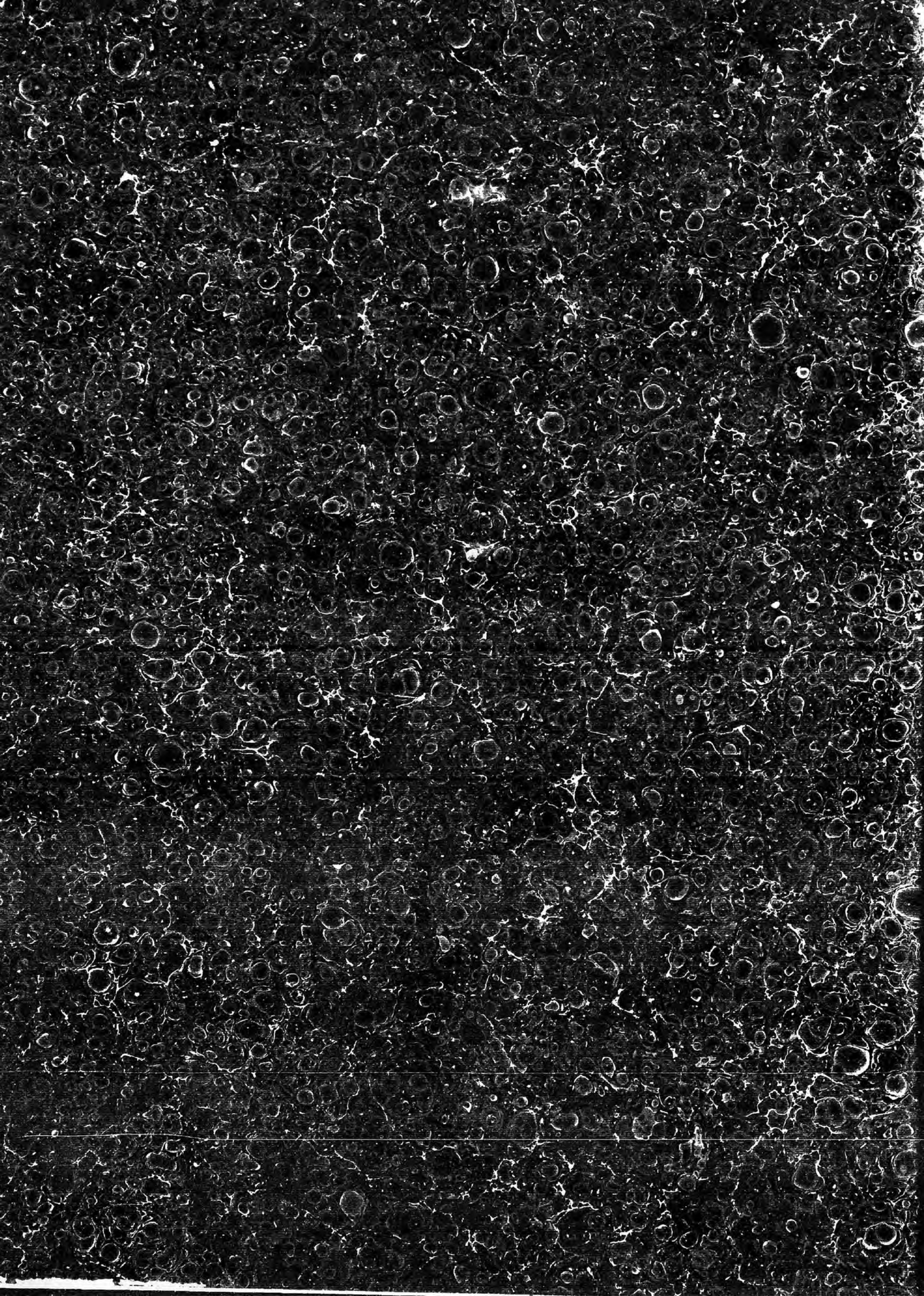

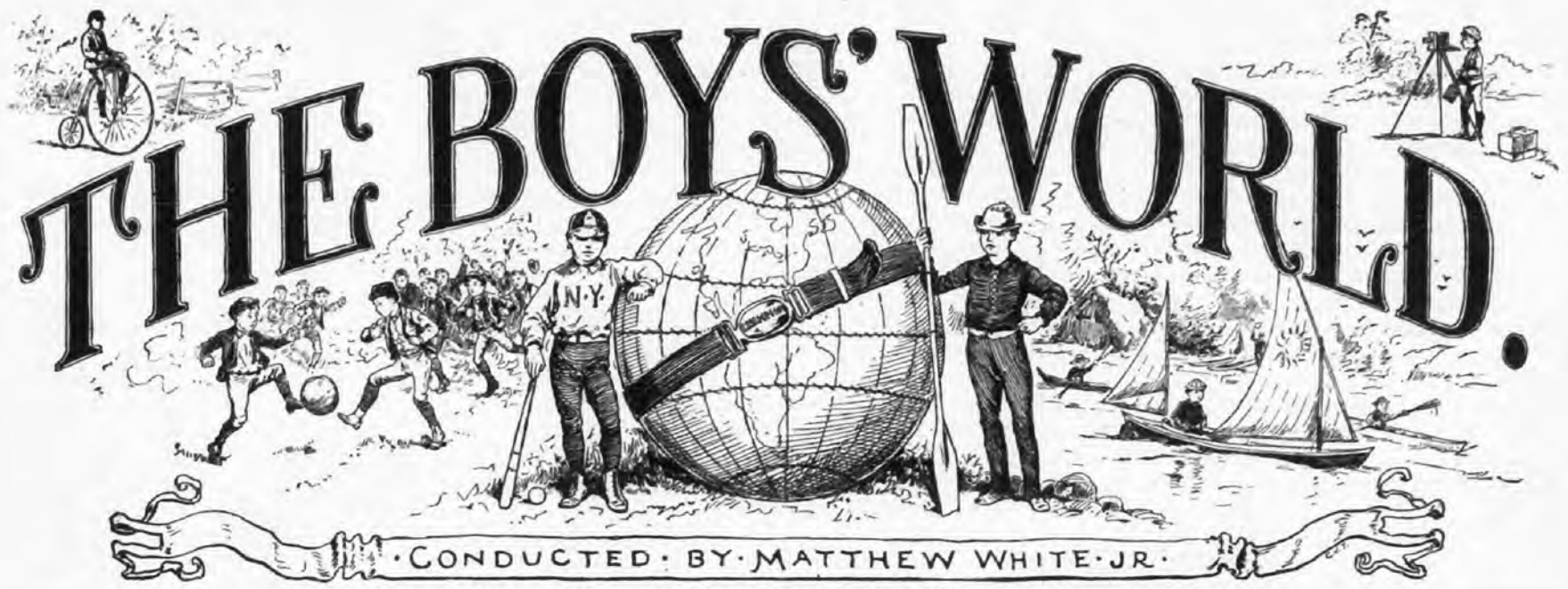

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THE KNIGHTS OF STEEL.

A TALE OF A BICYCLE TOUR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

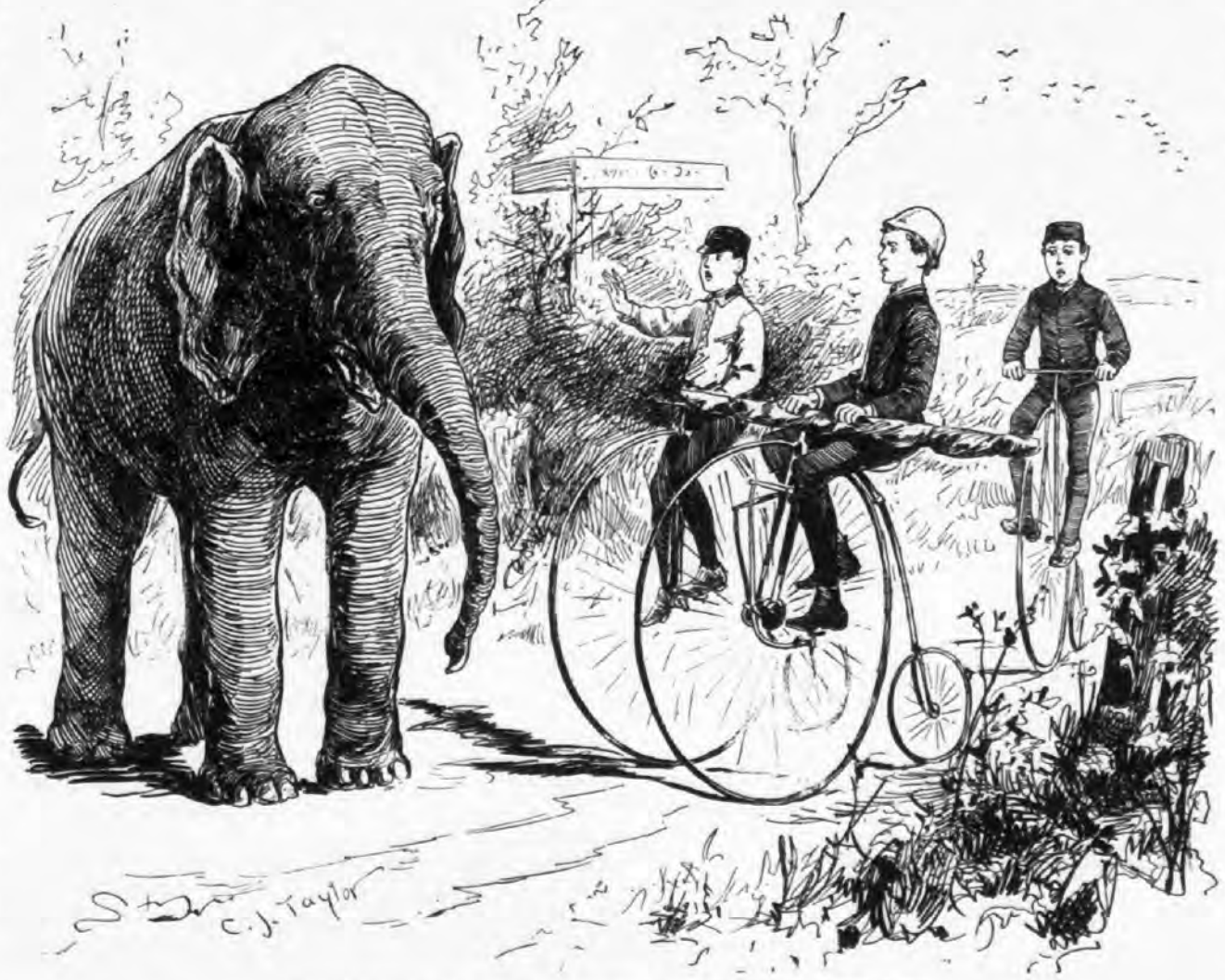
Author of "The Heir to Whitecap," "Frank Hay," "Reg," etc.

CHAPTER I.

On a summer afternoon three good-sized boys stood in the garden of a certain house in Wyburg, gazing intently at a piece of old sail-cloth spread out on the grass at their feet. It was not white like the rest of the sails in the world, but had recently been painted green, with here and there a straggling dash of brown, that might be taken to represent either the limb of a tree, or a bit of rusty iron.

"Do you suppose it will be dry enough by to-morrow?" inquired Arthur Pent, experimentally applying a finger to the daubiest patch. Then turning to the boy next him, he added: "By the way, Val, have you finally decided on the route we're to take? Remember we want to give ourselves a good hundred mile run."

"Oh, never fear but you'll have ground enough to cover," answered Val Campbell, who counted the fewest years and owned the longest legs of the three. "Our objective point is Kipsic, you know, but we're to go around by way of Penskill, to avoid some steep hills and be sure of a woods to camp in the first night. I'll tell you the separate stages I've reckoned on, so as to make the trip in three days."



THEY BEHELD AN ENORMOUS ELEPHANT DIRECTLY IN THEIR PATH.

And while he is thus employed, it may be explained that the three boys comprise the Knights of Steel's entire membership, constituting the only bicycle club in Wyburg. Having exhausted the novelties of all roads in and about the town for short runs, the Knights had decided to celebrate the opening of the summer vacation by venturing on a regular tour, including camping out at night.

"But how can we carry a tent with us?" Arthur had asked, when the subject was first broached.

Here was certainly a difficulty, but before the middle of June, Ti Walker (as to whose full name nobody ever knew whether it was Timothy or Ticonderoga), had his brilliant idea in connection with the old sail, the details of which he had kept secret until the present occasion.

And this was the idea: to select for a camping-ground some dry spot in the woods, where the trees were so placed as to form a triangle of the required dimensions, lean a machine against each tree at a safe angle, stretch the old sail over the handle-bars, and lie down complacently under the novel shelter thus formed.

"But how are we going to carry the thing?" objected Arthur. "It will be a great nuisance."

"Oh, I'll attend to that myself," returned Ti," and take it right along as part of my freight."

"Why, Ti," interposed Val, "do you know it will make a bundle five feet long?"

"Of course I do, and what of it? I'll lash it fast across the head of my machine and so have longer handles, that's all. Remember that I own an 'Xtraordinary,' so there's no danger of the extra weight forward giving me a 'header'."

"But consider how far it will stick out on each side," persisted Val; "and the space you'll take up on the road!"

However, as the start was to be made the next morning, and as it was not probable that either of the other Knights could think up anything better in the meantime, Ti's "patent tent," as it came to be called, was finally received into favor.

"But what made you go to the trouble of painting it?" Arthur wanted to know.

"Why, I had the two colors left over from the time I experimented on the barn," Ti replied, "so I thought I'd give the thing a rustic, woodsy sort of look. And now I want you to help me roll it up."

Ti being the eldest, was regarded as the captain of the club, and with a recollection of this fact he had himself called at five o'clock the next morning, and after a hearty breakfast hurried out to the barn for his steed of steel, intending to collect his forces for an early start.

But he had scarcely taken three steps from the house when a cry of "Whoop! look out there!" caused him to spring backwards in a very undignified fashion, just in time to escape being run down by the two other members of the club, who had lain awake half the night in order to be able to surprise their commander by their early advent.

"Hello!" exclaimed the latter, after shaking hands. "I was just coming for *you*. But let's get off as soon as we can, so we needn't run so fast during the heat of the day. Ready now," he added, a few minutes later, when he had trundled out his own machine with its odd-looking load. "Fall in," and with the words, the young captain pushed off and sprang lightly into the saddle.

The others followed suit, and all three doffed their caps gracefully to Mrs. Walker at the window, as they glided past the house.

The morning was a lovely one, promising a cool, calm day, just the sort for bicycling, and the Knights' spirits rose high as they skimmed swiftly down the drive and turned into the hard, smooth road at the gate.

With a few dismounts to trundle machines up extra steep hills or to drink from their hands at a brook-side, the first half-day's ride was accomplished and about noon the knights halted for dinner at the countriest of all country hotels, stopped again for supper at Berksley, and just before sunset, rolled into the gloom of the small forest where they were to spend the night.

"Ugh," shivered Arthur, "it isn't any too 'comfy' in here. Wonder if there are any——"

"Now please, just for variety's sake, don't say bears," entreated Val. "I don't believe a party of boys ever camped out in the woods anywhere, without one of 'em mentioning that huggery-muggery animal. What was that?"

"Only a squirrel," laughed Ti, adding: "And now I want you fellows to keep your eyes open for a spot to pitch our tent."

A dismount was soon made and machines temporarily stacked, while the Knights roamed off in search of the desired triangle.

"It reminds me of hunting for the Great Bear on a starry night," observed Arthur, standing still and staring about him.

"Who said B-e-a-r?" muttered Val, in his deepest bass; but at that instant Ti cried "Eureka!" and placed his back against one tree, while he stretched out his arms towards two others.

"Do you fellows go and bring your wheels here," he added, "while I stay and preserve the landmarks. Then you can go back with me and help with the tent."

Ten minutes later the green canvas was in place, and, as it turned out, not only furnished a roof for the club, but respectable side-flaps as well.

"Now in the dark nobody'll know it from a big bush," cried the delighted Ti.

"But won't it be rather close quarters for three of us?" remarked Val.

"Oh, the tight fit will keep it snug and warm," replied Ti, as he wound his watch. "And now to quarters, for we ought to make an early start; we've got four or five miles to ride for our breakfast, you know. Careful, boys, and don't raise yourselves up too high after you creep in, or you'll hit the pedals and have the whole thing down on your heads."

"Jolly comfortable, after all, isn't it?" commented Arthur, when the three had carefully pulled a shawl over them, and with their heads pillowed on their luggage-carriers, prepared to pass their first night in the woods. "Good-night; I'm going straight to sleep."

Indeed, they were all too tired after their long day's run to tell any "bed-time stories," but notwithstanding his announcement, Arthur soon found himself the only one awake.

"Well, here's a go," he muttered. "I expected to drop off right away, and here I am with my eyes wide open and my ears all ready to hear these chaps' snores."

In vain he counted countless imaginary sheep jumping over a stile, and then attempted to repeat the multiplication table backwards; he remained obstinately wakeful, listening for the sound of fluttering leaves, or an owl's hoot, or—what was that? A low, buzzing noise, gradually coming nearer, until Arthur could make out that it was men talking.

Who could it be in the woods at that hour, for he felt sure that it must be nearly midnight? Indeed, it seemed to him as if he had been trying to get to sleep for weeks.

"Penskill" was the first word he distinctly understood, and then as the men came closer, "safe" and "silver" struck upon his ear with startling significance.

"Robbers!" he whispered to himself, and then almost shouted the word aloud, but refrained with a sudden recollection of the moonless night and their bush-like tent, and listened for what might follow with a heart beating so excitedly that he feared it might waken his companions.

"If I *should* wake them," he reflected, "it will be impossible for three of us to keep perfectly still, and I don't at all fancy the prospect of a midnight tussle with highwaymen. I do believe they've stopped where they can almost touch our tent. What if they should walk right into it?" and as the boy pictured to himself the consequent falling in of the bicycles, and the resulting entanglement of all parties concerned, he came near breaking out into an hysterical laugh, but checked the tendency in time to pay strict attention to the following startling revelation:

"To-morrow night then, you and Jim must make the strike. I'd go 'long if it wasn't for my bein' butler there last month, yer know, an' not likin' to have folks spot me. But you'll have an easy job of it by just walkin' quiet up to the dinin'-room bay-winder next the drive-way, pullin' open the shutter at the side—folks thought it was too little ter need a lock, but a slim feller like you can slip in like an eel—an' the silver's on the side board ter yer right. An' yer needn't be much scared at noises, for as I tell ye, the family are off to a weddin' in Chicago an' nobody in the house but the boy and the wimmen servants; all the men sleep at the barn. Now I've give yer the ropes an' if yer don't meet me here with—" but at this point something appeared to have alarmed the conspirators, for they moved away in opposite directions, then all was still, and Arthur wondered if he had had the nightmare.

He was about to wake up his friends and tell them of what he had heard, but resolved to be quite sure first that the men had really departed and meantime fell into a sleep so profound that it required the united efforts of Ti and Val to rouse him in the morning.

"I say, boy," called out the former, giving him a vigorous shake, "We've found a splendid brook to wash in, but both Val and I forgot to bring towels. Come now, out of this, and let's see if you haven't one among your traps."

"Steady there," cautioned Val, as the awakened lad started up with a half-spring. "Remember you're not in a fortress, with rock foundations and stone walls. Ti'll show you the way to our bath-room, while I look for your towel."

Arthur followed his captain in a sort of dazed state, for his loss of rest in the fore part of the night had caused him to sleep so heavily afterwards, that memory was slow in returning.

Before it had completely re-asserted itself, Val came bounding after them with a small parcel in his hand and a broad smile on his face.

"Well, if we're not all three of us fine packers!" he cried. "Three cakes of soap and not one towel in the party!"

Ti joined in the laugh, but Arthur, with a very sober expression, suddenly faced about and laying a hand on the shoulder of each of his friends, began solemnly: "Chums, we call ourselves the Knights of Steel, don't we?"

"Yes; spelled with double 'e,'" replied the irrepressible Val; "I hope you're not going to drop one of them, insert an 'a,' and proceed to appropriate a couple of towels from the next clothes line we come across."

"Did either of you hear anything in the night?" went on Arthur, unmoved from his serious look and tone.

"Not I," answered Val, "I forgot to listen for bears."

"Why, what's the matter, Art?" exclaimed Ti. "You look as if you had either slept too much or else not at all."

"It's a little of both, I guess," replied the other, stooping down to give his face a refreshing dash with the cool waters of the brook. "There, I feel better now and I'll tell you all about it as fast as I can There's going to be a robbery to-night at some rich man's house in Penskill! I heard the burglars planning it out while I lay trying to get asleep, and we must prove deserving of our name as a club by preventing it."

Arthur then went on to repeat all he had heard the discharged butler say, while his friends interrupted him with frequent exclamations.

"It's all owing to my patent tent!" cried Ti excitedly, when the tale was finished. "Of course the thieves must have taken it for a bush, and so we—"

"I don't believe they noticed it at all," put in Val. "But that's not the principal point, which is, gentlemen and knights, what are we to do about the affair? Art says they didn't mention any names."

"We might put an advertisement in the paper," suggested Ti, "warning the servants of the family answering to the description, to be on their guard."

"But don't you understand that the robbery is to be committed this very night," broke in Val again. "So there's no time for anything of that sort. We could give information to the police department though."

"Police?" laughed Arthur. "Why, I don't believe they ever heard of such a thing in Penskill. Father says it's an awfully slow, century behind kind of town. No sir, I move we go through with this business ourselves like real knights. Besides, what sort of definite report could we give to an officer or detective, if we found one? Just as like as not the man would say I'd been dreaming and make geese of us all."

"Till after the thieves had got away with their booty," added Val, "when we could afford to crow like a choice breed of roosters. But I'm as hungry as one of the bears we didn't see last night, so let's make a move for breakfast and plan our campaign on the way."

All three being of one mind on this point, the tent was struck, lashed in its place and in ten minutes the Knights were scudding away towards Penskill and coffee. The principal topic of conversation was of course as to how they might get the best of the burglars, and so absorbed were they all in discussing the subject, that they were rather careless about keeping a lookout ahead.

Thus it came to pass that they bore rapidly down upon a cross-roads without the slightest idea of what was to meet them there, until a shout of warning caused them all to look away from one another to behold an enormous elephant directly in their path.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India, being stretched to a length of of 6000 feet over a river between two hills, each of which is 1200 feet high.

If our readers will consult a cyclopedia they will discover that, in the days of ancient Rome, the word *campus* signified a vacant space near the city, devoted to shows, combats, exercises and the like. They will furthermore ascertain that at one time Rome possessed eight of these *campi* and that the term itself is derived from the old Sicilian word for race-course. Having learned these facts, it will be easy for them to trace the connection between the title as used in the far-away days of the Roman world and its present application, in many instances, to the playground of the modern boarding-school and college ; and thus they will readily come to perceive its appropriateness as a heading for our Boys' World department of School Life and Sports. We hope to make this a special feature of our paper, and to this end we invite our readers to send us lists of high records scored at their school athletic contests, descriptions of new games, or of new ways of playing old ones, reports of the doings of their bicycle clubs, baseball nines, literary societies, etc. Sample copies of school papers will also be gladly welcomed and quoted from, due credit being given. In brief, the editor wishes to make this page of The Boys' World the medium of an interchange of views and experiences among schoolboys hailing from all parts of the country.

In and About New York Schools.

There is a report going the rounds that two of New York's most prominent schools are about to become one, under an entirely new management.

I have inquired of the respective head-masters whether there was a basis for the rumor, and have met with a positive negative answer from both.

Speaking of rumors reminds me of a scrap I read in the *Tribune* the other day. Here it is :

For years half the editorial columns in amateurdom, roughly estimated, have contained at the top, in small type : "Amateur Journalism ! the noblest institution ever engaged in by the American youth."

[Speaker Randall. This expression originated curiously. One day a delegation of amateurs waited upon the Speaker to secure, if possible, his aid in obtaining for them second-class rates. He was busy, and all the boys could get out of him was : "I don't know anything about amateur journalism."

"Well," persisted one of the visitors, "don't you think it is the noblest institution ever engaged in by the American youth ?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so; I am busy," answered the statesman.

It is now in order for some "Comet," "Stars and Stripes," "Eagle" or "Pearl," to take up the cudgels in behalf of amateurdom, and prove the above to be a base slander.

To Mr. J. G. McNary, the principal of Grammar School No. 57, is due the credit of encouraging the boys of that school to construct the remarkable mechanical models now on exhibition at the American Institute Fair.

I stepped in at the door over which this sign hung and inquired of a slightly-bald young gentleman : "Where from do you get your school-books ?"

"Oh, a good many we take out of libraries that we have bought, some we buy at auction, but our mainstay is the schoolboy who has finished a book, and, I surmise, wants a little extra change. A good many very old, as well as curious books are collected on these shelves," he went on. "Here is a Chinese spelling-book, and this," taking down a well-thumbed, dog-eared volume, in the last stages of dilapidation, "is a geography somebody's great-grandfather probably used in the proverbial log-cabin school-house."

Professor Fowler, of the Columbia Institute, has decided to extend the benefits of physical development and military drill beyond his own students, and has therefore opened a class after school hours for a limited association of boys.

F. E. M.

Campus Chat on Books and Reading.

It has grown too dark to finish the innings and the boys form themselves into a group in a corner of the playground for a quiet talk before supper.

"I say, Fred," exclaimed one, filling up a pause in the discussion of the probable outcome of the game had they been able to continue it, "have you decided on the library book you're going to take out in the morning? I haven't an idea what to choose. I'm about sick of stories. They all end alike, so you know just what's coming next."

"That's so, Bert," chimed in the fellow who was standing next to him. "The good boys are always so awfully good and the bad ones so terribly bad, and besides being kind of tiresome, we all know that real fellows are generally good and bad mixed."

"Then there's another thing in that sort of book," added Will West. "The good boy is always poor and brave, and the bad one rich and cowardly. He gets a drubbing from the saint-like hero, and sneaks off muttering and 'bides his time' for revenge. But we all know that whether he gets it or not, the goody-goody boy is going to crow over him in the end, when he comes out a millionaire at the top of the heap."

"Why don't you take up history, Bert?" suggested Harry Daykins, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'm sure an account of the ancient Druids and their temples would——"

"Oh, come now, Harry," broke in the other. "You know I flunked fearfully in my English history this morning, so let up on a fellow when he's down."

"I would advise you to try biography," here interposed a tall lad, the one addressed as Fred, and who now first found an opportunity to answer the question Bert Dutton had put to him. "The next book I take out is the last volume of Washington Irving's 'Life of Christopher Columbus.' It's just as interesting and exciting as any Indian or sea story I ever read, and the best of it is, you can feel it's all true and that the wonderful events and coincidences the author tells about really happened."

"You're right there, Fred," spoke up West again. "Biography isn't to be sneezed at as stuffy and dry. Last vacation I read the life of Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett, and one or the other of them—perhaps it was both—used to do nearly all the work on their papers themselves, when they first started, even to writing out the advertisements for the cooks and the rest. Fancy the owners of the *Tribune* or *Herald* doing that to-day! But it only goes to show, I suppose, how men can grow from a little grain to a tall stalk, like green corn."

Of course there was a laugh at this indication that jovial Will West was turning philosopher, but Dick Fielding still kept the talk in the serious rut into which it had slipped by remarking :

"I think history is every bit as interesting as biography. Only yesterday I was reading about ancient Rome, how when Greece and part of Asia and Africa had all been conquered, the barbarians from the north, where Germany, France and England are now, kept the Romans in a continual terror by pouring across the border on them. You see they, the Romans, I mean, didn't know anything about that part of the world, and I couldn't help thinking how queer it would be if we, here in the United States, hadn't any idea of what kind of people lived up in Canada."

"Yes, and it seems queerer than all," added Fred, "when you remember how, after the western part of Europe got civilized and in good running order, it was three or four hundred years before anybody suspected that there was a big continent across the ocean that was going to grow as important in the world and as famous as the most flourishing of their own countries."

"Oh, if you are talking about books," exclaimed a trim-looking fellow in knickerbockers, who had just come up, "I can tell you of a tip-top one I read last week. It was called 'The Browns,' and was just a right out and out sensible story, because the people in it weren't either too good to last long or too bad to associate with. Don Brown, the hero, was prime sort. Sometimes he went wrong and got into scrapes through his own fault, just like the rest of us. But he was a good sound chap at heart, I can tell you, and because he did make a slip once in a while and come to grief—why, that only made you think of him more as if he was a real boy, and hope that he wouldn't trip up again. Well, sir, after finishing that kind of a book, you feel more like wanting to keep yourself straight, you know, so's other people wouldn't be sorry for you if you should happen to be in a story. Hullo, there goes the supper-bell. I'll race you in, Harry," and the chat ended in a general scamper across the campus.

HOW ROMAN CHARIOT HORSES WERE HARNESSED.

The following selection is from General Wallace's famous book, "Ben Hur."

They "preferred to put their horses to the chariot all abreast ; and for distinction they termed the two next the pole *yoke-steeds*, and those on the right and left outside *trace-mates*. It was their judgment, also, that by allowing the fullest freedom of action, the greatest speed was attainable ; accordingly, the harness resorted to was peculiarly simple, in fact, there was nothing of it save a collar round the animal's neck, and a trace fixed to the collar, unless the lines and a halter fall within the term. Wanting to hitch up, the masters pinned a narrow wooden yoke or cross-tree, near the end of the pole, and, by straps passed through rings at the end of the yoke, buckled the latter to the collar. The traces of the yoke-steeds they hitched to the axle ; those of the trace-mates to the top rim of the chariot-bed. There remained then but the adjustment of the lines, which, judged by the modern devices, was not the least curious part of the method. For this there was a large ring at the forward extremity of the pole ; securing the ends of that ring first, they parted the lines so as to give one to each horse, and proceeded to pass them to the driver, slipping them separately through rings on the inner side of the halters at the mouth."

COLLECTING POSTAGE-STAMPS.

[*Whitehall Review*—London.]

To judge from a recent price-list, the mania for collecting postage-stamps would seem to be as great as ever. A well-known dealer, whose catalogue is before us, offers the nine-penny blue Natal of 1857 for £20, the half-peso rose of Peru for a similar amount, the 15-centime of Reunion for £30, an unused Mauritius envelope, issued at one shilling, for £35, and the plate of twelve varieties of old Mauritius for a trifle of £25. For some of the first issues of the South American republics prices are asked which would, we should imagine, amply repay a search in the countries they came from, and serve to replenish the empty coffers of such a needy country as Bolivia, the early stamps of which are almost as extinct as the dodo. Some English stamps are also very rare, notably the black "V. R." of which only a few examples are known to be in existence, and the high values of more recent issue. Among the latter the five-pound stamp is most highly prized. Who ever saw so expensive a label or had occasion to employ such high-priced postage? If, however, you presented yourself at St. Martin's-le-Grand and tendered a five-pound note in payment, you would be immediately served with the article in question. Try the experiment and place the stamp in the album of, say your eldest boy.

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TERMS.

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Address THE BOYS' WORLD,
60 BETHUNE ST.,
NEW YORK.

Among the contents of our January Number (to be issued Saturday, December 19) will be a sketch of an unusual order, entitled

LIFE ON A STAR;

OR,

MY VISIT TO MARS.

TO THE BOYS.

IN adding another periodical to the rather lengthy list of those already claiming the attention and approval of young people, our only apology is the fact that for THE BOYS' WORLD we can claim an original feature, namely: it is the only high-class paper in this country devoted expressly to the interests of boys.

We are ourselves very fond of boys, and we hope that they will soon become as fond of this, their own special journal, and will grow to regard it as the American organ of all that is brightest, manliest and best in boyhood everywhere.

By the aid of pen, pencil and printer's ink we propose to set before them monthly a feast of good things in the shape of stirring stories, spirited pictures and brief articles on the various sports, studies and occupations in which they, as boys, take particular interest and delight. In short, our aim will be to print nothing that any boy will want to "skip," while, at the same time, the greatest care will be exercised to prevent anything from gaining admittance to our columns that parent or teacher may think had better have been omitted.

And now, with this brief introduction, we leave our paper, its claims and its future, entirely in the hands of the boys. To entertain and instruct them, and ever to stimulate them to nobleness of aim and steadfastness of purpose, will be the constant endeavor of THE EDITOR.

"The Prince's Vigil," by Eliot McCormick, is the title of our Christmas story, to appear next month.

FOR club rate and method of sending price of subscription see notice at top of column.

OUR regular publication day is the 20th of each month preceding date of issue.

PUBLISHERS of amateur papers are invited to send copies for notice, although we cannot undertake to exchange.

FOOTBALL AND ITS ORIGIN.

FOR several years past a citizen of New York, chancing to be in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue about noon on Thanksgiving Day, might close his eyes and imagine himself transported back to Merrie England and the last century. But in order to effect the illusion, he must keep his ears open to hear the notes of a coaching horn, the clatter of eight pairs of hoofs and the rumble of wheels over the pavement. Now, however, let our New Yorker uncover his eyes to make sure that his ears have not deceived him, and—he will be inclined to think that they have; for he will very likely read "Windsor Hotel" or "Sturtevant House" on the coach, while the passengers, in place of grave Britishers in wigs and buckles, will prove to be a rollicking set of modern college lads. Then our observer's eye will light upon little flags and rosettes at the horses' ears, some of them orange and black, others a plain dark blue, "telling the tale of Princeton and Yale," and that this is the day of the great annual contest for the football championship at the Polo Grounds. And next he will find himself inclined to wend his way to an Elevated Railroad station to ride up-town and see the game played, in company with a generous slice of the city's population; and by him and them, until the match is over at nightfall, those other Thanksgiving slices—of turkey and pumpkin pie—are quite neglected and forgot.

But we started out to tell the readers of THE BOYS' WORLD what has been ascertained regarding the origin of football and to this end have made the following extracts from a little book on the subject lately published in London.

In the first place then, we are referred to the legends relating to the invention of the game, one of which is to the effect that in ancient times it was the custom to kick a large stone from parish to parish, both in Scotland and England, for the purpose of making boundaries and asserting rights of way. But this, as has been said is merely legend-and is not to be accepted as the true-for-a-fact account of the starting of the sport. Neither can our authorities speak positively when they state that probably the first foot-ball was the Roman *follis* or inflated bladder, which was, in the first instance, intended to be used simply as a hand-ball. It is supposed that a bladder was selected for the purpose for the reason that on account of its lightness, it could easily be struck into the air by the hand. Then our authors go on to surmise, that at some uncertain but momentous date, an impetuous player, after missing the ball with his hand, must have kicked out half-angrily with his foot, and so unconsciously made the first experiment in the art of drop-kicking, or punting. Swiftly and strongly flew the ball, farther than the stoutest arm or lustiest hand could have sent it, and thus the Romans were inspired with a new idea for their game, which was afterwards played under the rules that the bladder could be struck by either the hand or foot at each player's discretion and convenience.

It is supposed that the first mention of the game of football in English history is made by one Fitz Stephen, who, writing in the 13th century, says, "Annually upon Shrove Tuesday they (the London school-boys) go into the fields immediately after dinner and play at the celebrated game of ball." Indeed, by the next century the sport had become so popular that kings saw fit to forbid its playing by law; as they felt that their subjects were neglecting their practice with bow and arrow in order to indulge in it. But it would seem that in spite of threatened fines and imprisonment, the London apprentices and the country laborers were determined to enjoy their football, and the game was probably never so flourishing or so prosperous as it was throughout the sixteenth century.

The original game appears to have been of the simplest description. Given two boundaries or goals, a ball of any make, so long as it were strong enough to escape being torn in pieces, the opposing sides were allowed to get the ball on and make it touch the adversaries' goal in any manner they pleased, whether it be by kicking, hurling, shoving, running, or by stealth. Sometimes the goals were a mile or more apart; often the arena of play was a street or a high road, sometimes a whole town, in which latter case the attacking party with the ball would try to sneak around by side streets in order to escape notice, and plant the ball unawares through the window or against the post which was fixed as the goal. In this connection we can readily understand why, on Shrove Tuesday, or "Football Day," the towns-people of England made haste to nail laths across their front windows. At Derby there has been, from time immemorial, a football match, on this day, between the rival parishes of All Saints and St. Peter. The game is started in the market-place and the St. Peter's goal is a gate some miles away, while the wheel of a water-mill, distant about as far, is the goal of the All Saints' division. The game is over when the ball has been taken to either goal.

The play is governed by no rules; all that is needed is for one party, by force or stratagem, to get the ball up to the adversary's goal, to effect which object, dives are made into back streets and alleys, and the river is often crossed by swimming, the swimmer tightly clutching the ball as he strikes out for the opposite bank.

In the year 1815 there was a great football match played at Carterhaugh in Ettrick Forest, between the Ettrick men and the men of Yarrow, the latter party being backed by no less a person than Sir Walter Scott, at that time sheriff of the forest. He wrote a couple of songs in honor of the occasion, with four lines from one of which we will close this outline sketch of Rugby's famous game:

"Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather;
And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game of football."

BICYCLING IN WINTER.

BICYCLING on ice, and through snow may seem dangerous sport, and no doubt is. But the excitement and novelty almost repay one for the risk incurred. Living fully a mile from my place of business, I was compelled to find some way in which I could go speedily between home and store. It occurred to me that I might use the faithful wheel which had carried me so many hundreds of miles during the summer and fall. At any rate I decided to try the experiment. Imagine a cold, December day, the roads covered with white, well-beaten snow, and yourself warmly clad in pea-jacket, fur cap and mittens, dashing along past the merry sleighing parties, past the jingling bells, and you have a description of one of my numerous rides last winter. At times the roads would be covered with ice, making it exceedingly dangerous for pedestrians, much more so for me. Then, again, the snow would fall to a depth of several inches, or, what was worse, the frost would come out of the ground, making the top a mass of mud. To ride through this with the painful consciousness that you may take a header at any moment, is anything but pleasant. One of the greatest dangers, however, in winter riding, is the liability of the rubber tire to come off, as the cold cracks the cement which holds it in its place. Still I feel well repaid for the risk run, in the keen enjoyment of riding through the brisk air while others are laboriously trudging over the snow.

AN ALL-YEAR-ROUND WHEELMAN.

OUR correspondent does not state whether he ever rode through untrodden snow or always kept in the broken paths and sleigh ruts. We should be glad to hear from any of our readers who have had experience in winter riding.

A CHRISTMAS present raised to the twelfth power would be a year's subscription to THE BOYS' WORLD, presented to son, nephew, cousin or friend.

ALTHOUGH THE BOYS' WORLD has but eight pages, each number will be found to contain as many stories and articles of special interest to boys as do the larger twenty-five cent magazines, which cater to both boys and girls.

TWO WOODCHUCK HUNTERS

BY JAMES OTIS.

"WANT to come out to my place hunting, do you?" and Myrick Snow looked down from the high seat of his farm wagon, at the two town boys who had halted him for the purpose of intimating that they would like an invitation to visit his farm for a few days. "I don't reckon you'd find much of anything there but woodchucks and partridges, an' I s'pose that kind of game ain't large enough to suit such hunters as you are."

"Indeed it is," replied Sam Hutter quickly; and his particular friend, Jim Carey, assented by an emphatic nod of the head to his companion's assertion, adding for himself:

"You see, Mr. Snow, we don't want to hunt very big animals, 'cause we haven't got anything but shot guns."

"Well, if you're that easily satisfied, an' will agree to spend the most of your time looking after woodchucks—for there is a power of 'em out our way, an' they do give me a sight of trouble—I'll say come and stay as long as you like. I've got to go up the street a piece, an' won't be back for a couple of hours, so if your folks are willin' to let you go, have your traps ready for me to pick up when I start home."

THE BOYS READY TO START WITH FARMER SNOW.

As may be imagined Sam and Jim were ready and waiting when the farmer returned. It never was a difficult matter for the boys to gain the consent of their parents to a visit to the Snow farm, for if there ever was an old lady who delighted to have plenty of young people around her, and who was watchful over her youthful visitors, that woman was Mrs. Myrick, as she was familiarly called.

Judging from the appearance of the hunters as they stood by the side of the road waiting for the wagon, one would say that Farmer Snow would probably have no cause to complain of woodchucks after they brought their visit to a close, for they had ammunition enough to kill off at least a quarter of all that species of animals that could be found in the country. In addition to the huge powder-horn and shot-pouch which each one wore, they had packages sufficient to equip five hunters for a two days' shooting match.

"If I'd a knowed you was goin' to do such a powerful lot of firin', I'd a hitched another pair of horses on, so's to carry all your powder an' shot without makin' too big a load," Mr. Snow said with a grin, as he pulled up by the roadside and waited for the boys to put their traps in the wagon. "I expect mother'll think all the militia in the State is comin', when you begin to unload."

But Mrs. Myrick thought nothing of the kind; she had had a goodly number of boys of her own, and she knew just how youthful judgment can be influenced by hope. She welcomed them warmly, insisting on their eating nearly twice as much bread and milk for supper as they wanted, and promised to wake them at an early hour, so that there might be no delay in beginning the work of exterminating the woodchucks.

"You had better take old Tige and a shovel with you," the farmer said next morning shortly after sunrise, when the boys were ready to begin operations. "The dog will help to find the game, and you may have to dig one or two out of their holes. Go up on the hill back of the cornfield, an' I reckon you'll see enough to satisfy you."

It was only necessary to show Tige the guns in order to induce him to go with the hunters, and when they set out it would have been difficult to decide which felt most like a frolic—the boys or the dog.

That this one particular kind of game which the farmer was anxious to have killed was abundant, could be seen when the party were but a few rods from the house, for Tige stopped, scratching and barking, at half a dozen promising looking holes in nearly as many minutes; but the boys urged him on. It was just possible that they might fail to hit the first they saw, and they were by no means willing that the fun-loving farmer should be a witness of their bad marksmanship.

A little above the foot of the hill, well out of sight of every one, Tige found a perfect network of holes, and barked so furiously in front of them, that it was decided to begin operations at a place where four large excavations, all very close together, were burrowed into the sand, apparently running directly into the hill.

Neither of the boys knew whether these had been made by woodchucks; but the fact that the dog was barking and scratching at the entrance, was sufficient proof for them that the game they were in search of could be found at this very spot.

"Let's dig these fellows out first," Sam said, as he laid his gun on the ground, and began to use the shovel.

"I'd rather wait till we catch some of them sitting out of doors, so we can shoot 'em without having so much work," objected Jim.

"We might stay 'round all day without seeing any. I'd rather do any amount of digging than go back without any woodchucks, an' have him make fun of us."

This last suggestion decided Jim. He knew just how the farmer would laugh if they returned empty handed, and he joined his friend in the labor.

It was not difficult to remove the loose sand, and, after shoveling for ten minutes, the boys found to their great suprise that the holes were so near together that, in opening one, they found all four. A regular tunnel they were making, and one so large, that, by getting on his knees, Sam could work in it, while Jim lay on his back at the entrance, pushing the sand out with his feet.

"I wouldn't wonder if we found a whole nest of them," said Sam, growing excited as the work progressed. "There must be four at any rate, and if each one of 'em has got young ones, we'll have about as many as we can — Hello! What's this?"

The sudden exclamation was uttered as the wall of sand in front of him gave way, and the shovel slipped from his hand into what appeared to be an enormous hole.

"It's a cave! It's a cave!" shouted Sam, as, leaning over in the attempt to recover the tool, he fell into a large cavity, that extended fully three feet downward from the tunnel they had been making, and about that distance upwards. He was in a chamber from one and a half to two yards wide, and he immediately thought he had made some wonderful discovery. It did not occur to him that this was probably the work of the frost during the winter; but he concluded that it had been formed by some enormous animal, and was eager for Jim to join him in order that they might make a careful examination of the place.

"Come in, and call Tige with you!" he shouted, and his companion obeyed, so far as entering the cave was concerned; but he did not bring the dog with him for a very good reason.

He had hardly crawled through the tunnel, tumbling rather than leaping into the hole, when a shower of sand began to fall, and, before the boys could realize what had happened, they were in total darkness. The passage of Jim's body had loosened the earth above sufficiently to cause a sudden caving in of the excavation they had made, and they were actually imprisoned in the hole.

At first they did not realize the peril they were in, and were disposed to treat the matter lightly. Sam groped around for the shovel, and, having found it, began to attack the barrier in front of them, believing that the work of re-opening the tunnel would be easy.

It was not many moments, however, before he discovered his mistake. The sand came packing down as fast as he could shovel it out, and the only result of his labor was to partially fill up the small cave in which they were imprisoned.

Even as this truth dawned upon them, the natural effect of being confined in the narrow space began to be felt. The air appeared suddenly to have become stifling and hot; their heads seemed to be swelling, and their eyes were strained almost to bursting.

"What *shall* we do?" cried Jim. "How can we ever get out of here?"

"I don't know," replied Sam, doggedly. "I'm sure I can't think of anything to do, for it don't seem to be of any use to try to dig, and the worst of it is that Mr. Snow won't think of coming to look for us till after it'll be too late, for I believe we'll stifle to death before long."

Jim made no reply; he put his arms around his companion's neck, and the two stood silent and motionless for a few moments, while the light showers of sand fell constantly, as if to make the work of suffocation more speedy.

"I can't stand this!" Sam exclaimed suddenly, as he seized the shovel again. "It seems to me as if my head was bursting, and I had rather be buried while trying to get out, than stand here choking to death."

He dashed the sand first one side and then the other wildly, having no method in his work, and making but little headway, while Jim dug at the yielding wall with his hands until the blood started from his finger ends.

Hotter and hotter grew the air; slower and slower the boys worked at their almost useless task, until even in the darkness it was as if they could see the red film of blood that appeared t be gathering over their eyes. Their breath came in gasps: it was impossible for them to inflate their lungs. Sam tried to speak; but a roaring as of rushing water sounded in their ears, and after that came unconsciousness.

When the boys knew anything more, they were lying on the soft feather bed in Mrs. Myrick's best room, and both she and her husband were bending over them.

"I reckon you're feelin' some better now, eh?" the farmer asked in a kindly tone.

"Yes indeed," replied Sam in a voice that did not sound like his own, and then he drew in a lungful of the pure air to satisfy himself that he could breathe freely once more. "How did we get out?"

"It was Tige as did it," said the farmer cheerily. "I was down in the turnip patch when he comes tearin' up, an' makin' such a terrible row that I couldn't do anything less than foller him, though even then it didn't seem possible to me that there could be anything wrong with you. But when I saw the guns outside of that hole where you had been digging, I knew what had happened. That hill has been sorter settlin down ever since last winter. It was lucky that Luke Seavy was not far off, and the way he an' I dug at that sand, with fence rails laid in on top to prevent it from comin down faster'n we could take it away, was a caution. But we did get you out, as you know now, an' jest barely in time to start you breathin' again. I tell you, boys, that whenever I see Tige after this I shall say to myself, that there's a dog what knows a great deal more'n the average run of men."

It was not until the next day that the boys were allowed to get out from between Mrs. Myrick's lavender scented sheets, and not for another twenty-four hours that the farmer would let them even so much as step out-of-doors. By that time they had fully recovered from the terrible ordeal through which they had passed, and during the week that followed they enjoyed every moment of daylight; but they had lost all desire for woodchuck hunting.

They petted and caressed Tige until he almost looked astonished, and to-day, when he is so old that the sight of a gun arouses no enthusiasm in him, he wears a splendid silver collar on which is engraved a full account of the part he took in saving the lives of the two woodchuck hunters.

THE "FREE FLAG" EXTRA.

BY PHIL FORDHAM.

I named my paper *The Free Flag* because I happened to have the cut of a flag in stock, and—well, I put in the "free" because I thought it went nicely with "flag."

I was sole proprietor and publisher, with Andy Hills, my chum, for assistant editor. The press had been my birthday present, and we two did all the printing in our front basement, which was fitted up with a dusty desk, three rickety chairs, and an ink-spattered floor, just like a regular newspaper office.

We had got out two numbers, at two cents a copy, and had built up quite a respectable circulation, and I was eagerly looking forward to the time when I would be able to enter the *Flag* at the post-office as "second class mail matter," when Tom Dexter, a fellow in Andy's school, started *The Hummer*.

It had a little bit bigger page than the *Flag*, but was sold at the same price, and gave a lot of roller-skating news, and in about a week or so Andy told me that Tom was determined to run my paper off. Of course I wasn't going to stand that, so I called a meeting of some boys I know in both schools, and promised to give them each five cents on every half dollar's worth of subscriptions they got me.

As soon as Tom heard this, he struck off a lot of "baby posters" stating that the price of *The Hummer* had been reduced to a cent a copy, and that he would be ready to receive subscriptions at these rates at his house every afternoon after school. Andy, whose mother knows Tom's mother, reported to me that for the next few days there was such a rush of boys at the Dexters' that the waitress said she couldn't stay in a place where she had to go to the door so often.

I reduced my terms at once, and issued a circular calling special attention to the *Flag's* unrivalled puzzle and stamp departments. Mindful of Mrs. Dexter's experience, I also announced that all subscriptions must be handed to Andy or myself at recess.

"But I'm afraid you're too late with your cut in rates, Phil," said my assistant, soberly, as he came into the office the next afternoon. "You see, all the fellows who didn't take the *Flag* or *The Hummer* before, were snapped up by the first paper to lower its price. And here's Tom bragging about a list of eighty subscribers already."

"Well, then," I promptly made answer, "if there aren't any more boys left, all we've got to do is to enlarge our field and get our grown-up friends for readers."

Before Andy could make any comment on this suggestion, our waitress came in to tell me that the telephone up in the library was going and that there was nobody home to answer it but me. I must explain here that we were on a kind of private circuit, so that we could talk to the Bartletts over in Chestnut Avenue or the Hemmingways in Bloomford Square, or to my brother's office, without first having to call up the central. So sometimes our bell rang when we weren't wanted at all, and then you could hear what the other people were saying to one another.

I hurried up-stairs and listened a minute, and then I heard Miss Belle Hemmingway's voice. She is the young lady my brother Jack is engaged to, and they use the telephone a great deal. But sometimes she talks to my mother too, so I thought I ought to find out which place she wanted. So I cried out "Hello," and then she began: "Oh, Jack, grandpa's lost!"

Instantly I dropped the ear-piece, and rushing down to the office, fairly scared Andy by the wild way in which I sprang for the chase, pied all the type that happened to be in it, and shouted out that I had a scheme for beating *The Hummer* all to pieces.

I explained what it was to my assistant in as few words as possible, and then we both went to work like beavers.

Inside of an hour we had the following all set up, ready for printing:

EXTRA!!!

A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN LOST.

TERRIBLE NEWS OF JOSIAH J. HEMMINGWAY.

AN AGED GENTLEMAN'S FREAK.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN HIM?

TUESDAY, 3 P. M.

Word has just been received at this office that Mr. Josiah P. Hemmingway, the famous ex-banker, broker and railroad president, has wandered away from home. He is ninety years old and quite feeble, and resides with his son at 10 Bloomford Square, where any news of him will be gratefully received by his sorrowing relatives.

Press of the "Free Flag."
Philip Fordham, Proprietor, 16 Berkeley Street.

Only One Cent a Copy. Interesting to All. Next Number out the 22nd.

You see, Mr. Hemmingway was so old, that it didn't seem so very surprising that he had got a queer fit on him and had strayed away from the house, and by issuing this "Extra" of my paper, I not only wanted to let all our friends know of the sad affair as soon as possible, and perhaps in this way be the means of having the poor old gentleman restored to his home, but I also hoped that my enterprise would be rewarded by a great increase to the *Flag's* subscription list from among the very class of patrons I had just decided we ought to try to gain.

Andy thought it was a grand idea, and as soon as we had printed off fifty of the "Extras," he started out to distribute them.

"Mrs. Jordan in our street's giving a reception this afternoon," he said. "All the ladies we and the Hemmingways know will be there, so I can either hand them an 'Extra' as they come out, or drop one in their carriages."

So he hurried off, leaving me to do some tinkering to the press that was necessary before I could go on printing. As soon as I had twenty-five more ready, I had planned to take them down town, and scatter them about among the offices of the gentlemen friends of the family.

But when I finally got out doors, I felt that it was no more than right for me to stop in at the Hemmingways' first and let them know what steps I had taken towards helping them in their affliction. So I ran around to Bloomford Square, and when Hannibal, the colored butler answered my ring, I looked very sober as I handed him one of the "Extras" and asked him to give it to Miss Belle with the request that I would like to speak to her for a minute or two. You see, I wanted to explain how I happened to hear the news so soon.

"Yes, sah; walk in the pallah, sah," answered Hannibal, with the broad grin with which he always greeted my brother and me whenever we called.

"I should think he might be a little more serious on an occasion like this," I said to myself, as I walked into the big parlor.

I was just going to take a seat on the sofa under the picture of Lady Washington's Reception, when I caught sight of something in the back room that took all power of motion away from me. That something was nothing more nor less than old Grandfather Hemmingway himself—or his ghost.

He—or it—was coming straight for me, tall and pale and tottering, and for a minute I trembled so I could almost hear the bundle of "Extras" rustle between my fingers.

On he came, and never stopped till he got up to me, when he put one hand under my chin and lifted my head so he could look down into my face. As soon as I felt him touch me, I knew it was really Grandfather Hemmingway and not a ghost, for

ghosts aren't solid enough to catch hold of anything.

"Oh, it's Philip, is it?" he murmured, in his shaky voice.

"Why, I thought you were lost," I cried out then in reply. I was so relieved at finding he wasn't a "spook" that I forgot about my "Extras" till after I had spoken. Then my knees began to knock against each other again, as I realized what a dreadful scrape I had got myself into.

"Hey?" replied the old gentleman, bending down his head and putting one hand behind his ear.

He hadn't heard me, and now was my chance to say something else, for it would be awful to have him find out what I had done right there before me. But what could I say? I thumped my brain in desperation, and at last stammered out: "It's—it's a beautiful day, sir."

I was so confused that I didn't much more than half whisper it and "Hey?" he called out again, this time quite sharply.

I then recollected that the sky was clouded and the wind raw. The perspiration began to break out on my forehead, and I had to fumble in my pockets for my handkerchief. In doing so, I dropped the "Extras" on a chair that was standing near me.

"Oho, this is the little paper I hear you have been getting up. I must have a look at it," and before I could do any more than give a convulsive start, Grandfather Hemmingway had picked up one of the sheets, stepped to the window, and began to read aloud: "Extra! A Well-known Citizen Lost!"

Here he paused, to look over at me and remark in an approving tone: "Excellent idea, Philip. Very enterprising on your part. You will be a great business man one of these days."

I shivered and wished I could dissolve myself into small particles and disappear down the register in the corner. The revelation was coming.

"Terrible news of Josiah J. Hemmingway!" read on the old gentleman. "An aged——"

He stopped short, fairly glared at me for a second, and then started for me, crying out, "Phil-ip!" in a terrible tone.

Instinctively I put up one hand, as if to ward off an expected blow, and at the same instant Miss Belle came rushing in, screaming, "Grandpa, grandpa, don't hurt him!" and almost flung herself on the floor between us.

She must have thought we were going to have a duel, such as the newspaper editors in France are always getting up.

I had heard the door-bell ring a minute before, and now, before any of us could say or do anything more, Miss Belle's mother and sister and aunt burst into the parlor, all half-wild over the news my "Extra" had startled them with at Mrs. Jordan's. As soon as they caught sight of old Mr. Hemmingway, they began to exclaim for joy and dance about him in a way that would have made me laugh if I hadn't felt so much like crying.

And all the while the old gentleman was trying to make himself heard and waving that scrap of paper in the air as if it was a red rag and we were all so many Spanish bulls.

"Oh, Miss Belle," I cried out then, turning to my champion, "it is all my fault, but, truly, I thought it would be a help to you in your trouble. And when you told Jack through the telephone that your grandfather was lost, how was I to know he wasn't?"

"I told Jack that grandpa was lost!" she exclaimed, as amazed as if I had charged her with trying to blow up the City Hall with dynamite.

"Why yes," I replied, promptly, feeling that my case was strong on this point. "I thought the call might be for us, and I listened and heard you say as plain as print, 'Oh, Jack, grandpa's lost!'"

"And you didn't wait to hear any more?" asked Miss Belle, quickly.

"No, of course not," I answered, "I wanted to do something to help find him as quick as I could."

Then she began to laugh.

"If you'd only listened for one more word," she said, and went on to explain that what she really *had* told Jack was that her grandfather had lost his spectacles, and wanted Jack to give her the address of a certain optician's from whom she could order another pair.

When I heard this and comprehended what a dreadful mess I'd made of things, I felt like cutting the rates again, and selling myself to the first purchaser for half a cent. Then all of a sudden I remembered that Andy was probably still sowing my "Extras" broadcast through the town, and, only too glad of an excuse to get away, I told Miss Belle that I was going to try and repair damages as well as I could, and snatching up my cap, slipped out, and tore off across the Square to the Hills.

Andy had just got home, and was full of excitement over the stir the "Extras" had made wherever he had left them. I listened a minute or two, then told him the whole, awful truth, and we spent the rest of the afternoon, and a good part of the evening in going around to the houses where he had been, explaining that the report about old Mr. Hemmingway was a "false slander."

As the only other way in which I could show my deep regret over the affair, I went to see Tom Dexter the next day, and soon afterwards announced that the *Free Flag* had been merged into *The Hummer*.

Jack was hopping mad when he first heard about my "Extra," but I had Miss Belle on my side, and that soon brought him around. And when I found that Grandfather Hemmingway had got to telling the story of how he was lost, as a good joke, I knew that he had forgiven me, too.

But I never hear, "Extra! Extra!" cried in the street without having a shiver creep up my back.

WINTER WALKS AND TALKS.

BY THE DOCTOR.

ABOUT ICE.

"WILL! Will! the doctor says he will take a walk with us."

"Take a walk in December?" exclaimed Will, in a tone of marked contempt. "I'd like to know what there is to see or study now."

"Well," went on Frank, "he said we could go with him, and I guess he will find something nice to talk about."

Just here let me say that Will was fourteen and Frank eight. The doctor was their uncle, a naturalist also, who knew something about birds and insects and flowers. He had been a traveler, too; had been among the Indians, and over the sea. As a consequence the boys always found his talks interesting.

The morning had been very cold. It was now ten o'clock, calm and clear. Ice had formed on all the small fresh water ponds and slow streams. While the boys were talking the doctor joined them, and asked, "Well, where shall we go?"

"I don't think we can find anything to study anywhere," said Will. "There are no flowers, nor birds, not even bugs; and there are no fossils or minerals here. I wish we were in a mining country."

"Well," replied the doctor, "let us go and see the first ice of the season." Without any more words the party set out for the walk, and soon reached one of a series of small ponds formed by a creek that came out of a swamp a mile away. The pond was covered with ice that was half an inch thick. The doctor broke the ice near shore, and, taking a small piece in his hand, said, "Boys, what is ice?"

"Frozen water, of course," said Will.

"What made it freeze?"

"The cold," answered Frank.

"But what is cold?"

"Cold, why anybody knows what cold is. It is the opposite of heat," replied Will.

"Rather say the absence of heat," corrected the doctor. "Heat is something; it is a force, a power. Cold is not a force in the same sense. If we take away the heat from anything, we say it is cold. Just as when we take a light from the room and the room becomes dark, heat and light are forms of the same power, or force, and cold and darkness are simply the absence of heat and light. We can call ice the natural form of water. Then water itself is ice, to which a portion of heat has been added. Now, suppose we add more heat, what will happen?"

"The water will boil," Frank answered.

"It will make steam," said Will.

"Yes," continued the doctor, "we see that water may have three forms, according to the amount of heat we add to it. Do you know if there is anything else that is like water in this respect?"

"Yes, lead, and iron, almost anything will melt if we make them hot enough, but nothing else will make steam except water," answered Will.

"Did you ever see quicksilver or mercury?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frank, "I see it often in the thermometer."

"Did you ever see a quantity of mercury in a saucer or dish? It is like water in many respects. You can pour it from one vessel to another, can strain it through a fine cloth, and nails or bits of iron and small stones will float upon it like cork on water. So, too, in its relation to heat. If you heat mercury it will boil and fly away like steam, or vapor, we call it; and if we take away the heat from it until we reach a point about 40 degrees below zero, it will become solid like ice, will freeze. You see then, that whether a something is solid, liquid, or vapor, depends upon the heat that may be in it, or around it. It is a pretty large idea for so small a boy as you are, Frank, but we will see if you can understand me when I say heat is a form of motion, one kind of motion, and very quick motion too. You will know about this better some day, but just now you can understand this much. If you take a piece of ice, and give some heat to it, the little particles of which the ice is composed begin to move. We say it is melting; really the heat has gone in between the little particles and opened them up, so that they can move on or around each other. Then we say the water runs. Add more heat, and the particles get entirely apart from each other, in the shape of steam, and then they fly away. You can remember about these particles in this way. When they are very cold they get as close to each other as possible, and hold each other fast. Warm them up a little and they join hands to run races, especially if there is a hill that they can go down; make them real hot, and they drop each others' hands, and all fly away, each one for himself."

"They come together again when they get cooled off, don't they?" asked Will.

"Yes, as soon as the heat is lost the little particles begin to unite, first as visible steam or mist, then as little raindrops."

"How is snow made?" inquired Frank.

"If the heat is taken away from the particles of vapor very fast, and to so great a degree that the freezing point of water is reached, then the particles at once come together as ice and form snow or hail. I wish however to say something else about ice, and we will talk of the rain and snow another time. You have watched the mercury rise in the thermometer. Now can you tell me why it rises?"

"Yes, sir," said Will. "The heat gets in among the particles, and pushes them apart a little, and so the mercury rises in the tube."

"That is right. Now heat has the same effect on many other things, the metals especially. Iron gets larger, or expands, with heat, and contracts or gets smaller again when the heat goes out of it. The rails on a railroad must be put down in such a manner that there is room left for lengthening on a hot day. Iron bridges, too, must be carefully planned to allow for the expansion and contraction. Water

also expands as it is heated, and contracts or gets sma'ler in bulk, as it loses heat. This is the general rule: heat expands metals, and gases, and many other things, and usually the more heat, the greater will be the enlargement. There is a curious exception to this rule in the case of water however. Suppose we have some water in a vessel and cool it gradually. We will find that it will become less and less in bulk down to a certain point, 4 degrees above freezing, then it stops getting less, and begins to grow more bulky or expands, until the freezing point is reached. This is why a bottle or pitcher is broken if water is allowed to freeze in it. Ice is very hard and unyielding, and will make room for itself wherever it may be. There is a wonderful illustration of God's care and wisdom shown in this strange action of water in thus expanding when it freezes. If it did not do so, if the coldest water always occupied the least space, it would be heavier bulk for bulk than water at a higher temperature; as a consequence, of a cold night the top layer of this pond would get heavier than those below, and sink to the bottom. Then the next layer would follow, and so on, until finally, when it became cold enough to freeze, ice would form on the top and sink to the bottom, and still another layer would form and sink, and thus the whole pond would soon be solid ice, the fish would all be killed, and perhaps so much ice would form, that all the heat of summer would not be able to melt it. As it is, the water does cool on the surface and sink, and keeps doing so until the point I mentioned is reached, four degrees above freezing. When all the water reaches that point, if the air becomes still cooler the top layer grows lighter instead of heavier, turns to ice, and floats. After the ice has become three or four inches thick it serves as a covering to keep in the heat that remains in the water below, and increases in thickness more and more slowly. I hope you have understood and will remember what I have tried to teach you; look it up in your book of natural history, and learn more about it. We will now start for the house."

OUR THANKSGIVING PI.

Ehnt swedrhmoa enrtgnuri ovreustoii,
Ni eceap ot uro ytuoncr ew mace,
Nad eewr akntdeh orf rou oirlugso tnocasi
Yb Siluo Nxtheseti fo nte mnea.
Htaw mdemurr no hrtae ucdlo eb ndrpore
Hnat I, lwihe I m'muddr ta Lviasersel
Ot hte eyvllo treuo esdlia ni wpredo,
Nda ptsaple, nad nogl tnsia ialts?

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in bird, but not in wren;
My second in chick, but not in hen;
My third is in coat, but not in seam;
My fourth is in yoke, but not in team;
My fifth is in cat, but not in kitten;
My sixth is in glove, but not in mitten;
My seventh's in squire, but not in knight;
My whole: the modern boy's delight.

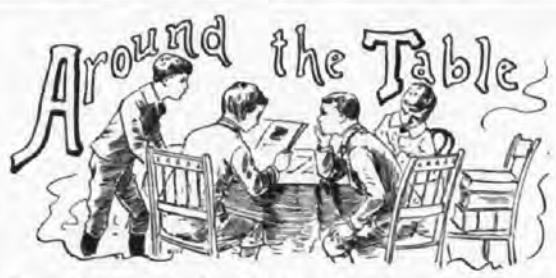
Answers next month.

PRIZE OFFER.

To each of the first fifty persons who shall correctly solve both of the above puzzles, THE BOYS' WORLD will be sent free for one year, to any address named by the winner. Offer open until December 15th. Competitors must be subscribers, but subscriptions may be sent with answers.

A SUNKEN FOREST.

IT is said by fishermen who ply their vocation off Kenosha, Wis., that a forest of considerable dimensions exists in the botton of Lake Michigan. Some years ago it was the custom with the fishermen to cast their nets nearer shore; but as the fish gradually became less plentiful, the fishermen moved further out, until they encountered the forest of trees mentioned, and it effectually prevented them from using their nets there. Repeated experiments fixed the further boundary line of the timber something near twenty miles from shore, to which distance they now go to cast their nets. It is stated that trees have been known to wash ashore that have evidences of having remained under water for centuries.



IN a city not a hundred miles from this office, there exists a certain boys' club, the members of which are not ranged in solemn rows along the walls, but are all seated socially around a dining-room table, where they feel free to deliver their remarks or take their turn in debate in an easy, natural manner; as if, in fact, they were talking at their own breakfast tables at home. It was with this end in view that the above title has been given to the letter-box department of our paper.

We wish all our readers to feel that they are welcome to a seat here and hope that they will write us their questions, opinions, adventures or suggestions, with as little formality as they would employ in dashing off a newsy letter to chum Harry or Ted, telling of their last week's camping-out experiences, or describing the big cyclone that recently tore its way through town.

Now we have long been aware of the fact that, as a rule, boys would much rather talk than write, and yet we feel sure that there is not one of them but will agree with us that the ability to write a note or a letter readily is a very useful accomplishment.

"But we don't know what to say," some of you may object. "When we get our paper ready, and have found an envelope to fit it, and cleared a space on the table for our arms, and have written the date and My dear So-and-so—then we come to a dead stop and sit nibbling the end of our pen, wondering what we shall put down next."

Well, the editor fully appreciates your difficulty in this respect, and the mere fact that THE BOYS' WORLD is to be your own paper, devoted to just those matters in which you are most strongly interested, this fact alone, he thinks, should suggest any quantity of subjects to you.

There, for instance, is Tom, who has great trouble in printing more than one line at a time on his new press. Hasn't he something to write about, and may there not be at least one other boy among our readers who can write in his turn and tell Tom how to remedy the trouble? And George, who has been so fortunate as to be invited to take a sail on an ice-boat, will it not be a very simple matter for him to tell the rest of us how he enjoyed it, on just what part of the novel yacht he sat, how the steering was done and whether the air cut his face as they whizzed along at the speed of a "limited express?"

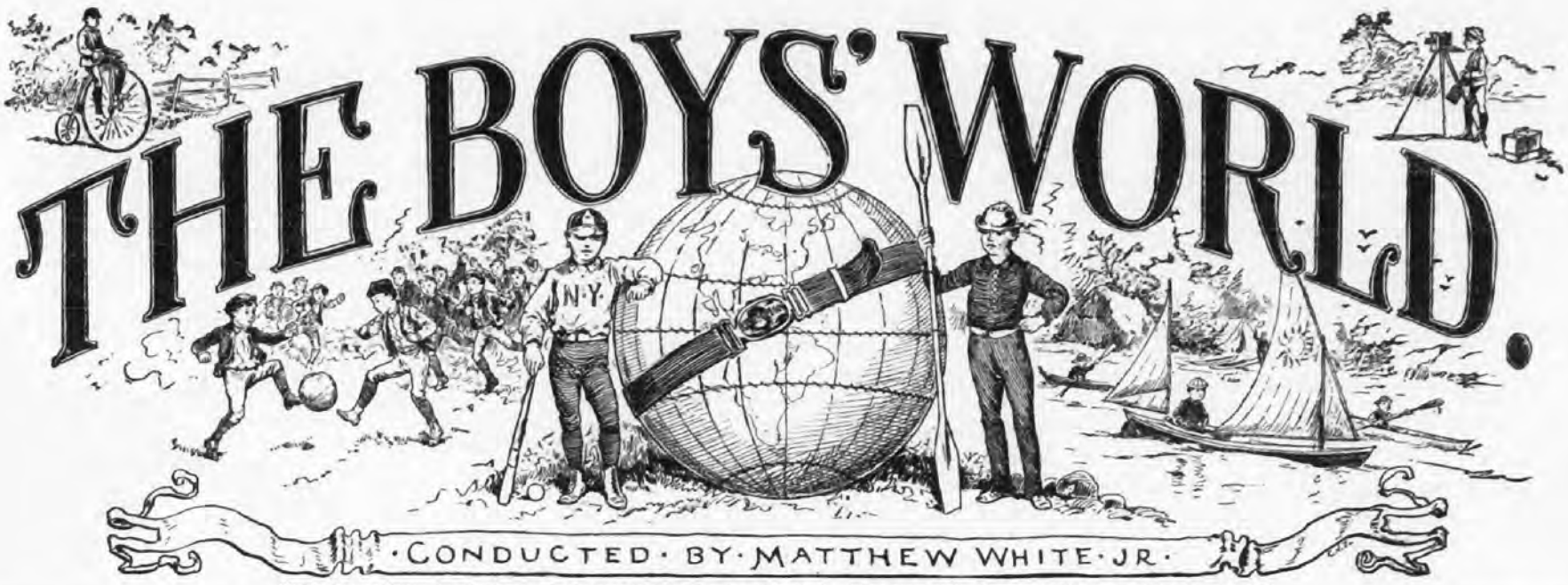
Never mind, boys, if you are not quite sure about your spelling; do the best in your power, and if a few mistakes creep in here and there, why, the editor will see that they are corrected before your letter goes to the printer, and when it is published in the proper shape you will have learned just so much more.

Treat THE BOYS' WORLD as you would a favorite school-fellow, write naturally (on only one side of the paper), and, last but not least, forget the word "composition," and think only of the bicycle ride, the big fire, or the amateur newspaper about which you have set out to tell.

Of course, you are at liberty to write on any subject you choose, but herewith we give three suggestive topics for some of you to start with, and we will see how many of you will send the editor reports on

1. How I learned to ride the bicycle.
2. Meaning and origin of the term: Round Robin.
3. Derivation of the word "cat-boat."

If any of our readers care to try their hand at making puzzles, the latter may be sent to this department, where, if desired, an exchange list will also be opened.



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THE PRINCE'S VIGIL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

I.

THE little Prince was a discontented boy. He had fine clothes, jewelry, horses, dogs, his father's elegant palace to live in, and admiring relatives, while some day he would be king, and yet he was not happy. It was the fault of the times, he thought. If he had been born 500 years earlier when there were jousts and tournaments and battles, and all that sort of thing, he would have had a chance. Now there was no chance at all. How could a fellow who had to study all the time show what was in him? Sir Galahad and Sir Perceval, and the Chevalier Bayard never had to study the higher mathematics, and yet they had been models of knighthood for centuries. Why could not people be knights nowadays, and go up and down the world, rescuing people in distress? If he was too young to be a knight, he might at least be a squire. And if he couldn't be a squire, why couldn't he go to America and be a cowboy? Cowboys didn't have to study the higher mathematics: all they did was to gallop over the western prairies on a mustang's back, with revolvers in their belts and a lariat in their hands.

"AH!" HE EXCLAIMED, "IT IS REALLY YOU!"

It did not console the Prince at all that he was really going to be made a knight. All his ancestors had been Knights of St. Michael and All Angels, and the time had now come when the Prince himself was to be admitted into the noble order. But this, the Prince declared, was all humbug. It was one thing to win one's spurs on the field of battle and quite another to march into the throne-room and receive a sword and star from the King, who was after all only one's father. If he had lived even 400 years before, when a certain boy-king who was his great uncle in the thirteenth remove had lived and reigned, he would have kept a vigil all night in the Cathedral, and gone through all sorts of imposing ceremonies as an introduction to knighthood. That was the age of romance, and the thought of it quite fired the little prince's imaginative brain. Why might not the same ceremonies, he wondered, be observed again? It was more than two centuries since they had been held, but that was no reason why they should not be revived. Visions of the Round Table and the Holy Grail, of Lancelot and Galahad and King Arthur floated before him, as he hurried off to his royal father; who, as it happened, was graciously pleased to gratify the boy's odd wish. It was on Christmas Day that the Knights of St. Michael and All Angels were always introduced into the order, and Christmas Eve was accordingly appointed for the little Prince's vigil. And so it came about that while the bells were pealing in the evening air, and the people were hurrying to and fro on the streets, and the shops were ablaze with light and scented with Christmas greens, the Prince was taken with pomp and show into a chapel of the great Cathedral and left there to keep the solemn watch alone.

He was not altogether alone, for one of the vergers of the Cathedral was with him, besides the chandler, whose duty it was to see that the candles were kept burning. Both of these persons, however, with the Prince's permission, had dropped off to sleep, so that for all the good which he had of their company he might as well have been alone. It was midnight, and the Prince heard with a little thrill of awe, the chime of bells in the tower, pealing the hour. "What a spooky place it is!" he said to himself. "It would be just the time for some of these old fellows to come out." He looked around at the tombs, and let his gaze finally fall on the one at his side—that of the boy king who had lived four hundred years before. "There's a fellow I should have liked to know," he said. "He wasn't much older than I when he died. I wouldn't mind

if he did appear." He looked intently, as though the lid of the tomb might be expected to rise. "But that sort of thing is all nonsense," he added, hurriedly, as if ashamed of his own thoughts. He moved a step or two away from the tomb, and then with a yawn sat down on the steps. "It's dull sort of work waiting here," he said; "even a ghost would be some company." Presently his eyelids began to droop; and resting his arm on the step above him, he laid his head, half unconsciously, upon it. "I mustn't go to sleep," he murmured; but in another moment his regular breathing told that he was already in the land of dreams.

II.

About the time the little Prince went to sleep in the chapel, it curiously happened that another boy woke up from his slumbers in the choir. An American party had been doing the Cathedral that afternoon, and Fred Clinton, while waiting for the others to get through with the tombs, being tired out with a long day's sightseeing, had stretched himself on one of the choir benches for a quiet nap. The nap, however, lengthened itself out into a sleep, and when the party were ready to go home, not being able to find Fred, they concluded that he had gone in advance. The verger when he came to lock up, never suspected that a boy was hidden away in the corner of the choir, and so while the dusk deepened in the old church, Fred was left to have his sleep out alone.

When at length he woke up it was with a strange bewilderment. For a moment he could not realize where he was, and as it began to dawn upon him, he felt creeping over him a little nervous chill. He tried in vain to penetrate the gloom; until looking upward and toward the rear of the church he caught reflected on the roof the glimmer of a faint light. Where did it come from? Could any other but himself be in the Cathedral? His imagination suggested a hundred possibilities. Maybe a gang of robbers were at work—or possibly the intruders were ghosts! At another time, or in another place, Fred would have scorned such an idea; but just now, at the dead of night, and with his senses all quickened by fright, it really did not seem impossible.

After a while, however, his curiosity got the better of his fears. He groped his way out of the choir until he could see the light shining through the gateway of the chapel. Cautiously ascending the steps that led to that part of the church, and looking through the gateway, he discovered that the light came from two candlesticks at the further end. Its glimmering rays shone upon a silent and sleeping form huddled at the foot of the altar, and after a moment showed Fred also two sleeping figures in as many of the Knights' stalls at the side. Fred gazed in bewildered surprise. What could it mean? Who were the men in the stalls, and what was the object on the altar steps?

He crept up the aisle of the chapel, trembling at the echoes of his own footfall, until he stood beside the sleeper. Even then it was hard to tell what it was. A robe of brown cloth enveloped it even to the head, which was covered by a sort of cowl. Out of the cowl, however, as Fred bent over, appeared a boy's face. Certainly it was not a robber, though Fred was not yet sure that it might not be a ghost. But as he still leaned over and studied the composed features, the boy all at once opened his eyes and met Fred's puzzled look with one of prompt and eager recognition.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet and tossing back the hood from his curly head, "It is really you! I was afraid I might be dreaming. At least I suppose it's you," he added, more doubtfully.

Fred laughed a little. He did not know what it meant, but his fears were quite allayed. "Why, yes," he said, "I suppose it is—though I'm not altogether sure about it."

The other nodded. "Oh, yes," he went on, "I can understand that. It must be rather confusing at first. Do you make a practice of coming out Christmas Eve?"

Fred wondered what he could mean. "Yes," he replied, "I'm generally out Christmas Eve. It just happened that I got shut in to-night."

The lad look perplexed for a moment. "Oh, I see," he said at length, "you go out and mix in with the people. Well, it must surprise you very much."

Fred laughed again. "Oh, I'm not often surprised," he returned. "It's surprising enough, for that matter, to find any one here to-night."

"I'm keeping a vigil," said the other, gravely.

Fred stared. He had read of such things in stories of the middle ages, but to meet with it in the nineteenth century was something startling. Who could the boy be? "That's what they used to do," he replied, tapping the lid of the tomb where the young king lay in sculptured stone, "when this fellow was alive."

The other smiled. "Well," he said, "you must know all about that."

"Why should I know about it?" Fred asked, quickly.

This time the boy laughed. "Oh, you can't scare me," he said.

Fred was tremendously perplexed. Whom did the boy take him for, and why should he scare anybody? "Well," he replied, "you seem to have settled who I am."

The lad seated himself on the altar step. "Oh, yes," he answered, complacently, "you couldn't be any one else; don't you see?"

Fred shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't see at all. But I'd like to be equally certain about yourself."

"Oh," responded the boy, "for that matter, I couldn't be any one else."

A sudden train of association flashed into Fred's mind. How stupid he had been not to think of it before! The porter at the hotel had been telling him that very morning about the Crown Prince's vigil, and, of course, this could be no one else but the Prince. "No, I suppose you couldn't," he remarked, reflectively.

"Not but that I would like to be," the Prince continued.

"What would you like to be?" Fred asked.

"Well, I'd like to have been—that fellow in there," indicating the tomb, and looking significantly into Fred's face.

"One has a great deal better times nowadays," said Fred.

The Prince looked at him for a moment. "Well, you ought to know," he answered. It was the second time he had made the same remark, and this time it gave Fred an idea, which, in the light of his own superstitious fears, did not seem improbable. Surely, the Prince was mistaking him for a ghost—the ghost of the boy king. It was very queer, indeed. Did he look like a ghost or resemble the picture of the young king? Fred looked down at the marble effigy on the tomb, and then surveyed his own compact figure, and could not detect any striking likeness. The velveteen bicycling suit which he happened to have worn that day, presented perhaps, the appearance of a court dress, but Fred could hardly imagine that in other respects he looked like a king. The Prince, he concluded, must be very highly imaginative. But the Prince was already going on.

"But that's all nonsense," he was saying, in reply to Fred's last remark, "you don't know what a prince has to do nowadays. Why, I can't do anything at all that I want. I have to study military science when I hate it, and when I want to go off with the army to Madagascar, or Egypt, or some other place where there is fighting, they won't let me do it. If I had my way——" he stopped for a moment.

"Well," said Fred, invitingly.

"Oh," said the Prince, "you wouldn't understand. It wasn't discovered till long after you—that is, until long after the fellow in there died. But I was going to say I'd go to America."

Fred thought hard for a moment. "Wouldn't it be rather selfish?" he asked.

"I don't see why," said the Prince.

Fred's face flushed a little. In his assumed part, of a kingly ghost, he could not quite forget that he was still an American boy. "Well," he went on, diffidently, "it seems to me as if it would be running away from your work. You've got a place here, and people to look after, and money to spend, and duties to do; and it's very like shirking to clear out and get away from them. Why, just look at it," he exclaimed, forgetting his embarrassment, "here it is Christmas Eve, and there are thousands of people in the city who won't have even a bit of green!"

The Prince moved uneasily on the altar step. "Well," said he, "I don't know any of them, and my folks won't let me hunt them up. What can I do?"

"Do!" exclaimed Fred, who was now honestly indignant. "Do! why, great Scott! you've got money, haven't you? And you've got servants. You can do anything in the world with money and servants. Send a hundred dollars to the Newsboys' Home; send another to the Childrens' Hospital—I suppose you've got all those things over here—ask your Lord High Chamberlain if he doesn't know of any poor people; send out one of your servants, and let him gather up a hundred newsboys and bootblacks and bring them into the palace for a Christmas dinner. Your father would let you do that, wouldn't he?"

The little Prince looked quite animated. "Oh, yes!" he exclaimed, "he'd let me do that. But I never thought of that sort of thing," he added, frankly. "I've wanted to do something great and noble, like Bayard, you know, and that lot; only I didn't have the chance."

Fred smiled, indulgently. He was two or three years older, at any rate, than the little Prince; and the fact that he was supposed to be a ghost with the experience and wisdom of centuries on his spectral head, gave him additional confidence. "Well," he said, "perhaps when you get to be as old as Bayard was, you can do great and noble things, too. But it seems to me it is just as great and noble for you to study your military science now, and do what comes to your hand. There are chances enough if you'll only improve them."

The Prince reflected for a moment. "I think I'll work that dinner——" he began, when a slight rustle in one of the stalls interrupted his remark—"Hello!" he softly exclaimed, "that old duffer of a verger is waking up. You'd better go behind the tomb there for a moment, if you don't mind, and when he drops off again I'll call you out."

Fred had been wondering for some time how he should get away without betraying the fact that he was not a ghost. If he could help it he did not want to disclose his material character. It would make a lot of explanations necessary, as to how he came to be there at all, and perhaps get him into difficulties. If he could only slip off in a spectral way it would save himself considerable trouble and the Prince a rude disappointment. This proposition seemed to open a way of escape, and Fred at once proceeded to act upon it. Moving as noiselessly as he could around the altar, he paused for a moment, when he was concealed from the Prince's observation, to take off his low shoes; then, while the verger recommenced his snores and the Prince whistled softly to indicate that he might return, he moved silently through the darkness down the side aisle of the chapel, and without even stopping to see if he was missed, slipped through the open gates.

A door in one of the transepts to which he turned his steps proved to be unlocked, and letting himself out he made his way across the starlit square towards the hotel. In a few minutes he had reached the

door; and as he went in he was startled by the voice of the great bell pealing out the hour of two. The sound recalled the lonely watcher in the Cathedral. "That was a pretty close shave," he said to himself, as he went up stairs. "I wonder if I shall ever see him again, and what he will say if he sees *me?*"

III.

About twelve hours later, on Christmas afternoon, Fred stood in the Park watching the riders who were moving up and down the broad Row, when he noticed in the procession a lad about his own age whose features were strangely familiar. He was mounted on an elegant horse and followed by a person who was too gentlemanly to be a footman, yet too deferential to be the boy's equal. As the rider approached, his horse started, and in attempting to control it, he dropped his whip, which Fred, rushing into the roadway, picked up and handed to him.

"Thanks very much!" observed the boy. Then as he remarked Fred's features, a curious gleam of recognition came over his own countenance. "Ah!" he cried, guiding his horse up to the edge of the Row, while Fred walked by his side, "What is your name?"

Fred blushed a little.

"My name is Fredrick Clinton," he said, "and I live in New York. If you ever do come over," he ventured to add, "I'd be mighty glad to see you."

A look of mingled disappointment and relief crossed the boy's face.

"Ah!" he said, with so friendly a smile that Fred knew he could not be displeased, "and so you're not a ghost after all. Well, to tell the truth, I'm rather glad of it."

Fred laughed.

"So am I," he said. "I'd a great deal rather be myself than the ghost even of a king."

The prince hesitated a moment.

"I say!" he exclaimed at length, "you must have thought I was a precious flat last night."

"Oh, no I didn't," protested Fred; "it was the most natural thing in the world."

"Well, you see," the other went on in an apologetic way, "I had been thinking about ghosts before I went to sleep, and I was dreaming about the king when you woke me up. Indeed I hardly knew I had been asleep. The fellow in my dream seemed to be you. I couldn't tell where one left off and the other began. When you disappeared, I thought you had vanished, as ghosts are always supposed to do. I hadn't been at all frightened before, but I was then. To tell the truth," he added confidentially, "I've been a little uneasy about it ever since."

"Well," said Fred, heartily, "I'm glad to be able to relieve you."

"Oh you have!" declared the Prince, "immensely." At this point the gentleman pushed up from behind, and leaning forward, whispered a few words to his charge. The Prince drew his rein impatiently. "Oh yes," he said without turning. "I'm coming. It's always the way though. I never see a fellow that I like but I have to move on. Well," he added, extending his hand, "good-bye old fellow. If I ever do come, I'll surely hunt you up."

Fred was a little disappointed that the Prince had not referred to last night's conversation, and wondered if he had taken too great a liberty in saying as much as he had. "Good-bye," he answered, a little reluctantly, returning the boy's grasp.

The Prince waved his hand, spurred his horse, and moved off—somewhat irresolutely it seemed to Fred. Suddenly he wheeled around and trotted back to where the boy was still standing. "Oh I say," he exclaimed, "I'm awfully obliged for what you said last night. Nobody ever talked that way to me before. It gave me a lot of new ideas, and I spoke to his Majesty about the Christmas dinner and it's all right. We're going to have it to-night, and the Chamberlain *did* know a whole lot of poor people. It's been the best Christmas I ever spent in my life, and you needn't be afraid," he added confidently—"of my wanting to go to Madagascar or even America now. Good-bye, again," and spurring his horse, he dashed down the Row and was presently lost in the crowd. Fred waited for a moment, looking after his vanishing figure, and then slowly made his way to the hotel.

A few days later, a splendidly mounted cavalry officer reined up his horse at the hotel and left a small parcel for Mr. Frederick Clinton. On opening it Fred found a beautiful miniature likeness of his princely friend, with the inscription on its back:

To FREDERICK CLINTON,
In grateful acknowledgment of his knightly service
TO H. R. H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF——.
CHRISTMAS EVE, 188–.

ELECTRIC DINNER TABLES.

[*Albany Argus.*]

THE vocation of the waiter is imperilled, that which threatens his livelihood in the lower ranks of waiterdom being an invention styled the electric dining table. The inventor of this machine, for it is as much a machine as a table, is a German, and having put up one of his contrivances, he has invited all those who are interested in such matters to come and see it. On entering the room in which the electric dining table has been erected, there is seen a double row of small, flat, desk-like tables, set back to back and divided one from another by a brass railing. The tables, or compartments, do not touch each other at the back, being separated by a raised shelf about three feet wide. On sitting down, each diner finds himself given a space of about three feet square, with a portion of the raised shelf on which to place his empty dishes, bottles, etc. On sitting down, too, the customer will notice a bill of fare and a punch like those used by railroad conductors. The bill of fare is divided into three columns—the first containing the dish, the second the price, and the third a series of blank spaces, across which are printed the directions to "please punch in this space whatever you want to order." Giving punches for a plate of soup, a steak, etc., the customer next "turns over" the bill of fare, according to a foot note, and finds further directions to put it, when punched, in front of him and push the button to his right. He does so, an electric bell is heard tinkling in the kitchen, and then, as if by magic, the table in front of him slips noiselessly away, glides under the raised shelf and glides kitchenward. The time of filling the order elapses, and then, slipping out from under the shelf, comes the table once more, laden now with the soup, steak, etc., and settles itself in front of the customer. The bill of fare is there also, and, as the customer knows exactly what he punched and what he has eaten, he takes the bill of fare to the counter as a check and pays the amount due.

FIVE Chicago youths of from twelve to fifteen made a canoe trip last summer of 350 miles through Wisconsin and Illinois. The young cruisers built their five folding canvas canoes and shipped them to Oconomowoc. Leaving home on August 17, they started on their canoe voyage from Oconomowoc, rowing down the Oconomowoc River thirty miles to Rock River, through southern Wisconsin and northern Illinois, to the Mississippi River above Rock Island, having rowed 350 miles in fifteen days. They paddled their canoes during the day, and slept in them at night on shore, covered with water-proof canvas.

Reports made by Superintendent Jasper, at a recent session of the Board of Education, show that the total enrolment in the New York day schools for the month of September, 1885, was 147,813, and the average daily attendance for the month was 135,640. This is an increase of 2,994 in enrolment and 6,574 in attendance, as compared with September, 1884.

The Boston High-School Regiment.

AMONG the Boston High-School boys there is a military organization, called the "Boston High-School Regiment." This year it is somewhat larger than ever before, numbering considerably over one thousand, at an average age of sixteen; the members are also evincing more than usual interest in everything pertaining to the command. The State of Massachusetts arms and equips them, for what purpose let some wise one tell, for it is to be hoped that they may never be needed for the realities of war. Twice a week they have drill, and once a year a grand city parade, including a day's bivouac on the Common, and as they march through the streets and deploy on the campus of the historic boys of Revolutionary times, they present a splendid appearance. They almost always wear their neat and becoming uniform, with handsome cadet caps and gold-band badges of office, and sprinkled among the crowd or lining the benches of the class-room, these young soldiers add not a little sparkle and zest to the scene. And when one notes the effect on physique and bearing, the manliness it promotes, the sense of honor and courage it inspires, the contribution it makes to health and neatness, we cannot forbear the suggestion, that it would be well if every high-school in the land possessed a military organization as effectively equipped and disciplined. Perhaps Massachusetts knows what she is about, after all, in the "Boston High-School Regiment."

Notes on New York Schools.

CUTLER'S football team is playing a strong game this season, as is also the NEW YORK SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES.

Scrub is one of the time-honored institutions of CALLISEN'S. For the enlightenment of out-of-town readers, I may add that Scrub is Dr. C's little dog.

The BERKELEY possesses a unique feature in its brass band, composed of the boys themselves and numbering some twenty-four pieces.

Dr. Halsey, of EVERSON'S, is a great favorite with his pupils; although a strict disciplinarian, he is at the same time one of the jolliest of teachers.

I asked a boy who had had experience in both, which he preferred: having a private tutor or going to school? "Well," he replied, "with a tutor life is easier, but then you have no companions, and all that. My idea of the thing would be to have two or three boys club together, and engage one tutor for the lot."

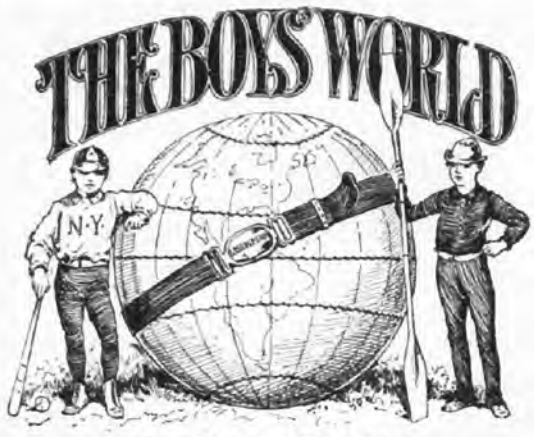
F. E. M.

Amateurdom.

AMONG the neatest of the amateur sheets that have thus far found their way to our sanctum, may be mentioned *The Eagle*, of Bridgeport, Conn. Tastefully printed and enclosed in a pretty pink Christmas cover, the editor has good cause to be proud of its appearance. The notes on exchanges are also to be commended for their pithiness, especially clever being the one to the effect that "*The Little Clipper* is the smallest paper we have ever *been able to see.*" The last italics are our own.

From the *North Carolina Enterprise* we glean the following startling list of newspaper names in a "History of Amateurdom," in that state, from 1869 to 1885: *Carolina Brilliant*, *Our Little Plug*, *Tar Heel Tyro* and *Little but Loud*.

THE publisher of the *Monthly Gazette* (Portland, Me.) displays commendable enterprise in sending out a Christmas supplement which is as large as the paper itself.



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TERMS.

Fifty Cents per Year, in Advance, postage free. Single Number Five Cents. Club Rate: Five Copies, one year, $2,00. Subscriptions may be sent by Postal Note or in Stamps.

Address THE BOYS' WORLD.
60 BETHUNE ST.,
NEW YORK.

As poets numberless have sung the glorious possibilities of the country boy, we take pleasure in announcing for next month the following novelty:

SOME ADVANTAGES OF CITY BOYS,

BY

JOHN S. WHITE, LL.D.,

Head Master Berkeley School, New York, and Editor of "The Boys and Girls' Plutarch," "Herodotus," and "Pliny."

A HINT FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHRISTMAS and the first of January are precisely one week, and no more, apart, as probably most of the boys who read this paper have proved during the last, say, seven to fourteen years. One day means presents to a good portion of big lads and little. The other, to boys, and not only boys, but men and women, has somehow come to signify resolutions. A resolution, by the way, is a kind of present that one can always afford to treat oneself to. A resolution is not necessarily a cheap present. It also is like buying a farm or a sewing machine—you can pay for it after you get it, on a sort of instalment process. Sometimes it certainly costs a long price. Like the bicycle or sled or other contrivance that comes to a boy on the morning of the twenty-fifth, everybody knows that a resolution is quite easily broken. But then, it is just as good as ever when thoroughly repaired—and certain people go so far as to call it better. A great beauty of this resolution-present is that one has got to make it himself; and perhaps another special attraction is that if any one else makes it, one does not have to keep it—as is often unluckily the case with extra napkin rings and duplicates of books and jars of wax-flowers. And best of all, that old, old thing, a new good resolution, if it is worth anything, will last a boy all his life, and give him more pleasure every year, to even the very end of it.

Now, by making, on this Christmas Day, a very manly, sensible, square resolution that you will or you won't do this or that, by the help of your own backbone and higher Help to back that, can you give yourself a nobler present, boy-friend of ours, who reads the WORLD? And surely by not putting off until the First, the saying that you ought to make it, and that you do make it, you are giving yourself a cleaner-cut and prompter start on the new year, that ought to leave you a far better fellow when you begin it. Why, you have captured, as it were, a whole week extra, to learn to like and stick to your promise and get all the good you can out of it. He is foolish who puts off till to-morrow what he can do to-day. We all admit that; and is there not thicker-headed foolishness in putting off till next year what you can do in this one, though that next year is only seven days off? Furthermore, if you must break it, almost as soon as it is made, why, by all means, get the breaking done with before the new year starts in; and either its air or your own pluck and will ought to be a great help to you in keeping a tight grip on your curious 1885 Christmas present. Besides, if keeping this present that you have made and given yourself means fight, on the first Christmas Day there came to this earth the young Captain of all the boys and men, who take part in the long warfare of life.

ATHLETICS FOR BOYS.

A Talk with Professor Goldie, of the New York Athletic Club.

ON a stormy November afternoon, our BOYS' WORLD reporter wended his way to the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, where, since its completion last winter, the imposing red brick structure of the New York Athletic Club has attracted the curious and admiring glances of passers-by. On entering the doors (which were guarded by a liveried attendant) the rush and clatter of ten-pins was the first sound to strike upon the ear, while the eye was at once drawn towards the life-size, bronze figure of Mercury, conspicuous at the foot of the stair-way. Professor Goldie was found in the reading-room on the second floor and forthwith invited the reporter to ascend to his private office, a snug little nook at the top of the building, just off the suspended track, around which a young man was tramping in true pedestrian outfit and with arms working back and forth in the approved style.

This track forms a sort of gallery to the upper part of the gymnasium-hall, which latter is a spacious and well-lighted apartment, fitted with trapeze, rowing-machines, pulley-weights, parallel-bars, spring-boards and strength-testers in bewildering variety.

However, as our object in this article is not to describe the Club House and its elegant appointments—interesting as such a subject might be made—but to record Professor Goldie's views on athletics for boys, we must now proceed to give an account of the interview.

"What do you consider the best time of day for exercising, Professor Goldie?" the reporter asked.

"Any time," was the response, "provided one begins two hours after eating and finishes at least three-quarters of an hour before the next meal. As far as our club is concerned, however, most of the members do their practicing in the afternoons, between three and six."

"And now concerning Indian clubs, or dumb-bells," went on the reporter. "Suppose a boy can have only one of the articles, which should you advise him to choose?"

"Clubs," came the prompt reply, "and for this reason: they call for more skill in the handling, and do not merely develop muscle. But when practicable, I should advise a boy to own both."

"But say that our boy is not in a position to own either," continued the reporter. "How shall he obtain in-door exercise without them, or, in fact, any other appliances?"

"By simply going through the motions of first standing erect, then rising and sinking on his toes, ten, twenty, thirty times. For developing the muscles of the calves there is nothing better. Then, holding the body still erect, let him rise and sink the same number of times from the knee. Next, keeping the feet and legs firm, let him bend backwards and forwards from the waist; and similar to this is the rotary motion, which is simply moving the upper part of the body around in a circle, keeping the hands on the hips."

"What should a boy wear for gymnasium use?" was another question.

"As little as possible; and he should always undress in a warm room, but exercise in a moderately cold one. Then he ought to take a bath afterwards, for which, in my opinion, tepid water is better than cold."

"In this connection, Professor Goldie," the reporter then ventured to inquire, "may I ask what you think of boys taking part in public athletic exhibitions?"

"Well, on that point I can say with emphasis that no boy under seventeen or eighteen should enter for any contest for which *regular training* is necessary. With boys under that age the system is undergoing such changes that the special preparations required for such events can be productive only of harm."

"How about roller-skating?"

"Not hurtful in itself at all, if indulged in with moderation and in a building properly ventilated. My own children have skated for years. The chief trouble with roller-skating is this: it is usually carried on in a structure which naturally draws a large number of boys together, who, in the eagerness of racing and the like, forget how time passes and thus overdo the thing. An hour is plenty long enough to engage in the sport at a stretch; two hours is more than enough."

"Can you mention any high athletic records with which I can astonish the readers of THE BOYS' WORLD?" was another one of the queries that came up in the course of the talk.

"Well, as far as the New York Club goes," was the professor's reply, "the championship of the United States in an all-round series—that is, ten events—was secured for us by a young man of twenty-four; but if you want something really startling, you must take the feat performed by a nineteen-year old member of the University of Pennsylvania, who is himself only five feet, six and three-quarter inches tall, but who recently made a running high jump of *six feet and a quarter of an inch;* that is, five inches and a half higher than his own head. I have yet to hear of anything to beat that."

The reporter expressed his thanks and withdrew, leaving Professor Goldie to begin his daily training in preparation for the exhibition which was to come off at the Club House on Ladies' Day.

In passing through the gymnasium on his way out, our representative's attention was attracted to a platform spring-board on which a young gentleman was dancing away, first on one foot, then on the other, with a sober expression of countenance that was truly ludicrous when taken in connection with his jumping motions. There was also to be noted, not far off, the bicycle-turner, a stationary iron wheel, furnished with saddle, handle-bar and pedals, the original of which was invented by Professor Goldie out of a cart wheel in 1880, for a Princeton student who was training for a bicycle race.

Rumor Reports

THAT roller-skating on four wheels, instead of eight, is a new "rinkle."

THAT cricket is the favorite game at St. Paul's School, Concord.

THAT the Marquis of Lorne has applied for a patent on an improved bicycle.

THAT a horse on skates is a recent importation at one of the New York rinks.

THAT the New Orleans boys are fond of making hares and hounds of themselves.

THAT the best toboggans are made of birch, and, velvet-cushioned, cost from thirty to fifty dollars.

THAT the Andover and Exeter Academies have both been very much excited over their football contests.

THAT some marvelous structures were erected by ice builders in St. Petersburg in the last century. After making their palace the Russians made ice cannon, which were loaded with powder and regularly fired without bursting. The interior of the main structure was divided into rooms, in which were beds, pillows, counterpanes, candlesticks, essence boxes and mirrors, all of ice. On the immense hearth huge blocks of ice, smeared with naptha, blazed fiercely, transforming the apartment into a rainbow-tinted boudoir.

THE KNIGHTS OF STEEL.

A TALE OF A BICYCLE TOUR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "The Heir to Whitecap," "Frank Hay," "Reg," etc.

CHAPTER II.

It was too late to dismount in regular form, but Val and Arthur managed to guide their machines to one side and let themselves down quite gracefully, under the circumstances; with poor Ti, however, the patent tent asserted itself, and in his endeavor to follow his companions' example, the roll came, with a thud, against one of the elephant's hind legs, causing that bulky animal to start off at a lively pace, and the young captain to bite the dust in a "header."

All three Knights had their wheels and themselves up again in an instant, and then stood stock still in utter bewilderment at the array of elephants, camels, zebras and ponies that now swarmed upon the space at the cross-roads.

"What is it—where are we?" whispered Val. "Have we run afoul of Central Africa, or taken a 'header' into the jungles of India?"

But now a short, fat man, with a purplish-red face, came galloping up on a beautiful black horse, roaring in a voice of authority: "Stop that elephant!"

"We've run down a circus!" whispered Ti, adding: "And I do believe the biggest elephant's run away."

"Here, you chaps," cried the fat man, riding up to the three Knights in quite a threatening fashion, "do you know what you've done? That's my best elephant, just bought him, too; has to be treated with great care; never a stroke laid on him, and here you come blundering into him with your cart-wheels, as if he wasn't big enough for you to see he was there!"

"I'm very sorry," began Ti, "but——"

"Oh, pshaw!" broke in the other. "What good will 'sorrys' and 'buts' do now? They won't catch Gingersnap, nor——"

"Why, here he comes all safe enough," exclaimed Val, pointing down the road.

But the huge beast was evidently in no amiable frame of mind, with his trumpeting and snorting, and the keeper shouted to his employer that it would be very risky to have him perform that afternoon in Penskill, as his taste of liberty had worked no end of mischief to his temper.

"D'ye hear that boys?" cried the provoked manager. "And it's all your fault. I can't take the time to sue for damages, but if you're the gentlemen's sons I take you to be, you'll make up to me for the loss to my programme, by offering to appear in the ring with your bicycles in a race, or something of that sort."

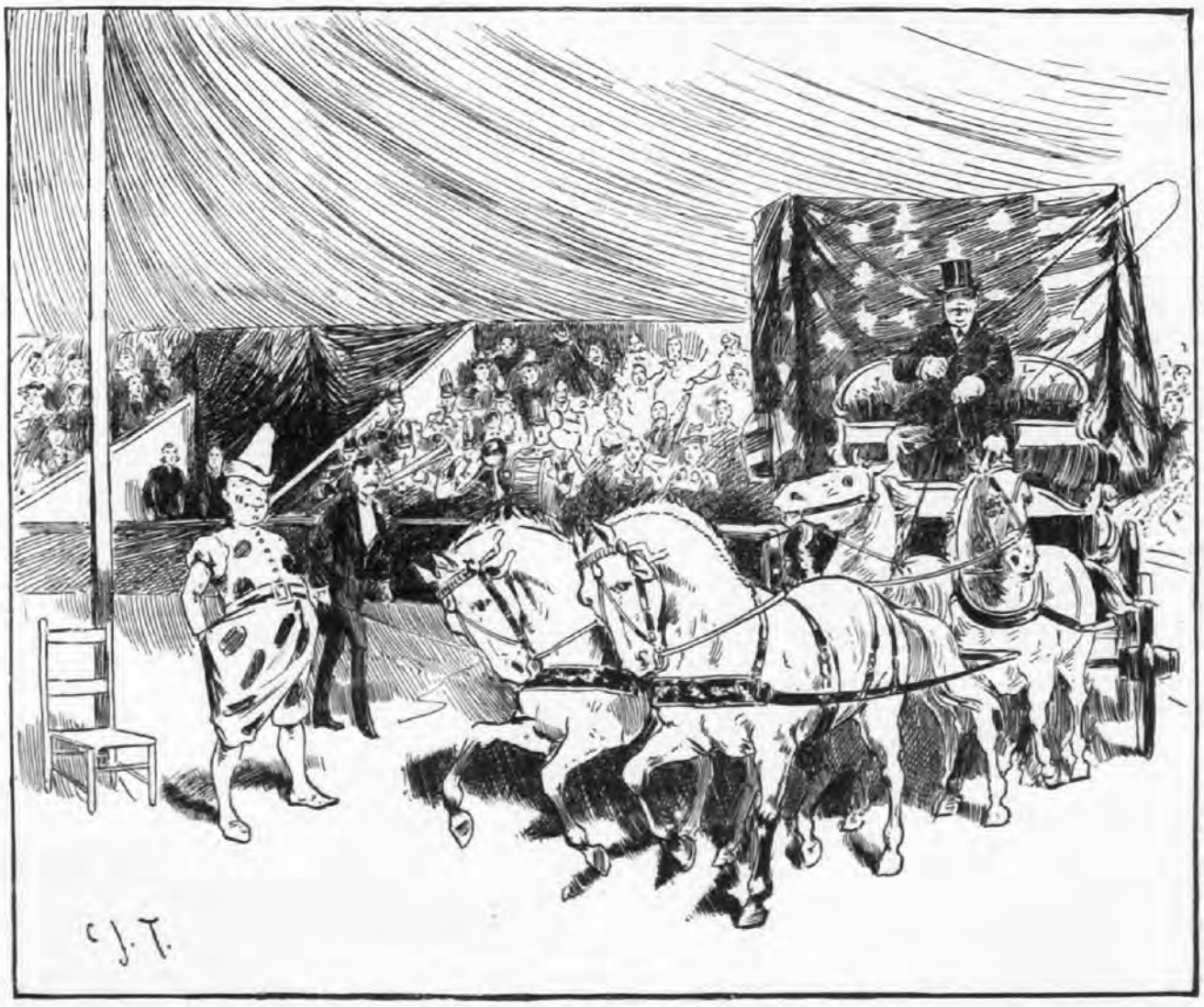
The show had by this time passed on, in obedience to its director's orders, and the latter was left alone with the Knights of Steel, who were rendered, for the moment, speechless with astonishment at this suggestion.

"*We* act in a circus!" exclaimed Val at last. "I'm sure that I, for one, couldn't keep a straight face for half a minute."

"And besides," put in Ti, "we can't ride our machines in sawdust, you know."

"Then there's that other business we have on hand," added Arthur, in a low tone.

The manager sat quietly on his horse during these remarks, looking curiously from one to another of the lads, as if he could not comprehend the fact that any boy should hesitate, for even the fractional part of a second, to take part in the enchantments of the ring when the opportunity offered.



"TWO SECONDS LATER THE 'CHARIOT' ENTERED THE MAGIC CIRCLE.

Ti's objection, however, was such a practical one that he could not but seriously consider it, and when Val ventured to hint that they were in a hurry to reach Penskill and get their breakfast, he replied mildly that he would ride along with them, and take the liberty of eating his in their company.

Now the Knights were not over-pleased with this arrangement, as the red-faced circus man was not at all the sort of a person they cared to associate with, but then, the proposition was a decided compromise on a suit for damages; so the boys mounted and rode ahead, like prisoners of war, trusting that Gingersnap's sulkiness would vanish before the hour for the performance.

"Imagine the feelings of our friends at home," observed Val, with a smile, "if they should hear at second-hand that we had joined a circus company."

"Well, knights must be ready for any and everything, you know," returned Ti, skilfully avoiding a collision between the end of his tent and a mile-post.

"I'm afraid, though, this adventure is going to interfere with our other scheme," sighed Arthur; but just then the manager, who had introduced himself as Major Cirringway, galloped up beside them and requested a dismount, as he had something important to say.

Captain Ti repeated the order, and when they were all at a standstill, the showman leaned forward over his horse's neck, and in a low voice began as follows: "I have just thought of a plan which meets all the objections you advanced a while ago, for you can appear in the ring without being seen by the audience, except for an instant, and there will not be the slightest necessity of your attempting to ride in sawdust. In fact, you will not be required to ride at all, except in a wagon, on which both you and your bicycles will be placed, covered by our largest American flag."

The Knights looked completely mystified, and the Major paused for a moment to enjoy their perplexity, then continued: "Perhaps you have heard of the new way of advertising some of the large retail clothing stores in New York have adopted. They present pianos, watches, etc., to those customers who most correctly guess the weight of some heavy articles, or most exactly estimate the number of peas in a glass jar, and the like. Well, my idea is to offer to refund the price of admission to any member of my audience this afternoon who shall rightly guess what is under the flag. I'll have the carpenter put uprights on our platform-performing wagon for you to lean against, and allow ten minutes to do the guessing in; then, as there isn't one chance in a hundred that anybody will ever think of three boys and three bicycles, it will be a grand surprise when I order the flag whipped off, and the wagon drives out, with a special burst from the band. Do you consent?" and Major Cirringway took out an immense red handkerchief, with which to wipe his face after his lengthy explanation.

The boys could see nothing before them but a harmless lark, to be talked over with great relish afterwards, although Arthur was inclined to grumble a little at the time lost from the prosecution of their other enterprise.

After a hurried consultation, Ti announced that they were willing to do as requested for that single performance, in order to atone for any loss that the troupe might sustain through his collision with Gingersnap.

"Good!" exclaimed the major. "And now remember that the utmost secrecy must be observed, or the whole thing will leak out and ruin me. I'll have some handbills struck off at once, announcing the grand guessing contest, and you—yes, let me see, you will do me the greatest possible favor by not showing yourselves or your machines in Penskill until after the performance, which begins at half-past one."

"But we haven't had any breakfast!" exclaimed Val, in a mournful voice. "It's after nine now, and I feel as if I could eat your whole menagerie."

"Get it at the farm-house yonder," returned Major Cirringway, promptly. "I'll gallop on into town, for we must not be seen together, you know. Then in about an hour and a half I'll start back after you with the empty lion wagon, meet you between here and the town, and drive you to the grounds myself, so not even my own men will be the wiser. Great scheme, isn't it? but remember," laying his finger significantly across his lips. Then he added: "Of course I depend upon you, as gentlemen's sons, to keep your word with me," and with a flourish of his riding-whip, Cirringway of Cirringway's Circus, went galloping off after his show, which, however, he did not rejoin until after he had partaken of a hearty breakfast at the Penskill Pavilion.

Meanwhile, our three bicyclists, quite beside themselves with hunger and excitement, wheeled swiftly over to the farm-house, where their liberal offers spurred the good housewife into dishing up a second morning meal in the shortest possible order.

"I feel like the hero of a sensational detective story," remarked Ti, when the talkative, bustling matron had left them to respond to a knock at the door. "It's awful not to be able to answer every question, without first having to stop and think how much you've a right to tell."

"But I'm thinking how the fellows in Wyburg will open their eyes when they hear about our performance this afternoon," and Val smacked his lips as much over the anticipated joy of relating their adventures, as over the present satisfaction afforded by hot coffee and fresh biscuit.

"What if fifty or sixty people in the audience should guess right?" suggested Arthur. "Do you suppose the major would refund promptly to every one of them? Then I can't understand why anything else with the flag over it wouldn't answer the purpose just as well; a barrel of nails, a clothes-horse, or some other outlandish thing. Or why can't he just take our machines without us?"

"Oh, Art, Art," replied Val, "I'm afraid you haven't any romance about you. Don't you see how picturesque it will look when we are unveiled, and besides, the combination of boy and bicycle makes the guessing harder. I think it's going to be great fun, and I'm jolly glad that Ti *did* run into the elephant."

"If I hadn't," added the captain, as they rose from the table, "and if you, Val, had not said that about not being able to keep a straight face before an audience, I don't believe the manager would ever have thought of putting such a queer kind of act on his programme. But come on, it's time we were going."

So the late breakfast was paid for, wheels mounted, and a brisk run made towards the piece of woods the showman had appointed as the place of meeting.

"What if he only meant to fool or frighten us, and doesn't come back at all?" said Arthur, after they had ridden about two miles.

"Trust a circus man not to let slip a novelty," returned Ti, adding: "And behold, here he comes now, driving 'two-forty' with his lion-wagon."

The Knights at once dismounted and waited for the Major to come up and turn around.

"Ah, here you are!" he cried out from his lofty perch "Whoa, January! Stand still there, June! Am a little late myself and was afraid I'd meet you too near the town. Now quick, while there's nobody in sight, lift those wheels of yours inside through the rear door and then bundle in yourselves. It's quite clean, nothing but hay been kept there since old Pickletop died last fall. Here comes a carriage now. Hurry up there, lively!"

As fast as they could the Knights tumbled themselves into the gaudily-painted circus wagon, with its prison-like bars across the top, and then the Major started his team at such a pace as would lead one to believe he had kidnapped the whole party.

The noise of the wheels on the hard road rendered conversation impossible, and the boys stowed themselves away in the corners with the heads of their bicycles in their laps and an expression of resignation to their fate on their faces. Presently, however, the horses were pulled down to a walk and the Major leaned back to ask how his "stars," as he called them, were getting along.

"Not very smoothly," answered Val, suggestively rubbing his elbow. "But what are you going to do with us now.

"Why, I'm taking you to the circus grounds as fast as I can, so you can have second place on the programme and be through with your act in time to get your lunch," and so saying, Major Cirringway whipped up his team again, thus compelling his passengers to reserve any further remarks they might wish to make until there was a chance of their being heard.

At last the wagon stopped and the manager bent down his head to inform the Knights that they were "behind the scenes" at the circus and to request that they speak only in whispers. Then he disappeared and the boys heard him giving strict orders that no one but himself should approach the late Pickletop's abode.

"Seems to me as if we've been trapped, like the poor beast that was caged here," remarked Arthur, as he tried the door and found it fastened on the outside. "This isn't much like the glorious freedom and fresh air of touring a-wheel."

"But lots of fellows can have that, who'd give a good deal to be where we are now," said Val, as he caught a handbill that came fluttering down from between the bars. "Just listen to this," and he proceeded to read in an undertone the following announcement:

GRAND EXTRA ATTRACTION!

A Chance to See the Show for Nothing.

NEW FEATURE. WHAT IS IT!

To any member of the audience this afternoon who shall correctly guess what is underneath an American flag, draped over a combination of animate and inanimate objects, the price of his or her admission will be refunded. Ten minutes allowed for guessing. No one but the proprietor is in the secret.

Try your luck! Don't all speak at once!

Respectfully,

MAJOR CIRRINGWAY,

Sole Proprietor and Manager of Cirringway's Colossal Circus."

This piece of literature afforded the Knights no little amusement and they resolved to treasure it among the archives of the club; but as time went by and nothing further occurred to vary the monotony of the confinement, they one and all began to grow very impatient, not to say disgusted.

"It's a regular persecution," Arthur declared, pacing up and down the cage as restlessly as its former occupant might have done.

Captain Ti looked grave, although he said nothing, but presently Val interposed with: "I wouldn't care so much if only we had something to look at; but as it is, what if we *are* part of the show, what can we tell about it? Why, we won't even see as much as the audience does. But hark, there's the band striking up now, so I suppose we'll soon be asked to change our quarters."

Sure enough, in a few minutes the major peered down upon them again, and told them to open the door and transfer themselves and their machines as quietly as possible to the platform wagon, which was to be drawn, he informed them, by four milk-white ponies with gold-mounted harness, and himself for driver.

"Not a soul among my people has the faintest suspicion of what's in here," added the joyful manager, "and the handbills are creating immense excitement outside."

When the Knights had carefully trundled their wheels to their places beneath the flag, the latter was lowered several inches, so that it rested upon the boys' heads, and fell closely about them in rather a stifling fashion for that time of year. But it was too late to protest, and besides, now that they were to make their first and only appearance in the ring, strong excitement had seized upon them all, and when they heard the ring-master proclaim that he was about to introduce the grand original feature of the programme, they felt such a thrill pass over them as never could have been caused by the bunting tickling their foreheads.

The band began to play "See the Conquering Hero comes," and two seconds later the "chariot" entered the magic circle of sawdust, amid great applause from the spectators.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WINTER WALKS AND TALKS.

BY REV. S. W. KNIPE.

II.

SEVERAL weeks passed by before the boys were permitted to take another walk with the doctor. In the meantime winter advanced steadily, with ice and snow enough to delight the most ardent boy. There came then a bright Wednesday afternoon, when the doctor sent word that after their luncheon he would be free to take another walk with them if they desired to do so. They accepted the offer gladly, and at two o'clock met their friend at the gate. The snow had been packed down by the wind and sun, and the walking was fairly good. They had gone but a few steps, when Frank reminded the doctor that he had promised to tell them something about snow.

"I know it is frozen water, but why is it not hail? It does not seem like ice, except that it is cold, and melts when it gets warm."

"Snow is not frozen rain, but frozen vapor," was the doctor's reply. "You remember how heat separated the particles of water, and kept them apart. If now, while thus separated, the heat be suddenly taken away, down to the freezing point of water, the particles come together not as mist and rain, but as snow. If you have ever looked closely at snow that has fallen quietly, that is, on a calm day, you must have noticed that it is composed of crystals of more or less beauty. It is said that about one thousand different forms of snow crystals have been observed, and a great many have been sketched. The shape of the crystals has much to do with the quality and appearance of the snow. You know that sometimes snow is very fine, almost like sand. This form is mainly composed of small perfect crystals, sometimes six-sided like quartz crystals, at others in short needle-like prisms. At other times the snow is feather-like; great flakes come slowly down, these being generally composed of compound crystals: wheels of varying shape, always beautiful, but at times very complex. The small snow crystals, like ice that forms on water, contain a portion of air, and when the snow comes down in feathery flakes, still more air is entangled among the crystals. As a consequence, an ordinary snow-fall contains about ten times its bulk of air. This you can prove for yourself by filling a measure of some kind with snow and melting it, when you will find that it will take from ten to twelve quarts of snow to make one quart of water. The presence of so much air in the snow makes it a *non-conductor* of heat, and as a consequence, a heavy coating of snow is like a warm blanket, serving to protect the plants that are in, or upon the ground. This is not because the snow is in itself warm, as some people imagine, but because snow does not permit the heat of the earth to escape. A cold wind carries away the heat that is all the time coming up from the deeper parts of the earth. If now we can cover the ground with anything that will prevent the wind from reaching it, the heat will be held in and freezing prevented."

"I did not know the earth was warm," observed Frank. "It always feels cool, and if we dig a hole, like a cellar, it is cool and nice even in summer."

"Yes," returned the doctor, "that is true, but have you not found that the cellar is warm and nice as you say, in winter as well? The fact is, at a depth of but a few feet the temperature of the earth is always about the same. You may have noticed

that spring water seems cool in summer and warm in winter. This is owing to the fact that we cannot well judge of temperature from our own feelings. When the air is very warm, and our bodies also, water a few degrees colder will seem quite cold, and on the other hand, in winter, when the air is cold, the spring water seems warm by contrast. As I said, the temperature of the earth is about the same winter and summer. If the ground is not covered by something that will protect it from cold winds, the heat is carried away and the moisture that is in it freezes ; but if we cover the surface with straw or leaves, anything of loose texture, we will find that freezing will not take place to any great depth, if at all. The snow is like a bed of leaves or straw in this one respect ; it is full of air not in motion, and air is a poor conductor of heat."

"Will you please tell me what you mean by a conductor of heat?" asked Frank again.

"Certainly ; the word conductor means leader. Now suppose you hold the poker in the fire, or near it ; you will find that not only the part that is in the fire will get heated, but very soon the heat will follow the metal throughout its length, while the wooden handle will remain cool enough for you to keep it in your hand. The wood is a poor conductor of heat. The heat passes rapidly through the iron, and we say therefore, that iron is a good conductor of heat. It leads the heat from the fire up to your hand. If we wish to pick up a hot plate or piece of metal, we take a folded cloth, or several folds of paper, because cloth and paper are also poor conductors of heat. Water and ice are also poor conductors. If we were to make a fire on the ice, it would not melt the ice to any great extent. The non-conducting quality of snow is not the result alone of the fact that it is ice, but principally because of the air it contains. You know that in winter we put double sash in the windows on the north side of the house. And they keep the room very much warmer than it would be with merely the ordinary windows. Now it is not the doubling of the glass that makes the difference. We would find that if we put a double thickness of glass in the single sash it would have very little effect in keeping in the heat. The outer sash is placed two or three inches from the inner one. And it is the air that is confined in this space between the two that prevents the heat of the room from escaping. Dry air is an almost perfect non-conductor of heat."

While the doctor was talking, they had been walking steadily along the path that led to the pond, and in a few moments they reached the edge. It was covered over with quite thick ice. At one place some boys had cut a hole, and were at work with a spear, trying to capture some eels. They met with no success, and started down the little stream that led to the river. The boys walked out on the ice to the hole that had been cut, and saw several small fish swimming around in it.

"Why do these little fish swim about as if they were feeding," inquired Will, "while all the large fish have either gone down to the sea, or are buried in the mud?"

"God has so ordered that the fish, like the birds, have varying habits," answered the doctor. "Some birds, you know, can remain with us all winter. They find their food stored up for them under the bark of trees, or among the leaves. So with the fish. Some species are active all the year round, and such find appropriate food. Among common fresh-water fish, trout, pickerel, perch and catfish feed all winter, the last only on warm, bright days, while sunfish, or pumpkin-seed, black bass and eels bury themselves in mud, beds of leaves, in open spaces among rocks, or in hollow stumps and logs that may be in the streams. In the salt-water rivers, only a few species of fish remain over winter. Flounders come in from the sea late in autumn, and remain until spring, and may at times be caught with bait under the ice. Crabs bury themselves in the mud, in deep water. Sometimes vast numbers of crabs are found packed close together in some deep channel where there is not a strong tide. The little shrimp we use for bait, feeds during the cold weather. If you watch where soft clams are being dug, even in mid winter, you will see small fish and shrimp feeding as greedily as in summer. These little fish live, in part, upon microscopic animals and on small vegetables that grow in the water. They find food, therefore, at all times."

The short winter afternoon was drawing to a close, and the boys and their teacher turned toward home. The path led them near a large tree, upon which the fish hawks had built a great rough nest the year before. A few yards off was another tree on which there was also a nest very much deeper ; in fact, a great stack of small branches and twigs.

"Why did the hawks make such a large nest over there," asked Frank, "while this one is only a platform of sticks?"

"Why, that nest is an old one, and this a new one," laughed Will.

Frank looked puzzled, until the doctor interposed, with :

"Will, you are too sparing of words."

Then, turning to Frank, he went on : "The fish hawk repairs and adds to her nest each season. I suppose the nest over in that locust tree has been used five or six years. Each season a new story has been built upon the nest, and it is now so deep that it is quite a curiosity. If you would find interest in it, on our next walk we will bring pencil and paper, and measure a few of the nests in our vicinity, making sketches of some of them."

LIFE ON A STAR ;

OR,

MY VISIT TO MARS.

Adapted from the German.

One summer evening I lay on the grass and gazed up at the blue vault above me, studded all over with twinkling stars.

It was near midnight, and directly over me glowed reddish Mars in all its glory.

"Oh," I thought, "how I should like to explore only this one planet, wander over its surface and observe all its peculiarities with my own eyes!"

I do not recollect now whether or not I expressed this desire aloud, but suddenly I heard a voice say close beside me :

"Thy wish is granted."

Terrified I rose to my feet and saw at my side the figure of a woman clad in a loose-flowing robe, that seemed to dissolve into mist beneath her.

I wished to ask who she might be, but wonder tied my tongue.

However, without waiting for me to question, she spoke again

"Man, behold me! I am called Imagination and possess the power to conduct thee up to yonder star, whose wonders thou hast so ardently desired to look upon. So now be thou subject to my will."

In uttering the last word she touched my forehead. For an instant all was dark before my eyes, and when I was enabled once more to see about me, the vision had vanished and I lay upon the surface of another world.

My wish was fulfilled and I had been transported to a foreign planet. Still it might be an illusion, a dream! I rubbed my forehead, collected as best I could my scattered senses, and set to work to find out, so far as I was able, the reality of my situation. I soon ascertained that I was on that side of the planet which at the moment was turned towards the earth, and which we call the Conjunction of Mars ; my watch pointed to midnight, and yet all about me was light as day. I made a telescope of my hands and looked through my fingers at the sun. But the latter did not appear the same as it does from the earth.

At first it was not without an involuntary shudder that I came to a realization of my condition, thus cast upon a strange surface and an unknown world. Far from all human life, to what dangers might I not be exposed? Was it not possible that the place swarmed with wild beasts of every sort, to say nothing of savages in the form of Mars men? And besides, could a human being live any length of time on a star? But soon these first feelings of terror passed off and I became calmer.

And now I began to perceive that the air which I breathed was so thin that it would be insupportable upon the earth.

"But," I reflected, "those circumstances in which a miracle has placed me, a miracle will also enable me to overcome," and as I drew in long breaths of the sweet, pure atmosphere, I took note of my surroundings.

I sat upon the green turf on the borders of a wood. The grass was soft and short, and the trees were, for the most part, not much higher than six or seven feet, so that I could reach to their tops with my hands. The soil appeared to be softer and more porous than on the earth.

In the contemplation of these peculiarities I became still more composed, and said to myself that the power which had transported me thither, and allowed of my existence under such novel circumstances, would also place me back in my natural element again.

The next thing was to take an inventory of my possessions, and in order to do this, I drew out my handkerchief, intending to spread it on the ground. But lo and behold, it seemed at first as though it were determined to soar about in the air, for the laws of gravitation in Mars are somewhat different from those that govern the earth. However, I managed at last to restrain its flight, and proceeded to empty my pockets into it.

First of all, there was my faithful old watch, with the key attached to the chain, and beside it lay my pocket-knife, a great hatchet-like affair with only one blade ; then I found a bunch of keys, a note-book and pencil, a few matches and three pins. Lastly, I brought to light one or two pieces of silver, which I had neglected to spend before starting on my aerial voyage.

All these articles I resolved to treasure carefully, although for my keys and my silver I should probably not find immediate use. The watch was an important factor, notwithstanding it was not warranted to keep Mar's time. On the earth it ran down once in every twenty-four hours, but as the hours in Mars are a little longer, I should be obliged to regulate it daily, setting it back thirty-seven minutes, twenty-three seconds. My knife was the most important of all, for it was my single tool, my only weapon.

The matches I determined to use as seldom as possible, in order that they might last me the longer.

At sight of my note-book, it suddenly occurred to me that I ought to preserve in writing the hour of my arrival on the planet. My watch at that time had pointed to twelve, and according to the position of the sun, it must have been about noon in the world where I now found myself.

So I wrote in my book : "Arrived in Mars on the first of July, twelve o'clock, M." And now I had my pins—'twas a pity there were no more—but with these, when the worst came to the worst, I could repair, to some extent, unavoidable rents in my clothes. I did not allow myself to think as to what I should do when my buttons came off, as it was more than doubtful that I would be able to obtain needle and thread in Mars.

But now it became necessary that I should look about me for something to eat, although in consequence of the excitement I had undergone, and, also, as I supposed, by reason of the Mars atmosphere, I did not feel at all hungry. I reminded myself of a second Robinson Crusoe, with the exception that I could not depend upon that help which the wreck of the ship afforded him, in the shape of divers useful articles cast upon the shore, nor could I hope to be rescued by a ship passing that way.

As I walked about in the woods, I glanced half-unconsciously around to see if no street urchins were mocking me behind my back, for, as the weight of my body was much less than half of what it was on the earth, I went along with a sort of hop, as though dancing on a rope that with every step shot me upward.

In some marshy, deep-lying places in the forest I discovered a few trees bearing a round fruit, which I tasted. It proved to be a nut with a thin shell, the kernel being composed of a soft, oily substance not particularly palatable, but which, nevertheless, would serve to quiet the pangs of hunger, should I ever experience them.

A little further on I came upon a small brook, And here I first saw the living beings of the planet. They were four-footed animals, about the size of our rat, and covered with thick fur.

On becoming aware of my presence they eyed me curiously, but without betraying the slightest sign of fear, and from this I judged, not a little to my peace of mind, that there were no beasts of prey in the vicinity.

In the meantime, it had become necessary for me to seek out quarters in which to pass the night, and in order to reach dryer ground above I sprang over the brook, but I forgot my diminished weight and put all my force into the leap, and so on I flew—going forward with ordinary speed, but completely in the air, till I grew quite terrified. When I touched the soil again it was six times beyond the spot for which I had aimed, and I came with such violence against a small tree that it broke in two.

I attained the heights just in time to see the sun sink below the horizon, but scarcely had a portion of it disappeared when the heavens grew dark, and the stars came out in numbers and brilliancy exceeding anything I had ever witnessed from the earth. Thus, lying on my back, with my gaze directed toward the splendors above, fatigue gradually overcame me. My last night on the earth had merged itself into a Mars day, and by reason of this and the excitement of the past few weeks I soon fell asleep.

I could not have slept long when I awoke, shivering from head to foot. It had grown terribly cold, and suddenly the reason thereof dawned upon me. Even on the earth, the night is considerably cooler than the day, and how much more marked must be the difference in Mars, with its thin atmosphere. Now, it was clear to me why the animals were provided with such thick coats of fur. In this dilemma I resolved to sacrifice one of my precious matches, and build a fire. By stumbling about in the dark I managed to collect an armful of wood, and before long I succeeded in creating quite a respectable blaze, by the side of which I lay down and slept till far into the morning.

On awaking I was so confused by the recollection of the wonderful events so lately transpired, that it was with great difficulty I could collect my thoughts.

The fire still burned, but I should have to do without my usual cup of coffee, and content myself with a drink of water scooped up from the brook with my hand. I gathered a few of the nuts I had discovered and roasted them in the glowing ashes, yet they afforded but a miserable breakfast.

The next thing was to protect myself from the nightly cold, for which purpose I determined to build a small cabin.

As a boy I had constructed my own dog-kennels, and on several occasions imitated, with considerable success, the work of the carpenters I had observed. Therefore, it was not long before I had improvised walls from branches of trees, interspersed with some of the smaller saplings, covering each layer with soil, which, as I have said, was porous, and could be easily dug up with the hands. An extremely pointed roof protected me from any rain that might come on, and a quantity of moss from the woods, which, in the Mars air quickly dried, afforded me a soft carpeting. My fire I endeavored to preserve.

My task was finished; I had repaired to the spot by the brook where I had seen the animals, and as they played about me quite fearlessly I succeeded, unnoticed by the others, in capturing and hiding one under my coat. Arrived at my cabin I killed, roasted and ate it.

How I kept life in my body during the remainder of my stay can be told in a few words. From time to time I sought to provide myself with meat, and found this not a difficult task, the animal world of Mars being so tame. The moderate use of flesh, together with the plants and fruit I discovered in different localities, proved amply sufficient for my wants, and there was water everywhere.

And so time passed by. I made all sorts of observations, some of them very interesting, and not a few of which determined me, as the summer drew to a close, to journey southward in order to avoid the cold of the winter. This plan I speedily put into execution, accomplishing the distance partly on foot and partly on a sort of raft, which I constructed and paddled down a sluggish-flowing river that I came upon in the course of my wanderings.

On the twenty-ninth of July, as I was enjoying the sunset, I suddenly discovered a new planet glistening on the horizon. I strained my eyes and made out that it was in the form of a crescent.

"That must be the earth!" I exclaimed.

My breath came fast. Close beside the crescent twinkled a small point: our moon. Can you imagine my feelings as I sat there upon Mars and saw my home, the earth, as a star in the far distance?

I continued my journey. The stream, after a few weeks, became too shallow to navigate, and I was obliged to proceed on foot till I reached the equator. Although it was warmer here, the climate was by no means tropical, but nevertheless it was better than passing the winter in the north, so I endeavored to make myself as comfortable as possible.

Six months went by. I had left the earth June 21: it was now the end of May according to its calendar, and for almost a year had mankind existed without me. I began to grow weary of Mars. The natural beauties of the planet, to be sure, were wonderful, and on every expedition I discovered something new and instructive; but there was no one to whom I could impart my impressions, not a soul with whom I could speak a word.

Time went on, and in March I saw the earth once more, only to have it disappear again in August. On the twenty-fourth of the latter month I lay down upon my bed of moss and slept.

When I awoke it was day. I must have slept long, for my limbs were cramped, everything swam before my eyes, and there was a roaring in my ears. But was not that the same tree beneath which I had lain down more than two years before upon the earth?

Surely it was, and no illusion. I saw the sparrows flying about overhead, and the sun appeared of the same size as formerly. It must be the first of September, and two years, two months, and ten days had I been absent.

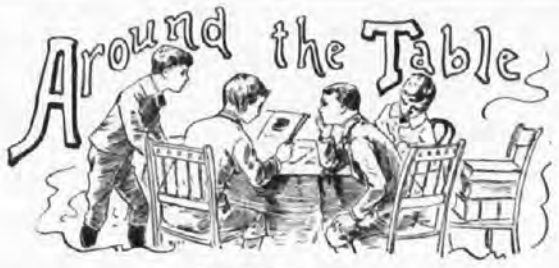
My first visit was to the coffee-room of a neighboring inn. I found assembled there all the old-time friends, who laughed at my story. I desired to see a newspaper, and the waiter—he, too, wished to mock me—handed me a sheet over two years old, bearing the date June 22.

Mournfully I left the place and sought my boarding house. Here the friendly landlady opened for me my old room, where everything appeared just as I had left it years ago.

"We were quite worried that you did not come home last night," said the good woman, as I shook hands.

"Indeed," I replied in wonder; "how could you have expected me yesterday, when I have sent you no tidings of myself for over two years?"

But just then she was called away, and as she passed me I fancied I saw her endeavoring to conceal a mocking smile. However, I made myself comfortable and took out my note-book, in order to refer to some of my Mars experiences; but all the pages were blank.



FROM THE BOYS.

NEW YORK CITY.

The term "Round Robin" is derived from two French words, *rond*, round, and *ruban*, a ribbon.

It is a written petition, with the names of those signing it inscribed in a circle, so that it may not be known who signed it first. H. F.

Some Great Inventions.

THE art of printing is one of the greatest of inventions. It was known to the Chinese as early as the sixth century, but was not used much until the tenth. The Chinese method is on the same principle as that of engraving pictures. It is not known who invented movable type; but it lies between Laurens Coster, Johann Gutenberg, Johann Faust, and Peter Schoeffer.

Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin in 1793, and about ten years after the birth of Whitney, Watt invented his steam-engine. The first successful steamboat, the *Clermont*, was built by Robert Fulton, in the year 1807; and for a long time the Hudson River could boast of having the only steam vessel in the world.

Professor Morse invented the electric telegraph when he was returning from Europe in the ship *Sully* in 1832, but he did not put it in operation until 1835.

The sewing-machine was invented in 1846 by Elias Howe, although some claim that Mr. Hunt made one between 1832 and 1834.

The electric light never attracted so much attention as in the present century; but it was used before this time, both in America and Europe, to light halls, depots, and factories, and for marine purposes; but it was first used for indoor service by Prof. Farmer in 1859.

The telephone was invented in 1876 by Prof. A. G. Bell. SAM B.

I have six good books and the pictures of forty prominent men to exchange for Vols. I. and II. of *Golden Days*. Write, enclosing stamp for reply, to W. F. FULLER, Mapleville, Franklin Co., N. C.

PRIZE PUZZLES.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 7, 2, and 6 sometimes kicks.
My 3, 5, and 7 is a term used in describing a ship.
My 1, 4, 5, 6 and 7 is a verb.
My whole is a winter game.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

—h! —a—p— y—a—s! —n—e —o—e —h—
w—u—d —o— b— a —o—?

Answers next month.

PRIZE OFFER.

The prize offer of last month is repeated. To each of the first fifty persons who shall correctly answer both the above puzzles, THE BOYS' WORLD will be sent free for one year to any address named by the winner. Offer open until Jan. 10th, 1886. COMPETITORS MUST BE SUBSCRIBERS, BUT SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BE SENT WITH ANSWERS.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

OUR THANKSGIVING PIE.

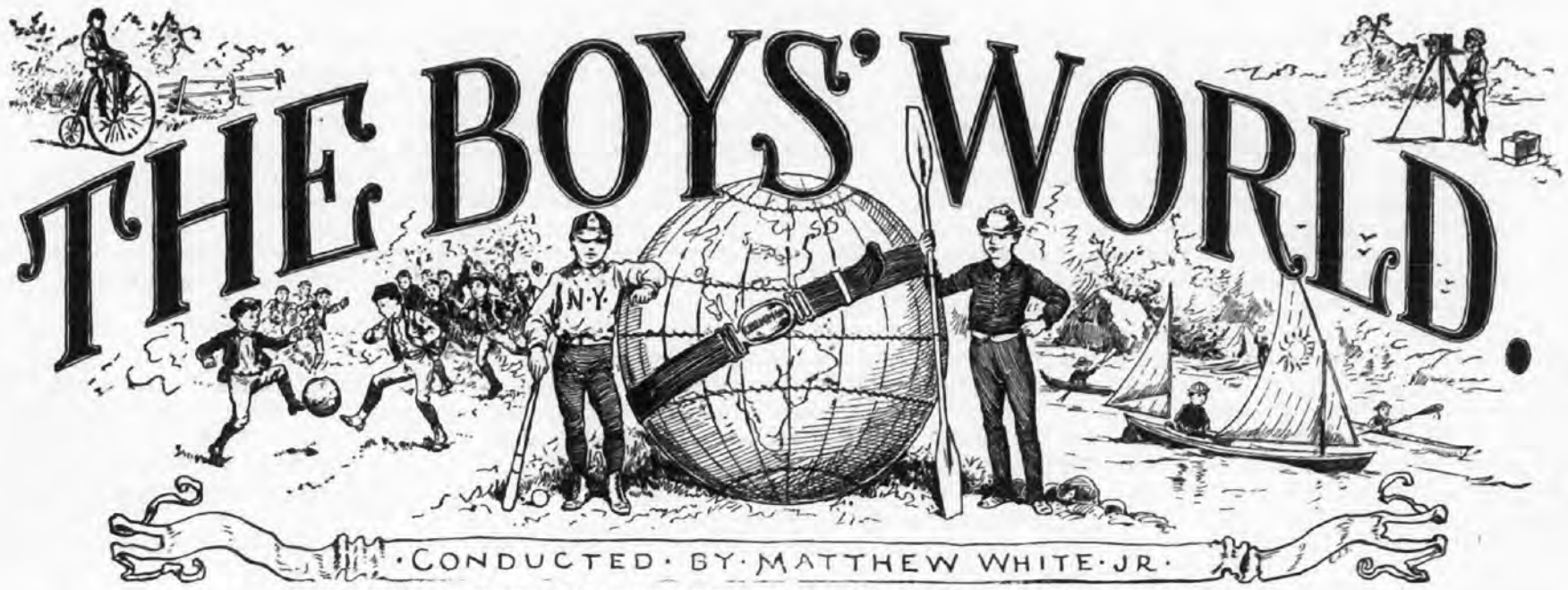
"Then homewards returning victorious,
In peace to our country we came,
And were thanked for our glorious actions,
By Louis Sixteenth of the name.
What drummer on earth could be prouder
Than I, while I drumm'd at Versailles,
To the lovely court ladies in powder
And lappets and long satin tails?"
—*Thackeray's "Chronicle of the Drum."*

CROSS WORD ENIGMA: Bicycle.

Christmas and the Cover.

WE have written the above merely in order to state that there is no special connection between the two. The cover has been added to THE BOYS' WORLD as a permanent feature, and as to Christmas—why, to all our readers we wish the merriest possible, and a very happy New Year.

In an early issue we shall begin the publication of a two-part sea story by Frank H. Converse.



No. 3.—Vol. I. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1886. 50 Cents a Year.

THE TINKLE TWINS.

BY PERCY EARL.

I.

Of course there were two of them, but it was only during the long summer vacation and on the various holidays scattered through the rest of the year, that they were together. For Mr. Tinkle believed in boarding-schools and Mrs. Tinkle did not, therefore rather than have any unpleasantness in the family it was decided that the boys should be divided up, so to speak, and one sent away and the other kept at home.

So Ted, who was very active and fond of play, was provided with a military suit and entered at Banner Institute, Binghamville; while Tommy, who had never been overstrong, and who preferred an interesting book, a snug corner by the register and a whole afternoon in which to enjoy the combination, continued to be a day scholar at the Polytechnic.

The Tinkles lived in Brooklyn, and one Saturday when Ted chanced to be at home, Uncle Jotham Tinkle stopped in while the family were at lunch, to invite his brother and sister-in-law to go for a drive with himself and wife to Coney Island, behind his new team of trotters.

"I wish there was room for you boys to go along," continued this generous uncle, turning to the twins with his hand in his pocket. "But as there isn't and as your father here tells me that neither of you has ever been over the big bridge, I want you to split this between you and go across it to spend in any way you choose in New York," and Uncle Jotham brought his hand out of his pocket and dropped a five dollar gold piece on the table between the twins.

Mrs. Tinkle's consent to the expedition was readily given and immediately after lunch the two set out, with much lighter hearts than they had expected to have when they had first heard about that drive to Coney Island. On their way to the bridge in the street car, however, the question arose as to what they should do in New York.

"*I'm* going to that skating rink where they're to have the boys' race," announced Ted, in a tone of decision.

Alas for Tommy! He had paid one visit to the Brooklyn rink, tumbled down before he had completed his first tour of the hall, turned his ankle, torn his stocking, soiled his clothes and made such a wreck of himself generally, that he had determined never to go again. Ted knew of this, but that morning he had happened to read the announcement that in one of the large New York rinks there was to be that very afternoon a race for boys under twelve, open to all comers.

He had made what he considered pretty fast time at Binghamville, so why should he not have as good a chance as the next boy of winning the silver medal offered as a prize on this occasion?

"*I'd* rather go to see the wax works Uncle Jotham told us about," Tommy ventured to suggest, after a minute or two.

Ted had such an emphatic way of stating *his* intentions that it required some little time to summon up the courage necessary to hint at crossing them.

"All right," was Ted's simple rejoinder, whereupon Tommy's honest round face beamed forth its pleased surprise, for truth to tell, stubborn Ted was not in the habit of giving in so readily.

But alas, his easily spoken "All right" did not mean that he had given in. He had merely sought to put off further discussion of the matter with Tommy till they had reached the other side of the river, in order that their enjoyment of the walk over the big bridge might not be ruffled. For that they should walk over they were both agreed, as they

"PUTTING ALL HIS STRENGTH INTO A FLYING LEAP."

would thus not only obtain a finer view, but would be able to loiter on the way if they so desired.

The Sands Street terminus was reached in the course of fifteen minutes and having paid their penny apiece, the twins hurried along underneath the railroad station till they came to the two big wheels around which the cables run. Here they lingered until they had seen one of the cars "take a grip," and then started up the ascent themselves, much interested in everything about them.

Indeed, so many were the objects that claimed their attention and so long did they pause in each case to investigate, that they were fully a quarter of an hour in reaching the middle of the bridge. Arrived here, Tommy suddenly pulled his brother by the sleeve and cried out. "Oh, Ted, see this big ship coming! Doesn't it look exactly as if her masts were going to hit? Let's watch her go under."

Both boys halted in the midst of quite a crowd that had collected on the north side of the promenade to view the passing vessel with its towering spars. On she came, closer and closer, until it seemed as if there must be a crash when her topsails met the bridge. Tommy's eyes were fairly glued to the little flag fluttering at the peak and when he had seen it pass safely beneath him, with seemingly but half an inch to spare, he drew a deep breath of relief, as though he had fancied that somehow a collision would have been as fatal to himself as to the pennant.

"My! wasn't that a close shave?"

Tommy turned around as he spoke, his frank face all aglow with excitement, eager to discuss the narrow escape with Ted.

But where *was* Ted? Nowhere to be seen.

Tommy stood still and circled slowly around on his heel, but failed to discover any possible hiding-place out there on the open promenade; and the idea of his brother's having fallen into the river was likewise too preposterous to be entertained for a moment, the space for pedestrians having been purposely placed in the centre of the bridge, with the railway and carriage-drive on either side of it.

"No, Ted's up to some of his tricks," Tommy finally decided. "He must have run ahead to try and scare me, while I was watching that ship. Of course I'll find him waiting for me over in New York."

Clearly therefore there was nothing to be done but walk on as fast as he could, yet somehow Tommy did not find the bridge as interesting, nor the view as grand as he had when Ted was by his side to talk it over with.

But now Tommy suddenly recalled the remarkably prompt fashion in which his brother had appeared to give up his skating-rink scheme.

"If I don't see him when I get to New York, I'll know he's gone off to that rink," and at the thought of this possibility, Tommy's usually mild temper began to rise, and when he finally reached the bustling Chatham Street terminus and looked around in vain for Ted, he simply shrugged his shoulders and, resolving not to allow his own good time to be spoiled by any of his brother's pranks, struck out across City Hall Park for the nearest station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated.

The twins were both of them passably at home in ways of getting about New York, having made frequent trips to the city *via* Hamilton Ferry, which, as they lived in South Brooklyn, they found a much more convenient means of crossing the river than the bridge. Thus Tommy experienced no difficulty in finding the wax-works museum, and he spent an hour there very pleasantly.

When he was ready to leave, he discovered that he still had some time on his hands before it was necessary to start for home.

"I've half a mind to go up to that rink," he said to himself. "I needn't skate, and then I can say that I've seen two things while Ted's been doing one."

So having inquired the way of a messenger-boy, he took a car up-town and rode as far as the Park. Then he was told that he had some half-dozen blocks further to go, and by the time he had walked two-thirds of the distance and had nearly reached the rink, he became aware of the fact that the exercise had made him hungry.

"And, there's just what I want," he exclaimed, halting in front of a candy store he was passing.

It was a little bit of a place, but on a string in the window hung several long red and white striped peppermint canes. For these Tommy had always had a particular weakness, and he now called to mind how often Uncle Jotham had brought them under his coat to the house as presents for himself and Ted when they were little fellows, and also how long they used to hesitate before making up their minds to destroy their "cuteness" by biting off the crook. Yes, he must by all means invest in one of these peppermint canes.

But where could he eat it? Tommy did not fancy the idea of walking through the streets sucking a stick of candy two feet long, much as he wanted it.

"Perhaps they'll let me stay and eat it in the store," he reflected, as he went in.

The door had a bell fastened to the top of it that jingled loudly, and which seemed to be the signal for setting off into a screaming fit an invisible baby. Nobody appeared to wait on him, however, and Tommy was wondering whether he had not better joggle the door again, when a little girl came out from a room at the back of the shop.

She did not go behind the counter, but walking up close to Tommy, shouted in his ear: "What do you want?"

Indeed, the baby was now shrieking so loudly that ordinary tones from across the cases would have been useless.

"How much for one of those peppermint canes in the window?" cried Tommy, in reply, at the top of his lungs, adding, "And may I stay in here while I eat it?"

But at this instant, above the infant's roars, came an emphatic voice from behind the curtain, calling, "Su-sie! Su-sie!"

"Yes, ma'-am!" said the girl, in answer, and forthwith rushed back into the rear apartment.

In about three minutes she came out again, with a shawl over her head, and motioning for Tommy to follow her, hurried out on the sidewalk. Then, as soon as the door had closed behind them, shutting off the baby's voice, she took the Tinkle twin by the sleeve and began rapidly: "Yes, you can stay here and eat one of the canes, and have it for nothin', too, if you'll tend shop till I come back. Ma's afraid Lemmy's goin' ter have a fit or somethin', an' I've got ter run for the doctor. If anybody comes, you can see the prices on the slate; I won't be long," and before Tommy could inquire where the slate was, Susy sped off and vanished behind a pile of bricks at the corner.

Then the twin went back into the store—which "Lemmy" still filled with his cries—selected a peppermint cane from the stock in the window, and holding it in his mouth by means of the crook, contrived thus to have both hands free to open drawers and closets in search of the slate.

"Who'd ever have thought I'd be standing behind the counter in a candy-shop?" he kept repeating to himself. "I rather guess I am having more fun than Ted."

This idea caused Tommy involuntarily to click his teeth together, and snap went the crook of the cane, and the stick of peppermint fell to the floor. At the same moment "Lemmy" paused in his screaming and the bell jingled furiously, as two small boys rushed in, with a demand for a cent's worth of cocoanut balls.

"I wonder if I'm to give two for a penny?" Tommy asked himself, as he opened the glass case and stretched out his fingers towards the cocoanut box, at the same time glancing out of the window to see if Susy was not coming.

He did not see "Lemmy's" sister, but he *did* see something else, something that sent him ducking under the counter-flap with a suddenness that nearly upset one of his young customers, who happened to be standing in front of it.

Dashing out on the sidewalk, he rushed after a man who was hurrying along, carrying a boy in his arms.

The boy's face was towards him and as he glanced out of the window, Tommy had seen that it was the face of his brother Ted.

II.

When Ted noticed his brother's absorbing interest in that ship, the following "brilliant idea" struck him.

"Now here's my chance," he said to himself, "for getting off to that skating rink, without having any fuss with Tommy. All I've got to do is to slip in among this crowd, push through it, then cut for the New York side and take the Elevated."

This Master Ted at once proceeded to do with great success and an entire forgetfulness of his mother's parting injunction that the two boys should stick together.

On reaching the rink he found it crowded, and it was some time before he could secure a pair of skates for himself. At last, however, he was shod with his eight wooden wheels and skated tirelessly till the race was called at four o'clock.

There were about a dozen entries and Ted looked rather disdainfully around at his competitors, as he noted the fact that there were very few of them as tall as himself.

But now the signal for the start is given and off they shoot, as if a pack of wolves had been let loose and were pursuing them. What a whirr of wheels and rush of air past their faces, as they swoop around the curves, and how many hundred pairs of eyes are following them from every side!

"Whew, these New York chaps *can* skate, if they are little!" thought Ted, as he found himself being rapidly left in the rear.

Giving up all notion of reserving himself for the finish, the twin strained every fiber to keep up, but in vain. For one thing the excitement and fatigue brought on by his "bridge lark" had used up a good slice of his energy for the afternoon, and now, as he wildly waved his arms and skated on, with every nerve in his body protesting against the tax he was laying on it, a dreadful possibility in connection with that "lark" struck him.

What if Tommy, on missing him, should think that in some way he had fallen into the river and been drowned? Might he not at this very moment be leaving word at some police station for them to send out a boat to look for the body of a boy in a military suit?

This combination of exhausted legs and worried brain speedily brought matters to a crisis with Master Ted, and a few seconds later, the spectators were horrified to see the last boy in the race drop in his tracks, directly in front of the first one.

"Oh—oo!" was the murmur that ran along that side of the building, and many ladies closed their eyes.

It seemed as if the swift on-coming lad must surely strike the prostrate form of his fallen rival. Instantly, however, the former decided that there was only one thing to be done, and he did it, by putting all his strength into a flying leap over Ted—and clearing him.

A round of applause rang through the hall, and as the boy who had called it forth skated past the goal as victor, an attendant of the rink ran over the floor, picked Ted up in his arms as if he had been a baby, and hurried out with him into the fresh air.

And he was on his way with him to the nearest drug-store when Tommy happened to look out of the candy-store window.

. . . . . .

Ted Tinkle was not the boy to remain long in a faint, and half a minute after he had been placed in

a chair in the drug store, and one or two strong restoratives had been put under his nose, he opened his blue eyes to find Tommy's brown ones looking anxiously down into them.

"Oh, Tom, I'm not drowned, and I wish I hadn't run off from you!" he burst out, and on hearing this, the man from the rink decided that he could go back to his post of duty and report that the boy who had collapsed was himself again.

"Now, Ted, you mustn't talk, but let me get you home as quick as I can," was all Tommy said, adding, after they had settled with the druggist for the smelling-salts: "But I mustn't forget that I've got about two cents' worth of damage to pay first."

Taking his meek and repentant brother by the arm, he led the way to the candy-shop, where they found Susy with her face pressed against the glass portion of the door, as if on the watch for the boy whom she had left in charge. However, the dime that Tommy dropped in her hand brought a forgiving smile to her face, and one twin, having thus lightened his conscience of the burden resting on it, proceeded to pilot homeward the other, who was now as humble and full of "sorries," as two hours before he had been reckless and eager for his "lark."

Poor Ted! Every bone in his body pained him as if a dentist had been at work on them, and in addition to this, he had the humiliation of feeling that he deserved each and every ache, and that Tommy, without a thought of "larking it," had had the better time after all.

THE AMERICAN JUNIOR YACHT CLUB AND ITS FIFTY NEW STEAM YACHTS.

THE Harlem yachtsmen are very much exercised on account of a small new steam yacht which is in course of construction on the banks of the Harlem River. The craft in question is only nineteen feet in length, and from recent experiments that have been made the new vessel gives fair promise of creating a revolution in yachting among the smaller clubs. In fact, quite a number of the owners of small sailing yachts have signified their intention of using steam instead of canvas.

The organization, which is to be formed some time in the spring, will have a fleet of about twelve or fourteen steamers and be termed the American Junior Yacht Club. These little steamers will average from nineteen to twenty feet in length, five to eight feet beam, and have a draught of from one foot to eighteen inches, and for propelling power will have small gasoline engines, weighing from two to three hundred pounds each, being in indicated horse power two to five each.

The engine is situated in the stern of the boat and the naptha tank in the bow in an air-tight compartment. The compartment is built with holes in the bottom of the boat, so that in case the tank has the slightest leak in it, the gas will escape through the holes and thereby prevent the possibility of an explosion.

The engine is very compact and resembles a square iron box, with joints of pipes screwed on its sides, and a smoke pipe sticking out of the top. It was invented by a young Swede, who claims that it is one of the most thorough and compact pieces of machinery of its size and power ever made.

The speed of the small-sized steamers is guaranteed at six miles per hour, and the larger sized at nine. Neither wood nor coal is required for fuel, and consequently the inconvenience caused by smoke, ashes and lubricating oils is entirely done away with. The cost of running at full speed is from five to six cents an hour. One of the best advantages in this new departure is that in ten minutes after the engineer is at his post he can start under full head of steam, with little or no trouble.

The whole midship section is utilized as a cockpit and a nineteen-foot boat will accommodate from eight to ten passengers comfortably seated.—*Evening Telegram.*

Echoes from New York Schools.

ON the morning of Monday, January 4th, a sharp observer might nave noticed a jaded and weary look upon the faces of many New York boys as they drew near their several schools to pick up the burden of life for 1886.

GREAT things are expected of the Inter-Scholastic Athletic Association this year, especially in the bicycling line, although it will be hard to break the record of Louis Stearns, who is now a Princetonian.

THE other day I dropped in on a boy who attends Dr. Sachs' School, and found him in the midst of glass tubes, blue bottles, brown liquids and unpleasant odors.

"What is all this rubbish?" I inquired.

"Rubbish!" he exclaimed. "It's nothing of the sort! I'm studying chemistry; all the Sachs's boys are doing that now."

I wonder if it is a craze—like the roller-rink fever?

WHAT is the American game? Until within the last two or three years it might safely be said to be baseball; but of late football has come to the front with a rush, and almost every school has its "team." Yet perhaps by 1888 cricket will be master of the field,—"for it's English, you know."

F. E. M.

Boston School Notes.

BOSTON schools abound in clubs and teams of the order of athletics. Baseball and football clubs are organized in every high school, polo in several, while tennis and boating have numerous followers. The high-school boys are plucky fellows, often matching themselves against their elders of the colleges and playing strong games.

AMATEUR papers are supported by some of the Boston schools, notably by the English High, which issues the *Record*, a neat eight-page monthly.

THE English High and Latin School building is one of the finest for the purpose ever erected. Its chemical and physical laboratories excel those of any other *free* school in the world. The drill hall furnishes seats for 2,500 people, the exhibition hall, for 800.

THE Christmas Day Polo match between the "English" and the "Brighton" High School boys, resulted in a victory for the former. J. B.

The Boys' Book-shelf.

Wakulla. A Story of Adventure in Florida. BY KIRK MUNROE. (Harper & Brothers, N. Y.)

This latest addition to the "Young People's Series" ought to prove a great favorite with the boys, for it combines in its two hundred and fifty pages, adventures at sea, exciting experiences with alligators, a thrilling account of an underground disappearance, and the entertaining narrative of how some boys embarked in business. Besides being interesting reading, the book is wholesome as well, having been written after several winters' residence in Florida on the part of the author, thus enabling him to found many of the incidents on fact. We may add that Mr. Munroe was the first editor of *Harper's Young People.*

The Empire State Philatelist appeared for December in a holiday cover of attractive and tasteful design, and with an increased number of pages. The magazine is very neatly gotten up, and the reading matter is so good that even those who are not infected with the stamp-collecting mania will find it both entertaining and instructive. At least such was the writer's experience.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT STAMPS.

"THE best stamps are those made in this country. The drawings are fine and the workmanship is perfect. The Government departments used stamps for official documents and letters until 1879, when the present envelope was introduced. The stamps for the Executive Department were carmine in color, the War Department blood red, the Treasury green, and so on. Full sets of these stamps are now of considerable value. Then there are stamps which the public never see They are used for newspapers and periodicals in bulk. When a newspaper, for instance, pays the postage on all copies sent by mail, the official who receives the money, takes stamps to that amount out of a book and cancels them; the cancelled stamps are sent to Washington and there burned. The law forbids any other disposition of them. These stamps run from one cent to sixty dollars, so that any amount can be made exactly. They are valuable to collectors because of the difficulty of procuring them. There are collectors who have full sets. Of course the stamps have to be stolen by somebody. I myself have all these stamps below three dollars. They are cancelled with an iron instrument that tears them. I got them from a man in Washington. I know he didn't steal them, and I feel sure that the man he got them from didn't; but the third or the fourth or the fifth man did. The most valuable stamp known is one that was issued by the postmaster of Brattleboro, Vt., in 1847, and was only in circulation for a few months. That stamp is now worth seven hundred dollars. The first stamp ever made was made in England in 1840."—*New York Tribune.*

CIRCUS RIDERS IN WINTER.

"Where do the circus riders go in winter, and what do they occupy themselves with then? Do they teach others to ride, or find any other way to utilize their talent?" were questions asked by an inquisitive newspaper reporter of an old circus man.

"Of late years," the O. C. M. responded, "the best of them have found no difficulty in getting engagements during the winter season in the permanent circuses of Europe. They have no riders over there as good as we can send them, and though the pay is not so high as on this side, expenses are proportionately less than here, and a rider is enabled by merely crossing the pond a couple of times to keep at work all the year through, getting enough to save something on all the while. That, of course, only applies to the best, and those who are, so to speak, 'foot loose' among them. Sometimes family reasons keep them at home during the winter and more often they have to stay here to train new horses for the next season. Whether they go abroad to perform in public or stay at home to practice and train in private, you may take it for granted that they have work enough on hand to keep them busy, without giving any lessons to anybody but their horses, or their children, or, very rarely, their apprentices. I remember hearing in my boyhood a song, the refrain of which was 'A poor man's labor is never done.' Neither is the circus rider's. Until he gets to the pinnacle of his profession he must practice every winter industriously, so as to be better the next season than he was the season before, and worth a little more money. Even when he is out on the road people who imagine that his labor is confined to the fifteen or twenty minutes he rides at each performance make a big mistake. He rides and practices in the forenoons every chance he gets. But his best time for improvement is in the winter, and even if he 'knows it all' he must work then to keep himself and his horses in trim for next season's service."

A LITTLE eight-year-old who suffered by the fire, hearing that he may get relief by applying to the committee, was told to prepare his claim. He wrote it out as follows: "A bicicle, $3; two ginny pigs, $2; one prery dog, $1; half pound shot: 5 cents; a rifel, $6; car tickets in bank, 65 cents."—*Galveston News.*

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60 BETHUNE ST.,
NEW YORK.

THE ADVANTAGES OF CITY BOYS.

BY DR. JOHN S. WHITE,
Head Master Berkeley School, New York City.

SOME years ago a well-known American writer made a strong showing in one of the leading magazines of the advantages which country boys have over the poor fellows who are forced to spend their lives in the city. I never quite forgave him for it, for he appeared to me to start from very erroneous premises, taking a "good-sized town" for his definition of a city, so that the results he arrived at fell wide of the mark—at least as I have found them in such cities as New York, Boston or Cleveland.

Boys who are compelled to work for their own support at an early age are fairly to be counted out of the category. They have few advantages in either case; the country boy is likely to grow up a healthier better-developed man physically, as he lives in the open air by day, and has room enough in which to sleep at night, while the city boy will gain the discipline of mind and whetting of the faculties which come from daily contact with many men of many minds; and he who profits by this education will find frequent opportunities to rise in the world, which never present themselves to the farmer's lad.

But, of the large number whose parents have the means to give them a fair education, the boy who lives in a great city has vastly the best of it. Here libraries, public and endowed, stand with open doors; while museums and collections of art, antiquity, natural history, and geology unfold their treasures for inspection and study.

These outward and material advantages which the city boy possesses are even surpassed by the influences that tend to train his character and fit him to meet and move among his fellows. The incessant stimulus to gentleness of manners, purity of language, and the use of good English brought about by the social life of refined city homes is rarely attainable in the country to anything like the same degree. A low moral undercurrent of thought and expression frequently prevails among the boys in country communities, which is all the more difficult to guard against, or to eradicate, because of a lack of variety in mental occupation and amusement. Profanity and rudeness of language and manners are far less liable to creep in where the family life and associations are so absorbing, and vulgarity is universally tabooed.

The city boys, as far as my experience goes, are the busiest of mortals. In a daily association with two hundred or more of them, I rarely find one who has a spare hour except on Saturdays or holidays. What with five or six hours of school work each day, besides two or three more spent in the preparation of their lessons at home; an hour for gymnastic exercises, lawn-tennis, ball or riding; to-day a music lesson, to-morrow dancing-school—with all this, the week flashes by with small time for idleness and mischief.

You will find, as the author I have mentioned states, that a large number of the prominent men in business or professional circles were brought up in the country, and often, too, in the midst of great hardships. They arose at four o'clock in the morning, helped do the "chores" about the house and barn, fed the horses, cattle and pigs, milked the cows and split the wood for the day's use; then, after a light breakfast, in which fresh meat rarely played a part, hurried off to the district school, only to repeat at night the severe duties of the morning. In short, this life of toil, of monotony, our author claims, affords such superior advantages to that of the city boy, that he commiserates the latter in the saddest of terms upon his unhappy lot, and ends with a word or two of advice as to the best methods of improving his inferior chance in life.

A short time ago I listened with great interest to an animated conversation between a well-to-do officer of a great railroad company and his son, in which the boy used his best endeavors to persuade the father to buy for him a Columbia bicycle. The cost of the machine was a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"My dear boy," said the father, at last, "I suppose I shall have to let you have your wish, and I do not know that I care to deny you; but, when I was your age, fourteen, I was bound out as an apprentice to learn a trade for exactly the same amount for the first year—a hundred and twenty-five dollars—which you are asking of me now for a toy. And out of that sum I paid my father two dollars a week for my board, a hundred and four dollars in all, and spent fifteen dollars for clothing and shoes. Six dollars was the balance! But this was my own—my first earned money—and I was as proud as a king! Do you wonder then that it seems a piece of extravagance to me to expend upon a plaything an amount of money, representing a whole year's hard labor—and hard labor it really was, ten hours every day in a machine shop, with no Saturday holidays either."

I put the question to this gentleman:

"Would you prefer, all things considered, that your boy should have precisely the same sort of experience and training as yourself, or that which he is now receiving?"

"I should infinitely prefer his present training to my own," was the reply.

"Are you not a stronger and abler man to-day for that very buffeting and hardship, in the midst of which your character was formed?"

"I scarcely think so," he replied, "for I should be ashamed to confess to you how largely all my later success in life turned upon a lucky adventure made at the age of twenty-five, and not upon my good judgment and my training. And I am sure that with a thorough education, more refined manners, and a better address, I should have made far more of my chances than I have. Of fifty or more friends and companions of my boyhood in one of the most beautiful farming towns of Ohio, not more than two have risen to prominence or positions of usefulness, and many have gone to the bad. They had the same training as I; what has it done for them? No, not to the hard work, the deprivations and the commonplace associations of my early life in the country do I ascribe my late success, but rather to my fortunate escape from them, and to my subsequent business training, and good luck in the city."

Very naturally a majority of the prosperous business men, successful physicians, and eminent lawyers and divines in every city will be found to have spent their boyhood in the country, for the simple reason that thirty years ago the country districts of the United States contained three-fourths of the entire population. Nor will you find this proportion to be greatly altered to-day, notwithstanding the enormous concentration of wealth in large business centres. But the number of boys living in cities, whose parents have ample means to give them the best of training which this or any other country affords, has probably increased a hundred fold, during these same thirty years. In 1850 the number of men in New York City who were veritable millionaires could be counted upon your fingers, but in the current year of 1885, almost six hundred individuals in the same city were taxed for a million dollars or more! The day is passing when, in our largest cities, at least, the unsophisticated country boy can push his way to the front without the sharpest competition with trained and educated city-bred boys. There will be no more Commodore Vanderbilts this side the frontier towns of our great growing Western civilization, because the circumstances no longer exist which could produce a Vanderbilt. It is an age of keen competition, in which the aspirant for fame or prosperity is constantly amazed at the array of talent, sagacity, energy and resource pitted against him.

But are not the temptations of a city life greater than those of the country? Unquestionably the opportunities for wrong-doing, open to those whose natural desires are evil, are vastly greater, but the temptations to the pure-hearted are much less powerful. In the city you may choose your associates from among the best; the doings of others are as a sealed book to you. But the country boy knows everybody in his town, hears everything that is going on, good or bad; and, in a dearth of news, mental occupation and wholesome amusements, evil communications very rapidly corrupt good manners. A single evil deed or the introduction of one bad practice, will lower the average moral tone of a small community where all know each other, more than a dozen good deeds or good practices can raise and ennoble it.

I recently asked the president of one of our leading American colleges whether the cities or the country sent the greater number of men of ability and studious habits to the institution under his care. "The country," he replied, "furnishes a larger actual number of such students, because it furnishes more than three-fourths of all who come here, but the percentage of city boys who excel in the various departments of the college is considerably greater than that of country boys. Three of our four classes are led by city-bred men, and our finest scholar comes from the city."

In taking up the cudgel for the city boy I must not be understood to depreciate in the slightest the first and greatest of human occupations—the tilling of the soil. I am a lover of the country, too, and pity from the bottom of my heart that benighted being who can spend no week of his weary year in the midst of its beauties. But these very boys of the city of whom I am talking, get from three to four months in the country in the best season of the whole year! And I daresay they appreciate and enjoy it more than most of those in whose daily life meadow and forest and stream are all too common and prosaic features. Driving along a country road in one of the loveliest hill towns of this State, in the early summer of the past year, I stopped at a farm-house to beg a cup of water of a lusty lad who was in the act of drawing a genuine old oaken bucket from the well. The water was cold and sparkling. I was very thirsty. The delicious draught started all the sentiment in my being and made me voluble. "Do you live here, my boy?" I said. "Yes, sir, father owns this 'ere place." "I envy you," I continued, "this beautiful view. The hills are exquisitely green just now, the maples are at their best, the air is balmy with the breath of the pines and the red-breasts are the sweetest and happiest bit of life in the whole landscape!" "Wal," he replied, "I guess the air round here is 'bout everidge barmy, but them robins is pesky troublesome; they've eat up ev'ry durned cherry on the prem'ses this year!"

MY DYNAMITE SCARE.

BY PHIL FORDHAM.

It was when my Aunt Judith and her son Olly were traveling with father, mother and me in Europe. Olly was nine and wasn't allowed as a rule to go out alone, but as I was in my teens he was often put in my care and we went about together. We had come to London soon after the explosion that blew up part of Parliament House and the Tower, and Olly was full of dynamite, so to speak; that is, he kept asking questions about the stuff, what it looked like, how it could be carried, and all that.

Well, one morning the grown folks all went off to the British Museum, leaving Olly and me at the lodgings, for as soon as we heard that there were no animals or giants to be seen there, only old books and things, we both decided that we would rather go somewhere else. So after they had started, I went to my aunt's rooms for Olly to propose a walk around Buckingham Palace, where we might have a chance of seeing the Queen.

But I couldn't find him anywhere. I called two or three times and not getting any answer, made up my mind that he had gone to the Museum after all. So I put on my hat and walked off.

"It wasn't far to the Palace and just as I turned the corner, I ran into Olly. He had a pasteboard box under his arm and I noticed that he tried to hide it as soon as he saw who I was.

"Hello, Olly!" I exclaimed. "Where have you been and what have you there?"

"Oh, never mind," he answered, trying to brush past me.

"SUDDENLY OFF CAME THE LID OF THE BOX."

Now it wasn't a bit like Olly to dodge me this way, so I decided something must be wrong, and catching him by his coat cried, "But I do mind. I'm older and have a right to keep you from getting into scrapes."

"But I'm not getting into a scrape," he replied, still trying to pull away.

"Then tell me where you've been?" I persisted.

"Well, I've been to a store," he said, slowly.

"What kind of a store?" I went on, determined to get to the bottom of the matter.

"Oh, a—well, a certain kind of a store. Please don't make me tell now, Phil," Olly almost whimpered.

By this time I was really frightened. What had come over my cousin that he should act so queerly? I could feel how he was all of a tremble under his coat-sleeve, and every time I made any motion towards that box, he struggled as if I had been a thief trying to rob him. What could he possibly have in it, he was so afraid I should see?

Suddenly a dreadful suspicion crossed my mind. I remembered how eager he had been to learn about dynamite and now he must have bought some to find out what it was like for himself. Yes, it was a clear case; he knew we wouldn't approve and wanted to keep the thing secret. And before the day was over we might all be in fragments. I would have to assert my authority.

"Olver," I cried, "Drop that box!"

"Oh, Phil," he pleaded. "If you only knew what was in it?"

"That's so," I reflected. "Perhaps dropping it will make the stuff go off."

At thought of this, only the feeling that I ought to stand by my cousin like Casabianca on the burning deck, kept me from taking to my heels on the instant.

By this time, a crowd had begun to collect around us, and everybody was looking in a queer way at that box under Olly's arm. Then it all flashed over me how the explosions had made the police suspicious of every body with bundles, and here was an officer coming now!

"Move on 'ere," he growled, forcing his way in among the crowd.

"Look out!" somebody cried. "Be careful of that box the boy's holding"

Then somebody else said something about the Queen's being at Buckingham Palace that day, and next another person told how we two boys and the box had been behaving queerly near the Palace gates, and then a lot of people began to talk at once, and I was so scared I couldn't say a word, and Olly, he just stood there, clutching that box tighter than ever. I noticed though that nobody, not even the policeman, made any attempt to take it away from him.

And all the while the crowd kept grownig bigger, and I heard some of the ladies say, "Poor little fellows! How innocent they look. Who would ever think they had anything to do with these horrid dynamite plots?"

All this time the policeman was trying to find out what the trouble really was, and finally, when the crowd began to extend out into the street and blockade the way for the omnibuses, he took Olly and me by the arm and said we must come with him into some store, so's he'd have a better chance to investigate. The nearest was a little cigar shop, and when we went in, three or four men and a lot of ladies crowded in after us, to prove that we had been seen plotting against the Queen.

Up to this time neither Olly nor I had made any attempt to defend ourselves. You see, we were both too amazed and frightened to speak. I don't know though as it would have helped our case any if I *had* said anything, considering that I really believed it *was* dynamite my cousin had in that box.

But now, as soon as we were in out of the street, all Olly's courage seemed to come back to him.

"Here, look, I'll prove to you it isn't dynamite I've got in here!" he cried, and lifting up the box, started to hold it over the gas jet used for lighting cigars.

This was all that was needed to rouse me into action. I made a spring forward to pull the box away from him, at whatever risk to myself. But Olly kept a tight hold of the other end, and there we stood pulling against one another for as much as half a minute, while everybody in the store looked on and trembled for what was coming next.

Suddenly off came the lid of the box, and I fell over backwards, with something white flashing before my eyes, and the most horrible shrieks filling my ears.

But I was somehow conscious all the while of what was going on around me, for I could see that one lady was standing on a chair, another was trying to jump over the counter, and the rest were all jammed so tight against the door trying to get out that nobody could open it. And the whole time they kept up that fearful screeching of "Oh, ow, ouch, ugh!" and the men laughed, and Olly howled, and altogether I never expected to hear such a noise in my life after I was dead—for of course I made sure the dynamite had exploded and we had all been blown to atoms.

Still I didn't remember to have heard any terrible report, and there was the pasteboard box lying on the floor not even singed, and the policeman laughing, and Olly's howls were certainly very loud and lifelike.

So I took courage, picked myself up, and found I was able too walk over to where my cousin stood, leaning against the counter, and ask him what was the matter.

"Oh, Phil, he sobbed. "They're—they're gone, and—and I never can catch 'em again; and I'd

saved up the money ever so long to buy 'em for your birthday to-morrow. And I'm sure you'd have liked 'em, but I didn't want to tell you, so's you'd be awfully surprised—and they were so cute."

"They? They?" I cried. "Whatever are you talking about, Olly Fordham?" and I gave my cousin a little shake. I thought the scare had made him lose his wits.

"Why, the white mice, of course," he answered, his sobs all driven away by the shake. "They were what I had in the box—four of 'em, and when you pulled off the lid, they all jumped out."

"Ouch, ugh, there's one no. " shrieked two of the ladies, pointing to the door.

Of course they all got away from that region as quick as wink, so the way was cleared for us to cut.

And cut we did. I grabbed Olly by the hand, and never stopped till we got back to our aunt's.

And I was so relieved at escaping a blowing up by dynamite and a locking up on suspicion, that I didn't mind the loss of the mice half as much as Olly did.

[*This Story began in No.* 1.]

THE KNIGHTS OF STEEL.

A TALE OF A BICYCLE TOUR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "The Heir to Whitecap," "Frank Hay," "Reg," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"Hold on tight, fellows," whispered Ti, as the milk-white ponies trotted around until the tune should come to an end. Then they stopped so suddenly that had it not been for this timely warning from their captain, one or more of the knights, to say nothing of the secret, would have been out of the flag in short order.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, the ten minutes are yours for guessing!" cried the ring-master, and then there was silence in the tent for an instant or two, during which time the boys imagined themselves pierced by the eyes of hundreds.

"A flyin'-machine, with the man on top of it!" suddenly cried out a deep bass voice, "Or no, three of 'em," it added, with a terrible nearness to the truth.

"They can see our heads move," muttered Ti, who was in the middle. "Keep as still as you can, Val."

"But this stuff keeps getting in my mouth," returned the latter, whose place was at the head of the line.

"Wrong!" answered the Major, triumphantly.

"Three monkeys on cart-wheels!" shouted somebody else, which sally caused the audience to roar with laughter, quite drowning the manager's indignant denial.

"They're getting pretty hot," murmured Arthur. "And so am I."

The excitement increased.

Loud whisperings and consultations could be heard among the spectators on every side, but all guesses flew wide of the mark.

"I don't believe the Penskillers ever saw a bicycle," said Val out of the side of his mouth, and just then Major Cirringway called out "Time!" the flag was whipped off in some mysterious fashion from above, the band struck up again, and the ponies started on a tour of the ring, with our three modest youths in full view of the immense audience, that cried out "A-h-h!" as the small boys do when the gas is turned up.

When the wagon was driven out at last, the knights found themselves surrounded by a curious-looking crowd of clowns with white faces, acrobats with white legs, lady riders with white dresses, and over and around all, the dirty white of the flapping canvas.

"You did nooly," exclaimed the Major, forcing his way to the triumphal car and offering each of the boys a hand to shake in turn. "Now go and get something to eat, and hurry back to see the rest of the performance. Come in this way and you won't need any tickets."

Arthur, however, was in such feverish haste to get on the track of his robbers, that after the three had eaten a hasty lunch of sandwiches and ice cream, it was decided to try and find some clew to the identity of the fated family at once.

"I think you ought to do the piloting now, Art," suggested Ti, as they started off.

"All right," returned the other, "I'll stop at that big house yonder and make some inquiries. The folks that are going to be robbed must be rich, so it's reasonable to suppose that their friends are well off and live in style, too."

But when the three had dismounted before the imposing entrance to the mansion, and the bell had been answered by a dignified-looking man-servant, Arthur was for an instant at a complete loss for words.

"Is—is the lady of the house in?" he finally stammered.

"Orders are," replied the man grimly, "not to announce anybody 'less they ask for mistress by name."

"But I don't know her name," answered Arthur innocently, whereupon the butler shut the door in his face, while Val pulled his handkerchief out of his mouth and laughed till he cried.

"Stupid fellow!" muttered Pent, as they left the grounds.

"Not a bit of it," said Ti. "He was only doing his duty. And now we'll have to think up a new plan of operations."

"Let's go back to the circus!" exclaimed Val. "Didn't you say, Art, that there was a small boy in the family, and where could we find him now if not at the show?"

"But how can we tell one boy from another?" objected Arthur.

"Leave that to me," returned Val confidently. "And by the way, let's portion out our duties now. I'll find the boy; you, Art, must explain to him about the robbery, and Ti can be planning our method of capture. Do you all agree to that?"

"We do," responded both, and machines were mounted once more and a quick run made back to the circus.

"Now you fellows go in and sit down somewhere near the main exit," directed Val, when they were underneath the canvas again. "I'll be along pretty soon," and then he left his friends and sought out Major Cirringway, with whom he had a hurried consultation.

"What can the boy be up to?" muttered Arthur, as he and Ti added themselves to the audience.

They found out at the close of that act, when Val appeared among the spectators with a package of photographs in one hand and the clown's comic song-book in the other. Choosing that row of seats on which were congregated the greatest number of small boys, he began crying, "Phot'graphs performers! Clown's *Comic* Song-book! *Only* ten cents!" in such perfect imitation of the regular vender's monotonous tones, that Arthur and Ti almost laughed outright.

"Well, if that fellow isn't a genius!" exclaimed the latter, as he watched his friend stop and enter into conversation with the first boy he came to.

Let us take advantage of our privilege as readers and listen to what he is saying.

"Wouldn't you like one of these pictures to show your papa when he comes home to-night, or a book to sing him one of the funny songs out of?"

But the child's only response was to stare right up into Val's face, as if determined to make the most of this opportunity of being so near one who had appeared in the ring.

"Try again," muttered the long-legged youth to himself as he passed on. "If that had been the chap I'm looking for he'd most likely have told me that his father was away. And now I'll hurry by these little fellows, who evidently don't belong to the upper ten."

But just then a gentleman pulled him by the sleeve and invested twenty cents in his wares. While he was making change, the ring-master came out to announce the next act and as soon as he could, Val hastened off to the reserved seat quarter, where he had caught sight of a handsomely dressed boy of about ten, who appeared to have only a maid for companion.

"Be thinking up your share of the work," he whispered to his friends as he passed them, and then dropped down in a vacant seat next to the object of his hopes.

However, by this time the performances in the ring had begun again, so there was nothing for our amateur peddler to do but wait patiently for the next pause and speculate meanwhile as to how he should find out all he wanted to know.

"He's a bright little fellow," was his reflection, as he overheard some of his neighbor's remarks concerning the riding, and every once in a while he was conscious that the lad was favoring him with a prolonged stare.

As soon as the horse was led off and the men came out with their rakes, Val turned and repeated his little speech about rehearsing the joys of the circus to papa that evening.

Before the boy could reply, the maid interposed with: "Tell him, Master Clifford, that your papa and mamma are away."

"Right at last," murmured the picture-seller under his breath, and so intense was his excitement, that the package of photographs slipped from his hand and fell between the rows of seats to the ground.

"Let me get them!" exclaimed the little fellow eagerly. "I can squeeze through easier than you," and quick as thought, the boy wriggled himself out of sight, dropped to the grass beneath, picked up the pictures and putting them in his coat pockets, stretched out his hands for Val to pull him up again.

"Oh, Master Clifford," exclaimed the girl, as her charge, flushed and breathless, scrambled back into his seat, "just look at the state of your clothes," and she forthwith began a vigorous dusting with her handkerchief.

But the boy was all unheeding, for was he not successfully launched in conversation with a bicyclist and a circus actor? And Val was equally absorbed; so much so, that presently the temporarily retired song-book boy came along and reclaimed his property and profits with small ceremony.

"And so you ride a tricycle, do you?" went on Val. "What do you say to having a race with me this afternoon?"

But just then twelve horses came prancing in for the last act and Clifford's whole attention was claimed by them for the next ten minutes.

Then "Would you like to go behind and see my machine?" asked Val enticingly, as the final tail vanished.

The vigilant maid, however, here interposed an emphatic: "Come along, Master Clifford. Don't you know the carriage is waiting?" and with a regretful glance towards the ring, the boy suffered himself to be led away.

"Hello, this won't do at all," muttered Val to himself. "But it's no more than fair that Art should now take up his share of duty by bringing over the maid."

He therefore mounted a seat and motioned for his friends to join him as he passed out. Still keeping an eye on Clifford, who every once in a while turned around to smile at him, he rapidly whispered something in Arthur's ear when he came up, and then all three of the Knights pushed their way ahead as fast as they could.

"Excuse me," began Arthur, in his politest tones, as he touched the maid on the shoulder, and added in a lower voice: "With both your master and mistress away, danger threatens your house to-night."

This was certainly a very tragic way of putting matters, and the girl, with the superstitious fears of her class, nearly screamed out, as she hurried on with her charge, who was talking busily with Val again.

"Neither I nor my friends belong to the circus company," went on the blundering Arthur, "and it was only by the merest accident that——"

"Murder, thieves, help!" cried the maid, rushing away from the Knights, and almost dragging the boy off his feet in her flight.

"I've put my foot in it now," muttered Arthur. "Quick, back into the tent after our machines!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WINTER WALKS AND TALKS.

BY REV. S. W. KNIPE.

III.

Guns and Fish-Hawks.

FOR several weeks the weather did not prove suitable for a walk such as the boys had planned while returning from the excursion reported in the last number of the WORLD.

It was not until the first Wednesday in January that once more Will and Frank started out with their good friend the doctor. They had gone but a few steps from the house when Will exclaimed: "O Doctor, may I take my gun with me?"

"I have no objection to offer, provided you do not shoot without first giving us warning," was the smiling response.

I should say here, that this gun, a long-wished-for treasure, had come as a Christmas gift. Will had tried it but once, and then only at a target. On several occasions he had been out hunting with his uncle and other friends, but had never carried a gun himself.

In a few moments he came out of the house with it, and putting it over his shoulder, marched very proudly by the side of the doctor. The latter now began the conversation by asking the boys what they had learned from their reading about the fish-hawk.

"I learned its name," replied Frank. "It is an osprey, and its Latin name is *pandion haliaetus*, L. I found it in Jordan's "Manual," but the book does not tell much about it, except that it is dark brown; head, neck, and under parts mostly white, feet very large, and that it is found throughout the United States."

"Very good," answered the doctor. "Will, have you read anything on the subject?"

"I could not find any very full account of the bird. I learned from the encyclopedia that it is very wide spread, being met with in all parts of the world. It migrates towards the equator as the weather grows cold."

"What have you noted yourself in connection with it? Suppose I were a stranger from inland, what would you tell me of its habits, time of arrival and departure, and anything else of interest?"

"I would say," Will answered, "that it arrives about the time of the spring equinox; and goes away in the fall about the time of the September equinox. We are all glad when we see the fish-hawk in the spring, because we know that the fish have come back. I have noticed that for a week or two they catch nothing but flounders, then the eels come, and we see them carrying the long wriggling things. In May, or early in June, bass, weakfish, and bluefish arrive, and the hawks can vary their diet. They catch fine shad sometimes too. They begin to repair their nests soon after they get here. And the same pair of birds come back to a particular tree year after year. In June they may be seen feeding their young, and in September the young birds are strong enough to begin their trip south. I have noticed that the smaller birds have no fear of the fish-hawks, but will sometimes build their nests among the sticks that form the hawk's nest. I have seen the little king-birds chase the hawk, and torment it for a long time. The farmers say no hen-hawks come near where fish-hawks abound, and that is one reason why we are not permitted to shoot them. I do not think of anything more."

"You have done well," was the doctor's comment; then turning to Frank, he continued: "Can you tell me how the hawk takes fish?"

"Yes, sir, they just fly along over the water, about as high as the roof of a house; and when they see a fish, they stretch out their claws, and put up their wings, and come see-sawing down, splash! and then up they come all wet, with the fish in their claws, make a few splashes with their wings, and off they go. Then they shake themselves to get some of the water out of their feathers, and fly off to their nests."

"Do they ever go entirely under the water?"

"Yes, sir, very often; and one time Will and I saw one go down that never came up again. The fishermen said that it had struck a fish that was too big for it, and that the fish had carried the hawk down. They said that they had seen a number of hawks drowned in that way."

"I have kept a record of the arrival and departure of the fish-hawks for several years," went on the doctor. "Last spring I saw the first hawk for the season, March twenty-first, and the last one on October eleventh. The year before I did not see a hawk until March the twenty-ninth, and saw none after the first of October. The time of both arrival and departure depends upon the season. If the spring opens early the hawks know that there is food for them, and come early; if the ice remains long on the river they come later."

While the doctor was speaking Will cried out: "I see a bird! May I shoot it?" and before the doctor could answer, he raised his gun and fired. A small bird had flown into a tree a short distance in front of them. It did not fly when Will fired, and Frank began to laugh; but suddenly the little bird gave a start and began to fall fluttering to the ground. Will ran and picked it up just as the doctor and Frank reached the spot where it fell.

"Poor birdie," said Frank, "it is hurt and is suffering, isn't it, doctor?"

"I fear it is," answered the latter, as he took the bird in his hand and gave it a hasty examination. "It will die if you let it go; the most merciful thing we can do is to kill it at once."

As he spoke he gave a quick pressure with thumb and finger at the base of the bird's brain. It gave one convulsive quiver and then lay quiet. Will was quite excited.

"How sorry I am that I shot it. I did not see what it was, and fired before I thought."

The doctor looked grave as he answered, "You have a first important lesson to learn then if you would be a good sportsman. Never shoot before you think. You may be often called upon to think and shoot very quickly, but be sure that you know what you are about to shoot. Many accidents arise from the very cause that killed this little blue bird. In a moment of excitement the eye deceives us. An inexperienced hunter imagines he sees what he wishes to see. Hunting deer, more than once a man has shot his companion, and felt positive that he saw a deer. I know a young man who shot at his companion's fur cap thinking that it was a grouse; fortunately he was so far away that no serious harm was done. Perhaps it would be as well, if you will permit me to choose a subject for a talk on our way home, to make that talk turn upon the right use of a gun."

"Please do," exclaimed Will.

"Then take this as a first maxim: never kill merely for sport or to try your skill. Life is easily taken, but can never be restored. No true sportsman will kill simply to make a score. On my way across the plains in December, 1859, I saw for miles the scattered carcasses of buffalo that had been shot and left just as they fell, not even the tongue being taken. The dastardly work, it was said, had been done by a party of Englishmen, who had been out trying to make a big score. At one of the pony express stations we met a party of men from the plains who were in pursuit of the buffalo butchers, and who threatened to serve them as they had treated the buffalo. And there was reason for their indignation, for not only had there been wanton destruction of buffaloes, but the Indians, seeing this waste, were enraged, and had made threats against legitimate hunters, who were desirious only of obtaining food. We can easily see the evil of such killing as I have told you of, but boys especially do not think it wrong to kill birds for sport. 'It is only a bird,' they say. Look at this little dead thing—of what use is it now? If you had not killed it, how it would be enjoying the sphere God made for it in the world, for remember, He sees even the sparrows.

"A second truth for every hunter to keep in mind is that '*a gun is dangerous.*' One of the best shots in St. Louis, a man known from Cincinnati to Santa Fe and from New Orleans to the Lakes, said to me once: 'I will not go hunting with a man who says he is not afraid of a gun.' Such a person shows that he is not himself aware of the various unexplained accidents that are constantly occurring. The best made gun-lock may get out of order. How often do we hear of a gun going off, when but half cocked; and yet, try to pull the trigger of the same gun, and it will be found impossible to do so. Therefore always handle a loaded gun as if you knew it might go off at any moment. Keep the muzzle either well up or down.

"Never point a gun at a person, even when you are certain that it is not loaded. Never attempt to pull a gun out of a boat or carriage, or over a fence, by the muzzle. Draw the cartridge before getting into a carriage or boat, and before entering a house. In the day of muzzle loaders this rule would have been oppressive, but with the modern breech-loader it is criminally careless *not* to observe it."

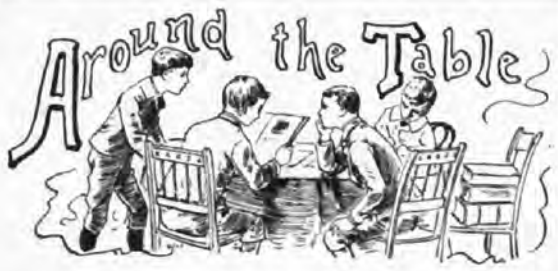
The doctor ended his talk as they reached once more the little pond mentioned before, but the wind had sprung up from the north-east, so it was decided that sketching would be cold and unsteady work. They agreed, therefore, to defer taking pictures of the fish-hawks' nests. On the way home the doctor gave a talk about boys and revolvers, a report of which must be reserved for the next number.

The Introduction of Yankee Doodle into Europe.

DURING the negotiation of the treaty of peace at Ghent, a festival, or banquet, or it may have been a grand ball, was to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the Sovereigns who were either present, or represented on the occasion. The sovereign people of the United States—represented there by Mr. Adams, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr. Jones Russell and Mr. Gallatin—were not to be overlooked; and the musical conductor or band master of the place called upon these commissioners to furnish him with the national air. Our national air, they said, was Yankee Doodle. "Yankee Doodle" he replied "What is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you not supply me with the score?"

The perplexity of the Commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wits' ends. They never imagined that they should have scores of that kind to settle, and each turned to the other in despair. At last they bethought themselves, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Mr. Clay's who, like so many of his race, was a capital whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The conductor jotted down the air as the colored boy whistled it, and before night, said Mr. Adams, the tune was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp and circumstance of viol, hautboy, drum, trumpet and cymbal to the edification of the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, and the glorification of the United Sovereigns of America. FRANK HEYWOOD.

THE famous French knight, the Chevalier Bayard, lived in the reign of Francis I., and was slain by an arrow in the year 1524.



TO THE COUNTRY BOY.

In selecting the topic, "Some Advantages of City Boys," so ably treated in another column by Dr. White, we were well aware of the fact that many of our readers might exclaim: "*Advantages* of city boys! Why, of course they have all the advantages. Isn't nearly every young man eager to leave the farm and enjoy the sights, comforts and conveniences of the big town?" Well, this may be true enough of country *young men*, and perhaps, in some cases, of country boys; but did you ever think of the other side of the question, what city boys think of the city themselves? Only yesterday the writer had a talk on the subject with a member of this class, a typical city boy, who, one would think, had everything he could possibly want; and yet he was sighing for the delights of his summer home, and wishing he lived there all the year round. *He* didn't prefer the city, but wanted to be where he could coast, skate, fish, sail, row, swim, or go chestnutting, each in season and one after the other. So you see, this little chat on the city boys' advantages was sadly needed by the city boys themselves, for the country boys' privileges and famous prospects are apparent to all and have been pointed out to them, moreover, times without number, by poet, painter, and the periodical press.

However, if any one is inclined to differ with us in this view of the question, whether he be a boy from town or country, or, in fact, whether he be a boy at all, we shall be very glad to hear his opinion in the matter.

NEW YORK CITY.

EDITOR BOYS' WORLD.

Two years ago while I was spending my summer in a village where water was seen in every direction, I made up my mind to have a canoe, and the only way I could get one was to build it, and I immediately set to work. By this time the fever had spread, three having been commenced before I was prepared to begin operations.

We now have a fleet of eleven canoes with others being built constantly.

Ever since we organized under the name of the Stonington Canoe Club, it has been my ambition to see a paper devoted to the interests of boys, through which they could correspond, especially on subjects that related to sports. And THE BOYS' WORLD is the very thing we need. I should be glad to impart any information in relation to building a canoe to any of your readers who will request me to do so, either through your paper or by mail. And I would let them understand that they are giving me as much pleasure in answering their letters, as I hope to give them in reading my replies. Any one who desires a correspondence, can learn my address through THE BOYS' WORLD.

W. R. P., JR.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA: Curling.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

"Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy!"—*Byron's "Childe Harold."*

NOTE:—Several, indeed the majority, of the solutions sent in to this last puzzle read "Oh!" instead of "Ah!" and "gone" instead of "more;" but as the error was so slight and as such a number seemed to agree upon this second reading, these answers have been considered as correct. For those who may care to refer to the context in the poem we will add that the lines are found in Canto II., Stanza 23. —Editor BOYS' WORLD.

NEW PUZZLES.

POETICAL PI.

Tierw no oyur orosd het ingays siwe dan dol,
"Eb dolb! Eb dolb!" nad wryveheere—"Eb dolb;
Eb otn oto dolb!" Tye etebrt het xsesec
Nath het fedcet; etebrt het roem hnat sels;
Etebrt kile Horect ni het lifed ot edi,
Nath kile a mefruped Psari nutr dan lyf. F.-B.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in sun, but not in moon;
My second in fork, but not in spoon;
My third is in laugh, but not in cry;
My fourth is in wet, but not in dry;
My fifth is in fife, but not in drum;
My sixth is in gin, but not in rum;
My seventh's in globe, but not in ball;
My whole is a sport enjoyed by all.

G. N. B.

EXCHANGES.

[*The publisher will assume no responsibility with regard to transactions effected under this head. Notices containing offers of or for guns, pistols, dangerous chemicals, birds' eggs, etc., will* NOT *be inserted.*]

Two twelve pound dumb bells, a magnet, six books by Optic and Castlemon, three V nickels without the word "cents," small pictures, a copy of the signatures of the presidents, also Vols. V. and VI. of *Golden Days*, unbound, together with other good and useful reading matter FOR Vols. I., II. and III., of *Golden Days*, bound, (New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City offers preferred.)—WM. H. FARRELL, 416 WEST 41ST ST., NEW YORK CITY.

A photographic camera, Vol. V. of *Golden Days* and a magic lantern FOR a pair of Raymond all clamp roller-skates.—W. H. PRITCHARD, 68 EAST 109TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Books FOR stamps, minerals, fossils, etc. Write first.—GEO. N. BEARD, 1657 MISSION ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Tobacco tags FOR the same. Send lists—J. KESPOHL, JR., 419 JERSEY ST., QUINCY, ILL.

The attention of a correspondent from Mt. Ayr, Iowa, is called to the notice at the head of this department.

A CHINESE WONDER.

A CHILD who can see what is going on hundreds of miles off is a very useful acquisition; and if the boy at Pekin, alleged to be thus gifted, is only half as clever as he is described he certainly deserves all the sensation he is creating. He was brought to Pekin from a distant province, and presented to Prince Chun, the father of the youthful Emperor, who immediately took him under his protection. His hand serves him as a wonderful mirror, it appears; on the palm of it he sees reflected what is going forward at an enormous distance. One day, for instance, it is related that the child was asked at the palace what was taking place in Anam. He consulted his hand and replied, "I see fighting; the imperial dragon is victorious; the tri-colored flag is trodden down in the dust." And, of course, three days later a despatch brought to Pekin the news of a Chinese victory in Tonquin. To be quite sure the boy was not an impostor, Prince Chum, at the first interview he had with him, inquired what the family of a mandarin were doing whose residence was a couple of leagues distant from the palace. "They are all eating macaroni," replied the remarkable child. Immediately the Prince sent one of his attendants to the house in question, and on his return he corroborated the boy's statement, the family being, as he said, engaged in the interesting occupation of eating macaroni in honor of the mandarin's birthday. Since then Prince Chum has been a firm believer in the boy's gift of second sight, and making much of him accordingly.—*London Standard.*

RAILROADS ON ICE.

IT appears that some time ago a locomotive on sled runners was constructed in Scotland, and employed for drawing passengers and freight over the ice between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt. The two driving wheels in the rear were studded with sharp spikes, whereas the front part of the engine rested on a sled which was swivelled, and turned to the right or left by wheels working in connection with an endless screw and a segment rack. In 1879, when the mercury stood twenty degrees below zero, a train of the Northern Pacific Railroad passed over the Missouri River on ice three feet deep. The pressure which the ice resisted may be estimated from the fact that the track was laid on twelve-foot ties, and that the cars carried over a quantity of railroad iron as well as a number of visitors. About a year after a similar road was built across the river St. Lawrence at Hochelaga. In this instance a rough road bed was first levelled in the ice; then crossbeams were fitted in, and upon these were placed longitudinal beams which were themselves crossed by the ties that held the rails, water being then pumped over the whole structure to freeze it down.—*Wonders and Curiosities of the Railway.*

A STEAM BICYCLE.

"A STEAM bicycle has been invented by Mr. Copeland. It is of the star pattern, with a small wheel in front, and attached to the front bar is a vertical brass boiler heated with gasoline. A dainty engine mounted on a bar above the boiler has a stroke of three inches, with a cylinder of one-sixteenth inch diameter. Below the engine is a spherical reservoir holding a quart of water, and above it a cylinder holding as much gasoline. A round belt communicates the power of the engine to a thirty-inch wheel attached to the wheel of the bicycle. The engine, at an exhibition, recently made 180 revolutions of the one and a half inch crank in a minute, and nine of these revolutions turned the large wheel once. A little steam gauge showed sixty pounds pressure a few minutes after the fire had been started, and, leaping into the saddle, Mr. Copeland rode swiftly around the rink for twenty minutes. The inventor said the engine would run for an hour without renewal of water or gasoline; and that engine, boiler and fuel did not add more than twenty pounds to the weight of the bicycle. He has retained the pedals on the machine and he used them as an auxiliary to the engine when he pleased."

THE PRICES OF FAMOUS MEN'S AUTOGRAPHS.

"THE letters, manuscripts and signatures of men who are famous, or even notorious, have a distinct value, as many autograph auction sales have shown. They are impressed with the individuality of the writer, and are interesting relics to preserve. Prices at auction sales are often a matter of chance, and actual value can more readily be found in the catalogues of reputable sellers of autographs. The autograph of a dead hero is, as a rule, worth more than that of a hero who is in a condition to write more and flood the market. As time passes the autographs of the dead become rarer and more highly prized. A catalogue by a Broadway bookseller gives prices for many well-known autographs. By autographs is meant not signatures, but full letters.

A letter from Charles Adams is priced at 75 cents, and one of Louis Agassiz at $1.50. A letter from Gen. Robert Anderson, written from Fort Sumter in 1861, costs $1.50. Gen. G. T. Beauregard's autograph is worth 50 cents.

A few other prices are Fitz Greene Halleck, $1.75; Gen. W. S. Hancock, 75 cents; Julia Ward Howe, 50 cents; Leigh Hunt, $1.50; Victor Hugo, $2.50; Andrew Jackson, $1; Thomas Jefferson $1; Andrew Johnson, $1: Charles Kemble, $2; Charles Kingsley, $2.50; Walter Savage Landor, $1.75; Lamartine, $2.75; Sir Edwin Landseer, $2.50."

Next month we shall begin the publication of

A BORN SAILOR,

BY

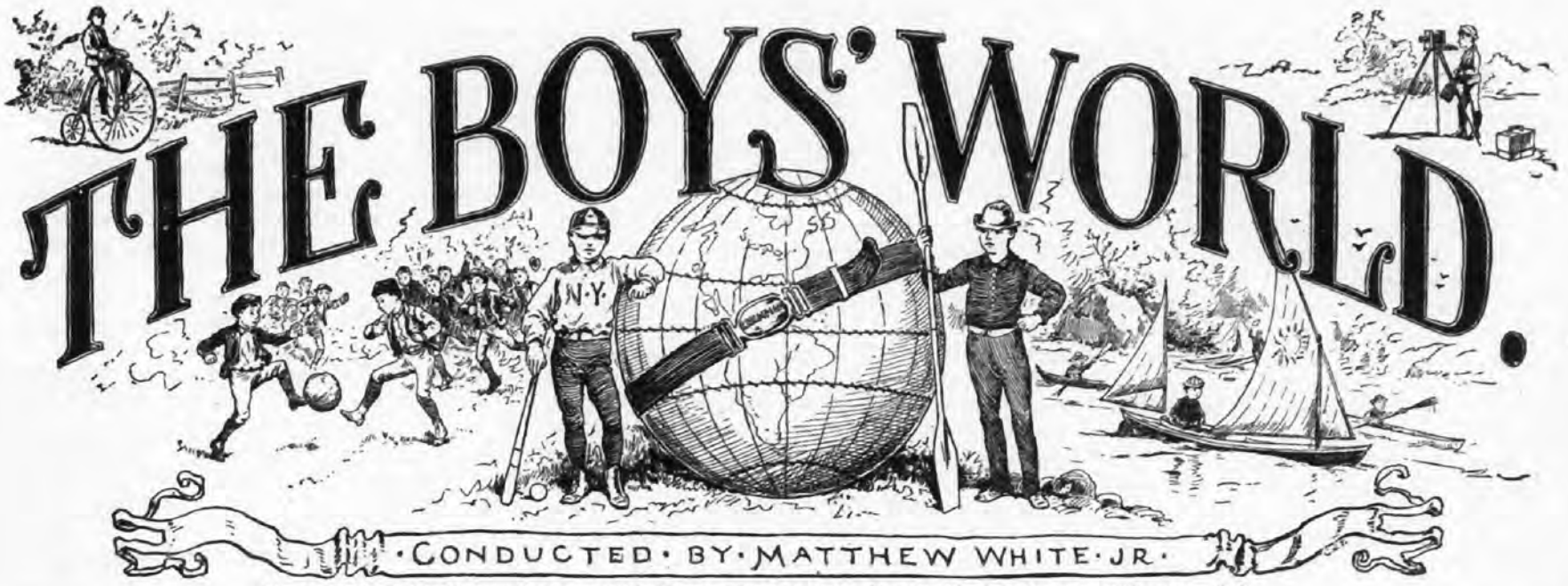
FRANK H. CONVERSE.

No. 4 *will also contain the promised article on*

BASEBALL,

BY

AN EX-MEMBER OF THE PRINCETON COLLEGE NINE.



No. 4.—Vol. I. NEW YORK, MARCH, 1886. 50 Cents a Year.

A BORN SAILOR.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

PART I.

THE coasting schooner Dirigo, forty tons burthen, fifty years old, lay ready for sea at the end of one of the Bangor lumber yards, bound in ballast to Barmouth, Maine. Her master and owner, Captain Bial Jones, was below; Ephraim K. Piper, chief officer and foremast hand, was sitting in the main cross-trees, tarring down a backstay, while Wun Lung, the Chinese cook, stood listlessly hanging over the rail, his small eyes being furtively fixed upon a large, handsomely-dressed man, who, after staring about the wharf a little, approached the vessel's side.

"Say, John Chinaman," he began familiarly, with a wink of intense meaning, "you *savez* this?" extending a silver quarter, which he drew from his pocket, between his thumb and forefinger.

Wun Lung nodded comprehensively, while Ephraim K. Piper, suspending operations in the cross-trees, looked breathlessly down at the two from his lofty perch.

"My name Sinclair," said the pleasant-spoken gentleman, smiling agreeably; "my little boy run away—small boy, dress like sailor, s'pose you see him hide and tell me, I give you this."

Wun Lung, with a shadowy twinkle in the corner of his eye, clutched the coin rather sooner than Mr. Sinclair—who was the proprietor and manager of Sinclair's Juvenile Pinafore Combination—had intended he should.

"Lil' small boy, dless like sailor, 'bout so high?" he inquired, holding his lean hand about three feet and a half from the deck.

"That's the kid—where is he?" was the eagerly exultant response from the gentleman, who, in addition to a heavy dyed mustache had a sinister look and a tall white hat encircled by a crape weed.

Wun Lung's face now became as expressionless as a bar of yellow soap. Shaking his head gravely, he calmly answered:

"S'pose no hab' seen, how can tell"—a sort of metallic click in his throat being answered by a distantly subdued chuckle from the cross-tress. And to Mr. Sinclair's further questioning, both persuasive and profane, he repeated with the plaintive monotony of a Greek chorus:

"S'pose no hab' seen—how can tell?"

Mr. Sinclair waxed very wroth, and angrily declaring his intention of coming on board to look for himself, proceeded to carry his threat into practice. Clambering over the Dirigo's rail, he began an exhaustive search throughout the schooner's length and breadth, even intruding into the cabin, where Captain Jones, who was overhauling his papers, gave him a rather discourteous reception upon learning his errand.

Mr. Sinclair returned to the deck, indulging in audible revilings, and was turning away, when his eye fell upon the Dirigo's upturned dory, which lay at the foot of the foremast.

"Who know's but he's hid under *that*!" said Mr. Sinclair aloud, and Wun Lung caught his breath and gripped the rail very hard as he saw the manager of the J. P. C., after carefully removing his tall white hat, which he placed on the roof of the little cabin, drop on his knees beside the upturned dory, with the evident intention of looking under it!

"Jeeminy! there goes that pesky pot!" suddenly cried a voice from overhead, which caused Mr. Sinclair to look up with a cry of alarm. It was too late! Before Mr. Sinclair could scramble out of the way, a tin tomato can, which had been utilized as a tar pot, struck him on the head, where, depositing something like half a pint of liquid tar, it rolled playfully down the back of his light summer overcoat to the deck.

As he felt the unpleasant compound dribbling from his well-oiled hair and lodging between his upright-collar and the nape of his neck, Mr. Sinclair, with a shout of anger and dismay, found his feet, just as Ephraim K. Piper with the agility of an imp in a pantomine, came sliding down the backstay to the deck.

"KEEPING ADMIRABLE TIME TO THE MUSIC WITH HIS SLIPPERED FEET."

"I swum," regretfully and with lively concern exclaimed young Mr. Piper, who was long-legged, eighteen years of age, good natured and round shouldered, "that's ev'ry mite o'tar there was aboard—jest lem'me scrape ye mister; mab'be I can save enough to finish the job."

I will not even hint at the strong language used by Mr. Sinclair as, with furious gestures, he called attention to his tar anointed head, besmeared visage, and streaked coat. But it was so very strong that it brought Captain Bial Jones from the cabin, and drew from him a stern admonition to the effect that "profane swearin' was agin' the rules an' regerlations of the Dirigo," coupled with a gentle intimation that the stranger's presence could be easily dispensed with.

Restraining his wrath by a tremendous effort, Mr. Sinclair seized the tall hat, which, for obvious reasons he did not put on, and departed over the rail dropping bitter maledictions and soft tar all the way up the wharf, while Ephraim K. Piper, who was internally convulsed with laughter, meekly received Captain Jones's mild rebuke for carelessness, and a few moments later assisted in making sail with commendible alacrity.

Two hours afterwards the Dirigo, with a steady west wind abeam and Wun Lung at the wheel, was standing from Penobscot Bay out upon a summer sea, under a summer sky.

"There's that plaguy harmonicum ag'in," muttered Captain Jones, who was lighting his pipe in the cabin, as the notes of that inexpensive musical instrument, so much affected by youth, greeted his ear. Not that the Captain had a distaste for music under proper restrictions, but he did not consider the melody of the mouth organ to be compatible with quarter deck discipline.

Laying aside his pipe and assuming a frown, Captain Bial ascended the companion-way ladder, where he paused in mute amazement and wonder.

Seated on a convenient water cask was Ephraim, the upper part of his features in lively spasms as he breathed the dulcet strains of the "Devil's Dream" through the medium of his harmonicum, while keeping admirable time to the music with his slippered feet, which fairly twinkled in the intricate steps of the sailor's hornpipe, was a small black-eyed boy of ten or thereabouts, whose accurate naval rig the captain at once recognized as that of a dramatic midshipmite whom he, the Captain, in company with Ephraim Piper, had seen in a Pinafore performance at Norumbega Hall, only the night before.

The frown was chased away by a broad smile of approbation and a moment later unable to contain himself, Captain Bial Jones called out:

"Brayvo my lad—ankoor, ankoor!"

The music ceased abruptly and pocketing the instrument, Ephraim, looking rather sheepish, began industriously to coil up the peak halyards, while the miniature marine, folding his arms melodramatically across the breast of his wide-collared blue shirt, looked the captain fearlessly in the face.

"Now sir," demanded Captain Jones in a voice of assumed severity entirely belied by a perceptible twitching at the corners of his mouth, "who are you, and what are you doing on board my vessel." Here Captain Jones, who was an elderly man with a benevolent weather-beaten face surrounded by a halo of white whiskers, folded his own arms and with his head a little on one side, looked down at the small boy with ill concealed interest.

"I'm Charles Jackson Draper, sir, and I'm running away from Mr. Sinclair—Mullins his real name is, sir—'cause he beat me last night—look sir," exclaimed the boy all in a breath, as slipping back his sleeve he pointed to three or four livid welts across the tender flesh.

"I'd like to have Mr. Sinclair in reach of a rope's end for about five minutes," grimly responded Captain Jones. "I'd——why, who put *that* on your arm," he exclaimed at the sight of a small anchor with the letters "C. J. D." under it, tattooed in India ink on the white skin.

"My father I s'pose—he was a sailor like you sir, and I'm going to be one, too, sir," was the grave reply.

Captain Jones smiled approvingly. "We'll see lad, we'll see," he said in a kindly voice; "and tell me what you know about yourself—how came you with this here Sinclair, anyhow?"

Well, the boy's story was a perfectly simple one. His mother had died when he was a baby, and Captain Draper, who was master of a ship in the East India trade, had placed him in care of a distant relative—a widow lady, who, as it proved, was somewhat given to an over fondness for strong liquors. On his tenth birthday the news reached New York that the ship, City of Madras, of which his father was captain, had been lost with all on board, and Mrs. Mucker, declaring that she was too poor to support the friendless orphan, had turned him over to the tender mercies of Mr. Montague Sinclair for a weekly stipend—that gentleman consenting to take him as a member of the Juvenile Pinafore Troupe.

He had been neglected and ill-treated; therefore, resolving to run off at the very first opportunity, he had that morning slipped away from the hotel and shaping his course to the wharf, had so enlisted the sympathies of Ephraim K. Piper, that the latter had hidden him under the dory, from which place of concealment he had only emerged after the Dirigo was well under way.

Captain Jones listened, approved and deliberated. And the result of his reflections, assisted by the consuming of two pipes' full of strong tobacco, was that, having neither wife nor family, he decided to take Charles Jackson Draper into his own keeping till Providence otherwise ordered it; this resolution, however, he kept to himself for the time being.

"Wun Lung," said the captain, severely, as some hours afterward Charles Jackson Draper was eating his supper in a highly exultant frame of mind, "tellin' lies is contrary to the Dirigo's rules an' regerlations—don't let me know of no sech falsehoods as you told that Singclair ag'in."

"No falsehood," replied Wun Lung, complacently, "notin but white lie allee same Melican tell. I no say 'no hab seen,' I say '*s'pose* no hab seen'—*savez*, cap'en?" and Captain Jones turned away mutely discomfited.

* * * * * *

Five years have drifted by and Captain Bial Jones, finding that his health is fast failing, has resigned his command in favor of Ephraim Piper, and settled quietly down in the little old homestead on the hill with his widowed sister, Mrs. Weymouth, as his housekeeper.

Charles Jackson Draper, on whom the interest of my story centers, and whose name, by an easy transition, has been localized to plain Jack, has shot up into a sturdy, broad-shouldered, black-eyed young fellow, enjoying the distinction, on his return from his last voyage, of being the smartest and youngest able seaman who ever went out from Barmouth,

There were not six other persons in that seaboard town who could pilot a vessel through what was known as the "false channel"—a deep but winding and intricate passage north of the bar through which a ship of the largest tonnage might be brought with safety, by any one competent to take the helm, when the main or ship channel was impracticable by reason of low water or an off-shore breeze. But Jack gave himself no credit for his accurate knowledge of the way through the false channel, avowing with a langh, that it was because after rounding Barmouth Head, he could shape his vessel's course pretty accurately by keeping Captain Jones' house in view. For Barmouth itself was built on a gentle slope, extending downward to the wharves and harbor shore, and the captain's homestead, with its great whitewashed buildings and outhouses in strong relief against a dark background of spruce and hemlock, standing by itself on the very summit of the slope, made a notable landmark for incoming vessels.

From a big three masted schooner to a full rigged brig, thence to a bark and finally a voyage round the horn and back in the great four-masted two thousand ton iron ship Philadelphia were the successive steps by which Jack acquired his local reputation for smart seamanship and on his return after some three years absence, Barmouth, so to speak, received the bronzed, good-looking sailor lad with open arms. "Stay home a spell now, Jack," said Captain Jones quietly, "meb'be I won't be here when you git back from another long vy'ge," and though secretly impatient to be off again, Jack obediently acquiesced. It was an overcast morning in September with a strong northwesterly breeze roughing the water of the harbor and sending the white caps far and wide over the cold-looking grey sea.

Jack and Captain Jones stood together on the little porch—the former with the captain's battered, canvas covered glass at his eye, steadfastly regarding what, without the aid of the instrument, seemed only a dingy white speck against the horizon.

"Looks to me, cap'in," said Jack, lowering the glass and extending it to the ancient mariner, "as though the bark there to leeward was laying to, flying a signal for a pilot."

"Which she is, my lad," returned the captain, after taking a steady look with the instrument and handing it back, "but 'less she's in distress I don't see what a square rigger wants to be piloted in here for, when Portland harbor lays only sixty or seventy miles furder to the south 'an west. She'd have hard work to fetch in any way," continued Captain Jones with a glance at the dun colored sky, across which great masses of scud were flying, "for by the look it'll blow a livin' gale by midnight—to-day's the nineteenth an' the line storm is due."

"There's a tidy bit of a breeze now," muttered Jack, as Captain Jones slowly entered the house, for the wind, increasing in strength, was roaring through the bending trees and sending the harbor waves into foamy drift against the base of the lighthouse on the point. With a last glance at the distant sail, which somehow had a curious attraction for him, Jack closed the glass with a snap, and followed the captain's example. Sitting down by the window he tried to read, but it was no use—the bark to leeward danced before his eyes on every page. He fidgeted about the house till after dinner and then, when the captain had lain down on the lounge for an afternoon nap, he felt that he could stand it no longer. "It seemed exactly as if some one was *drawing* me—not driving, and I must go whether I wanted to or not," Jack told me afterward—for by the way, this story in all its principal details is a true one.

"I'm going down town a while—good bye, Uncle Bial," he said, stepping to the side of the lounge. Captain Jones who was two-thirds asleep, murmured something and moved his hand till it touched Jack's.

"Good bye, my lad—God bless you an' give you a good voyage an' bring you safe home," he said drowsily, without opening his eyes.

"Uncle Bial's dreaming that I'm off to sea again," said Jack, in a low tone, as he turned away, to Mrs. Weymouth, and telling her not to wait supper, or worry even if he wasn't back till late, he hurried off.

Making his way down through the busy streets to one of the wharves where two or three fishing vessels were tugging and straining at their posts, Jack dropped into the captain's staunch little clinker built boat the Prue. The Prue though "cat rigged" was no shallow skimming dish for harbor sailing in a summer breeze, but a staunch, weatherly little twenty-foot craft, drawing nearly four feet of water, built for the roughest kind of weather, partly decked and heavily ballasted. Reefing the sail down to the shortest dimensions, Jack hauled ahead a bit, cast off the lines, and in another moment with the tough spruce boom well out over the starboard rail, he was straining and buckling at the taught sheet and "preventer," while the Prue, with her nose buried in a smother of foam, leaped out into the open surges of the harbor.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE STORY OF WILLIE LANE.

It was on Friday afternoon, January 15th, that a Boys' World reporter took the train for Newark, in order to pay a visit to a boy of fourteen, who had just returned from an eleven days' visit to Paris. That seems a short time to stay in a place which requires over a week's steady traveling to reach, and when we add that eight days before he started, Willie had no more idea of going to France than he had of exploring the moon, the strangeness of the affair seems stranger still. But there is yet another remarkable circumstance to be mentioned in connection with the journey, and that is, that the trip did not cost either Willie or his parents a single penny; and yet our young friend neither shipped as cabin-boy, nor had himself entered as a midshipman in the navy. On the contrary, he crossed in one of the French line steamers and occupied a first cabin state-room into the bargain.

And now, stranger and more mysterious than all, the voyage to Europe, the visit to Paris, the presents and new suits of clothes Willie received while there

WILLIE LANE.

—for all of these he was indebted to a dog! That is to say, if it hadn't been for a dog, the whole thing would never have happened.

However, by this time our reporter has reached Newark, and is knocking at the door of a neat little house in the suburbs of the city.

"Yes, here he is," said Mrs. Lane, in response to the query as to whether Willie was at home, and the mother waved her hand towards a pleasant-faced, brown-eyed boy by the window, who was engaged in telling his Paris experiences to another reporter, sent out by one of the New York dailies.

Our representative waited until the latter gentleman had finished his inquiries, and then said: "Now, Willie, I should like you to begin at the beginning and tell the readers of The Boys' World just how the whole thing came about. Let me see, what day was it in December?"

"Wednesday, the 2d, about nine o'clock in the morning," answered Willie, "and I was on my way to deliver a message to a leather firm. I was passing a yard when a dog—a setter, I guess it was—flew out and grabbed me by the arm. It bit me there, and then here, in the hand, and——"

"And then you turned around and came home as fast as ever you could, I suppose," interrupted the reporter.

"No, sir, I kept on and delivered my message," corrected Willie, adding: "After that I came home, and then went to a doctor and he——"

"Canterized the wounds for him," finished Mrs. Lane.

"Well, that dog bit three other boys the same day," continued Willie. "I was the first one, you know. I didn't feel specially scared though, and went to work again the next morning."

"But where does the Paris part of your story come in?" inquired the reporter at this point.

"Oh, I'll tell you," proceeded Willie. "You see, to have four boys bitten by one dog—and that a mad one—in one day, was—well, was too much to stand, so the people here in Newark said we must all be sent to Paris or we'd get the hydrophobia. And we'd have to be there within a certain number of days, too—twenty-one, I guess, or it would be too late."

"But what is there in the air of Paris or France that prevents the bite of a mad dog from taking effect?"

"Nothing, but you see, sir, Monsieur Pasteur lives in Paris, and he's the only man that can cure hydrophobia. He gets a live rabbit and takes something out of it and puts it into you—me, I mean—and that's what they call inoculation. Well, one of the doctors here in Newark said that we four boys ought to be sent over there within the twenty-one days, and the money to pay for it was all raised here within a week, and the next Tuesday night the three other boys and I went to New York to go aboard the steamer."

"How old were the other fellows, Willie, and did you know any of them before you started on this queer trip together?"

"No, I never saw them before. I was the oldest, then came Arthur Fitzgerald, he's eleven, and Patsy Reynolds, ten, and Eddie Ryan, five. Eddie's mother went along, you know."

"And who else?"

"Oh, a young doctor from New York."

"How did you feel, Willie, when you first lost sight of land?"

"Lonesome," was the brief, but expressive reply.

"And when did you get to Paris?"

"The 21st of December, and right away we drove in a carriage to Monsieur Pasteur's; and there was a rabbit on the table, tied down, and they gave it chloroform, and then cut into it and put some stuff that came out in a glass tube, like a syringe, only sharp at one end."

"And this sharp thing they stuck into you, I suppose. Didn't it hurt?"

"Yes, some; but I didn't cry. They 'stuck' me before the others, so I was the first American to be inoculated. We went every day while we were in Paris, which I like better than New York. I want to go back there and live, some time."

The exciting date, the 7th of January, which would decide whether the boys were cured or not, fell during the return voyage to New York, and passed away—leaving the four in the best of health and spirits, which they still continue to enjoy. Mrs. Lane said that Willie was to have a rest of a week or so, and that he would then resume his place with the telegraph company. She also gave it as her opinion that the dog which bit the boys was not mad at all. In permitting Willie to take his Paris trip, however, it may be presumed that she preferred to be on the safe side.

In this connection we may as well mention that a certain widely-known doctor, who is also editor of *The Medical Record*, affirms that "there have not been three cases of genuine hydrophobia reported in the United States in the last ten years." Another comforting re-assurance is to be gleaned from the following scrap of news:

"Washington supports between twelve thousand and fifteen thousand dogs, of which not half are licensed. Yet the poundmaster never knew of a case of hydrophobia in the District, and the only mad dog he ever saw was one in Germany in 1862."

Our readers may thus perceive that they will not be called upon to banish from their presence and affection their faithful four-footed friends. Indeed, in our opinion, the danger from hydrophobia would be considerably lessened, if, as we have seen elsewhere suggested, the dogs themselves were to be more kindly treated, and not "chased into madness," on the slightest pretext, by thoughtless men and boys. And this is the moral of "The Story of Willie Lane."

Here and There Chat.

News comes to me through a correspondent that New Orleans is about to organize a system of private schools on the public school plan.

Mr. Coulter, of Everson's, is credited with saying that "a boy had much better be a gentleman than a scholar." There is a good deal of sound sense, it strikes me, in that remark.

"Ye old-fashioned sled" seems as if it were being slowly pushed out of favor by the Canadian toboggan; only the other day, calling on a friend, I was passed over some three or four invitations to a "Toboggan Carnival."

The Toboggan, in point of fact, is a very easy riding "machine," much more so than a "bob."

Worcester, Massachusetts, by the way, is one of the most accomodating cities in the Union for the coaster. It gives up an entire avenue to the swiftly-flying sleds, while gentlemen of the law are stationed at every corner to keep off the carriages and wagons until an interval occurs.

A new thing in roller-skates is the "Lanimar" roller. It is composed of fifteen layers of thin wood, cemented together with the grains running transversely. Its advantages are that it will neither slip, split, or notch across the tread.

The latest bicycle novelty is an electric lantern. It is not much larger than the ordinary lamp, except that it has a place in the back for a battery. "It will give out a light," the dealer explained, "that will light up the ground for yards around, but"—and he looked confidential—"it is not quite finished."

A stranger chancing to travel along the banks of the Hudson during the past month might have enjoyed the spectacle of watching the flitting by of ice-boats. Curveting about, now on beam ends, then again coming to a perpendicular, they were a very pretty and interesting sight, with their captains muffled up in great fur coats, lying flat along the "box," holding on for dear life.

I had a private view the other day of a newly invented tricycle. It is arranged so that when you press the pedals down with your feet, the seat rises up a few inches and then coming down again supplies the motive power (in some curious manner that I could not make out) for a greatly increased speed; in fact, the tricycle is supposed to go as fast as if propelled by two men without the additional weight of "the other man."

F. E. M.

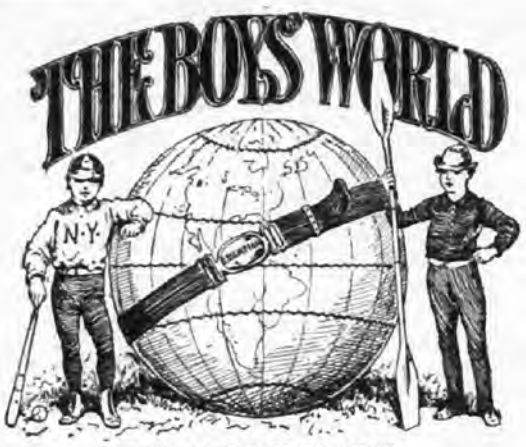
HERE WE GO.

O let us together tobog
With never a bump or a jog,
  But a swoop and a glide
  Like a skiff with the tide
And that is the way we'll tobog.

You know how to make a tobog?
Just get you the skin of a log,
  Then straighten it out,
  Give a curl to its snout,
And there is your little tobog.

Then let us together tobog.
To-biggity-iggity-bog,
  To-biggity-ig
  To-iggity-big
To-biggity-iggity-bog.

—*Yonkers Gazette.*



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TERMS.

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Address THE BOYS' WORLD,
60 BETHUNE ST.,
NEW YORK.

NEXT MONTH

We shall offer a special prize for which all our boy-readers, whether they be regular subscribers or purchasers from news-stands, are invited to compete.

City or Country.

SINCE the publication of the article on "The Advantages of City Boys" in our last issue, we have been rather amused by the various and conflicting expressions of opinion it has called forth. For instance, one subscriber writes, "I think city boys have ten times more fun than the country lads," while another city reader sends word that the article "cheered him up a bit," as he had always preferred to live in the country. Of this same mind is the boy who pitifully inquires whether we can't get somebody to tell him just how a city fellow can amuse himself out of school hours. Who will write and give him information on the subject out of a happy experience?

We Should Like to Know

WHY girls will read boys' books when boys will not read those intended for girls.

WHY street car companies do not gauge the rate of fare for children by height instead of age.

WHY we should believe the dog story told in a school paper of this city, to the effect that a pointer owned by one of the pupils stopped suddenly in the street and "pointed" to the shoemaker's sign: "A. Partridge."

BASEBALL.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF A PRINCETON COLLEGE NINE.

A BASEBALLIST is always ready to talk long and freely of the game he loves. His talk does not take the historical form, however. His life is one of incidents and his story must therefore be full of reminiscences of the field. He has not the taste to trace the development of the game, stage by stage, from its first beginnings. Leave that to the cool observer who has never felt the excitement of playing; who has never known what it is to stand up before a skillful pitcher with the issue of the game depending on his making a base hit; or to stand in the out field waiting for a high fly to drop, and knowing that hundreds of eyes will witness his triumph or disgrace.

No history of baseball has yet been written, although if it were, it would doubtless be of the greatest interest. The growth of the game has been very rapid. The men are yet young who can remember when the sport rested chiefly in the form of "Town Ball" and "One Old Cat." But although rapid, the growth has been sure, and I think we can reasonably say that it will never die while there is an American nation, for it is pre-eminently America's national game and its hold is wide-spread and lasting.

The reasons for this are plain. Its excitement, equal to that of a horse race and longer sustained, attracts one class of supporters, while the beauty of the game itself, its movement, as delicate in its nicety as chess, the high order of skill required and the entire absence of the brutal element, all this attracts another class.

During the past ten or fifteen years, baseball has developed into the most scientific of all out-door games, and since the introduction of professionalism, it has become the means of support, and even wealth, to hundreds of men. Those who only know it as it now exists, would be surprised at its form some fifteen years ago. The times when catchers did not know what a mask was, but stood up like heroes before an old time "bowler," for underhand throwing was not allowed. The pitcher could only use a straight arm movement. A curious custom then prevailing was for the pitcher, before beginning work on a man, to send what was called a "first ball." This was usually an easy drop ball, high over the batter's reach. This ball was never noticed by the umpire, although the batter was welcome to hit it if the pitcher foolishly put it within range. Those were the days when every third bad ball was called a "ball" and three "balls" gave the batter his base. Just before calling the third ball, the umpire gave the warning: "Look out for your next" and the next bad ball was: "Three Balls, take your base!"

When two strikes had been called on the batter, he was also warned by calling "Good Ball," and then he was liable to have three strikes called on him. The reader can easily see that this amounts to calling nine balls and four strikes, which rendered the game rather slow. A change was soon made and nine balls were actually called, which was shortened to eight and then to seven, and now six, while the warning, "good ball" is entirely dropped.

Undoubtedly the great epoch in the history of baseball and that which gave it new life, was the discovery of curve pitching. How this came about at first is rather difficult to explain; in fact, it is hard to say why it was not discovered sooner. Men must have pitched curves again and again without being fully aware of it, attributing its effect to their "twist," as it was called. The honor of being the first professional curve pitcher is disputed, but by far the strongest authority points to Cummings as the man. The writer can remember Cummings' reputation as a curve pitcher when there were no rivals in the field.

Matthews of Philadelphia, was also a very early curve pitcher. During two years J. M. Mann, of the Princeton Class of '76, stood the only representative of the art among the colleges. You may imagine he had it pretty much his own way and very comical were some of the results of his skill, for to men unused to it, the ball seemed bewitched. A learned professor of physics, when the thing was propounded to him, proved by mathematics that it was impossible. He then went and saw it done, re-arranged his mathematics and proved that it was easy enough, which shows that mathmatics is one of the exact sciences; or in other words, that in some people's hands it can be made to prove exactly what they want.

Soon curve pitching grew common enough, and from the plain out-curve other curves were discovered. A prominent pitcher has said that there is only one curve *i.e.* the out-curve. All others are shoots and most commonly pitched with a swift delivery. We see the truth of this when we think how uncommon is an easy in-curve.

We can conceive of no very radical changes to be made now in the game. All that rendered it slow has been taken out, while it retains all that is to be desired for an out-door game of skill. From its past and present we may safely argue that it is not a game to die, and I say with all lovers of baseball "I am glad of it."

CENTS WORTH $1500.

"Then a complete collection of American cents is worth $1500?" was one of the questions put to a New York coin dealer by a newspaper reporter.

"Easily. Good cents are getting scarce—that is, the old cartwheel cents—and some dates, like the 1799, are worth from $50 to $150 in good condition. It's the condition of the piece that makes the worth of it, though young collectors don't understand that. Then a complete collection of cents means more than just one cent of each date. There are some years when there'd be, I suppose, twenty varieties. The differences would be too little for you to notice maybe, but a collector would know them as quick as a wink. There are little variations in the size of the letters or figures, or stars or shape of a leaf or curl of hair, made in repeating the dies to replace worn and broken ones. Sometimes a trifling thing, like a large or small date makes quite a difference in the value of a coin. Ever hear about the 'cow lick' five-franc piece of Napoleon III.? When he was President of France, in 1851, new coins were struck with his head on them, and the first five-franc piece was taken to him for approval. He said it was all right, and told the mint master to go ahead with them; but a little later he noticed a stiff-looking lock of hair over the temple, such as we would call a 'cow-lick,' and he sent word to have a new die made with more orderly hair. This was done, but in the mean time twenty-three of the pieces had got out into circulation, and I suppose thirty dollars would not buy one of them from any of the men who own them now."

"Is there much counterfeiting of rare coins?"

"Well, not much nowadays. They wouldn't be rare, you know, if they were copied very much, and the exact number and ownership of some of the rarest are known to collectors, so that if one of the same kind appears in a sale, it can be spotted as bogus at once. The things that jewelers sell for old coins are so bad that nobody who knows anything about coins would ever mistake them for genuine pieces."

THE WILD ANIMAL TRADE.

THE wild animal trade, like many other trades in England just now, is in no very flourishing condition. Indeed, the business has for many years past shown what is called in commercial circles "a downward tendency." Birds and beasts, both large and small, have been in little demand; and the agents engaged in gathering specimens in different parts of the world find no small difficulty in bargaining to advantage either with dealers or private customers. Private collectors are generally large landed proprietors, who enjoy the pleasure and distinction of possessing a small "zoological garden" of their own. With this class of customer the dealers carried on at one time a large business; but now the orders received from private collectors are few and far between. The explanation is not far to seek. When rents fall off to the tune of a fourth or a third, costly "hobbies" have to be abandoned; and to form and maintain collections of wild animals demands a considerable expenditure. Moreover, buyers of feathered and four-footed pets of the smaller kind are falling off. They were not long since a very numerous class. Latterly, however, the number of "pet buyers" is said to be fewer by more than a half compared with what it was only half-a-dozen years ago.

A third and very important branch of the wild animal business is the supplying of animals of the larger and more showy description to traveling manageries and circuses. Nearly all of these seem now to be fully stocked with lions, tigers, elephants, camels, etc.—*St. James's Gazette.*

In Malta there once lived a Lilliputian elephant that when full grown was barely three feet in height. Its babies would certainly have been a curious sight. Just imagine, an elephant that could be carried about in your overcoat pocket, and you can then form an idea of what this baby elephant was like.

A PERILOUS PASSAGE.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

Some few years ago a young taxidermist, a friend of the writer, met with a curious and thrilling adventure, while hunting pelican at the *Minni Waikin* or Devil's Lake, in Northern Dakota. The young man whose name is Sidney Curtis—we called him "Sid" at home—had, after years of study and experience, grown proficient in taxidermy. At this time he was traveling through the Northwest, and had in his employ, as hunter and guide, an old Canadian *voyageur* named Jean Parquett. Sid had contracted with a Montreal house for six dozen pelican skins, to be delivered ready for mounting, and in order to procure them, and upon old Jean's advice, had drawn in October from Fargo up to the Devil's Lake and camped there.

"Zare pe mo' zan millyony pellecony zare," declared the old *voyageur*.

And there were lots of them, but they kept well out in the lake, wary and watchful, and seemed likely to prove unapproachable.

Sid tried to come at them by dressing in a light green flannel hunting suit, and rowing out in his tin boat which was nearly the color of the water. But the sweep of the oar-blades attracted their attention, and put them to flight while he was still hundreds of yards away. He tried this several times without success, and at length determined to leave the lake and seek the birds elsewhere. But that very evening the wind sprang up and blew a gale, and great hosts of pelicans began piling into the lake; before dark the long rolling waves were floating astonishing numbers of them. A small bay, sheltered by the cottonwood in which he was camped, offered the only calm piece of water in sight, and about dusk Sid was delighted to discover that the big birds were floating in there in great numbers.

"We'll get some of them in the morning," he told old Jean, and when morning came the wind was still blowing hard and the bay was packed with pelican, wild geese and swan.

In all his hunting Sid said he had never seen so many great water fowl gathered within so small a compass, and old Jean declared them "ticker ass any man effaire see um."

Armed with breech-loading shot guns, the two hunters left camp a little after daylight, and "sneaking" around a point of the timber, crawled up to the edge of the bay, through the tall grass which grew along the shore.

There were hundreds of pelican within easy range of their guns; the water, in fact, was white with them. They were moving slowly about the shallow bay, holding their great awkward heads on one side, keenly watching the depth below, or darting their huge pouched bills downward to scoop up the minnows and small fish upon which they fed.

Waiting until a large number had "bunched" within shot, presenting almost a solid mass of big white bodies, the hunters leveled their guns, and gave them two barrels of "three aughts" as they sat, and two more as they rose.

The roar of the rising birds as they got up and left the bay, was like that of heavy thunder. But they did not all go; there were *nineteen* pelican left dead, or wounded, and flopping upon the water.

Sid ran hastily down shore for the boat in order to cut off and capture as many of the broken winged ones as possible. When he got to it he saw that there were three swimming out toward the open lake, and making rapid headway. Old Jean had shot two or three others before they got out of reach, so that there were sixteen lying upon the water either dead or feebly kicking.

"HUGGING THE PELICAN BACK TO HIM."

Shoving the boat off the beach, Sid sprang in and gave chase to the escaping birds, but had not pulled far out upon the bay when he heard old Jean's voice calling to him not to venture out upon the rough water "een zat teen poat."

He thought, however, he could turn the birds before they reached the chopping waves of the neck.

He was mistaken; they swam at a surprising rate of speed, and almost before he knew it, he had rowed into the rough water, close upon the *heels* of the hindmost bird.

His boat tossed violently, but as a few more strokes would bring him up with it, Sid thought he might risk catching that one bird.

He shot the light craft forward with a few strong sweeps, and as he came close alongside the pelican which, craning its long neck and hissing, was paddling for dear life, he did, as he now admits, a most foolhardy thing: he unlocked an oar, and struck at the bird's head. The point of the oar grazed the latter, knocking the pelican over, but a chopping wave caught the boat at the same instant, and threw the striker head foremost into the lake. As he came up, gasping from the cold plunge, he saw the edge of his boat disappear, as the fickle craft went to the bottom. He looked toward the shore, a good three hundred yards distant, and realized that he was in a most perilous situation.

Stripped of clothing and in warm weather, he had swam that distance many times, but in this cold water, clogged as he was with clothes and boots, he felt that the chances were very much against him.

Nevertheless he nerved himself for the effort, and was striking boldly out when he noticed on the crest of a wave a few yards distant, the pelican which he had struck with his oar. The big bird was whirling round and round, still dizzy and half-stunned from the effect of the blow.

Sid was electrified by the sight. Here was something to buoy him up. He swam quickly to the side of the great water-fowl, and threw one arm over its back, grasping its wing upon the other side with his hand.

The pelican was paddling with might and main, but its dizzied brain was unable to direct its movements, and its huge pouched bill wobbled from side to side.

Sid could feel its big feet kicking vigorously against his side, and determined to make use of this means of locomotion by doing the steering himself. Hugging the pelican back to him, so as to keep its body straight alongside, he paddled with his free hand and kicked with both feet. In this manner he found that he was making good headway, the powerful webbed feet of the bird and its buoyant lightness upon the water being of great assistance. But even with this help he soon found it was to be a hard struggle for life. The chill water numbed his limbs and cramped his muscles. Two or three times he felt as though about to be drawn into a knot by the cramps. But as his strokes became more feeble and uncertain, those of the pelican grew more vigorous and powerful. The bird had "come to itself" by degrees, and at length, becoming conscious of the grasp upon it, began to hiss and struggle mightily to free itself, swam around, and at last, as much dead as alive, poor Sid was literally dragged into shallow water by his captive.

Then old Jean, who had been dancing about in great excitement on the bank, waded out waist deep, and brought both Sid and the pelican ashore, declaring that "*Mong Do; mais*, zes ees ze fonniest vat effair I see!"

After staggering about for a few minutes, Sid regained the use of his limbs enough to run up and down the beach, and by violent exercise, soon restored blood-circulation.

"I hated awfully to kill that pelican," said he, "but I couldn't have it about or let it go dragging a broken wing, and so I gently chloroformed it out of existence."

It was one of the biggest he ever shot, weighing nearly forty pounds, and having a nine feet, one inch spread of wings. Its bill was sixteen inches

long, and its pouch nineteen inches in length, and six and one half in depth.

After this adventure, and during the colder weather that followed, the hunter had no trouble in killing pelicans.

[*This Story began in No.* 1.]

THE KNIGHTS OF STEEL.

A TALE OF A BICYCLE TOUR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "The Heir to Whitecap," "Frank Hay," "Reg," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"WELL, what a muff you've made of the business, Art?" exclaimed Val, as the three hurried across the sawdust to the circus "green room," where they had left their bicycles. "I'm sure I had things running smoothly enough. S'pose we give it up?"

"Never!" cried Arthur, as they left the tent. "Opposition, you know, is the life of trade, and I'm more determined than ever to prevent that robbery. Let's get away from here as quick as we can, and I'll tell you my new plan as we ride along. Here, start off down this quiet street, no matter where it leads to; we can't do anything till after dark anyway."

"Let's wheel over to the woods yonder, then, and rest awhile," proposed Val. "I'm quite worn out with all this excitement of circusing, plotting, detecting and dodging."

"We certainly deserve a big reward for all the pains we've taken," observed Ti. "In all probability, however, we'll be taken for the burglars themselves. Have you thought of that risk, Art?"

"Why, no," was the reply. "Why should we when we're just the opposite?"

"Well, everybody isn't as sure of that fact as we are," put in Val. "I'm quite positive that maid thinks we are all most desperate characters."

"And our connection with the Colossal Circus had not a little to do with giving her that opinion, I dare say," added Ti. "Which is a specimen of the results of keeping bad company."

"But we didn't keep it; it kept us," laughed Val, as they all dismounted and threw themselves at full length on the grass, in a spot at the edge of the woods where the afternoon sunshine made a golden patch.

"You seem to forget that we are knights," said Arthur, after a pause, during which each had made himself as comfortable as possible. "And knights, you know, ought never to be discouraged, no matter how often they fail or are misunderstood."

"You're right, Art," exclaimed Ti, heartily. "And now let's hear your new plan."

"Well, it will include the use of your patent tent, Ti, which seems to have been at the bottom of every adventure, good and bad, we've had since setting out. We must find out where the house is (and Val already knows the boy's first name), camp to-night as close to it as we can without exposing ourselves, and then all we'll have to do will be to make a row of some sort when the thieves arrive. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Quite," answered Val, "with one important exception: first, find your house."

"Suppose I try my hand at that this time," suggested Ti. "You've each had a turn. I move that we put up at the biggest hotel in Penskill, fortify ourselves with a good dinner, and then mingle with the citizens of the town. It's five now, and I'm frightfully hungry, so let's start at once."

Twenty minutes later the Knights of Steel were freshening themselves up with a thorough brushing and washing at the Pavilion House, where, after they had all done ample justice to the combined dinner and supper served to their order, Ti left his friends in the reading-room, while he strolled out to the office and began looking over the register.

As he had anticipated, his touring rig soon drew from the clerk a series of questions as to how far he had ridden, whether it was not tiresome work, and what he did when it rained.

Having satisfactorily replied to all the above, Ti took his turn at interrogating by inquiring if there were many bicyclists in the town.

"Not one," was the answer.

"Why, haven't any of the small boys caught the fever!" went on Ti. He had in his mind what Val had said about Clifford's tricycle and meant to follow up the clew.

"Oh, I believe little Cliff Gannington rides a tricycle," replied the clerk, carelessly.

"A tricycle!" exclaimed the young captain, secretly delighted at the mention of the full name. "Why, do you know I never have had a good look at one, and if you can tell me where the boy lives, I think my friends and I will make a brotherly call on him."

"Oh, he's only a little fellow," returned the other, and just then some new guests arrived, and called him back to duty.

"How provoking!" muttered Ti, as he walked away. "A minute more and he would have told me all I want to know—but stop! Haven't I learned the family name, and can't we inquire our way to the Ganningtons' of anybody?"

Much elated by this long step forwards, he hastened to rejoin his companions, who each jotted down "Gannington" on a slip of paper, for fear they might forget it.

"And now," proposed Ti, "we ought to start right off and find the house before dark."

So lamps were lighted and the Knights set out once more, feeling an inward excitement strangely out of keeping with the calm twilight of the June day.

"Let's stop and inquire here," suggested the captain, after a five minutes' run, and they all dismounted before a modest-sized cottage, where the family were enjoying the beauties of the evening on the front porch.

Arthur and Val remained outside the fence to keep guard over the machines, while Ti, after mastering the patent puzzle of the gate-latch, walked up the bricked path, and touching his cap, said pleasantly: "Excuse me, but can you tell me where Mr. Gannington lives?"

To this modest request he received no less than three replies from as many different persons, and as they were all made at the same time, he was no wiser than before. Of course this jumble set everybody laughing, and then the father walked out to the gate with the young captain, and pointed in the direction whence they had come, to a large mansion, situated on rising ground and conspicuous for its towers, porticoes and bay-windows.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed all three Knights in a breath, and then they mounted and rode off in high spirits.

"Fine place, isn't it?" remarked Arthur, as they came in sight of the smooth lawns, neat flower-beds and graceful groups of statuary surrounding Master Clifford's home. "No wonder it's a tempting field for burglars. And now, you see those bushes off there, by the bay-window on the right? Well, I say, when we come back to spend the night, we pitch our tent right in among them."

"Good," cried Val, as loud as he dared. "That'll be romantic, adventurous, knightly and all combined."

"But we'll have to be careful and keep very quiet," cautioned Ti. "It does seem as if we ought to do this business in a little more open-handed way, but after that scene with the maid at the circus, we're more hampered than ever. By the by, though, what shall we do with ourselves until midnight? I don't suppose it will be safe to begin our watch before then."

"Why can't we go back to the hotel and rest?" suggested Arthur.

"Oh, I've paid our bill there," returned Ti, "and besides, it might look suspicious if we were seen starting out again on our machines at such an unearthly hour. It's five minutes past eight now, and the question is what shall we do until eleven or twelve?"

"Sleep," proposed Val promptly, with an undisguised yawn.

"Yes, I'm ready for that, too," added Arthur. "But where?"

"Why, under our tent, of course. Just pitch it anywhere along the road here, although I don't see what's to prevent us from setting it up in the clump of bushes you pointed out, just as soon as it gets dark. There are no near neighbors to watch us, and as there's nobody home but the boy, I don't suppose there'll be any callers."

"Well, I don't know but that is the most sensible thing we can do, and then we'll be on the spot," said Ti, and so the matter was settled.

During this conversation, the three had been riding quietly along over the road that ran past the entrances to several handsome residences, but the grounds around each were so extensive that there was very little chance of their being seen. They kept on until the stars came out, then dismounted, and after resting awhile wheeled slowly back towards the Ganningtons'.

"It seems a bold sort of thing to do," remarked Ti, as they rolled up the avenue in the direction of the house, in which not a light was visible; "but then our intentions are good. Remember, boys, be as quiet as possible. We'd better dismount here and trundle our machines over the grass the rest of the way."

"One would think that that tree and those bushes were planted as they are just on purpose to fit our bicycle-tent," whispered Arthur, enthusiastically, as they drew near the spot selected for their encampment. "We can peek between the leaves, and as soon as we see the thieves begin operations on that window, just yell."

Cautiously the boys pitched their green canvas, spread the heaviest shawl on the short grass and prepared to spend their second night out of doors.

"Now, Art," whispered Ti, when they were all three stretched out, leaning on their elbows and with gaze riveted on the fated window, "I don't think it's safe for us all to take a nap before the time of action, but you were awake so much of last night that you really ought to turn over and try to get a little sleep. Val and I will keep watch and not allow you to miss anything."

Arthur made haste to avail himself of this privilege, and very soon his regular breathing told that he was sleeping heavily. Val and Ti talked with lowered voices for some time, about how surprised and grateful that maid would be when she found out the service they had rendered her, until suddenly the young captain uttered a warning "Ssh!" as a slight noise was heard in the direction of the gate, and after that they both remained perfectly still.

* * * * * *

"Help, quick, Robert! John! Here, I've found the robbers!"

It was the shrill voice of Clifford Gannington's maid, and she stood there in the bright sunshine pointing to the Knights under the patent tent. They were all three wrapped in the profoundest slumber, and were not fully aroused until after the coachman and gardener had knocked the bicycles down on top of them.

"What is it? Where are we? What's the matter?" exclaimed the boys, when they had succeeded in getting on their feet.

Then Ti glanced from the excited face of the maid to the sun already high in the heavens, and immediately began to laugh as he cried out: "Oh, Art, Val, pretty sort of knights we are! Don't you see we've slept through the whole thing, and now we're taken for knights of a very different sort of steel?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JOHN SHAFFER, the owner of the Milford, N. J., *Leader*, is only sixteen years old and is said to be the youngest professional editor in New Jersey.

WINTER WALKS AND TALKS.

BY REV. S. W. KNIPE.

IV.

Boys, Revolvers and Star-fish.

WILL suggested the talk about revolvers by remarking, "I wish I had a revolver to practice with since there is nothing for me to shoot with the gun."

The doctor was silent for a moment, and then said: "I suppose almost every boy who is fond of out-door sports feels at times the same desire. I know that I often wished for one when I was a boy, but the more I saw of life, and of revolvers the more thoroughly was I convinced that they prove of much more harm than good. All the pleasing excitement of shooting at a mark can be had with a gun or rifle without one tenth of the danger that attends the use of the shorter and less reliable arm. Accidents without number have occurred from the careless handling of pistols. And for one shot that is fired in actual self-defence, a dozen men are killed or wounded by some half-crazed desperado.

"I was but a boy when I went out to Pike's Peak; with a boy's idea of valor I armed myself with a Colt's revolver. I practiced with it until I was a tolerably good shot. I carried it day after day for two years, and had it near at hand every night, and during all that time there were but two or three occasions that I even thought I should have to use it, and on each occasion had I done so it would have resulted in casting a deep shadow over my whole life.

"I will tell you of one of these. It was very soon after my arrival in Denver. Some gentlemen, one of them a relative, had built a house in which they intended opening a store. The house was almost completed, and the goods in the packing-boxes were placed in it, and I was directed to sleep in the building to guard them. I chose for a bed three of the boxes, spread my buffalo robe upon them, and went to sleep. I was awakened just at dawn by a noise. Looking up, I saw that some boards that had been nailed across an opening for a future door, were being pulled aslde,and then the head and shoulders of a man appeared. I at once pointed my revolver, but feeling secure in my position, I thought to myself, 'I will see what the fellow does before I shoot.' He came into the room, glanced around, went to one corner in which there was a pile of shavings, and began to gather them into his arms. Then I spoke:

"'Hello, there! do you know that you came near being shot?' The man sprang to his feet and said: 'Served me right if you had fired, stranger, for being such a fool as to come in here not knowing whether there was anybody around. I have been getting my kindling here ever since the house was begun, but I did not know anything was in the room, much less any person sleeping here.' I saw, as he spoke, that he was our next neighbor. Had I shot him, I suppose the local usage of the time would have excused me, but I could never have excused myself."

"Since so many bad men and boys have revolvers, is it not right for good people to have them, too, for defence?" asked Frank.

"I have not said anything as to the right or wrong of the possession of revolvers by men," replied the doctor. "It is mainly the handling of so dangerous a weapon by boys to which I object, but at the same time, as a means of protection for a man against bad men, a stout cane is a more reliable weapon than a revolver, if wielded by a person with steady nerves. I have seen several shooting affairs in which the principals escaped unhurt, while innocent people, who chanced to be in the way, were injured.

"A man drove an express from Denver City to Central City, in the early Pike's Peak days, who had previously been a Californian miner. He carried valuble goods, but had neither revolver nor gun, and he said that in nine years of his work he had been attacked but twice, and that the first time he beat his assailant off with a short hickory club that he kept in his wagon, and the second time he disabled and captured his assailant by knocking him down with a stone.

"When a boy wishes to carry a revolver, it shows that he is either a coward, or that he has false ideas of true bravery, or that he is actually a bad-hearted boy who wishes to injure or kill some one.

"Do not think about owning a revolver until you acquire the self-possession and calmness that I hope will come to you as a man. In the mean time if you wish to become a good shot with a rifle, I have no doubt your father will get one for you, to be used under in structions until you become familiar with it."

Arrived at home once more, Will put his gun aside, not to be used again until the ducking season should come around, while Frank and the doctor had a short talk that seemed to please the former greatly. What it was about will perhaps appear later.

Meanwhile time slipped by until the last week in January arrived. This was given to the boys as a vacation; not that they needed rest, so soon after the holidays, but that they might enjoy the society and show courtesy to a cousin who came to visit them from the West. He was about Will's age; an earnest studious boy, but had trouble with his eyes, and had been sent to his uncle's care for treatment. Soon after his arrival a bright warm day came, and as there was but little snow, a walk to the beach was proposed. Howard, the cousin just mentioned had never seen the ocean; he was therefore full of excitement, and found the two mile walk very short indeed. His first view of the sea was, however, a disappointment. There had been but little wind for the past two days, and that off shore; the surf was therefore very light, and the ocean was as smooth as a mill pond. The doctor was busy when the boys started, but had told them to collect all the shells, and other curiosities they could find, and that at one o'clock he would come down with some lunch, and would name and describe what they might find. Howard met with a second disappointment, when he began to look for shells. Where the boys first came upon the beach, there were none to be found except a few large clam shells. Will said if they went up the beach about half a mile to a place where there was a small cove, he thought they would find something that had been cast up by a storm, the week previous. They soon reached the spot, and discovered, sure enough, a long line of shells and seaweeds, that marked the limit of the high water during the storm. They were presently all at work, looking carefully for perfect shells. Will and Frank knew the common names of almost everything they found, but as the doctor had promised to tell them something of the history of each they did not stop to talk very much while they were collecting.

Just as they had finished the work of assorting and arranging, the doctor came in sight; and they all ran to meet him.

"How have you made out?" he asked.

"Very well for the time of year and considering that it is so long since the storm," answered Will.

"We are all ready to have you tell us what we have found," added Howard.

"Would it not be well for you to discuss what I have in this lunch basket first?" suggested the doctor, smiling.

"Oh! yes, yes, we are terribly hungry," cried Will, as all sat down on the dry sand, and while the boys ate their lunch the doctor looked over their collection.

"You have succeeded better than I expected," he said. "You have here specimens of almost all the more common things that belong to this coast, and as you are no longer hungry, I will begin to make out a list. Who will do the writing for me?"

Frank spoke first: "Will, won't you please do it?"

"How much will there be to write?" was Will's answer.

"Nothing just now except the names. Let us begin with this common star-fish. Its Latin name is *Asterias forbesii*. We might well give the whole of our time to a study of it, as it is not alone curious in form, but, if anything, still more curious in its mode of growth, and the way in which it feeds."

Here Frank interposed with the question: "Is not this little round plate near the center its eye?"

"No, that is a little sieve through which the star-fish receives a supply of water. Its eyes are on the ends of the rays. Take this magnifying glass, and you will find an eye on the end of each arm, or finger. A very convenient place for them when we consider its mode of life. The star-fish walks, or crawls, by means of little suckers that are arranged along the sides of these grooves which you see on the under portion of the arms. Its mouth is here in the center, but it does not take anything into it, but its own stomach."

The boys laughed at this, and even Will showed surprise. "Its mode of eating is very strange indeed," continued the doctor. "It folds its arms around an oyster or mussel, and then turns its stomach out of its mouth, and between the shells of the bivalve, and digests the contents, without taking it into its body. You will therefore never find any food in the stomach of the star-fish. In fact when the stomach is in its place there is no room for food. There is another star-fish found not infrequently on this coast, a specimen of which I do not see in your collection. It is smooth, bright orange or deep red, in color, with longer and more graceful rays than this possesses. Still another star-fish is not uncommon, one with a small round body, and long thin arms that look like sand worms."

A QUEER WAY TO GET FRESH WATER.

IN the Persian Gulf is a place called Babrin, where the men go a-fishing for drinking water. So, at least, a sailor who had been there told a writer in the *Sun*.

"I don't know who discovered the fact but there are numberless springs of ice-cold water at the bottom of the Gulf, near the shore, where the water is about sixty feet deep. This must have been known when they first set up the town, of course, or it wouldn't have been started there. This fresh water gets salt enough, though, before it gets from the bottom, and so they have to send down after it. When a man's wife calls on him to go after a pail of water, and be quick about it, over in Babrin, he grabs a goatskin bag, yells at the first neighbor he sees stretched out in the sand, and the two jump into a boat and row out a short distance. The man who is after the water wraps the goatskin about his left arm, with the mouth of the bag in his hand. Then he takes in his other hand a heavy stone. This stone is tied securely to the end of a long and strong line, for stones are valuable property there. Without them no one could go out and fetch a pail of water, and they are very scarce. With the stone firmly clutched in his hand the man dives into the water, and down he does to the bottom. When he reaches the cool, fresh water gushing up from the sand, he opens the mouth of his goatskin bag, drops the stone, and floats upward in the strong current. The bag quickly fills and the mouth is closed again. When the man reaches the surface his companion lifts the bag into the boat, and the diver follows. The stone is then carefully drawn up, and the men go home.

"The water is cold and refreshing when it comes up from the depths of the sea, but it soon gets flat and warm. The more you drink of it the thirstier you become, but the natives can get along on a few swallows of it now and then. The requirements of the climate keep the divers at work in the submarine springs for all they are worth, and the shore is lined with their boats all day long. The springs are said to be the outlet of large natural aqueducts in a range of mountains more than 500 miles from the coast, but I guess they would have a hard time to prove the theory if they were called upon to do it."

TABLE TALK.

HARRY B., GRINNELL, IOWA. Many thanks for your letter.—JESSE P. F., BROOKLYN. Matter for insertion in any number should reach us before the 5th of the previous month. That is, an article intended for the April issue should be in the editor's hands by the 5th of March. 2. If a story is very, very good we should have no objections to publishing it because it had been written by a subscriber.—J. N., ROXBURY, MASS. Your letter respecting tobogganing goes to confirm a statement made in this month's "Campus" notes.—BART G. A., FAIRHAVEN, MASS. We do not pay for puzzles.—GEO. N. B., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Your letter about postage-stamps will appear next month.

I would like-to play a game of Chess by letter with any amateur player. Address: ARTHUR P. STONE, CENTER ST., DORCHESTER DIST., BOSTON, MASS.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

POETICAL PI.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! Be bold!" and everywhere—"Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly."

CROSS WORD ENIGMA: Skating.

Correct solutions to *both* the above have been received from; W. H. Pritchard, William Palmer, Edward C. Parish, R. D. Beman.

NEW PUZZLES.

DIAMOND.

My first is a letter,
My second is to bleed by scarification,
My third is a weight used in weighing gems,
My fourth is a dissenter of the church of England, 14-15th centuries,
My fifth is a small plate used at the eucharist,
My sixth is to convert into leather,
My seventh is a letter. EMULUS.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in boat, but not in ship;
My second is in fall, but not in slip;
My third is in gossip, but not in talk;
My fourth is in eagle, but not in hawk;
My fifth is in bear, but not in hug;
My sixth is in carpet, but not in rug;
My seventh is in pull, but not in tug;
My seventh and eighth are the very same;
And my whole is a true American game.
R. F. E.

PRIZE AWARD.

The Hall type-writer, offered in December to that person who should procure us the greatest number of subscribers over fifty before the 10th of February, has been won by Ernest D. White, of New York City. On account of the similarity of names it may be as well to record the fact that Master White is *not* related to the editor, nor is the latter indeed acquainted with him.

Our list of exchanges will be found this month on the third page of cover.

A CURIOUS STORY.

THERE is a tale told of a sea captain who, in a distant corner of the southern seas, visited an undiscovered or unexplored group of beautiful islands. After landing and trading with the gentle natives, he was astonished by the visit of a white man, evidently a person of means and consequence, who, after making himself very agreeable, implored the captain to give him a story-book, if he had such a thing in his possession. The captain had, and, deeply touched by the pigs and cocoanuts which the white exile had given him, bestowed on him a copy of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Overcome by the present, the exile burst into tears, and cried, "You have saved my life and given me rank and wealth."

On explanation, he said, "I should long ago have been eaten, but while they were fattening me I learned enough of their language to tell a child the story of 'Little Red Riding Hood.' The child repeated it, and the whole population were mad with joy. They had never heard a story before.

"From that day I became a great and honored man. When they had a national festival I sat on top of a hill and thousands wept (while some elderly relative was being cooked for a feast) at the cruel death of the grandmother as caused by the wicked wolf. I had with me a volume of 'Fairy Tales,' and I soon began to set a price upon my performances. 'Red Ridinghood' is rather worn; I only get a hundred cocoanuts for her now; but 'Cinderella' is still good for four pigs and a turtle, and 'Beauty and the Beast' brings six or seven, according to the quality. But with the 'Arabian Nights' I shall be able to go on accumulating pork to the end of my days."

BOBS AND BOBBING.

THE possibility of flying along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, without paying one's passage on an express train, or risking one's neck in an ice boat, has been successfully demonstrated in Albany by the advent of the "bob." Not the old-fashioned box sleigh, with its shafts raised from the ground, and a seating capacity almost as broad as it was long, but a "bob" specially built for "bobbing," consisting of a single plank, ten, twenty and thirty feet in length, and only some fifteen inches in width, set on runners, made bright with paint and provided besides with a gong, head-light and a name. Indeed, in the Capital City of the Empire State, bobbing may now be considered as much of a regulation winter sport as bicycling is a summer one, and Albany, with its many and steep hills and vigorous climate, is every way worthy of fathering the new pastime. A most indulgent father it has proved, too, for it sets apart certain streets and avenues for the lawful use of the bobbers several nights a week during the season. As a consequence of this encouragement, bobs have multiplied in numbers and increased in size, bobbing clubs have sprung into existence, parades have been made, and at last, on the 20th of January, a great bobbing carnival was held.

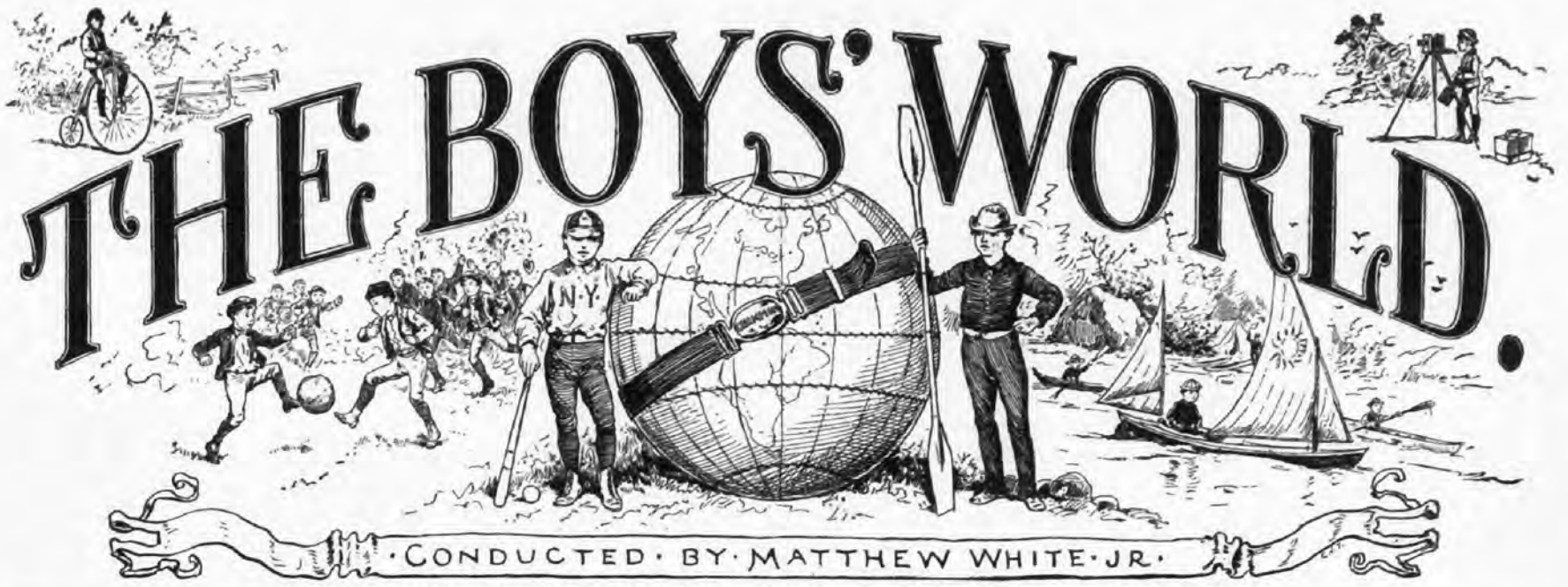
This, the Albany papers tell us, was a grand affair, witnessed by twenty thousand people and forming a spectacle long to be remembered in the annals of the city.

In the first place there were over seventy bobs in line, besides sleighs, snow-shoe clubs and the City Band. Then many of the bobs were drawn by horses, each was manned by an average of twelve members dressed in costume, while many were decked out with flags, Chinese lanterns, and even electric lights. For example, the bob "Jolly Eight" is described as being drawn by three bay horses tandem, decorated with lanterns and flags, and "officered" by fifteen members in red toques, which latter, the dictionary informs us, is a kind of bonnet or head-dress. Some of the bobbers also wore big white woolen coats and leggings.

There were 1,500 men in line and the procession took twenty minutes to pass a given point. At intervals, the streets along the route were lighted up with red and green fires, while the discharge of Roman candles added to the gayety of the scene.

There was only one thing lacking to crown the glories of the occasion and that was the "Brooklyn Bridge." We do not mean the veritable structure over the East River between New York and Brooklyn, nor the bob of that name which was the wonder of Albany last winter. No, this "Brooklyn Bridge," which had a parade of its own the following week, is what it has well been called, the "King of Bobs." The plank out of which it is made was sent from Maine, and is forty-five feet long, fifteen inches wide and three inches thick. The bob itself, which has just been finished at a cost of $350, weighs over 1800 pounds and is so long that an extra pair of runners is required in the centre to support it. Then it is so constructed that it may be hauled up the hill again without being turned around.

The illustration below gives a very good idea of what this monster sled is like. The man who steers in front, is obliged to wear a mask, in order to protect his face from the cutting sensation of whizzing through the air at the lightning speed such a sled will attain when under full headway. As may be imagined, it requires steady nerves and a firm hand to guide these new-fashioned coasters on their downward route, which not seldom is marked by flashes of fire as a stone is struck or a car-track crossed. In fact, great care should be exercised in coasting of any description. Young Arthur Winter the fourteen year old son of a member of the *N. Y. Tribune* staff was killed last month while riding down hill on his sled in Staten Island. However, perhaps the great prominence given to coasting at this time, will result in new and improved methods of steering, that will finally place the sport on a level with tobogganing, in so far as safety is concerned. Meanwhile, Albany enjoys the honor of having introduced "bobbing" to the American people as a popular and "club-able" winter sport.



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WALLACE McDONALD'S RIDE.

BY EUGENE KLAPP.

In the upper part of Vermont stood, in the year 1777, a handsome country seat, the property of Mr. Duncan McDonald, a retired merchant. Here he and his whole family, consisting of a wife and five sons, had settled down into an orderly, quiet life, when the Battle of Bunker Hill suddenly awoke them. The news was hardly received when Roderick and Duncan Jr., the two eldest sons, mounted their horses, and each accompanied by a servant, rode off to join the Continental army before Boston; and as our story does not concern them, let it suffice to say that they served during the whole war with great gallantry and at the end came out, each with the rank of Colonel and a sufficient number of wounds to show they had neither of them shirked the posts of danger. Upon the departure of the older sons, the rest of the family again dropped into the regular routine of daily life, occasionally disturbed it is true, by the stirring letters which the "Soldier Brothers" sent home; now they were in New York, then came the news of the Battles of Long Island and White Plains, the account of how Roderick was slightly wounded in this latter engagement, and was given a Captain's commission, and so on, and we can be sure that as the news of each American defeat was received, there was great sorrow in this quiet household so far away from all communication with the great world; indeed their anxiety for the fate of the country was hardly mitigated by pride in the gallantry of their representatives at the front. A grand celebration they had when they heard of Trenton and Princeton, and these two events, which Frederick the Great called "Two of the most brilliant military feats of modern times," immediately raised Washington to the pinnacle of glory, to them and to all. But in the spring of this same year, there were distressing rumors afloat of a British invasion from Canada, and day by day the rumor grew stronger, until one afternoon Charlie McDonald, the oldest of those who had been left at home, and who was at this time about twenty-one, returned from a town some twenty miles away at a full gallop, and bursting into the dining-room where the family were assembled at dinner, cried out:

"Mother, please get me a Continental uniform ready quickly! I must go to the army at once."

"To the army?" exclaimed the astonished family.

"Why, of course; you don't suppose that a McDonald is going to stay at home when the country is in danger, do you?" answered Charlie, with all his Highland blood rushing into his cheeks. "Why," continued he, "the fellows are making up a company and I am going to be Lieutenant. We're to start for Saratoga the day after to-morrow. When I got to Truxton, I found the town in a wild state of excitement. Men drilling on the green, little boys drumming up and down the street, and in fact the whole town suddenly turned into a camp, and what do you suppose is the matter?"

"Little I know, laddie, but don't keep us in suspense."

"Well, Gen. Burgoyne has just captured Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and is marching on Albany at this very moment!"

"Captured Ticonderoga!" cried the old Scotchman, jumping from his seat. "I thought they would have to wait there a month or so. This is bad news, Margaret."

WALLACE RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

"It is indeed, Duncan; and it will be hard for me to part with my other two boys."

"Yes, it's hard, I know; but such is war, and the boys must go."

"*Must* go!" cried Harry. "Well I guess they must, and they *will*, whether they must or not. Hurrah for Washington!" and with this, the enthusiastic young fellow fairly hugged his brother, crying: "Charlie, we'll go together, we'll fight to the last, and then 'Rod' and 'Dun' can't crow over us any more!"

"Now lads," continued their father, "ride back to Truxton and secure as good positions as you can in the company, while mother and I get your traps ready."

The youngest brother, a lad of fifteen, had so far remained silent, but now interposed with a pleading face:

"Father can't I go too?" Then, as he saw a smile come over the faces of all, he continued, "Oh! please let me; I know I am young, but there are many boys as young as I in the army. I can shoot first rate and know I shan't be afraid. Please let me go. I can't stay at home and do nothing but sit around the house when they are fighting for liberty only fifty or sixty miles away."

"Why, my lad," answered his father good na-

turedly, "they wouldn't have you. You are altogether too young; just fancy, if all the boys who wanted to go in the army were allowed to do so. The war will last some years yet, I fear, and when you are seventeen you may go."

"But father," went on Wallace, with tears in his eyes, "the war will then be most over and I won't have time to be promoted. I'd rather die after doing something to make a name for me, than live to be a hundred."

"Never mind laddie, you must wait a little; they won't have you yet; perhaps next year." And this ended the subject. Wallace was not satisfied however, and brooded over his ill-luck for a long time. "Oh! why was I not born three or four years earlier?" he sighed.

One afternoon in the summer of 1777, as he was sitting out under the trees, he heard the beat of a drum in the distance. Immediately interested, he hurried down to the fence to await developments. The sound came nearer, and soon, way down the road he could see a cloud of dust. When for an instant the wind dispersed the latter, he made out with a thrill of delight, the Stars and Stripes proudly flapping in the breeze. Hastening to the house he called his father and told him the news, and in a few moments they were both at the gate.

First came the band, and a sorry affair it was, then company after company of troops, and at last the commanding officer. The latter rode up to our friends and saluting them politely, addressed himself to the merchant.

"I beg your pardon, sir: but is not this the residence of Duncan McDonald?"

"Yes, General, it is, and *I* am the owner of the place. Can I do anything for you? My wealth and my sons are at the service of the army."

"Your patriotism I well know; in fact, your son Roderick is quite a favorite of mine, and I only regret that I have not got him with me now."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. McDonald, "then if I mistake not, I have the honor of speaking with General Lincoln."

"That is my name, sir."

Mr. McDonald thereupon greeted him very cordially and insisted on the General riding up to the manor and taking some refreshments. In short, the General had been exceedingly kind to Roderick McDonald, and was accordingly received with the greatest hospitality by the little family. He became quite interested in Wallace and his aspirations, and promised to look after the boy when he joined the army the following spring.

After a very pleasant hour, the General mounted and rode off after his men.

It was some days after this, that the family were sitting quietly around the tea table, when suddenly there was a great commotion in the hall and a servant hurredly announced "General Lincoln," who said:

"You will please excuse this seemingly unwarrantable intrusion, but it is of the utmost importance that General Gates should know at once that I have captured some prisoners around Lake George, and from them have learned important information regarding the enemy. I have here a letter written on tissue paper enclosed in this bullet, which must be delivered into the General's hands before to-morrow at noon. We are sixty miles from Saratoga, and the bearer will be obliged to pass right through the enemy's lines. Now such a messenger must be at once a patriot, and brave and ready of resource. Remembering our young friend here, who is so anxious to do something for his country, and our march being straight past your door, I came to offer the task to him."

Wallace fairly jumped out of his seat with eagerness on hearing this, and seeing his parents' faces pleased and willing, he at once accepted the offer, and receiving his instructions attentively, hurried out to superintend the saddling of his horse. In less time than it takes to tell it, he came running back, and joyfully bidding his father and mother good-by, mounted and galloped off into the darkness, full of hope and courage. When the clatter of his horse's feet had wholly died away, the General turned to Mrs. McDonald, and said:

"A brave young fellow!"

"Yes, he's a good lad, and if he is alive at noon to-morrow he will deliver the letter."

Wallace was now in his element. His brain was alive with schemes as to the best way of hiding the letter, and of getting through the enemy's lines. After some thought he decided that the only thing to do with the bullet would be to press it flat and slip it into his mouth if stopped; for, of course he had no idea of riding through a country swarming with Tories and British without being challenged. Then he began to speculate as to how his horse would hold out. It was a strong, good-winded animal, and calculating that he had about sixty miles to go, which distance ought to be made before daylight, he found he must ride at about the rate of five miles an hour.

"Poor old Jock," he said, patting the horse's neck, "It will be hard work for you, but you are on your country's service, Jock, old fellow, so do your best."

Four or five hours he rode along at an easy gallop, and then judged he had gone some twenty-five or thirty miles; but as it was very dark he could not be certain.

"I must be nearing the dangerous part of the ride now," he thought.

The road here turned down a hill, and in the valley below mingled with the clatter of his horse's hoofs, he heard a waterfall.

Louder and louder grew the monotonous fall of water, and quite suddenly they arrived at the little bridge which spanned a narrow, but rather swift-flowing stream, well remembered by Wallace. Plunging into the water, he allowed Jock to take a deep draught, and leaning down, scooped himself a refreshing drink in the palm of his hand.

Scarcely had rider and horse emerged dripping on the other side, when the bridle was seized by a great burly man, whose fierce whiskers Wallace could only indistinctly make out. At the same moment the boy seemed to be surrounded by twenty others.

Quick as a flash, he slipped the flattened bullet into his mouth.

"*Whoin gehst du?*" asked a rough voice.

Now Wallace could not speak German, but he knew its sound, and realized that he had fallen into the hands of the Hessians. In fact he had unwittingly ridden right into a troop of some hundred of the Hessian cavalry. Wallace argued and pleaded in vain, all the answer he got was:

"*Nein, nein, Sie mussen mit uns bis Morgen bleiben,*" and then forcing him to dismount, they searched him thoroughly, but finding nothing to rouse their suspicion, placed him in a deserted hut in which the officer comanding the troop slept. A sentinel was appointed to guard him, and the camp settled down gradually into perfect quiet.

For two hours Wallace watched the sentinel as he paced up and down before the door of the hut. Time after time he prayed that the man might fall asleep—he appeared, however, with discouraging regularity. Once he stopped as he passed, and seemed to listen quite near to the heap of straw upon which Wallace was lying. However, while the boy feigned to be asleep, he was really watching—more by sound than sight however, for he did not dare to open his eyes until his quick young ears heard the retreating steps of his guard. After this, the sentinel did not pass the door for a long time, and Wallace, crawling to it cautiously, saw the tired trooper stretched on the ground, snoring with great vigor.

"That's real any way," thought he, "but if I do not get away quickly it will rouse the whole camp."

He left the hut quietly, and stepping up to the horse that was tied to the nearest tree, was delighted to find it was Jock. The good beast rubbed his nose affectionately against his master, and the latter patting him, whispered:

"Jock, we must run for our lives now."

Untying him, he led him out on the road, and mounting, trotted off at first at a very moderate pace. After going perhaps six hundred yards he was startled by a loud yell in the direction of the camp, which told him his escape had been discovered; knowing that few horses could catch up with Jock, he now abondoned all caution, and using the spurs rode on at a furious gallop. Presently he heard the clatter of hoofs behind him and one or two pistol shots, but he soon distanced these sounds, and tore on at break-neck speed.

"Only two hours for twenty miles, old Jock! We must do it," he whispered.

Trees, farmhouses and even the road seemed to fly past them, and still on and on they dashed. After an hour and a half, Wallace fairly trembled, he was so excited; he was quite sure he must be almost within the British lines.

It was growing lighter. In the East he could see a faint glow, and as he passed one or two farmhouses he heard the cattle lowing and other signs of the approaching dawn. Suddenly, as he reached the top of the hill, on one side he saw a row of white tents glimmering in the faint light, farther on, perhaps two or three miles away, he made out a few fires, and as in a dream almost—senseless as he was from fatigue—he saw the outlines of a camp.

"The two armies!" thought he. "Now for it."

As he galloped past a small house on the roadside, its door opened quickly, and five or six soldiers hurried out, crying after him with hearty English voices:

"Halt! who goes there?"—and, when he did not hold up: "Halt or we'll fire!"

"If I stop now," he reflected, "I shall never reach the American camp in time; I must run the gauntlet." And laying his head low on Jock's neck, he galloped forward madly. Five shots echoed in the morning air, and after a few moments another volley. "Go along, Jock, old fellow; go for your life, Jock!" Wallace whispered, still lying low on the horse's neck.

* * * * * *

Perhaps a half hour later, the American guard was surprised by the clatter of hurrying hoofs, and rushing out into the road caught a horse covered with foam, from whose back they took a young lad of fifteen, in an unconscious state, evidently produced by a bullet wound in his hip. Scarcely could they unfasten his hands from the bridle, so firm was his grasp. Placing him on a stretcher, he was carried to General Gates.

"Poor lad, does any one know who he is?" the latter inquired.

Just here Lieutenant Charlie McDonald pushed through the crowd and cried, excitedly: "Why it's Wallace! It's Wallace McDonald, my brother, General. What can have brought him here, I wonder—poor fellow!"

"But what's that?" asked the General, quickly, as the lad gasped and something fell out of his mouth; "A letter, by Jove! He has evidently ridden past the English sentinels and been shot at while on the gallop. McDonald, you have a brave brother, and if he gets well, I shall look after him, I assure you. This letter is from General Lincoln," he added, "who tells me he will soon arrive with a reinforcement of two thousand men."

The next day the name of Wallace McDonald was in every one's mouth; he had done his brave, heroic deed; he had won his good name, but at a terrible cost. The bullet had shattered his hip, and the would-be soldier was a cripple for life. Tenderly he was removed to his home, and there was met by his parents with a mixture of sadness and pride; he had the best of care, and in time could go on a crutch for short distances. He grew to manhood, and was long known throughout the country for his benevolence and charity. No word of complaint ever passed his lips, and with his cheerful face, he was ever a welcome visitor to the homes of rich and poor alike. As for Jock, as may be imagined, he was most tenderly cared for to the last.

MILT SNOW'S GREAT DIVING FEAT.

BY JOHN MOODY.

THE town of Bayside was a great place for swimming and boating, and, therefore, it was only natural that most of the Bayside boys should take a good deal of interest in these healthy sports and should be, as a rule, fine oarsmen and swimmers.

The incident I am about to relate occurred several summers ago, when all the boys in the neighborhood, and "our set" in particular, caught a great fever for diving. The boy who could dive deepest; stay under water the longest; and fetch the farthest, was, of course, considered the leader in that sport. Well, we had a great many trials, and at one time one fellow would be thought to be the "champion," and then another, until at last the question was settled—for the time being, at least—by Milt Snow's vanquishing everybody.

This is how it happened:

One day, as I was practicing some diving feat by myself in front of the boat-house (we boys had a boat-house of our own where we kept all our canoes, row-boats, bathing-clothes and the like), Milt Snow came along the shore, and stopped to watch me. I had been under the water about a minute and a half, and had just come to the surface, feeling rather exhausted.

"Pshaw!" shouted he, "that ain't nothin'. I can stay down longer than that."

"How long can you stay down?" I asked.

Now Milt was a very insignificant fellow, and couldn't swim "worth a cent," nor had he ever been known to stay under water more than a minute; so when he said he could stay under longer than I had, I was, of course, rather astonished.

"I can stay under eight minutes, easy," answered he.

"No; say really, how long can you stay down?" I again asked, thinking he was joking.

"Eight minutes, I tole yer," he shouted. "An' I can beat you all holler at that bizness, any day in the week."

"All right," I replied, "do you want to try it? If so, strip."

He said he would, and went into the boat-house to undress.

"Wonder what's got through him," thought I; "he must be crazy. Eight minutes! The idea!"

Pretty soon he appeared again, rigged out in his bathing-suit.

"Now, then," he said, "we'll both dive together, and I'll bet you a dollar I'll stay under longest."

"Humph! If you do," I answered, "I'll let you have the loan of my canoe for a week."

"All right! Don't forget that promise!"

We then dove off together. I stayed under as long as I possibly could, just to show Milt how badly he could be left. I fully expected, when I rose to the surface, to find him out of the water long before, but what was my surprise when I came up, to find him not in sight yet. I crawled up on the boat-house platform and waited for him, and in a minute or two more he bobbed to the surface.

He appeared to be in ecstacies over his success, and proceeded to thoroughly impress upon my mind the fact that I had promised to lend him my canoe for a week; which promise I could not, of course, back out of.

By supper time that night, all the boys in Bayside had heard I had been defeated at diving by Milt Snow.

"Nonsense," exclaimed Sam Marks, when Milt told him. "I can beat you myself, Milt, so what's the use of talking?"

But Snow persisted, and the matter ended by Sam's promising to try and get him elected to some high office in the boat-club if he succeeded in doing it again on the morrow.

Then Milt went around to all our fellows and told them of his great feat. The most of them wouldn't believe it, but Milt told them to ask me. That evening there was a large delegation of boys at our house, come to find out the facts of the case. They were all greatly surprised when I told them it was so. "But," I added, "I shall try it again to-morrow, and see if I can't beat him; I thought I stayed under pretty long this afternoon, but, of course, I'm not certain how long, as there was nobody timing me."

"But," put in Lem Thomas, "he told me he could stay under eight minutes. I wanted to bet him a dollar bill he couldn't, but he said he hadn't any money."

"Yes, he said the same thing to me," added Ed Williams, "and I told him if he did it, I would make him a present of my big kite, but of course I knew he could never do it. He seemed awfully set up, though, and told me I'd seen the last of my kite."

"Why, he must be crazy," said I. "Eight minutes! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

And so the conversation went on, and when the boys dispersed they were all firmly of the belief that Milt Snow must be out of his head.

The next day, all the boys in town were down to the bay at high-tide, and before the time appointed for Milt's great feat, quite a number of grown people had congregated on the shore. Probably the greater part of them expected to be "sold," and came merely out of curiosity.

Milt's father was there with the rest, and seemed to be the most incredulous person of any. "Now if ye can do it, Milt," he said, "you air the most remarkable boy I ever see, but if you can't do it, an' don't do it, why, I'll settle with ye for lyin'. D'ye hear?"

Yes, Milt heard, but he didn't heed, and bragged as much as ever.

Just at high tide, he came out of the bathing-house in a new bathing-suit which he had borrowed, and all eyes were at once turned upon him. He seemed in no hurry to make his great dive, for all Bayside was staring at him, and he thought it would be an excellent chance to show himself off. As he was strutting about the platform, "like a silly peacock" somebody said, a tall gentleman with eye-glasses, who seemed to be a stranger in town, stepped up to him and asked:

"Let's see, how long is it you propose to stay under? Eight *minutes* or eight *seconds*?"

"MINUTES!" growled out Milt, glaring at the stranger.

"Hem? Are you going to commit suicide," continued the gentleman, "or do you propose to come up alive?"

"I'm goin' to dive down and stay under eight minutes," was all Milt would reply.

"You'll be a lucky one if you succeed in doing it," went on the other. "Why, the longest period on record isn't five minutes;" and with this he turned away.

Everything was now ready, and Milt prepared to dive off. As he did so, two hundred eyes were upon him, and at least fifty watches were open, ready to time his feat. As soon as he went under everybody gazed steadily at the spot where he had disappeared.

One—two—three—minutes and he hadn't risen to the surface.

"You're left, Tom," said Lem looking at me. Three and a quarter—three and a half—four. "Remarkable," exclaimed the man with the eye-glasses. Five—six. "That boy's either drowned or he's not in the water," said somebody. Seven—seven and a half. "Guess he's done it," cried a gentleman on the platform, "time's up."

His watch must have been wrong or he had made a mistake, for it was only seven and a half minutes when he spoke. An instant later Milt came up.

"I tole yer so," he shouted, scrambling up the steps of the boat-house.

"Yes, but it was only seven minutes and a half," I said.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I heard somebody on the platform say time was up."

"Heard somebody say time was up?" shouted half a dozen. "How could you hear when you were under water?"

"Why," answered Milt somewhat disconcerted, "why that—that was easy enough."

"I knew he wasn't in the water," remarked the tall stranger with the glasses. "He must have been hiding somewhere; but the question is, where was he?"

Milt's father now came forward. "You remember what I said," he began. "If you didn't do——"

"But I *did* do it!" cried Milt. "I stayed under seven minutes and a half, and could a' stayed under eight ef I didn't think time was up."

"How could you tell when time was up anyhow?" asked Lem. "Can you always hear when you're in the water?"

But nearly everybody was certain he hadn't stayed under seven minutes and a half, but had been in hiding somewhere. Nobody could imagine where, though, and he himself stoutly affirmed that he was 'under' all the time. Some thought he might have crawled up on shore by the side of the boat-house, but that would have been impossible, as the beach was pretty thickly lined with people on both sides, and he could not have ventured there without being seen.

The matter remained a mystery, and during the summer Snow repeated his feat many times. The "how" of it was discovered however, before the season was over.

One day in the latter part of August, as all our fellows were in the water having a good time, Ed Williams dove off the platform and went straight down. This way of diving was considered rather dangerous, for just here the water was pretty shallow, even at high tide, and one was apt to run into the mud on the bottom. Well, when Ed went down he did not come up at once, and as the moments went by we began to grow worried. Then to our amazement, all at once we heard him shout, from whence we knew not: "Hello boys, I have it. I've found Snow's hiding place."

"Where, where?" we cried, all together.

"Down here, under the boat-house platform!"

Sure enough, there he was, and so at last we had discovered how Milt had been able to stay down so long.

The platform was built with a sheathing of boards in front and on the side, which reached to the water's edge at high tide. Of course, we saw now that it was the simplest thing in the world to swim under and hide here, and only wondered that we had not thought of it before.

Milt himself tried to laugh the thing over, and told us that he never said he could stay under the *water* eight minutes. "I only said I could stay *under*," he explained—"under the *platform*."

But some of the boys were very angry over the way he had deceived them, and Ed Williams made haste to inform Milt's father of the facts of the case, which resulted in the speedy return of the big kite. And so ended the mystery of Milt Snow's great diving feat.

THE CAMPUS.

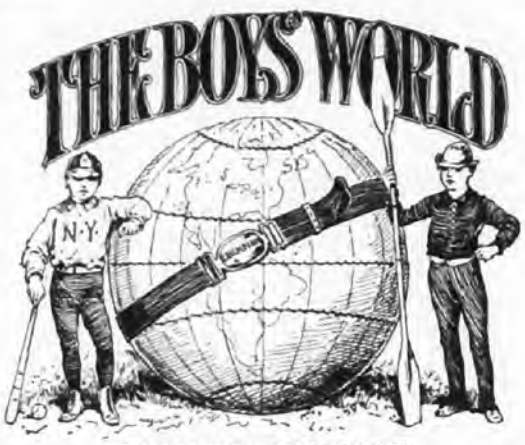
ST. LOUIS school-boys are at present exercising their brains as to whether or not teachers shall be allowed to play on their football teams.

THE roller-skating craze is taking its departure from New York, in spite of what the rink managers say. The Manhattan (completed last year) is to be turned into a concert garden this summer; the Cosmopolitan has been successively occupied by a circus and a billiard tournament, while the Merrimac and Monitor panorama exhibition crowds the old Columbia.

AMATEUR prestidigitators will be pleased to learn that a low-priced trick-table has at last been placed on the market.

A BICYCLE tent has recently been invented; it differs slightly, however, from that used by the "Knights of Steel."

F. E. M



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Address THE BOYS' WORLD,
60 BETHUNE ST.,
NEW YORK.

In our May Number will appear Part First of a refreshingly original Bear Story, entitled

"MONSU MOSTRO,"

BY

THOMAS F. MANNING.

WINTER WALKS AND TALKS.

BY REV. S. W. KNIPE.

V.

On the Beach.

As the doctor laid the star fish aside, Howard picked up something that looked at a little distance like a long string of buttons. On closer examination it was seen to be a great number of little parchment-like cases, almost oval in form, varying from three-fourths of an inch to one inch in longer diameter, and all attached by one edge to a coarse string made of the same material as the cases.

"You have there the eggs of the 'Whelk,' *Fulgur carica*," explained the doctor. "I will open one of these cases and with this magnifying glass you will see that it contains a large number of very small shells."

The boys all looked and expressed surprise, for even Will was under the impression that what they had found was a curious sea-weed.

"Do all the snails lay their eggs in this way?" asked Frank.

"By no means. Take this large snail, of which I see you have a number of specimens of various sizes from one-half to three inches in diameter. It is called *Lunatia heros*. It lays its eggs in a ring of sand cemented together. Sometimes you will find large numbers of these on the beach after a storm. At first sight you might think it a ring of water soaked leather or bark, but a slight examination shows it to be made up of sand grains united by a water-proof glue, and thickly scattered through it small transparent balls, that contain each two or three eggs. I see that a number of these snails were living when cast up by the tide. You will notice the manner in which the opening of the shell is closed. The snail is provided with a door for its house. It looks like a thin strip of tortoise shell, or horn, and proves an effectual guard against some of the enemies that prey upon shell fish. Here are, however, a number of shells of the same species which show that even this door is not enough to save it from some of its own kind. Notice the round hole in each of these. See, it is in all six of these specimens, and in each case relatively in the same place. This hole was cut or drilled by the tongue of another snail, and through it the inhabitant of the shell was scooped out. The majority of the snails you have here are flesh eaters, *carnivorous*. This one," went on the doctor, selecting a little gray sea shell not more than an inch in length, "is one of the enemies of the oyster. Small as it is, it drills a hole through the shell of the oyster, and feeds upon it. The oystermen call it "the drill," its scientific name is *Urosalpinx cinerea*. We have not time to enter into details any further. You have here five species of univalve shells and six bivalves."

"What do those names mean?" asked Howard.

"Univalve means one valve or shell. All the snails are univalves, a clam is a bivalve or two shelled."

Frank, who had been gazing steadily out to sea for the past five minutes, now turned the conversation by propounding the following question:

"Doctor, is it true that the moon makes the tides?"

"True in part," was the answer. "Both sun and moon unite in making the tides. If we begin with the moon, we can perhaps better explain in a general manner how the tides are formed. You have heard that the sun, moon and earth are held in their places by a power called attraction. The sun is all the time drawing the earth toward itself, but, on the other hand, the earth is all the while traveling very fast, trying to get away from the sun, and the result is that, instead of either getting the mastery, the earth goes around the sun in a great ring, not a perfect circle, but nearly so. You know that if you tie a string to a small stone and give it a swing, holding the string in your fingers, the stone will go round and round in a ring. The string is, we may say, the attraction that holds the stone, and keeps it from flying off in a straight line. So the earth flies round the sun, held by this great force we call attraction. The moon is held to the earth in the same way that the earth is held to the sun. We cannot see any effect of this drawing power over the solid land, but the great bodies of water do show that the moon is drawing them towards herself. As the moon goes around the earth, a great wave follows her over the ocean. This wave is held back a little, so that it does not reach our Eastern shore of the Atlantic just at the time that the moon is overhead. It comes along something more than an hour later: the time varies with the place. This wave is, at its greatest point, on an average, two and one half feet high; but there are a number of things that influence the height of the tides, as well as the time of their rise and fall.

"As I said at first, the sun also causes a tide. This is only one-third as high as that made by the moon; the reason of this is that the sun is so very much farther away from the earth. Now you know that the sun and the moon vary in their positions with reference to each other. At full moon the sun is on one side of the earth, while the moon is on the other. At new moon both sun and moon are on the same side of the earth. When this is the case, both pull together, and we have what are called spring tides. When the moon is at right angles to the sun, the two tides do not come together. The moon-tide causes high water, but it does not get more than two-thirds the height of an ordinary spring tide. And then, when we should have low water, the sun-tide comes in so that we do not have as low water as usual. There are many things in connection with the tides that I cannot explain to you until you have studied mathematics, but I have given the general theory and hope I have made it plain enough for you to understand. But come, boys, it is time we started for home."

Special Prize Offer.

To that boy, under sixteen, who shall send us the best story bringing in the scene pictured below, we will award a prize of $5.00.

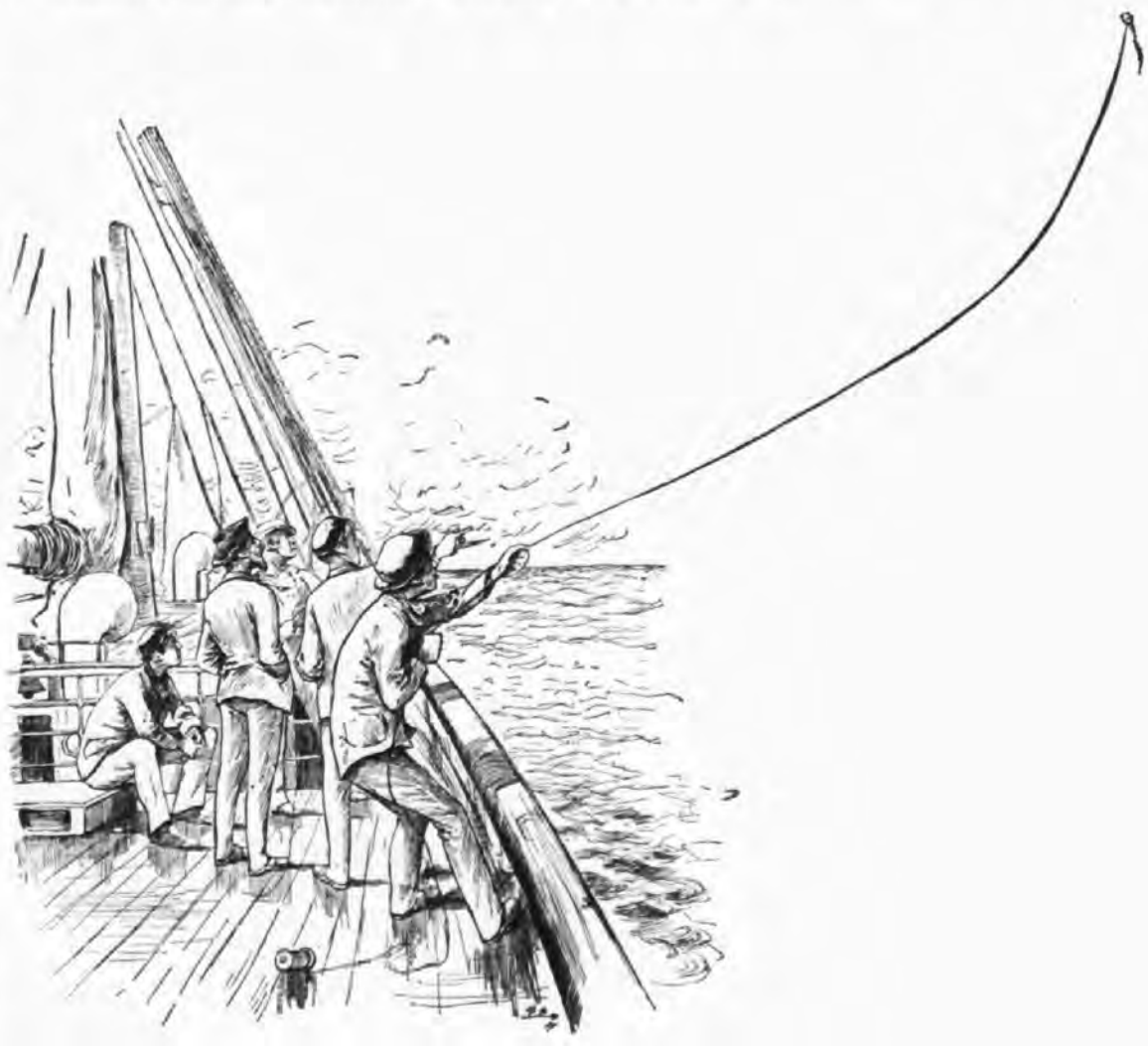
DIRECTIONS, CONDITIONS, AND EXPLANATIONS.

I. Competitors need not necessarily be subscribers; purchasers of the paper from news-stands enjoy an equal chance.

II. The story should contain not less than 700, nor more than 2000 words.

III. MSS. must be written with ink, on one side of the paper only, and distinctly marked "Prize Competition."

IV. Stories may be sent in, addressed, "Editor Boys' WORLD, 60 Bethune St., New York," until June 1st. The name of the winner will be announced in the July number and the prize story published as soon thereafter as possible.



A BORN SAILOR.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

PART II.

Luckily for Jack the wind was well off the shore. Staunch and weatherly as was the little Prue, she could hardly have stood the fierce gale close hauled, even under her rag of sail. But the heavy gusts directly astern, sent her flying like a mad thing across the tremendous rollers of the open sea, which swept her on and up, and over the great shifting mountains of greenish grey water, any one of which to a landsman's eye would seem insurmountable.

But as I have said, the Prue was built for work, not play. And when two hours later the bark had hove up in plain sight, her yard-arms rolling almost to the wave crests, and the bright copper sheathing thrown high in the air with every lifting surge, Jack's only apprehension and one that grew as he neared the bark, which, under her topsails, fore staysail, and a mizzen spencer, was "head-reaching" in the very eye of the wind—was whether in such a tremendous sea, he could succeed in boarding her without staving his boat into toothpicks.

A tall man in a long oilskin coat, stood clinging to the mizzen topmast backstay, as Jack, carefully flattening in the sheet prepared to run as close as possible under the bark's lee quarter.

Putting his hands funnel shaped to his mouth, this individual shouted in stentorian tones, as the little Prue half submerged in foam, swept past the stern:

"WE'VE RIGGED A BOWLINE TO TAKE YOU ABOARD BY—LET YOUR BOAT GO—I'LL PAY FOR HER!!"

Casting his eye swiftly upwards, Jack saw that a line from deck had been rove through a block at the lee yard-arms, terminating in a bowline which, steadied by a guy, bore an unpleasant resemblance to a hangman's noose, as it swung and dangled above the boiling waves.

Bracing himself physically and mentally for the undertaking, which he knew would require all the nerve, skill, coolness, and judgment which he could command, Jack measured the distance with his eye, and at the proper moment shoved the tiller hard down with one hand, while with the other he flattened in the sheet, and as the Prue flying into the wind was upborne by a great sea directly beneath the bowline, Jack thrust his head and shoulders through it like lightning, and in another moment, suspended over the hissing surges, was being hauled on board by half a dozen pairs of strong arms, while the little Prue swept from beneath his feet by a great sea, swung broad side to it—filled and went over in an instant.

Quickly freed from the bowline, Jack wiped the spray from his eyes and was then brusquely accosted by the tall individual, who had hailed him—a middle aged man, with iron grey whiskers, and a sharp nervous way of speaking:

"My vessel is leaking nearly ninety strokes a minute—the men are almost used up—can you take her into Barmouth harbor?"

"If any one can," answered Jack promptly, though not boastfully, yet with a feeling of confidence in his own powers that he had never before known despite the difficulty of the situation. Glancing at the compass, and taking the bearings of Barmouth light which was barely discernible, Jack went below, and carefully examined the vessel's position on the chart. The tall captain, a reticent self-possessed man, briefly vouchsafed the information that his vessel was the Doris, in ballast from London to Boston, and had started a butt in a heavy blow, a few days before. Jack then returned to the deck, where the monotonous clanking of the iron pumps mingled with the shriek of the gale through the straining rigging and the roar of the angry seas, against which the Doris was again beginning to battle.

* * * * * *

Time 11.30 P. M., and dead low water on Barmouth bar. After many hours of fierce contest with wind and sea, the Doris had begun slowly to draw under the lee of the land, and now the most difficult part of the undertaking lay before her. It was worse than madness to undertake the ship channel entrance—and yet two hours more of pounding and straining in the terrible seaway, would ensure the bark's certain destruction. Had there been an hour of daylight, Jack's way would have been perfectly plain through the false channel—as it was, he must try it in the storm and darkness, and take the chances.

Hatless and with his arms bare to the elbows to give free play to his muscles, Jack motioned the sailor from the wheel, and silently took his place. Shaping his course by Barmouth light, which sent its welcome glare through the murk and mist down on the very deck of the flying bark, which with yards braced sharp against the backstays and heeling to her bearings, was plunging into a wall of impenetrable blackness, Jack, with compressed lips, glanced from the swinging compass to the weather leech of the topsail, moving the wheel, spoke by spoke with careful precision. It was touch and go now—and should the wind that was shrieking like ten thousand fiends through the straining cordage back but half a point——

Suddenly Jack's heart gave a great leap! Showing just under the fore yard, far away ahead against the pitchy darkness, shone a little point of light like a faintly glimmering star, and a fervent "Thank God," escaped the young pilot's lips, for from its position he knew that the light came from a window in the old homestead, and now to his mental vision every rock and reef on either hand against which the breakers were thundering and throwing their yeasty spume half mast head high, were as plainly outlined as though it had been broad daylight.

"SUSPENDED OVER THE HISSING SURGES."

"Have everything ready forward for anchoring, sir," he said to the captain, who stood immovable and silent by the binnacle, staring into the gloom.

"Everything is ready," was the answer.

The boom and crash of the surf on port and starboard was almost deafening, but with the guiding beam of the homestead light shining clearer and more distinctly a point over the starboard bow, Jack had no more fear.

"Weather fore and main topsail braces, well that, belay!"

And now the wheel spun round in Jack's strong hands, and with her headway deadened as the topsails were thrown aback, the Doris swung up in the wind's eye.

"Clean up fore and aft, lively—haul down the fore staysail!"

Above the ceaseless clangor of the pump, rose the slatting of the canvas, and the hoarse cries of the men.

"LET GO!"

Followed then the mad rush of the chain cable through the hawse pipe, the rattle as the chain was paid out, fathom by fathom, till with a tremendous tug at the bedded anchor, the Doris swung safely at her mooring in the very middle of Barmouth harbor. The sails were stowed, a riding light hung in the fore rigging, the pumps were relieved, and with inward exultation, but outward calmness, Jack followed the weary captain into the cabin where Mr. Greggs, the mate, a sturdy Northumbrain, was rolling up the chart.

"A clever bit o'work fer a lod loike him," remarked Mr. Gregg, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at Jack. "Dye 'ave mony loike the younker in youre coontry, Cap'n Drapper?"

But the master of the Doris made no reply—indeed I doubt if he heard the question at all. With a curious contraction of his weather beaten forehead, he stepped forward, staring hard at Jack's arm, as the young fellow stood under the swinging lamp, with his hand resting on the table.

"Young man," said the captain abruptly, "what's your name?"

"Charles Jackson Draper, sir," returned Jack feeling a strange thrill of half expectancy, half bewilderment, as he looked the speaker directly in the face, meeting the sharp gaze of a pair of keen eyes as black as his own.

"Exactly—I thought as much," was the cool reply for as he afterwards said—"the Drapers always felt a sight more than they expressed"—then laying his finger on the little blue anchor indelibly marked on Jack's arm, he continued: "*My* name is Charles Jackson Draper too, and something over fourteen years ago I myself did that same bit of fancy work and I remember how you nearly raised the roof with your yells."

But despite his seeming coolness, Captain Draper's eyes, as well as his voice, betrayed suspicious symptoms of emotion, and as father and son exchanged a long and silent hand clasp, Mr. Gregg slipped out of the room and closed the door, leaving the two to their mutual explanations.

But Jack's joy was shaded by sorrow, for upon going ashore in the morning, he found that good old Captain Bial Jones had quietly passed into rest during the storm and darkness of the night.

"Long about half pas' 'leven," said Mrs. Weymouth, with her apron at her eyes, "he called me in an' tol' me to put the big lamp in his winder. 'It'll kinder light Jack along home seein' it's dretful dark, M'ria,' he says quiet like; 'good-night,' an' when I come to call him in the mornin' I found him layin' with his face turned t'ards the winder, a smilin' jest like a little child that was dretful pleased about somethin', an' we cal'late he went out with the tide, jest as father did afore him."

Three days after the good man was laid away to rest, the Doris, which had been repaired on the marine railway, was again ready for sea, and Jack Draper stood on her deck as second officer.

"I lost one bark and nearly lost myself through an incompetent second mate," said Captain Draper to Mr. Gregg with a look of pride at his manly young officer, "but we're all right this time, for my Jack is 'a born sailor.'"

MY FIRST WALRUS HUNT.

BY LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

When we first entered Hudson's Bay from Hudson's Strait, in the fall of 1878, the better-informed and more experienced whalers on the whaling-ship, Eothen, on which we were taking passage, told us that we might at any time see a herd of walruses in the water or lining the edges of the ice-packs, near which we were cruising from time to time. Sea-Horse Point was the first promontory of land we sighted after entering the bay, and was so called by famous old Mr. Baffin, the Arctic navigator, two or three centuries before, when walruses were known as sea-horses, and from the large number he saw off this cape of land. Why walruses were ever called sea-horses I will leave my readers to imagine for themselves, for I could never make it out myself. A sea-leopard is at least spotted like its namesake on the land, even if it has no other similarity; the sea-lion roars like one from the tropical jungle, and even the sea-elephant has a long snout that looks a little like an elephant's trunk to a person with a well-developed imagination; but wherein the walrus looks like a horse, even to the greatest stretch of the imagination, I have never yet been able to make out. It is just barely possible, that when seen at a great distance the long, white tusks projecting from their mouths and plainly showing against their dark, tawny breasts, might look a little like the shanks or levers of a bit descending from a horse's mouth, and especially those barbarous bits horsemen used to use a couple of centuries ago, by which they could almost break a horse's under-jaw with a terrific pull, and which, unfortunately, are not even yet quite obsolete in all parts of the world. The bright flashing of the white tusks in the Arctic sun might have inspired some imaginative, cavalier-like navigator of old, with the idea of the bright levers of the horse's bits then in use, but otherwise I am quite at a loss for the true analogy. If the first person who ever called a walrus a sea-horse, had tried to ride one with a saddle or drive one in a buggy, he would have called it everything else in the world but a horse. On the ice or the land it has a waddling, awkward gait that would make an over-fed farm duck appear graceful as it walked along, while even in the sea, its action is anything but "the poetry of motion," as we understand it. It is on the ice and land that the natives of the North hunt these hyperborean horses, that look so little like their namesake of lower latitudes, and as I lived among the natives for over two years, and saw some of their hunts after this Arctic game, in a few of which I indulged, I shall narrate the first one in which I found myself.

We had not been as fortunate as "goode William Baffin" in seeing horses as soon as we entered the bay, and, in fact, I had gotten into its northernmost waters, and disembarked my party from the ship, before my first walrus hunt was even thought of. Just after disembarking, I was very busy for a month or so; but when some of my party, with the aid of the Eskimo, killed a walrus or two on a conspicuous island out in the bay, where these animals congregate when the ice is gone (as it is for about two months of the year in North Hudson's Bay), my hunting enthusiasm was at such a pitch that it would not be long before some swarthy walrus would have to give up its life to appease my desires in that line.

When the Arctic winter comes, it is a sudden jump from summer, without any appreciable fall or autumn in between to ameliorate the transfer of one of these extreme seasons into the other, and so it was this particular winter. Before we hardly knew it, a scurrying snow storm broke on us, immediately followed by an intense cold spell, that sent a white sheet over the bay, where but a day or two before had been deep blue water. Shortly after this event, which brought in the scattered reindeer hunters from the inland country, walrus hunting on the edge of the ice-floe commenced in earnest. Some two or three valiant young walrus hunters were more than anxious to see that my thirst for sea-horse gore was appeased, knowing the little odds and ends in the shape of presents they get for such acts of kindness to white men. One of these, Toolooah (The Raven) by name, I had already hired for my forthcoming spring sledge-journey to the Arctic Ocean and return, and he coaxed another young fellow called Nannook (The Polar Bear), to join the party, it always requiring two Eskimo walrus hunters to capture an animal under ordinary circumstances. Individually I didn't count as any of the available force.

I was told that I would be informed in ample time when the hunt would take place, so that I could make all needful preparations, simple as they were. One evening, when I was thinking of almost everything else in the Arctic world except walrus, Toolooah crawled into my little snow-house, where I was stretched out in my reindeer sleeping-bag, working out some astronomical observations by the bright light of the little Eskimo stone-lamp, doubly bright from the reflection of the light from the white snow walls around us. He told me that the wind had just changed from the northwest to the south, and that if it held from that direction, we would have our anticipated walrus hunt next day. Sure enough next morning, Toolooah was around bright and early, and after I had dressed for the occasion, I crawled out and found him and Nannook sitting on a sledge, to which were attached some six or seven fine dogs. Dressing for a walrus hunt in the winter consists simply in putting on a pair of waterproof sealskin boots, instead of the usual ones of reindeer skin, and after a hearty breakfast, we all three jumped on the sledge, and with a crack of the whip over the team, were bounding along southward, or straight out from land on to the ice-floe, which we would have to traverse about a mile before we came to open water, where we would commence our walrus hunting. In about ten or twelve minutes the blue water came in sight, about a hundred or two hundred yards beyond, and we then turned sharply east to keep along this edge of the floe, till we would catch some sea-horse crawling out on the ice foot to take a whiff of fresh air. Far out beyond the ice-floe, as far as the eye could reach, could be seen white patches looking like thousands of sails, but which were ice-cakes slowly floating into the floe, urged along by the light wind from the south. On a distant one we saw a walrus taking a ride, but as we had no way of getting out to him, and he did not seem inclined to come to us any faster than he was already sailing, we thought we would go on our way, and as we returned, if H. M. S. Ice-cake with Rear-Admiral Walrus K. C. B. on board had come into port, we would take him into the village for entertainment.

Some two or three miles were passed over on our way east along the ice, and I was enjoying the nice sledge ride so well, that I was selfish enough to hope that it would continue three or four times as far before it stopped, when Nannook, who was driving, suddenly stopped the vehicle near a high ice-hummock ten or twelve feet above the level ice-floe, and ascending to its top, looked on ahead for signs of game.

A mere speck was made out a couple of miles off, but all of Nannook's replies to our questions were "*Ah-mi! Ah-mi!*" (I can't tell!) until I handed him my field glasses, when he explained with much more confidence, "*Shoo-way-me-Ive-wick!* (I think it is a walrus!) Again we started on, but after about a mile was made, the commands to the dogs were in lower tones, while Toolooah busied himself with his walrus spear and line. The latter from thirty to fifty feet long, is about the size of one's little finger in thickness, and is made of sealskin, and is as supple as if of braided silk. At its end is a huge barb of iron (formerly walrus ivory), sharpened at one end, which is thrust into the walrus's hide. This spear is detached, as soon as the thrust is made that buries the barb under the animal's thick skin, leaving the hunter fastened to the walrus like an angler to a fish, except that the hook is under the skin instead of in the mouth. The long line is oiled and worked in the hand till it is extremely pliable, as it is wound around the hunter's arm or neck until he commences paying it out rapidly when the animal is harpooned, for any "kinks" or snarls in the line might greatly compromise his safety, if accidentally fastened to him and he be pulled into the water thus tied to the walrus. So full of ice is the Arctic the year around that the Eskimo knows nothing of swimming; and he would stand but a poor chance even if he did, as a walrus weighs nearly a ton on an average.

When we got much closer, and the walrus on the edge of the ice-floe was made out beyond all doubt, the dogs were stopped, the sledge turned over, and a couple of long snow-knives buried between the slats to prevent their running away. The rest of our journey, of a couple of hundred yards, was made on foot; Toolooah, with the harpoon and line; Nannook with a Winchester carbine, while I carried enough curiosity to do for a crowd ten times as large. The whole party got within about sixty to seventy-five yards of the animal, keeping out of sight behind the rough hummocky ice; then I was

left behind a couple of big blocks, as it was not safe (except for the walrus) to take a "greenhorn" much closer. Besides from here I could see the whole proceedings better than from any closer point.

The two Eskimo crawled to within about thirty feet of Mr. Walrus, approaching him from directly behind, and keeping as motionless as two logs of wood during those times when he threw his head lazily from one side to the other to scan the surroundings for enemies. At this point, Nannook stopped behind the last bit of ice that would screen him from view, a little chunk not seemingly larger than his head, while Toolooah crawled on, making little journeys of about five feet between the scrutinies of the walrus. Each time he rested, he brought his right leg up under him (he was crawling on his left side), so that he could make a spring from where he was should the walrus anticipate danger from his nearness to him, and start to throw himself in the open water, but three or four feet from where he reposed. When seemingly but ten or fifteen feet away, as well as I could judge, and the walrus having settled himself after a hurried glance around him, Toolooah raised himself from the snow, and, starting forward on tip-toe, with spear held back, and barb forward, had made but a couple of steps, when the walrus, as if startled from a sleep, looked behind him, and with one huge lurch of his great awkward body, attempted to throw himself into the water. Quick as the animal was, Toolooah had cleared the short space with a single bound, and with a fearful thrust with both hands had buried the barb under the skin of the walrus. The huge animal, at the same instant almost, fell into the water with a splash that only a ton of meat can make and with a "Oof! Oof!" in mingled rage and pain, while Toolooah, standing on the edge of the floe, payed out the line from around his neck as carefully and correctly as if he had been a multiplying reel and the walrus was a trout or grayling. The walrus at first went straight down some fifteen to twenty feet, and when I thought he was still disappearing downwards, as the line was running in that direction, his head suddenly popped up about twenty feet away, and he sent a spray of water, from the blow-holes in his nose, with the force of a fire engine and the noise of a safety-valve.

Almost as soon as Toolooah had arisen, Nannook was on his feet, and, with a few lightning-like bounds, was alongside his companion; so soon in fact that he got some of the splashings from the creature as it went into the water. When its head first popped up his Winchester rifle popped a reply, but as we saw afterwards, the bullet had only cut the skin of its neck, just enough, coupled with the noise of the gun, to frighten it into the most terrible floundering, so that Nannook had to drop his gun and help Toolooah with the line, for it takes two of the most agile hunters to capture a large walrus by this method. In a very few seconds I was up with the party and had taken up the rifle, and every time the brute gave me half a show, I banged away at him, hitting him once or twice, but not very effectually. I thought it was simply impossible for two small Eskimo to hold such an immense beast, and I suppose there were times when they thought so too, so violently did he plunge at the line, but it was the same old story of intelligence and skill, with one-tenth the strength, conquering sheer brute force.

As the walrus got away from them nearly the length of the line, they doubled their efforts to restrain him, and he would dive toward them thinking he was free by not feeling the terrible barb pulling at his flesh, while the Eskimo would rapidly pull in the slack line, and pay it out with a constantly increasing pull, till back again came the walrus, each effort being less energetic than the one before it. It was not long before the huge animal was well tired out and his struggles greatly diminished. Formerly when the brute was nearly or quite exhausted, he was pulled in near the edge of the floe, and dispatched by a lance thrust into his vitals, but now two firearms were used to do this part of the work. As soon as the walrus was quite fagged out, and had to keep his head above water much longer to get his breath, I got a good deal better aim than when he was churning the northern part of Hudson's Bay into a froth, and by being quite deliberate, and almost putting the gun in the animal's mouth I gave him a shot that shattered the vertebræ of his neck, and spread him a helpless mass on the waters. He was now got ashore by using two seal lines around two widely separated ice hummocks, and pulling on one at a time for each end till he slid up on the ice. He was then cut up into about a dozen bags of about a hundred pounds each, and with these on the sledge, we returned slowly to the village, walking alongside, for the load was now too heavy to ride and not burden down the dogs.

[*This Story began in No.* 1.]

THE KNIGHTS OF STEEL.

A TALE OF A BICYCLE TOUR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "The Heir to Whitecap," "Frank Hay," "Reg," etc.

CHAPTER V.

It was only too absurdly true, that the Knights were taken for the very robbers they had hoped to expose, and the girl and the two men stood by, looking utterly astounded at the spectacle of three burglars nearly choking with laughter at their own capture.

At last Ti managed to control himself sufficiently to say: "And do you really think we boys committed the robbery, and then deliberately laid ourselves down to sleep within ten feet of the house? Does that seem at all likely?"

"Why, Hemma," replied the English coachman, addressing the maid, "hit does not. But perhaps the young gentlemen can hexplain."

Of course they could, and when a discharged butler came to be mentioned, Robert and John nodded their heads and looked at each other with a new light breaking in upon them. But Emma was not to be so easily convinced.

"I saw all three of 'em a acting in that circus yesterday," she affirmed; "and then didn't one of 'em sneak up with a lot of picters and get into talk with Master Clifford, just to find out all he could about the house?"

"But don't you remember I warned you that you were going to be robbed?" here broke in Arthur.

The Knights had by this time sobered down considerably.

"Oh, that was only to throw salt, dust or whatever you call it, in my eyes," persisted the maid, adding: "And then didn't you all run when I screamed?"

This fact could not be denied, and noticing that the two men were beginning to eye them with suspicion again, Ti threw up his arms and invited them to search the whole party.

But at this instant a small boy's voice was heard calling from an upper window, "What's the matter down there?"

Then the shutters were pushed open and Clifford, in the act of putting on his neck-tie, popped out his head. As soon as he caught sight of the bicycles, however, he jerked it back again, and a minute or two afterwards came bounding over the lawn towards the agitated group behind the rose bushes.

"Yes, here are the young men you took such a fancy to yesterday, Master Clifford!" cried Emma. "And they've robbed the house for us! Your pretty silver mug, all the egg-spoons, the coffee-urn and——"

"But why don't you make 'em give the things back again?" interrupted Clifford, regarding the Knights with a half-puzzled, half-disappointed look on his bright face.

Val could not stand this last expression, and asked, bluntly: "Do *you* think we are thieves? See, we camped here last night to protect you from real burglars, and if——"

"Why didn't you come tell us what you knew, and let us protect ourselves?" here broke in Emma, thus affording Arthur an opportunity of repeating that he had tried to do so, but that she wouldn't listen to him.

Clifford looked mystified, the Knights defiant and the maid somewhat confused, when John, the coachman, spoke up again to the following effect: "Now, Hemma, my hadvise is this, that me and Robert will go hoff to set the hofficers on the track o' that butler, and for you to keep these young men here till we gets back."

"Oh, yes," cried Clifford, delighted at the notion of having the young wheelmen for company. "They can eat breakfast with me, and then we'll have a bicycle ride."

"No, sir," here interrupted the stern Emma. "They may come in and stop in the house with you, but first I'll have those v'locipede things locked up so they can't run off. I know my duty to master and mistress, and it sha'n't be said of Emma Henbane that she ever forgot it."

Feeling that time was now the only thing needed to set them right, the Knights quietly allowed their machines to be taken from them by the men.

"Be careful," cautioned Ti, as Robert started off, trundling a bicycle by each hand.

The warning was necessary, but in vain, as the next instant found the gardener sprawling over one wheel, with the other on top of him.

Even the grave-featured Emma could not forbear smiling at this mishap and graciously permitted the boys to pilot their machines to the stable themselves.

"Put them in that old harness room along with Master Clifford's," she ordered, and this having been done, she locked the door herself, pocketed the key, and then pointed to the house.

Arthur had meanwhile explained to Robert and John about the location of the woods where there was a chance of their finding the burglars with their booty.

"Come on, Bob," exclaimed the coachman, as he led a horse into the coach-house. "I'll put Halexander to the light trottin'-wagon and 'alf take your breath away with the speed of 'im."

"Whew!" whistled Arthur and Ti under their breath, as the prisoners' procession, headed by Clifford and marshalled by Emma, filed into the house.

The hall was paved with marble, with an enormous tiger-skin rug covering part of it, stuffed birds of gorgeous plumage stood about on pedestal and bracket, while flashing suits of armor mounted guard in the corners.

And now Val was taken possession of by Clifford, while Arthur and Ti were led off in another direction by a maid-servant.

"You can wash and get ready for breakfast in my room," said the boy, as he ran on ahead up the winding stair-way. "Here it is," he added, opening the door of an apartment fully as large as the Campbells's parlor at home and furnished with paintings, book-cases, cabinets and collections in costly profusion.

"Well, this is luxury," murmured Val, when he was left alone in the little dressing-room adjoining. "I must confess I don't feel much like a prisoner."

He felt still less like one when he returned to Clifford, and the latter, pointing to an easy chair in the bay window and explaining that breakfast would not be ready for half an hour, asked him to sit down and tell him about the circus.

"Do you travel with it all the time?" he inquired.

"No, indeed, and I never want to!" exclaimed Val with emphasis, and he thereupon proceeded to draw for the boy a dark picture of the hard work, constant strain, broken rest—and not seldom broken limbs—of life in the ring.

"But what did you join a circus for then?" Clifford wanted to know, as he perched himself on the window-sill.

"Because my friend Ti Walker ran into Gingersnap," replied Val, and then he gave a comical account of the club's adventure with the elephant, concluding more seriously with, "And so you see, Clifford, what comes of not keeping in good company. If we hadn't gone in with the circus--half for the fun of it you know, for I don't believe if we'd have been firm about refusing, the Major would have done anything terrible--well, if we hadn't gone in with the show, perhaps we might have found out a decent way to warn you of the robbery, the silver wouldn't have been stolen, and we——"

"You wouldn't have been here!" finished Clifford, as Val hesitated for an instant.

"Oh, if I was only bigger!" the boy went on, kicking his knickerbockered legs to and fro excitedly. "But then papa and mamma told me I must mind Emma. You see, she's been with us an awful long time, ever since I was a baby. Of course I know you didn't do the robbing, but Emma was awfully scared when that--that other fellow spoke to her coming out of the tent yesterday, and so when she found you all right by the house this morning, I don't wonder she——"

"And I don't either!" broke in Val, springing up from his comfortable position to pace the floor with a frown on his forehead and both hands plunged deep into his pockets. "I've had enough of this detective business some boys seem to be so fond of. Just look at the scrape we're in now from our bungling work, and take warning, young man. I don't know what my father'd say if he knew, and as to how mother would *feel*--oh, parrots and monkeys, what geese boys can make of themselves with anything like a lark in view!"

"If--if you feel so badly about it," began Clifford, "I'll try to get the key away from Emma and——"

"No you won't!" cried Val, stopping short in his walk to place his hands on the younger boy's shoulders. "Don't mix yourself up in any underhand work like that, Clifford. And, besides, if we should slip off, it would look as if we really *had* stolen something. No, I'll stay here as your prisoner till we're cleared of all suspicion."

At this moment a servant knocked to announce breakfast, and on entering the dining-room with his little friend, Val discovered his brother-knights already at table. The objectionable Emma was not present, and the 'cyclists were treated by Clifford as if they had been specially invited guests. Arthur and Ti looked questioningly at Val, as if wondering where he had been, but they were too hungry to spend much time in talk, and before their appetites had been appeased, something happened which gave them other things to think of.

Clifford had just begun to plan how he should entertain the Knights in-doors, when Robert suddenly appeared at one of the windows, to announce excitedly: "We've caught 'em, and John's got all the silver in the wagon! The officer went with us to the woods, and there were the two thievin' rascals, a diggin' a hole ter bury the plate in. Yer see, we'd left a boy with the wagon an' walked quiet along till we heard talkin', an' then pounced down on 'em so sudden, they couldn't do nothin' but give up, and——" but here the gardener's breath failed him, and he was forced to stop and lean against the house, in order to recover it.

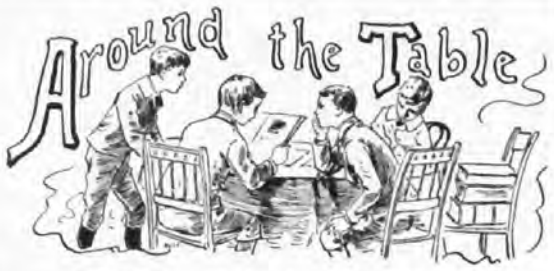
"Hurrah for our side!" cried Val irrepressibly.

"My ears did not deceive me, you see," added Arthur, looking not a little pleased.

"I knew you were--were all right," burst out Clifford, jumping up to run off for Emma and make her apologize for her mistake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An enthusiastic canoeist recently passed Vicksburg, Miss., after a voyage on the Yellowstone, Missouri, and Mississippi rivers of over four thousand miles. He does not intend to disembark till he has reached Port Eads, at the mouth of the river, five hundred miles farther on.



The Reign of the Amateur Editor.

THERE appears just at present to be a "boom" in amateur journalism. From all sides we hear of new ventures in this already well-filled field, and the cry is "still they come." Some sheets make a very creditable appearance too, although these, for the most part, truth compels us to add, carry upon their faces the evidences of professional work in so far as the printing is concerned. To this class we think we may assign the majority of the journals with Natural History, stamp-collecting and the like, for specialties. Again, on the other hand, not a few amateurs do such good presswork that brothers in the 'dom employ them to get their papers out for them, in which instances the youthful pressmen fail not, we may be sure, to proudly add the line "'Rocket' or 'Comet' Print!" to the publisher's notices. This is the case with a small 3 by 4 in. sheet ambitiously styled *the Jumbo*, lately received at this office. The terms, 10 cents a year, are certainly reasonable enough, while nothing in the way of explicitness is lacking in the notice of

"EXCHANGES:—Wanted."

In the "Greeting," we read the announcement that "we are only seven years old, and, therefore, probably the youngest amateur in the U. S." The extreme modesty of the editor is beautifully displayed in the frank statement elsewhere made to the effect that "we hope to obtain Second-class Rates, but have our doubts about it."

In addition to these regularly-printed monthlies there are others which are laboriously written and copied by their young "proprietors and publishers." Indeed, we hear of one eleven-year old editor who gets up a "daily" to place upon his father's breakfast plate every morning. This rival to the *Times* and *Tribune* bears the lofty title of "The Creation," and treats of such themes as the possibility of the Western prairies having been at one period the bed of the sea.

Table Talk.

A BOSTON boy, CHARLES B., says that although he was born in the country, and lived there seven years, he likes the city best.—C. S. H., BROOKLYN. "The Campus" is the play-ground, where the boys assemble after school for games, walks and talks, etc. It is a Latin word meaning exercising-place. You will find further particulars concerning the term (as well as our department of the same name) in No. 1 of THE BOYS' WORLD.—WALTER U., NEW YORK CITY. No charge is made for inserting notices of exchange from our readers.—GUY W. C., NEW YORK CITY. You and others will notice that special mention is made only of those who answer correctly *both* the puzzles in each number.

GEO. N. B., SAN FRANCISCO. Your letter was unavoidably crowded out of this number.

New York City.

EDITOR BOYS' WORLD:

I take great pleasure in notifying you that a Canoe Club has been organized in New York by some young canoeists, and is known as the Viking Canoe Club.

We hope to attain a large membership, and cordially invite all readers of your paper, who are in any way interested in that glorious sport, to become members.

Those wishing to learn further particulars can do so by addressing W. R. PALMER, JR., 203 WEST 52nd St., CITY.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

DIAMOND.

P
C U P
C A R A T
P U R I T A N
P A T E N
T A N
N

CROSS WORD ENIGMA: Baseball.

Correct solutions to *both* the above have been received from R. D. Beman, John T. Dillon and Sam Bissell.

NEW PUZZLES.

PI.

"Eb otuh rilimafa, tub yb no senam gulvra.
Eht srifedn tuho sath, dna rithe ontopida retid,
Plaperg mhet ot hyt losu tihw shoko fo leset;
Ubt od not luld yth malp thwi netnemerintaret
Fo ceha wne-chadteh, nudlepegd ecomdar Ewaber
Fo tennarec ot a raquerl; tub, ingeb ni
Rabe ti, tath eht seroopp yam ewarbe fo eteh."

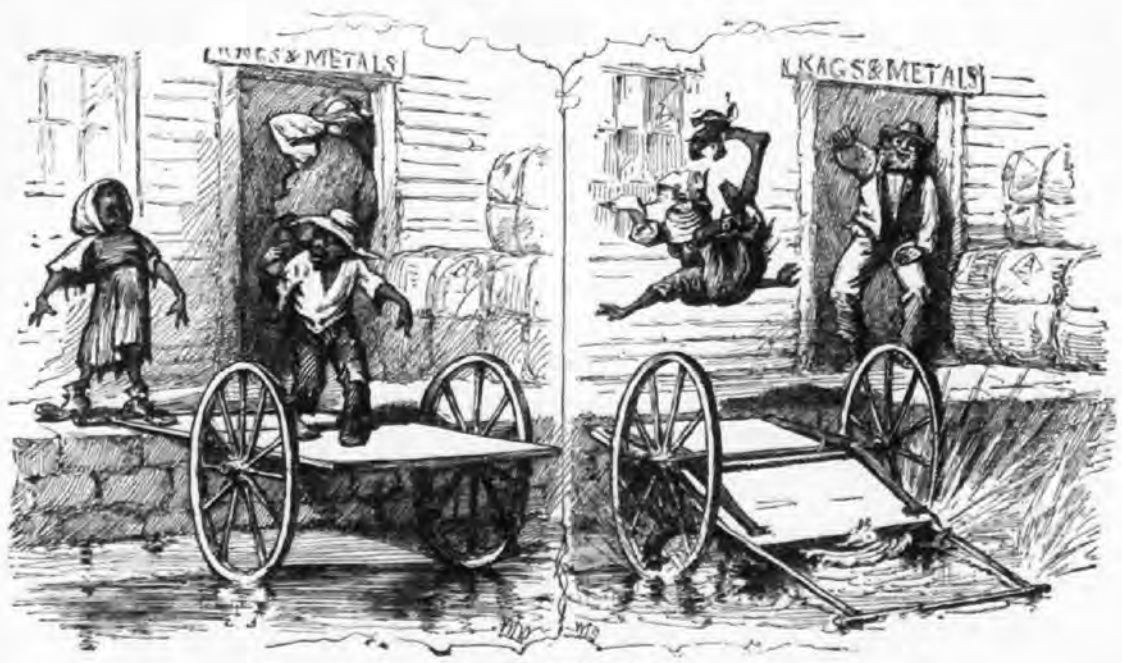
ANVIL PUZZLE.

Across: 1. In the middle of a vessel; 2. Prepared; 3. A weight; 4. Two consonants; 5. A part of a gun; 6. A line of steamships; 7. An associate in eating.

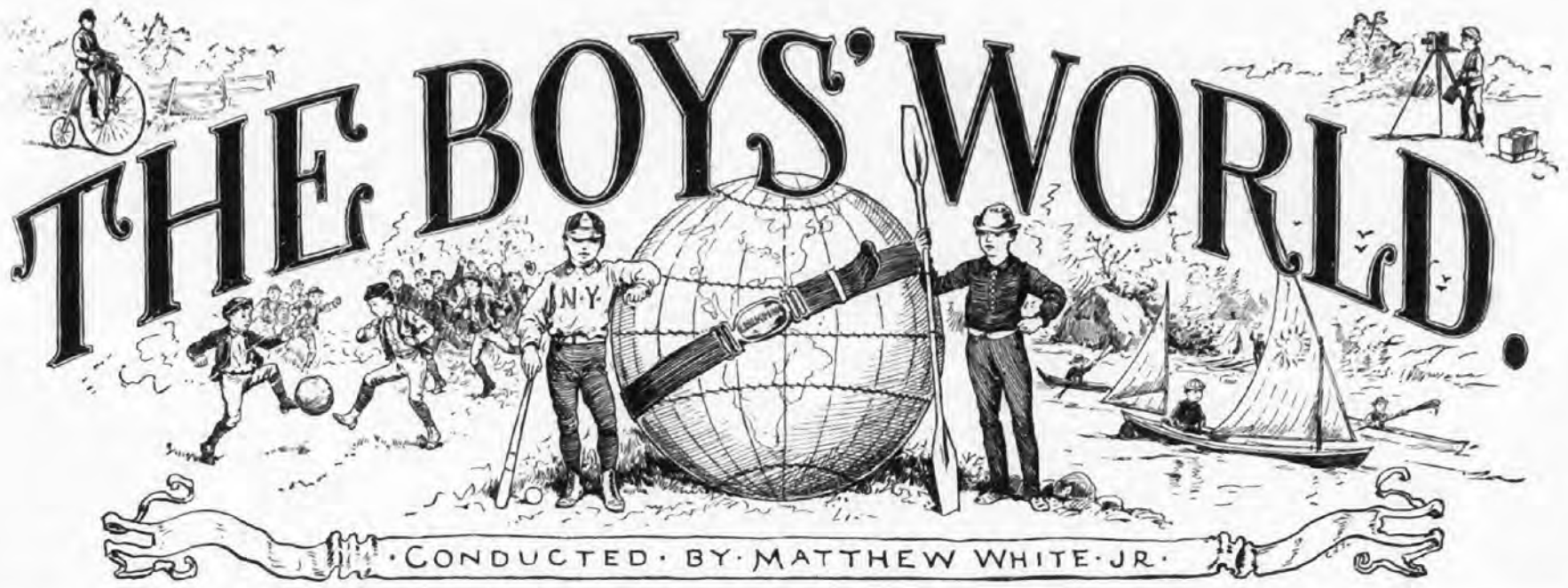
The middle letters, when read downward and upward, denote names near akin to tragedy.

VAN TASSEL.

A MACHINE has been invented by which bicyclists can practice and train for races in their own room. It is stationary; but the trouble is the bicyclist is not. A machine that would make the bicyclist stationary--something that would prevent him from dismounting before he is ready--would have a large sale among amateurs.—*Norristown Herald.*



MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.



No. 6.—Vol. I. NEW YORK, MAY, 1886. 50 Cents a Year.

"MONSU MOSTRO."

BY THOMAS F. MANNING.

I.

On the 15th of July, 1880, I engaged a berth in the John Harley, bound from New Orleans for London, England.

The John Harley was a full-rigged ship of 1200 tons burden, tapering fore and aft from a line amidships, and showing in her build and rig that she was as speedy as she was staunch.

Our crew numbered twenty-seven, chiefly English, with a Swede, an Italian, a New Hampshire man, and a Turk. The Turk had been taken up at New Orleans, to replace a sailor who lay in hospital, suffering from yellow fever. He spoke good Italian and a little English, or rather Italian-English. They were all excellent seamen, and our captain, albeit he was somewhat irascible, could not be surpassed as master of a ship.

On the 18th the ship was fully laden with her cargo of cotton, and every preparation for the start was completed. We only awaited a favorable breeze; but when that would come nobody could surmise. Every morning the sun rose from a sea of glass, and set beneath a sea as smooth. The crew were happy in their enforced idleness; the captain was daily growing more impatient. Sometimes he would start up from the table, during dinner, when the vessel's masts would creak in the sea-breeze, and scan the sky for twenty minutes, trying to discover some sign of on-coming wind; for, though there was no wind sufficient to carry us away from port, there were always those slight currents of air known as land-breeze and sea-breeze. The sea-breeze is a soft wind which blows from the sea towards the land, from after sunrise until about three o'clock in the afternoon; then it dies away, and, as evening advances, a return breeze begins to blow from the land to the sea, and continues into the night; this is the land breeze. These land and sea breezes are common in the hot countries of the tropics, but in our own more northern latitude they occur only in the summer time.

"HE TOOK THE STRANGE MAN'S FEZ IN HIS MOUTH."

I, too, was growing impatient and nervous. For many nights I had not slept because of the din overhead. At last the work of loading the ship was finished: all the barrels were filled with water; around the fo'castle were piles of canvas and ropes and spars, baskets of vegetables and fruits and meats, and all those other stores which a ship has to renew at every port. Still, though there was no longer any noise, I could not sleep.

One night, feeling particularly wakeful, I dressed and went on deck. The moon was shining, bright and clear, from a sky of the purest blue. The sea glittered in the brilliant moonlight. On every side were the dark motionless ships, their masts and rigging clear cut against the sky. We were now anchored some half-mile from land, having been towed out from the dock. Lights glimmered here and there from the ships, and over the city arose a ruddy, smoky glow from its thousands of lamps and fires. The roll of the wagons, the tramp of the horses, the clang of bells and the cries of the multitude came on the wind, blended into a soothing murmur like the drowsy hum of bees. I leaned over the taffrail, smoking, and thinking that waiting in port for wind was not, after all, so unhappy a lot.

Presently I heard the shrill sound of a flute and a low murmur of applause. I strolled forward to see what was going on, and, to my great astonishment, beheld the following spectacle.

Sitting and standing around were eight or ten of the sailors in attitudes of diversion. Their faces were lit up with great delight. On top of a barrel sat the Turk playing the flute which I had heard. In the center of the group stood a strange man,—evidently a Turk, too,—and at his feet lay a beautiful North American bear. As I approached I heard in Italian: "Come, Mostro, another dance if you please."

The bear arose, slowly and reluctantly. The Turk gave a preliminary musical flourish. Then to the mellow music of the flute, he danced a very good, though clumsy, imitation of a minuet! At the close of it he took the strange man's fez in his mouth and carried it round the group of sailors for money; growling when he got none, and making a rough bow to anyone who contributed. Before the bear could return the fez to his master I heard a quick step behind me, followed by the captain's angry inquiry, "What is all this? Take that brute ashore. Man the foretop halyards."

The men promptly obeyed, and ran to the rigging, while the strange man and the Turk led the bear away between them aft, towards where a skiff was moored to the ship. No attention was paid to them by anyone but myself.

I, however, thought I overheard the words "smuggle—forecastle—discover," spoken in Italian; and as the bear and his leaders disappeared in the shadow of the caboose, I noticed that the two men were talking very intently and mysteriously. In a few minutes I heard the strange man shout: "All right, cast off;" and then followed a 'good-bye' and the response. In a minute or two more the Turk reappeared and joined in the preparation for departure.

Wind had at last sprung up and was already blowing stiffly. I went below and slept for an hour. Then I came on deck in time to witness our start. Morning was breaking in the midst of a storm of wind and rain; our voyage was about to begin under the most inauspicious circumstances. The men were weighing the "best bower," as they call in nautical expression the heavier of the two anchors carried on the bows. Ten minutes later we were moving swiftly under a jib, foretopsail and mizzen spanker. The rain now became very heavy, the water rough and turbid; and everywhere the prospect was so dreary that I went to my berth and remained there for nearly three days and nights. After we passed the Florida Reefs the wind moderated and the rain ceased; the voyage was holding out promise of being very pleasant henceforward.

II.

One day, shortly after we began to make northward from Florida, I felt very tired of reading and smoking. The captain was asleep in his room, and I had no one to talk with. So I sallied forth to make a scrutiny of the ship. Beginning at the very bowsprit, I gradually got into the forecastle. As I entered, the Turk (who, by the way, was half an Italian), hastily drew a tarpaulin over a barrel and looked up at me half-angrily, half-doubtingly. Suspecting that something was wrong, I cried: "What have you there, my friend?"

"I look for my knife," he replied.

But, unluckily for his wishes for secrecy, just at that moment a low growl proceeded from the barrel, making the Turk stammer and blush with confusion.

"Ah! So you have the bear," I said.

He saw there was no use in trying to conceal it longer, and he replied: "Me have beari; what then? Beari do no harm anybody. Mostro ver' goodi bear."

"Does the captain know it?" I asked.

"No, no, no, he not know!" said the Turk, emphatically.

"And the crew?"

"Oh, yes; sailori all know. Mostro dance for sailori. Sailori never telli capitain. Will you telli capitain?"

"Well," I answered, "that's a question. Let us talk about it." I then spoke to him in Italian, and in our conversation I learned the following:

"Six years ago," explained the Turk, "my brother and I found our way to North Carolina, where we lived for some time selling fruit and candies. While there we captured the cub of a black bear, and trained it to dance and perform certain tricks. When it was trained we took it to New Orleans, where we have lived ever since on what money we earned by exhibiting Mostro. Recently the New Orleans people tired of Mostro's performances, and our receipts fell very low. We decided that I should take him to England, where there would be a new field for his exhibition. Accordingly I shipped, as a sailor, with Captain Fair, intending to get the bear on board secretly and smuggle him across.

"My brother got employment with a traveling menagerie. On the night before we sailed, when the captain ordered the bear to be taken ashore, we led him aft; but, instead of taking him out of the ship, we secreted him in the 'boom,' and, later in the night, when the captain had gone to bed, I brought him down here. I give him some of my dinner, and the steward gives him the waste meat and vegetables. The crew all know he is here; and Mostro sometimes dances at night, when every one is in bed but the watch. If you do not tell the captain," he concluded, "I can get Mostro to London without injury to any one; while if you do tell him, I will lose my wages, and poor Mostro will be drowned."

After some reflection I agreed not to tell Captain Fair. The Turk then showed me the bear, coiled up very uncomfortably in the barrel, and I went away to continue my exploration. I made no more wonderful discoveries. Nor did anything unusual happen for several weeks—nothing save the wonted alternation of fair and foul weather.

On the morning of August 29th, the captain came to my room with the double news that we were within three hundred miles of land, the S. W. coast of Ireland, and that he expected a terrific storm before night.

When we sat at breakfast I noticed that he was pale and uneasy, and I was all the more impressed by this because he had shown no anxiety hitherto, even in heavy gales. As we got up from the table he said to me: "Be prepared for the worst. If it came on two days sooner or two days later, it would not matter, for we would be either in the open sea, or snug in port, but here, we are close to one of the most dangerous coasts in the world, with no room to run; if it blows over quickly we will weather it, but if it lasts—" with a melancholy shake of his head—"we will be close pressed."

I went below and got a waterproof India-rubber bag from my portmanteau. Into this I put a few dozen large, hard biscuits, a bottle of water, and some jewelry and money. Then I tied the bag firmly, inflated it through a tube in the neck, and strapped it around me as a life-buoy. Next, I exchanged my heavy shoes for a pair of light rubbers, and, finally, I placed a bowie-knife in my belt.

I had thus secured some measure of defense against hunger, thirst, the sea, and the animals it contains.

Going on deck, I found that every stitch of sail had been taken in except the "jib," which was left for steering. Two men were lashed to the helm, and two to each of the pumps; the rest were crowded together in the forecastle; the captain was standing perfectly still on the poop.

All around the sea was quite level; the ship motionless, save for the rise and fall in the long, slow swell.

Overhead the sky was hazy, but not clouded. Rising from the horizon was a heavy mass of cloud, black as night.

Soon the wind began to sigh in the rigging; the swell grew higher and more abrupt; the haze thickened and hid the sun; the sea looked sullen and dusky. Thicker and thicker grew the haze, nearer and nearer glided the dark clouds from the west. The sea began to chafe, and, rising up in high steep waves, to dart forward, striking the ship with malignant force, making her strain and creak from prow to stern.

The sighing grew deeper till it passed into a loud, continuous shriek; the sky came down till it touched the sea and shrouded us in dense blackness; and then, with a roar, the wind came rushing on, heavy-laden with water. In a moment we were plunging forward with terrific speed. I was almost senseless from the noise and wet. I rushed toward the cabin, but before I reached it, a huge wave struck the ship on her quarter, and we were scattered over the waves.

I must have remained senseless for a long time, but the lifebuoy kept me afloat. When consciousness returned I almost wished it had stayed away forever, so terrible was my situation. Everywhere was darkness, wet and clamor.

I knew that exertion was useless, so I thought to let myself drift with the sea. Just as I folded my arms something knocked roughly against me. I grasped it, and feeling around, discovered to my joy that it was a tubular lifeboat. I drew myself towards it and tried to discover if any one was already there. The darkness was too great to let me see; I could only stretch out my hands. No one was within my reach, yet I seemed to hear the heavy breathing of a man in fatigue whenever a momentary lull in the storm would occur.

At last my doubt was resolved. A vivid flash of lightning revealed, to my horror, that I had a companion the bear!

Not a moment was left me to consider the best thing to do, for, with a growl, he rushed on me. I drew my knife; as we closed I clutched his ear. In another moment we were in the water, fighting as if it were our element. I forgot all danger from the waves in the new one of being crushed to death.

The bear had his leg around me and he would inevitably have broken my ribs but for the resistance to his pressure offered by the air-bag.

Three times I plunged the knife into his breast; I felt the hot thick blood pouring over my hands; but his hold did not relax. I was fast growing weak from the clasp of the bear, joined to the cold and the buffeting of the sea. I determined to make a last desperate effort. Lifting my arm as high as it could go, I brought down the knife on him with my utmost force; then, before I could tell its effect, we were dashed against something big and black, and I became unconscious.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOUR EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF FOUR YOUNG MEN.

BY P. C. FOSSETT.

One day, in the year 1831, an awkward-looking, tow-headed youth, covered with dust, entered a New York printing-office in search of work. He had tramped all the way from the hills of his native Vermont. The city printers laughed and made fun of his rustic appearance, and the foreman, with a sarcastic smile, asked him what he could do. The boy quietly stepped to a case, picked up the composing-stick, and set up the following in type: "And they asked, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith, come and see." The foreman, who was struck with the bold and original answer to his question, put the youth to work. His job was a very tedious and difficult one—a New Testament set in very small type and filled with intricate notes—which the other hands in the office had refused to touch. But the "country gawk" had come to the great city to seek his fortune, and he did not propose to be conquered by the first obstacle. He toiled in the printing-office until the tedious Testament was finished, and gained a reputation for perseverance and industry that secured him permanent employment. Step by step he rose, became the foremost journalist of his time, the champion of the oppressed and down-trodden, a great power in the land, and the great journal which he started in New York, and built up by his perseverance, industry and talents, bears over its editorial head to-

day this tribute to his memory, "*Founded by Horace Greeley.*"

Many years ago a young member arose to make his maiden speech in the English House of Commons. He was a Jew, and at that time his race was almost legally and socially ostracised in Great Britain. He was one of the "dudes" of the period, and dressed gaudily and in extravagant taste, while his fingers were covered with glittering rings. The other members hooted and ridiculed him until he was compelled to take his seat without having made himself heard. But the "dude" was not crushed. The young Jew knew there was the true metal in him, and he could afford to bide his time. As he resumed his chair he remarked to those nearest him, "I will make you hear me some day." And he did, for in after years, not only the English House of Commons but the political world of Europe hung breathless upon every word of the Hebrew statesman, who started in life as Benjamin Disraeli, the "dude," and died with the title of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

In Massachusetts, long before the American Revolution, a bright, observing boy went to learn his trade in the printing-office of his brother, who published a paper in Boston. There was something in him above the average boy, and he tried his hand at writing an article for his brother's journal. But he kept the matter secret. He pushed the manuscript under the office door, and his brother, when he had read it, was so impressed with the article that he summoned several of the leading writers of the colony to examine the anonymous communication. They all pronounced it a wonderful effort, and many were the surmises as to its authorship. The "printer's devil" heard it all, for the conference was held in the same room where he was at work. But he said nothing. Oh, no! He had too old a head on his shoulders for that. He knew he was "only a boy" and would be frowned down at once, and the manuscript thrown into the fire. This and several more anonymous articles from his pen were published, and the sequel proved that the printer's boy was right in holding his tongue at the critical moment, for when the elder brother by accident found out the real author, Benjamin Franklin, the future philosopher received a sound thrashing. "What business had a boy with brains?" I suppose his brother argued. But fortunately for the American colonies and humanity at large, the thrashing had no injurious effects upon the after career of the statesman and inventor.

More than a hundred years ago, a court-room in the old colony of Virginia was packed with people. All the leading men of the neighborhood for miles around were there. Rich planters, accompanied by their wives and daughters, dressed in the latest and most stylish fabrics of the mother country, filled the principal seats, while all around sat the poorer class of farmers and the laboring men of the vicinity. A case was to be tried in which the rights of the aristocracy *versus* the common people was involved, and the wealthy planters were represented by one of the most famous lawyers of Virginia, resplendent in a powdered wig and a ruffled shirt. The counsel for the people was a young man dressed in homespun, who was about to make his first effort. The learned lawyer delivered an elaborate argument which seemed unanswerable, and all eyes were turned upon the young attorney as he rose to reply. For an instant his heart failed him, and his first few words were almost incoherent with nervousness. His friends were downcast; they thought he would surely fail. The rich planters and their friends smiled contemptuously. At that trying moment pluck and confidence came to the youthful lawyer in the fustian suit. He braced himself, and suddenly, like an unexpected crash of thunder, he startled the little colonial court-room with a magnificent burst of eloquence. Then for an hour he poured forth a wonderful torrent of argument, pathos, ridicule and invective that won the case, and history says, actually drove the rich farmers from the court-room. This speech made him famous and was the stepping-stone to the subsequent brilliant and useful career of Patrick Henry.

FIRES THAT DO NOT CONSUME.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the English *Cornhill Magazine*, in an article on "The Scenic World," gives the following explanation of an apparent wonder:

There have been some wonderful stage conflagrations of late years in various melodramas, such as "The Streets of London," but Mr. Fechter, I believe, was the first to give a good fire. We see the gloomy house where the villain lives and is concealed, and where the innocent and persecuted maiden has been secretly immured. Suddenly smoke is seen issuing, then sparks; the alarm is given, crowds rush in, police, fire-escapes, and finally a real engine of the "brigade," drawn by real horses, dashes up at full gallop. The persecuted maiden appears at the window; the lover seizes her in his arms and descends in shouts of triumph. Meanwhile the walls fall, beams tumble down, the villain is seen consuming slowly, the conflagration glows, and old people in the stalls rise nervously, and say, "This is really carrying the thing too far."

Yet only let us go behind the scenes, and, wonder of wonders! all is calm, quiet; no flames to speak of, and no danger whatever. Nothing is more simple than the agency employed. The ordinary limelight turned on to the full suffused the stage in a flood of light, while crimson glasses are used, which impart a fierce glow of the same tint. Any vapor of the whitest kind moving in such a medium would at once give the notion of volumes of lurid smoke. Accordingly, a few braziers filled with a powder known as "lycopodium" are placed at the wings, fitted with a sort of forge bellows, each blast producing a little flame and smoke. The lights in front being lowered, rows of little jets, duly screened, are made to follow the lines of the beams, rafters, etc., and thus make these edges stand out against the fierce blaze. The view, therefore, from behind has thus an almost prosy and ordinary aspect; but the effect is complete. In an instant the conflagration ceases, a turn of a cock extinguishes the jets, the bellows are "unshipped," and the flames disappear, the limelight is turned off, and the carpenters are seen busily hauling away to the right and left the heavy "practicable" rafters, etc., of the lately burning palace.

HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE MADE.

IN connection with the series of articles on philately, begun in this number, the following extract may be found of interest:

The design of the stamp is engraved on steel, and, in the printing, plates are used on which 200 stamps have been engraved. Two men are kept busy at work covering these with colored inks and passing them to a man and a girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper, containing 200 printed stamps, have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water. After having been again dried, this time on little racks fanned by steam power for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard, and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in two, each sheet, of course, when cut, containing 100 stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that by machinery, which would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to another squad of workers, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next, they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled and stowed away to be sent out to the various offices when ordered. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of 100 stamps is burned. Not less than 500,000 are said to be burned every week from this cause. The greatest care is taken in counting the sheets of stamps to guard against pilfering by the employees; and it is said that, during the past twenty years, not a single sheet has been lost in this way. During the process of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.

In School and Out.

IT is rumored that the big building on Fifty-ninth Street lately known as the Charlier School is to be occupied by bowling clubs.

MR. N. MALCOM BECKWITH, the genial President of the League of American Wheelmen, has been elected Vice-President of the Citizens' Club.

MR. STEVENS, in his tour of the world a-wheel as correspondent for *Outing*, is having a very nice time of it, to judge from his letters. Queer idea, isn't it?

THE ANNUAL GAMES of the Inter-scholastic Athletic Association will occur on the 22d of May. They will be reported upon in the June issue of the WORLD.

THE New York State Legislature has passed a law prohibiting regiments from renting out their armories. This will be a sad blow to some city tennis clubs.

THE Sloop yacht "Atlantic," now being completed by Mumm at Bay Ridge, is intended to keep the cup so gallantly retained by the "Puritan" last summer.

IF you should happen to notice one of your friends eating raw beef and bread, also walking stiff, you may conclude that he is training for the "Inter-scholastic" next month.

DAY before yesterday I happened to be chatting with a little fellow who is a very good runner. 'Do you expect to enter yourself this year?" I inquired. "Well, I guess!" he said "—if mamma lets me!"

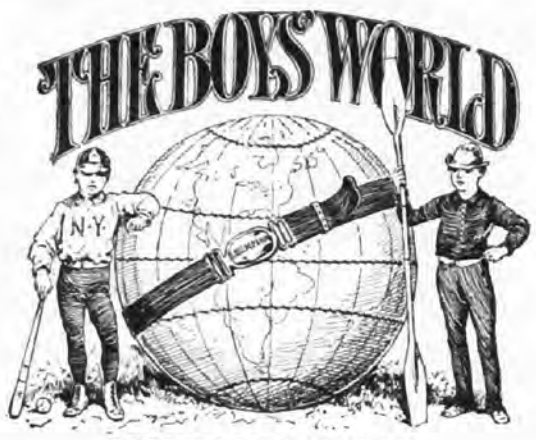
BASEBALL, by the way, is becoming very popular in Canada. However, as the old ches-— beg pardon, the common proverb puts it, "Fair exchange is no robbery." The Canadians have sent us tobogganing, while we give them baseball.

HARVARD class and 'Varsity crews, having worked hard in-doors during the winter, are out on the Charles River almost every afternoon. The baseball and lacrosse teams are also putting in some fine work on Holmes and Jarvis fields.

TEACHERS are apt to be absent-minded—occasionally. It was last month that a boy at Ev——, that is at an up-town school, was caught eating candies. They were confiscated by the teacher, and when presently the boy looked up, lo! Mr. —— was slowly eating them himself, one by one, while his pen swiftly corrected a composition on "The Brooklyn Bridge."

THE Ninth Games of the Seventh Regiment took place at the Armory Saturday evening, April 3d. There was a large audience present, including a generous representation of "our prominent schoolboys." One of the latter was especially noticeable for his loud and vigorous vocal applause; in fact, he yelled so pointedly that the BOYS' WORLD representative was led to believe that the object of his joy was his big brother. Sergeant Waldo Sprague beamed over a spacious "manager's" ribbon and seemed to be everywhere at once, while Professor George Goldie was attired in a dark blue badge, proclaiming him "starter." There were bicycle, roller-skating, and "potato-picking" races, beside the "dashes"; also a wheelbarrow contest, in which enough noise was made to wake up the old gentleman who had been quietly dozing during the evening and who seemed greatly overjoyed to find that the winner was a close personal friend.

F. E. M.



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TERMS.

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Address THE BOYS' WORLD,
60 BETHUNE ST.,
NEW YORK.

IN THE JUNE NUMBER

will be found a Decoration Day Story, by Allan Forman, entitled "How They Paraded;" the article on "Rowing," by a Harvard oarsman; the second of the papers on Stamp Collecting, and other attractive features.

MANLY BOYS.

ALTHOUGH not all boys are as impatient as some to become men, we feel sure there are very few who do not desire to be looked upon as manly. To have it said of one that he acted in a "manly way" or that he was a "manly little fellow," is undoubtedly considered as a compliment. But why? This is the question we should like our readers to answer; to define, in short, the term "manliness." Of course they may go to the dictionary and hunt up the definitions there set forth, such as firm, brave, undaunted, noble, etc., but while each and all of these explain the meaning of the word taken by itself, they do not do so with special reference to the quality of manliness in a boy. To do this to the best advantage, illustrations, examples, are necessary, and these are what we hope to draw forth. Letters sent to the editor on the subject will be printed over initials or a *nom de plume*, as the writer may prefer.

TALKS ABOUT STAMP COLLECTING.

BY T. COKE.

I.

I HAVE no doubt that many of the readers of THE BOYS' WORLD are stamp collectors, and that many more are ready to become such if they are started properly. Little difficulty is experienced at the present day in getting a good assortment of stamps, because the great spread of the postal system and the resulting increase of correspondence, bring the stamps of every foreign country into the business houses of New York. But the main difficulty is so to manage with the stamps as to make them more than a plaything for a few weeks—to make them really instructive and their possessors true philatelists.

When I first began "stamp collecting" some time since, I was entirely in the dark in regard to the petty details of the most fascinating study, philately. How to commence; what album to employ; who to purchase of, and how to prepare and insert stamps—all these points I have had to learn by actual practice, and desiring to obviate the difficulties under which most new collectors labor, I have been tempted to give the results of my experience in these short informal "talks."

To determine what to collect and how to arrange the stamps when procured, are the greatest difficulties the stamp amateur has to contend with; far greater than procuring the stamps, for there is scarcely a person who cannot, with diligence, obtain a very respectable collection, by searching the papers of his own family and trading the duplicates with his friends; but, of course, money makes the stamps accumulate much faster and the assortment is likely to be more varied, but these advantages are more than counterbalanced by the lack of interest felt in the collection; directly the number of stamps is looked on as representing so much cash, the chief pleasure of this delightful pursuit is lost. In order to make a good collection, it is necessary to have a certain amount of ambition. Wherever there is ambition there must be somewhat of restraint exercised, for almost every collector might say with as much truth as did the poet:

> "Sometimes Ambition, brushing by, would twitch
> My mantle, and with winning looks sublime
> Allure to folly."

Hence we must look for quality in a collection in proportion as ambition has been restrained. There is as much difference between the collection of the skilled philatelist and that of one who has been ambitious of quantity rather than quality in the making of it, as there is between the production of the masterly and refined artist and that of the ungifted, untrained dauber.

When a person makes up his mind to "collect stamps," the first thing he wants is an album. Of these there are many varieties, the choice of which can be regulated by the purchaser's fancy. I should, however, strongly advise (for the beginner) an "Imperial album" or what is still better, an "International album." Either of these is so simple that he can make no mistake in arranging the stamps in their proper places, and he will not be bothered with intricate variations of shade and perforation. It is of far more importance to him that he should have a large number of totally different stamps and thus become acquainted with a great variety of issues, series and designs, than that he should have an intimate knowledge of some particular country with all the phases of its stamps. By thus getting many difficult specimens, he will soon be able to make a good show, and thus gratify the eyes both of himself and friends. This object is of course a minor one, but at this period of his pursuit it will be found not so unimportant as it will afterwards appear. The next step is to procure a good and reliable classified catalogue from an honest and trustworthy dealer. Of these, there are several, one of which is published in this city. I omit purposely several English publications, as the expense in postage in getting them out is heavy and useless. Prepared now with an album and catalogue, the collector may select according to his taste, the stamps which please him. This brings me to the next point, namely: "Obtaining specimens" and "Mounting," of both of which I will treat in detail next month.

BOYS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

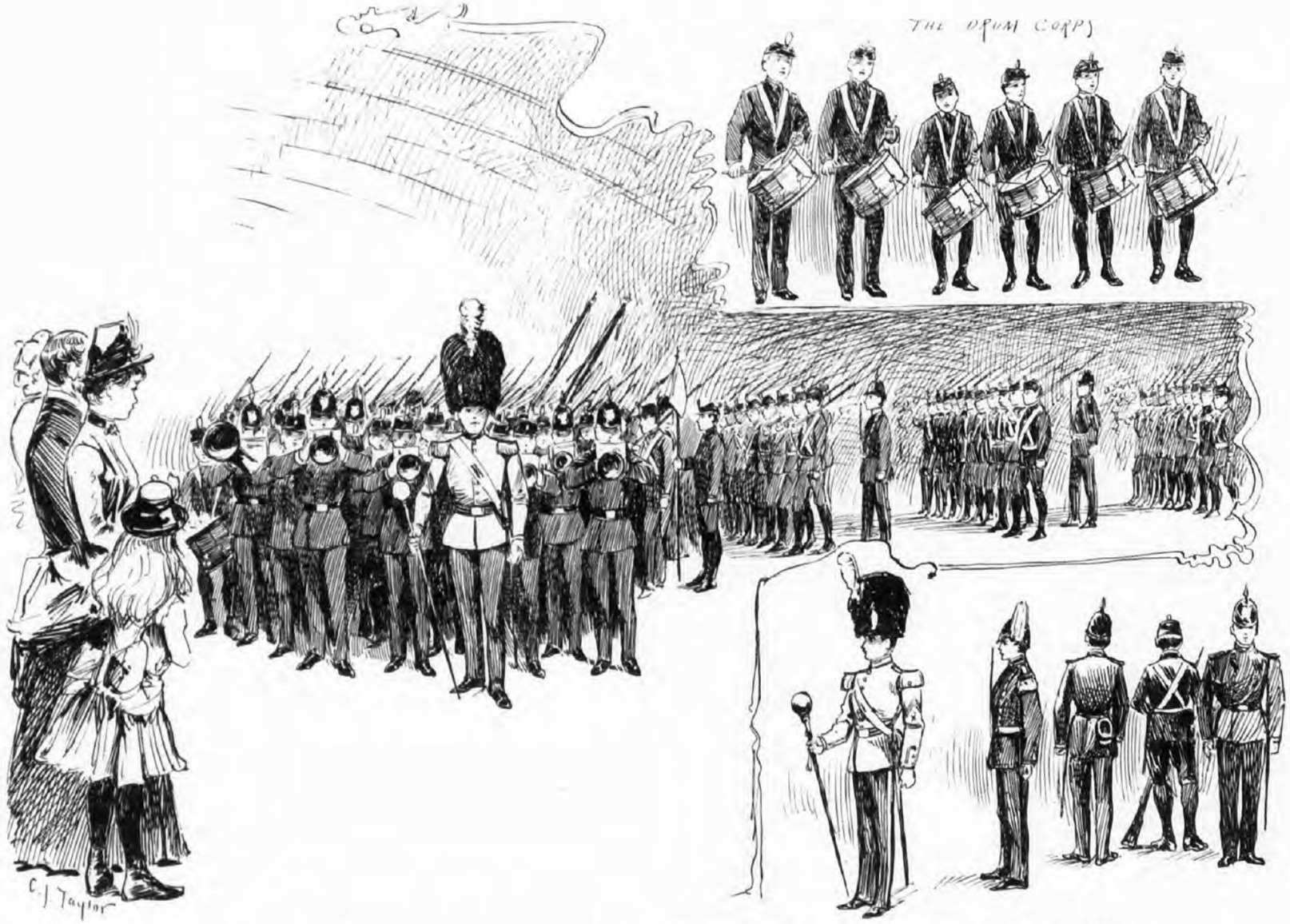
THE winter apparel of boys even fifty years ago would be an interesting subject. The change from those days to the present is something wonderful. India-rubber boots and shoes were not then invented; great-coats were among rare things; boys' clothes were generally made over from the father's dress coat; trousers were cut down and traveled through successive boys, and were finally cut up to patch and piece other clothes. Boy tailors were unheard of. Seamstresses passed from house to house and fixed over the boys' clothes, cut down and made over, etc. If a boy had a grandmother, he could count perhaps on a pair of woolen mitts; otherwise he went without. To purchase such things was seldom thought of. Toys, sleds, skates, balls and marbles were costly and rare. The boys saved their pennies for a whole year to be able to buy a sled or a pair of skates. Christmas presents were unknown. New Year, perhaps, brought round a something, and then most generally a something useful rather than playful. At least so says a recent writer in a Boston paper

THE BOYS' BOOK SHELF.

AMERICA has rightfully been termed the "paradise of children" by reason of the pains and expense taken by their elders to entertain them. And in no one way is this more apparent than in the excellence, both literary and artistic, of the books, magazines and papers which are devoted to their interests. It must not be supposed, however, that the United States enjoys a monopoly of first class juveniles. England seeks to enchain the interest of the young Britisher by many sorts of publications, from high-priced tales of historic valor, illustrated in colored inks, down to penny weeklies for the nursery. As to other countries, there now lies on our desk the "DEUTSCHER KINDER KALENDER" for 1886, bound in boards with illustrated back. This, the "German Children's Calendar" is a yearly publication, or rather as it terms itself, "A holiday gift for boys and girls of all ages." It contains 160 pages, filled with stories, pictures, poems and plays, and its chief peculiarity consists in the fact that it has a letter box, in charge of the "Calendar Man," who chats with his readers once a year just as unconcernedly as though he were in charge of a periodical that appeared every week. What a lesson in patience the German boys must learn while waiting twelve months to have a question answered or to find out whether their solution to a pi is correct! The frontispiece is a page of colored pictures, which the readers are invited to arrange in proper order and describe in a story, all the directions for which, together with the conditions, time allowance and amount of the several prizes, are told by the "Calendar Man" in rhyme. The book is published each Christmas season in Berlin, and includes beside the matter above mentioned, twelve illustrated pages with blank spaces for a memorandum on each day of every month, also a page of "time table" for the recording of hours of play or study in summer and winter; for in Germany, it must be understood, during the latter season, the schools open at eight o'clock; during the former at seven. For those of our readers who are studying the language, we think the perusal of a work such as this would be of great benefit.

WE have received from William Evarts Benjamin, of this city, a CATALOGUE OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS AND HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, a pamphlet of thirty-six pages in which those of our readers who are of autograph hunting proclivities, would find much to interest them. It comprises a descriptive price-list of the valuable collection of Mr. James R. Osgood, now offered for sale by Mr. Benjamin. A glance through its contents reveals the fact that an autograph note from P. T. Barnum, "Greatest Showman on Earth," sells for fifty cents, while the cheapest souvenir of Charles Dickens is "an envelope addressed by him, with his signature in full in lower left-hand corner," this being valued at $1.25. The original draft of Oliver Wendell Holmes' famous poem "The Wonderful One-Hoss-Shay" can be obtained only by purchasing the whole manuscript of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in which it first appeared and which is quoted at $325. On the other hand, a signed quotation by Harriet Beecher Stowe from her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may be bought for seventy-five cents, while one may become possessed of an autograph letter from Miss Alcott, author of "Little Women" and "Little Men," for the modest outlay of half a dollar. But space fails us for further quotation from this interesting little book.

FISHING on horseback seems rather a singular process, but mounted fishermen may often be seen on the Belgian coast near Nieuport. The water is so shallow along the coast that no boat can be launched near the shore, and the fishermen have to ride out a considerable distance to throw their nets with any success. They look most picturesque in the moonlight.



NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL EXHIBITION DRILL OF THE BERKELEY SCHOOL, AT SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY, APRIL 9th, 1886.

No. 6. Vol. I.] [May, 1886.

[*This Story began in No.* 1.]

THE KNIGHTS OF STEEL.

A TALE OF A BICYCLE TOUR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "The Heir to Whitecap," "Frank Hay," "Reg," etc.

CHAPTER V—(*Continued.*)

"I move," began Ti, with mock solemnity when they were left alone, "I move that we, the members of this club, do hereafter and always abstain from meddling in any detective business whatsoever, unless we can do some practical good in a straightforward, above-board way."

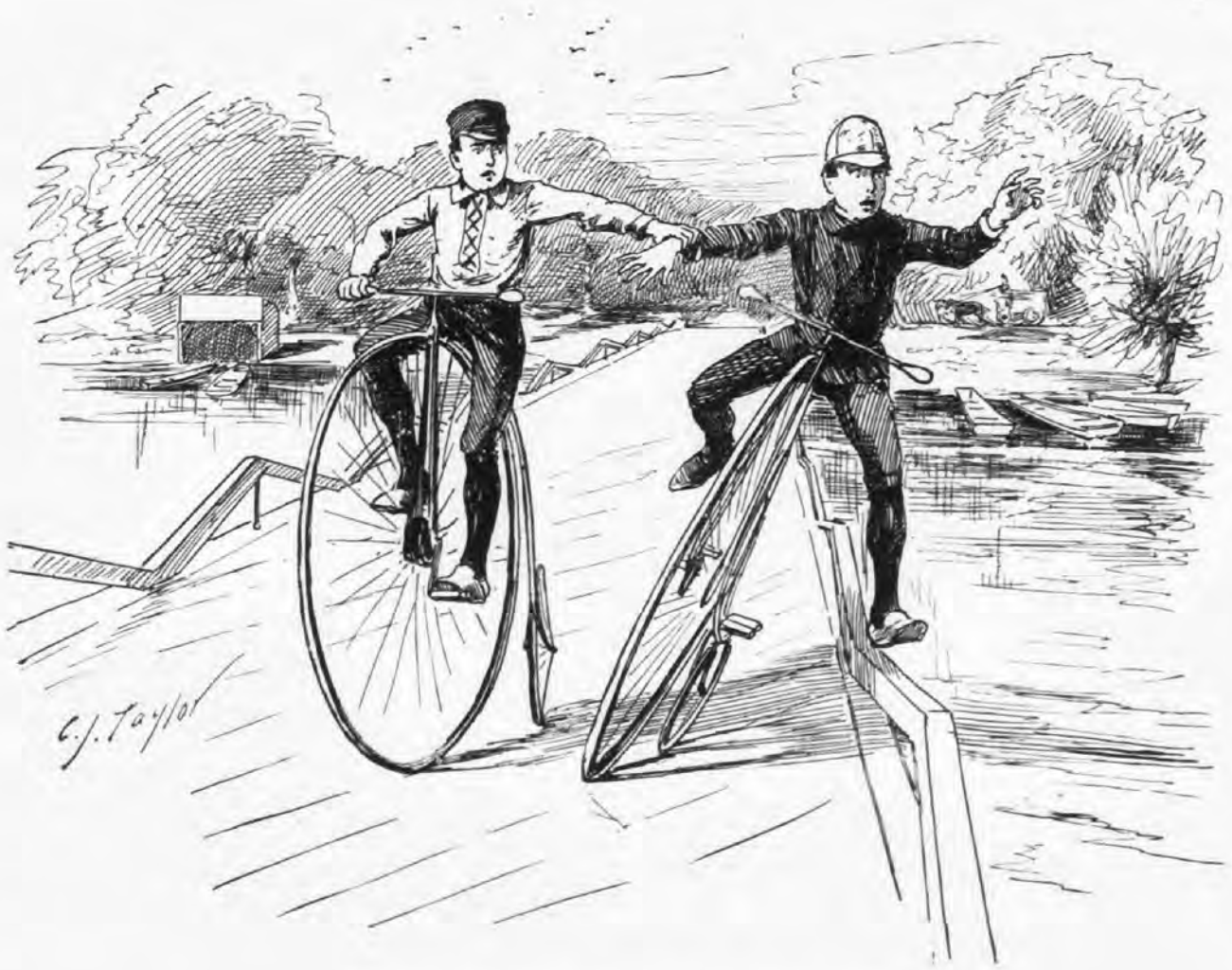
"Second the motion twice over!" cried Val, and Arthur voted with the majority.

"Well, I'm very glad you turned out different from what I expected," said Emma, coming in at this moment, and with a very red face she laid the key of the harness-closet on the table and disappeared again.

"That's an apology," explained Clifford gravely, upon which the Knights all laughed and then announced their desire to be off as soon as possible.

"It's so late now," said Val, as they started towards the stables, "I think we'd better give up Kipsic and strike for Marbley instead."

"I'll ask if I can't ride a ways with you," exclaimed Clifford a few minutes later, for the oiling and "grooming" of the graceful steeds fired his soul with wheelward longings.



"IT MAKES ME FEEL DIZZY, BUT LOOK OUT THERE!"

He ran off to interview Emma on the subject, who accorded him permission to go as far as the last house on that street, but not a turn of the tire farther.

"Did *she* say 'turn of the tire?'" asked Val, but before Clifford could reply, Arthur broke out with: "Why, I say, Ti, you've forgotton all about your patent tent!"

"I move we leave the tent with Clifford, as a sort of chromo—souvenir," responded the captain, adding: "I'll confess now it's an awful nuisance to lug about, and besides, we're not going to camp out any more and won't need it."

After parting company with Clifford and his tricycle, the Knights flew onward for three or four miles on a very pleasant "run," there being neither circus, robbers, nor patent tent to divert their attention from the pure enjoyment of 'cycling.

But by and by the sun began to warm to his work in a fashion that called upon everybody else to do likewise whether he would or not, and the smooth roads of Penskill were succeeded by deep ruts and heavy sand.

Val's spirits seemed to be the only ones not affected by this change of scene. He had taken the lead some time since and was treadling merrily along a footpath he had had the good luck to strike into at the right spot, when it suddenly occurred to him that he might be getting too far ahead of the others; and just then a shout from Arthur brought him to a dismount and the discovery that his two companions were sitting down by the roadside, in the hot sun, with their machines stacked in front of them.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, coming back with his wheel.

For answer Arthur nodded his head towards Ti, who was leaning against him with a pale face and twitching lips.

"Why, what's up, old fellow?" cried Val, dropping down beside his captain. "I hope you haven't struck a cramp."

"No," returned Ti, in a low voice. "I'm just tired; pretty much done over. It's all on account of that old tent arrangement, too. I s'pose I used up too much reserve strength lugging it about with me, and now these heavy roads and the hot sun are bringing out the effects of the strain. Guess a little resting spell will fix me up though."

"But you ought not to sit here in the sun," protested Val, getting up to stare wildly on all sides in search of a shady spot. "You haven't got a fever, have you?" he added, and smiled as he felt of Ti's forehead, for bicycling over that road and under such a sun was quite capable of giving anybody a "heated brow."

"Oh, it's nothing very serious," persisted the captain; "but I don't think it's prudent to do much riding in the middle of days like this."

"I'll tell you what," exclaimed Val, after a minute's thought. "Do you remember the railroad track we crossed a little while ago? Well, it runs along somewhere in this direction, and I know it goes to Marbley, so you and Art, Ti, had better take to the cars at the nearest station. I'll keep on a-wheel, to sustain the reputation of the club; and besides, I want to explore this road for a map I'm thinking of getting up. What do you say to that plan?"

"I hate to back down from the wheel," replied Ti, "but then if I stuck to it now, I'm positive I'd only be a drag. We've lost time enough already, and we don't want to cut our tour so short that we'll miss those splendid coasting hills the other side of Marbley. What do you think about it, Arthur?"

"I'm for the cars, and I think Val had better go it easy, too. It's a pretty warm day."

"Oh, I'm fresh enough yet," broke in Campbell; "and now, if you feel able to trundle a bit, Ti, I think I can put you in a straight line for a station. I noticed a road that branched off toward the track just before I dismounted."

"I'm not a confirmed invalid quite yet," returned Ti, with a smile, as he got up and began pushing his machine.

Five minutes later found the three at the road of which Val had spoken, and at the distance of about a quarter of a mile down it could be seen a building that looked very much like a railroad depot.

"Now don't come out of your way, Val," said Ti. "You'll want all the time you can give yourself to make Marbley by five or six o'clock in good condition. Good-by, old fellow. Remember, the American Hotel for our meeting-place."

"Yes; take care of yourself, and you be careful of him, Art. Here's for a Knight's parting salute," and Val mounted again and stood for a second Mercury-fashion on the step, with a foot suspended in the air and a hand pointing forward. Then he slid into the saddle and pursued his solitary way along the narrow, twisting path.

CHAPTER VI.

After Arthur and Ti had parted from Val at the cross-roads, they trundled their machines for some distance, and then discovering that the road had improved, Ti proposed that they should mount and ride the rest of the way to the station.

"Hark!" cried Arthur an instant later; "there's a whistle. Do you think you can drive her fast enough just to catch the train, Ti?"

"I'll do my best," replied the captain.

Then the two shot ahead down the grade and reached the long, low building a second or so before the cars did; but as it turned out to be simply a wood-shed, and not a station at all, their victory in the race was of small advantage to them.

"Isn't it provoking?" exclaimed Arthur, looking after the vanishing train with a disgusted expression. "After your hurrying so in your condition, too, Ti. I hope you don't feel any the worse for it."

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't think it's improved me any," returned the other, with rather a faint smile. "But see, the sun's gone under a cloud; and look there, a good, shady road running along not far from the track! Let's take to it and go easy till we come to a station that *is* a station."

"And go on by the next train?" added Arthur. "All right. Don't overdo yourself though; there's no hurry now."

The road on which the two boys now set out was a beautiful one, with the branches of the trees almost meeting overhead, while wild flowers peeped out

here and there on either side. Birds sang merrily among the leaves, brilliant winged butterflies darted over and about the glittering wheels, and on everything seemed to rest the peace and loveliness of "perfect June."

"I wish Val was with us," remarked Arthur, as they glided smoothly on. "But hello, here's a river ahead; and look, Ti, there's a town on the other bank. We'll soon come to a station now."

The river was over half a mile wide and the bridge that spanned it was laid with planks placed diagonally. These rattled loosely when the Knights' wheels passed over them.

"Isn't this a funny sensation, Ti?" said Arthur. "It makes me feel dizzy, but look out there!" and Pent caught his friend by the arm, just in time to prevent his falling over the low railing into the water.

As it was, it seemed for an instant or two as if they must both go over, but Arthur exerted all his strength and restored the balance.

"I believe the poor fellow's fainted," he exclaimed, as he managed to drag Ti clear of his machine.

But presently the other opened his eyes and murmured faintly,

"Why, where am I? What's the matter?"

"Well, I am happy to say you're here, and not there," returned Arthur, pointing to the river.

"Let your 'bike' go and lean against me. Here comes a wagon; I'll ask the driver if he won't give you a lift as far as the station. I'm going to be captain for the rest of the day, and I absolutely forbid you to touch the treadles again till you've had a night's rest."

"It was all the fault of this rickety bridge," said Ti, half apologetically.

The wagon, which carried a load of lumber, had now approached within hailing-distance, but before Arthur could speak, the driver pulled in his team. Then pointing with his whip to Ti's "Xtraordinary Challenge," he asked, "What sort of a thing's that? Looks like a grasshopper."

"That's what they call it sometimes," answered Arthur, adding quickly: "My friend here doesn't feel very well, and I'd like to know if you'd take him and his 'grasshopper' on your wagon, and drop him as near the railroad station as you're going."

"I'm goin' right by it; hop up," was the ready response.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A COINCIDENTAL ADVENTURE.

BY PERCY EARL.

It was Saturday, and as the morning express for the city halted for an instant at the High Rock station, a tallish lad of sixteen or seventeen stepped aboard and took a seat in the rear car.

A peep into the card-case carried in the breast-pocket of his cutaway coat would have furnished the information that his name was Eric Duncan, while a single glance at the animated sparkle in his eyes would have told one furthermore that the boy was laboring under some unusual excitement. Indeed, he fidgeted about so uneasily as to attract the attention of other passengers in the car, and one lady, just across the aisle, amused herself by counting the number of times he drew a scrap of paper from one of the side pockets of his overcoat and gazed at the two lines scribbled on the same, which read as follows:

"THE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS."
96 Western St.

He was in the act of consulting this for the sixth time, when the train stopped at Terryton and a newcomer of the same age entered the car, to be greeted by Eric with a surprised: "Why, hello, Steve, I thought you were off at school!"

"So I expected to be," was the reply, as the other shook hands cordially and dropped into the vacant seat alongside of Duncan, "but the Doctor's given us all an unexpected holiday. Mumps, you know. But I say, Rick, have you graduated and gone into business, that you're bound for town at this time of day?"

"Oh, no, I've only got a little errand to attend to," and Duncan reddened a trifle as he hastily slipped the scrap of paper back into his pocket.

"You, I suppose," he went on the next instant, "are going in to browse among the stamp-dealers and invest in choice selections for your album."

"Oh, no, I've deserted stamps. Gave my book to Jack before I went away last time. The fact is, Rick, I'm bound to town this morning partly on business. I don't mind telling you, old fellow, that I've been putting some of my last summer's experiences at Beachover into print, or rather trying to, for I'm on my way to the editor's office now to find out the result."

"Why, what a queer coincidence!" exclaimed Eric, with an entire change of manner. "I'm going in for exactly the same thing! What is yours about? Is it a story or an article, and where did you send it?"

Duncan's voice was fairly trembling with eagerness, and the fingers of his left hand began reaching in his pocket again for the precious bit of paper.

"Oh, it is a little of both, I guess," answered Steve. "A lot of things I found out about eel-catching; spearing, or jacking, as the fishermen call it, and setting pots for them to run into, all worked into a kind of story. It took me about a week to write it, and I sent it to a new juvenile paper I came across one day in Jack's room."

"What was the name of it?" asked Eric, almost breathlessly.

"What, the paper? A queer sort of title, *The New Arabian Nights*. Did you ever hear of it?"

"Well, rather," responded Eric, with a smile, "as it happens to be the very weekly I sent my South Pole story to."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the other, adding, "I chose it because I thought there was more chance of having it accepted by a new paper, where they wouldn't be apt to have so many articles on hand. I enclosed stamps for its return if they didn't want it, but though it is nearly four weeks since I mailed the thing, I haven't heard a word from it."

"Neither have I," said Duncan, "though mine's been gone over a month. But I hadn't any idea you were smitten with the 'author fever.' Why, I'd rather edit a paper than be President of the United States."

"I don't know but I would, too," echoed Steve, "considering how our poor Presidents get talked about before election. But here we are. What do you say to our both going together to the *Arabian Nights* office?"

"Of course we must," answered Eric, as they moved towards the door with the rest of the passengers. "I'm sure I'd rather you saw my story handed back to me than have to face the editor alone. I've been feeling what you might call nervous over the interview all the morning."

"Oh, I'll brace you up," returned the more sanguine Steve, and five minutes later the two friends were on their way down town in a street car.

"Perhaps the editor hasn't had time to read either of the manuscripts yet," suggested Eric, as they left the car at the corner of Western Street and started to walk along the latter till they should come to No. 96.

"We'll soon know all about it," responded Steve, suddenly halting before a five-story building, the most prominent sign on which read: "Hoop-skirt Emporium. Theodore de Gray."

"Is this the place?" inquired Eric, in some surprise. He had gradually allowed his friend Darway to take the lead in the expedition and it had also been arranged that the latter should be spokesman.

"Yes, don't you see the name?" and Steve pointed to a sheet of brown paper tacked up inside the hallway leading to the stairs and on which was printed with a pen the words: "Office of the New Arabian Nights. Fifth Floor."

"I suppose the publisher hasn't had time to have a regular signboard painted yet," explained Steve.

The hearts of both boys were beating from other causes than the mere fatigue of the ascent by the time they reached the top story and both, as by common consent, halted in the passage-way before knocking at the modest door labelled in the same manner as the hall below: "The New Arabian Nights."

Then Steve rapped lightly and a voice calling out "Come in," the two entered the, to them, enchanted realm of editorialdom.

The room was certainly not enchantingly decorated or furnished. There was neither carpet on the floor nor pictures on the walls, but a table near the one window, littered with papers and Mss., was an all-sufficient attraction to the eyes of our two literary friends. And at this table was seated a gentleman who, without doubt, was that much-to-be envied being, the editor.

He was a rather elderly, grave-looking man, wearing a black beard and with a great mass of hair on his head. Eric fancied that he saw a somewhat anxious expression on his face when they first appeared, but as soon as Steve spoke, that vanished and a smile actually broke out over the editorial visage.

"My friend and I," Darway began, "sent two articles here about a month ago. One was called 'A Night with the Eel-Catchers,' and — what was the name of yours, Rick?"

"'An Antarctic Fellowship,'" replied Eric, flushing modestly.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the editor, beginning to fumble among the papers on the table, although all the time he kept his eyes fastened on Steve, at whom he had stared fixedly ever since our friends' appearance in the sanctum.

"You are both quite young for authors," he continued, with his gaze riveted to Darway's scarf-pin.

"Yes," admitted the latter, flushing in his turn.

"And the road to the heights of literary fame is an extremely thorny one," went on the editor, dropping his eyes till they rested on Steve's watch-chain, which was a very handsome one.

The boys were silent. Eric was interested in watching the persistent fashion in which the journalist kept looking at his friend.

"But about those manuscripts of yours," returned the editor, raising his eyes from an examination of Steve's boots and trousers, and glancing between both boys towards the door, "to tell you the truth, I have not yet read either of them. You see, we have been so busy getting the paper started and put on the market, that we have had very little time to examine articles for future numbers. But if you will remain here while I run over to our printer's in the next block for a few moments, I promise to look over them both when I get back and give you an answer at once."

"Oh, certainly," eagerly responded Eric, so glad of the opportunity of tarrying within the sanctum that he forgot he had made Steve spokesman.

The editor rose, picked up a Derby from the floor and with a wave of the hand towards the chair, said, smilingly, "You may take turns occupying the editorial easy-chair," and was gone.

Steve looked at Eric, and Eric looked back at Steve; then the latter broke out with: "He's a queerish customer, isn't he, Rick? He must put a good deal of faith in our honest looks to leave us in possession this way. Still," with a glance around the rather cheerless sanctum, "there doesn't seem to be any overpowering temptation to robbery, unless some of these turn out to be valuable," and he picked up a Ms. which bore the title, "A Naughty Boy's Fate."

"I wonder how far the printer's is from here?" remarked Eric, as though mentally calculating how long he would be permitted to occupy the enchanted (albeit hard-seated) editorial chair into which he had sunk while Darway was speaking.

But now the latter fancied he heard a faint tapping on the door behind him, and going to open it, beheld a young lady standing in the passage way.

She wore a tall blue feather in her bonnet and a low bang on her forehead, and in her hand she carried a suspicious-looking flat package, tied up with pink string.

"Is — is the editor in?" she inquired, nervously, of Steve, glancing past him towards Eric at the table.

"No, he is not," answered Darway; "but he will be back in a few minutes."

"I'll wait then, if I may," suggested the lady with a smile.

"Certainly," and Steve closed the door, while Eric sprang to his feet and offered his chair, which seemed to be the only one in the room.

The authoress accepted it with another smile, and having seated herself, gazed from the littered table to the two boys (who had retreated to the window) with interest.

Then, "Do you happen to know," she began, twisting her gloved fingers over and under the pink string of her package, "whether the editor has secured his Christmas story yet? I have heard that such special articles are engaged months ahead, so I ventured to begin the little thing I have here"(lifting the package, which must have weighed at least nine ounces) "on the Fourth of July. It is about—"

But our friends were destined never to learn the subject of this summer-conceived holiday tale, for at that instant there came a thundering rap on the door, in sharp contrast to the timid tap with which the fair would-be contributor had announced her presence.

It was thrown open before either Steve or Eric could respond, and in walked a big, red-whiskered man, fully six feet tall and evidently in no very amiable frame of mind.

"A — um," he began, stopping directly in front of the table and addressing himself to the young lady of the blue feather, "my name is Dayton, T. F. Dayton, of Elbridge Mills, and I have called to collect the amount of this little bill for paper *in person*. Rumors have reached my ears and I deemed it wise to come down and investigate. There, madam, is your account with me for the past two months. I shall wait here for my money," and placing a sheet of paper on the table before the dismayed caller, T. F. Dayton retired a few steps to fold his arms and lean against the wall.

"Oh, I don't belong here!" burst forth the young lady, rising precipitately and edging towards the door. "I only called in with a manuscript and was waiting for the editor myself."

"But aren't you the editor?" demanded the excitable old gentleman promptly, referring to a memorandum book. "Yes, here it is: 'conducted by Jesse H. Ingelby.' Jesse is a lady's name."

"But my name is Lucy," returned the fair authoress, now almost in tears.

The paper man still looked stern and doubting, when Eric stepped forward and interposed with: "I beg your pardon, sir, but will you tell me how the name 'Jesse' is spelled in your book?"

Mr. Dayton stared at the speaker for an instant, then spelled off, "J-e-s-s-e," in a triumphant tone.

"That is the name of a man, sir," went on Eric, boldly. "The feminine ends with 'i-e.'"

"It does, does it?" cried the old gentleman, quickly, adding in the same breath: "Then very likely you are the Jesse with an 'e' that I want."

"Yes, sir; I found him in the editor's chair when the other one let me in," eagerly exclaimed the young lady; and then, with base ingratitude she fled from the room.

"Is that so?" inquired T. F. Dayton sharply, looking young Duncan squarely in the eye.

"Yes, but—" Eric began and got no further, for he of the red whiskers broke in fiercely with: "Oh, so you two are the 'New Arabian Nights Company, Limited,' who have been writing your creditors such soft-syllabled letters, promising cash payments each 'very next time'! Well, well, so young, too, and such audacity! But neither you nor I leave this room till I have obtained some sort of satisfaction."

Steve now thought it time to put in his plea of "not guilty."

"We have no more to do with the *Arabian Nights*, sir, than—" but here he, too, was interrupted by a sweeping wave of the hand and a fierce: "Tut, tut, young man! Do you expect me to conclude that this precious weekly of yours publishes itself? There must be somebody behind it. Your partner here has just proved that the young lady has no connection with the paper, so of course I am left to deal with you," and the speaker proceeded to place his broad back against the door as though to forestall any attempt that might be made to follow that same young lady's example. Then, before either of the accused could continue with their defence, he went on, in a more conciliatory tone: "Come, now, boys, why not confess that you're tired of playing editor, settle with your creditors, and go back to baseball and tennis for your fun?"

"But we are not playing editor!" Steve began again.

"Well, publisher, then," again broke in the mill proprietor. "It's all the same thing in this concern, I take it. And now are you ready to give me the money or a cheque for that $340?"

"Why, sir, this is absurd!" cried Steve again. "We only called in to inquire about two articles sent here for publication, and when the editor stepped out —"

"Yes, yes, the same old story they all tell!" impatiently broke in Mr. Dayton. "If I could see anything worth it in the office here, I suppose I could content myself with attaching that, but you two fellows appear to be the most valuable things about, so I had best stick to you. You know the law allows a debtor to keep only two hundred dollars worth of wearing apparel, and I think I can obtain at least fifty dollars over and above that sum from you, just as you stand, young man," and the gentleman from Elbridge Mills pointed his forefinger straight at Darway's cravat-pin, in which glittered a rare stone.

The situation of the boys was now not so laughable as they had at first been inclined to regard it.

"If that editor would only come back!" muttered Steve, inwardly resolving never again to wear his best clothes on a business errand.

Then seizing this favorable opportunity, when Mr. Dayton had apparently exhausted his oratorical powers, and appeared to be engaged in a mental reckoning up of the value of his coat, trousers, watch-chain, etc., Darway commenced on, and firmly went through with, a circumstantial account of how his friend came to be found in the editorial chair.

"There," he finally concluded, "I don't see how you can think this story more improbable than the fact of two boys like ourselves being the responsible proprietors of an illustrated weekly."

"I am willing to take your view of the case," said Mr. Dayton, deliberately, "when that man returns and indorses what you have told me. Let me see; you say he said he would be back in a few moments; I have myself been here a quarter of an hour; we will give him fifteen minutes longer — that is, of course, always supposing that there is such a person, which I may or may not believe — and then I shall take active measures to obtain some sort of satisfaction for my claim," and the mill man of Elbridge refolded his arms and settled himself back against the solitary door more solidly than ever.

"Whew, this is a go with a vengeance!" whistled Steve, under his breath, nudging Eric, and at the same time glancing down at the roof of a three-story building some thirty feet below the window.

"I should say it was a stay," retorted Duncan, with a feeble flicker of a smile. "But it's simply preposterous our being kept prisoners this way. I should think we would have good grounds for suing the man for false detention, or whatever it is they call it. It is queer that editor doesn't come back, though. But perhaps he didn't mean to; I remember, now, seeing him taking in that expensive suit and pin of yours, Steve, and I wouldn't wonder if he'd gone off on purpose, to escape being found by just such a fellow as this Dayton."

"Jove, I believe you're right, Rick!" exclaimed Darway, softly. "But there's one thing sure: he can't hold us long. As soon as the case comes up before a judge we can prove fast enough we haven't one earthly thing to do with the old paper."

"But here it is nearly eleven o'clock now," returned Eric, in the same tone; "and I wanted to catch the eleven-thirty train back to High Rock."

"And I'm due at the Swensons' at one," added Steve. "I'd almost forgotten it. That's how I happened to have on these togs. I wonder if we two couldn't make a rush and cut by the old gentleman."

But a critical survey of T. F. Dayton's massive form and determined expression of countenance, promptly convinced the boys that circumstances, not force, must prove their liberators.

Dead silence reigned in the little sanctum, broken only by the loud ticking of the mill owner's watch, which he had drawn forth to hold open in his hand, as if to be ready the very second time was up, to put into execution his "active measures." What these could be, neither of the boys had any idea, and they had already become so tangled up in a web of self-crimination that neither of them dared make any inquiries on the subject.

Suddenly another loud rap was heard on the door, which had the effect of sending Mr. Dayton away from it as if he had been literally struck on the back.

"Come in," he cried, quickly recovering himself, and our friends looked up eagerly, expecting to see their friend or enemy — the editor.

But the new-comer proved to be a young man in a red flannel shirt and ink-smeared hands, who gave one quick glance around the room, and then demanded to know where the editor was.

"You're his printer, are you not?" hastily put in the mill man.

"Yes, but I don't intend to be any longer," returned the other, still glaring about the sanctum, as though expecting to find the genius of it hidden beneath some of the piles of old papers in the corners.

"Ah, then, my young men," promptly went on Mr. Dayton, putting away his watch and once more backing up against the door, "you're fairly convicted now. I thought you told me the editor was over at his printer's, and here's the printer says he wants to see him!"

Eric gave a despairing gesture, the red-shirted printer looked mystified, and the mill-proprietor fairly smiled his satisfaction at the way things were working to prove him in the right, when Steve suddenly stepped forward and with a ring of triumph to his tones, cried out: "But why should the printer be looking for the editor, if my friend here is the person. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, you know, and I think we can prove more than you can by the same witness."

There was an instant's pause and then—

"Well, I guess you've cornered me this time," muttered Mr. Dayton, slowly edging away from the door and preparing to buttonhole the printer, who stood perfectly still, staring from one to the other of the three, as if he fancied they must be escaped lunatics.

"Come on, Rick," then called out Darway, clapping on his hat, "you've just time to catch your train."

In ten seconds the two were at the foot of the four flights of stairs and half an hour later Eric was aboard the cars for High Rock and Steve was pressing the electric button at the Swensons' front door.

The boys did not meet again until late the following week, when Steve stated that he had seen the announcement of the failure of the *New Arabian Nights* and the flight of the editor and proprietor, in an evening paper.

"And do you suppose — is there any chance of our getting back our manuscripts?" Eric ventured to inquire.

The other darted at him a meaning look and then quietly replied, "I should think one real coincidental adventure such as ours ought to make up for the loss of two paltry little articles."

"That's so; perhaps I can make a story out of it some time," responded Eric.

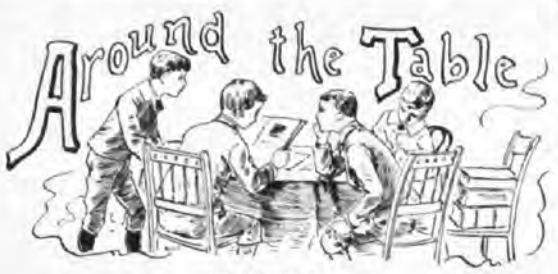


Table Talk.

F. F. C., of Boston, writes to say that he does not agree with CHARLES B., of the same city, in regard to the Town *versus* Country question. He declares that he would much rather live in the country and adds: "The reason is that the country is more healthy than the city, and I like the flowers and trees." It is now in order for some of the town adherents to favor us with the reasons for *their* preference.—Our thanks are due to FREDERICK B. H., JR., ROCHESTER, N. Y., W. O. NEILL, CHICAGO, AND MANY OTHERS for their kind words about the WORLD.—The publisher of this paper is the fortunate possessor of a registered letter, addressed to "THE BOYS' WORLD" and in a somewhat crumpled condition from the effects of a sea bath it received before being delivered into his hands. Pasted on the back of the envelope is an oblong strip of paper on which is printed the following:

P. O. NEW YORK, Mar. 16th, 1886.

This piece is a portion of the mail forwarded from Queenstown, Ireland, *per* steamer OREGON. It was damaged before being taken from that vessel which was sunk off Fire Island on the 14th instant.

HENRY G. PEARSON,
Postmaster.

N. Y. P. O. PRINT.

The letter contained ten five-cent American postage stamps, in payment of a subscription from Messrs. Trubner & Co., 57 and 59 Ludgate Hill, London. The letter itself the publisher wishes to retain, but if any of our readers desire to become possessed of the stamps as souvenirs, they may do so by remitting ten cents for each one, together with a two-cent stamp to pay the postage. First come, first served. If your letter reaches us after the very limited supply is exhausted, we shall use the stamp to return the dime.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

PI.

"Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unpledged comrade.
Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee."

—SHAKESPEARE.

ANVIL.

M I D S H I P S
E D I T E D
A D E B
D B
L O C K
C U N A R D
M E S S M A T E

NEW PUZZLES.

SQUARE WORD.

1. Having little flesh; 2. Birds of prey; 3. Struck with horror; 4. A momentary view; 5. Deliverance from danger; 6. Great regard. EMULUS.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in horse, but not in cow;
My second is in branch, but not in bough;
My third is in run, but not in walk;
My fourth is in whisper, but not in talk;
My fifth is in ill, but not in well;
My sixth is in rose, but not in fell;
My seventh is in doors, but not in gates;
My eighth is in ocean, but not in straits;
My whole once ruled o'er all the States.

SAM BISSELL.

THE BERKELEY DRILL.

[*See Supplement.*]

On the evening of Friday, April 9th, a stranger arriving in New York at the Grand Central Station, and taking the Madison Avenue line of cars up town, might not unnaturally have fallen to wondering whether the metropolis had suddenly made a declaration of war. Else why should each and every prosaic horse car bristle with guns, gleam with the reflected glitter of brass buttons, and glisten now and again with the flash of a sword blade? And on closer inspection, the mystery deepens, for lo, there is not a bearded face to be found among the owners of these military aquipments, while not seldom the trousers are seen to end at the knee.

"Mere boys they are every one of them, boys of twelve to eighteen!" exclaims our newly-arrived friend, adding under his breath, "Can it be possible that New York's men have become so absorbed in money-getting that they have passed over the defence of the city to their children?" Then he turns to a gentleman next him and inquires: "Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me where these—these young soldiers are going, and why they are called out?"

The other smiles and answers promptly, "To the Seventh Regiment Armory. They are the cadets of the Berkeley School, and this is the occasion of their sixth annual drill."

"Oh, thank you, I see now. Can any one attend? I should think it would be a sight worth witnessing."

"Most certainly it is, and for that reason the complimentary tickets are much sought after. However, one of the friends who expected to go in on mine was detained at home, and I should be happy to pass you through in his place. Here we are now."

Ten minutes later our traveler finds himself in the spacious drill room of the famous Seventh, which is rapidly filling with an audience before whom even a Patti would be proud to sing.

"How many boys are there in the school?" the stranger now inquires of the gentleman who has piloted him to one of the few remaining vacant chairs.

"Nearly two hundred, and all preparing for college."

"Everything appears to be carried out in strict military style," continues the traveler. "Those little fellows yonder, pacing back and forth on guard duty, are as solemn as judges."

"Certainly. The battalion is exactly modeled on those of our State militia, with commissioned and non-commissioned officers, including colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, adjutant, staff-captain, and so on. But look, here comes the corps now."

A crash of martial music breaks upon the air and all eyes are turned towards the entrance.

"Why, the band is made up of boys, too!" cries out our friend, catching sight of the broad-shouldered drum-major in his mighty bearskin hat and red coat, marking time with his heavy baton for the youthful musicians behind him; and thereupon he becomes wholly absorbed in the scene before him, which is certainly a brilliant one. The beautiful proportions of the armory; the eagerly attentive throng of spectators lining all four sides of it, overflowing the galleries, mounted on radiators, clinging to every elevated coigne of vantage affording foothold; and in the centre of it all, with the vast expanse of flooring at their disposal, that trim looking regiment of boys in their neat, dark uniforms, with white gloves and spotless accoutrements crossed on the breast!

The first exercise on the programme was "Battalion Drill," under command of the colonel, in which the whole regiment "presented," "right-shouldered" and "carried arms," formed hollow squares with the officers in the centre, broke up into fours and fell again into "company front," and went through various other military evolutions with a unanimity of action that was as beautiful as it was surprising, and which evoked many hearty rounds of applause.

This was followed by the competitive drill for the colors. The corps is made up of six companies and each year the right to carry the flag is awarded to the most proficient among them. On this occasion the battalion was separated into three divisions, consisting of two companies each, which were drilled simultaneously by their captains under the direction respectively of the lieutenant-colonel, major and adjutant. There were three judges, officers of the Fifth and Twelfth Regiments, this city, and Captain Wright, of the Boston Cadets. These gentleman decided on the best three out of the six, who then drilled together for first place. Those chosen for this test proved to be Company A, consisting of the older members of the corps, Company E, last year's winners of the colors, and Company F, commanded by Captain Eliot White (but fourteen himself), and comprising the youngest boys in the school, many of them little fellows scarcely four feet high. But they knew what they were about. Back and forth, obeying like clock work each unexpected "right-about-face," "left wheel" and all the rest of it, all the while preserving a gravity and a strict attention to the business in hand that bore silent and effective testimony to the profitable nature of such a training for the battle of life, with its many and varied "unexpected happenings." They had no mean rivals, however, in Companies A and E, but they stood the test well, and when the final decision was rendered, it was discovered that the smallest boys had won the day.

The colors were then escorted to them in a very pretty regimental ceremony, which closed the first part of the programme.

The intermission was filled in by music from the school band, under direction of the imposing drum-major, followed by some fine drumming on the part of the drum corps.

A volunteer detachment of the larger cadets then came forward and went through with some deft and interesting manœuvres to show the respective merits of the Gatling Mitrailleuse and the three inch rifled cannon, including a simultaneous dropping flat and motionless to the floor of each man with a portion of the cannon that had been most dextrously taken to pieces and the firing of a charge of powder that shook the building and caused a nervous clutching of one another on the part of timid spectators.

Next came the "Berkley Silent Drill," a very pretty series of some two hundred and fifty motions without command, such as shifting and presenting arms, slapping the thigh, chest, etc., performed by another volunteer squad of some fifteen boys, who knew exactly what they were about and not one of whom misplaced a motion.

A very fine and effective dress parade closed the evening's exercises, and our traveler finally awoke from his daze of wonder and admiration, to remark to his friendly acquaintance, as they were slowly working their way out with the crowd: "Well, sir, if these boys are as smart at their books, as they are with their arms and legs, the Berkeley is certainly an institution of which New York can afford to be proud."

"Oh, as to that," was the prompt reply, "I happen to know that no candidate applying from this school for admission to college, ever failed to pass the entrance examination. Good night, I must wait here for my boy."

WHAT BOYS CAN DO.

THE boy who can whittle is coming to the front. He need no longer be the despair of his teacher and friends because, perchance, he prefers his knife to the spelling-book, and spends all his odd moments "making chips." There was held in this city at Cosmopolitan Hall, from the 31st of March to the 6th of April, the first annual Children's Industrial Exhibition, where one might behold in a most interesting and varied assortment, the handiwork of both boys and girls in the following six classes: Woodwork, metal-work, needle-work, practical cookery, modelling in clay, original designs and drawings on paper, leather work and printing. Contributions were made by children in all parts of the country, although New York and vicinity occupied the greatest amount of space. Among the articles manufactured and sent in by boys, none of them over sixteen, were tool chests, bookcases, step-ladders, picture frames, mechanical toys and hammered work in brass. The Gramercy Park School and Tool-house Association was conspicuously represented by the model of a suspension bridge, some four or five feet long, all the work on which was done by boys of fourteen and under. In addition to the foregoing there was a large display of drawings, noticeable among which were horse's heads, by Frank Blackledge, aged twelve, and a locomotive from memory, by a Cleveland boy of fourteen.

Prizes were awarded for the best work in each class, and many of the articles were bought by visitors to the hall.

On the whole, the Industrial Education Association, under whose auspices the exhibition was held, is to be congratulated on the display made, as also on the interest the undertaking has awakened. We trust that those of our readers who may be of a mechanical turn of mind (and hand) will set to work, and have one or more specimens of their skill ready for the exhibition next year, due notice of which will be given in this paper.

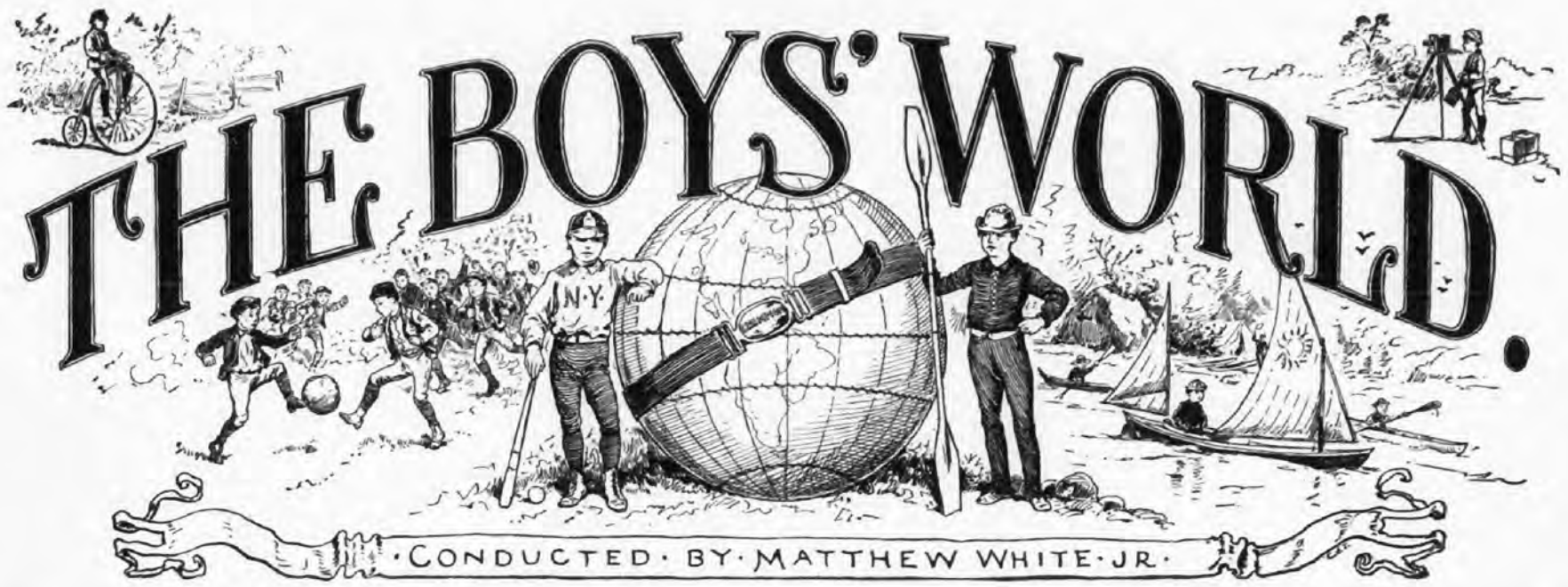
ABOARD THE MINNESOTA.

"How do you like being a sailor?" a reporter for a New York daily recently asked of one manly little fellow. "A jolly time of it you must have together in this great old ship."

"We did not exactly come out for fun," said the lad, half seriously, "and they don't allow much skylarking on board, anyway, but it's great fun to help the sailors as we're doing just now, and I can tie a sailor's knot already as well as any old salt.

"What do we have to do to be enlisted? Well, I came here about a week ago with my father. We saw the captain, and he asked if I could read and write, and went through all sorts of questions to see if I'd been a very bad boy. Then he sent me to the surgeon. The surgeon wanted to know if I'd ever been sick, and I told him I was sick now—of being a lubber—and that I had the whooping-cough and measles when I was a baby. He asked whether I smoked, or drank, or had fits. After that he held up a printed card to see if I could read it across the room, and I did it without any trouble. I was told to strip off my clothes, and the surgeon felt of my limbs, tapped my chest, and looked at my teeth. I thought he wanted to tell how old I was, but he said it was only to see if they were sound, because four bad teeth won't be taken in one boy. When I had been thoroughly examined, they took my weight and height and the measurement of my chest, and said I was all right.

THE first panorama, invented by Robert Barker, was exhibited in the city of Edinburgh in 1788.



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HOW THEY PARADED.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"SAY, ma, can we parade on Decoration Day?" shouted Tom Hicks one afternoon, as he slammed the front door, tossed his books into a corner, and jumped astride the newel post in the hall. Mrs. Hicks did not pay much attention to the request but answered on general principles, "Why, certainly not," knowing from experience that if Tom really thought there was any reason in his desire, or any chance of her acceding to it, he would come up stairs and urge it. But Master Tom knew very well that neither his father nor mother would approve of his joining the long military parade which was to form at the City Hall and march out to the soldiers' plot in Greenwood Cemetery; besides, Tom had a little scheme of his own on hand, and consequently was not especially anxious to go, even had his parents been willing.

"Ma says 'why certainly not,'" he accordingly reported to Frank and Charlie Field, who were waiting at the gate. "And I don't think it will be much fun any way. We'd be awful tired."

"What are you going to do?" asked Charlie, then.

This was the very question Tom was waiting for. He was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, his father had presented him with a fine instantaneous camera at Christmas time, and he took every opportunity of testing its merits on such occasions as the present.

"I think I'll take a run out to the cemetery and get some views of the procession," he replied, with assumed carelessness.

"I'll go with you," exclaimed Charlie. "We can see the procession then and get pictures of it besides."

"Humph!" growled Frank, who had no great faith in Tom's skill as a photographer. "They won't let you get your old machine where you can see anything."

"Won't they, though?" replied Tom, confidently.

"THEY UNCONSCIOUSLY FELL INTO THE STEP OF THEIR CAPTORS."

"We will start early and get there before they do and choose our own place."

"Well, I'll go with you, but I think you had better leave your camera at home," said Frank, rather ungraciously.

"Do as you choose," snapped Tom, equally independent. "You can march if you want to, and get blisters on your heels."

"I don't want to march," replied Frank.

"Well, if you want to go with us, be here by nine o'clock to-morrow morning," Tom called out as he went into the house.

That afternoon he spent in looking over his apparatus, fixing the spring on his snap shutter at just the proper tension, carefully adjusting the diaphragm in the lens and loading his plate-holders with "extra rapid" plates.

Decoration Day dawned bright and warm, a perfect spring day, and shortly after nine the three boys boarded a Court Street car for Greenwood Cemetery. They passed little knots of Grand Army men on the way out, and in course of time, for the Brooklyn horse-cars are notoriously slow, they reached the cemetery. Many of the graves had already been decorated and they wandered around, waiting impatiently the coming of the procession, and feeling somewhat uncomfortable and restrained by the solemnity of the place. One mound which had been lavishly heaped with flowers by loving hands attracted the boys' attention and Tom, more to pass the time than for any other reason, focused on it and made an exposure.

"That is A No. 1," he said, carefully noting the number of the plate-holder. But just then the first of the procession began to file in under the arched gateway, and for a few moments Tom was busy enough in making photographs of the gorgeous drum-major and the first line of soldiers as they marched past. Before long the rabble which accompanies every procession began to push and crowd around, and evinced such curiosity that the boys thought it

best to beat a hasty retreat and soon found themselves outside the gate.

"Where shall we go now?" was the first query.

"Let's go down to Fort Hamilton," suggested Frank, whose military ardor had been roused by the martial music of the band.

"I've had enough processions to last me a year. I expected every minute that some fellow would smash your machine," he added.

"I've seen all I want," assented Charlie; "let's go out to the fort."

Into the dummy they climbed and were soon jolting along the road to Fort Hamilton. They reached the fort and passed the sentry without question. Once inside the walls they wandered around, peering into the soldiers' quarters, and examining the big guns to their hearts' content. The fort was almost deserted, for the majority of that small but respectable body of men which is called by courtesy the United States Army, had been ordered off to the decoration services. Tom made a number of views undisturbed when they noticed a commotion in one corner of the parade. Three or four soldiers marched up to an officer, stood for a moment, wheeled and marched off in the opposite direction.

"I wish they would do that again," said Tom, who was focusing the camera. "Why, hullo! they are coming this way." Slap went the plate-holder, snap went the shutter, and Tom caught the group of soldiers who were advancing toward him. There were three men with guns and one with a sword, Tom had time to notice as they came up. A moment more and they had halted in front of the boys. The man with the sword saluted and asked in a rich brogue:

"An' phwat are yees up to?"

"We're taking photographs of the fort," replied Tom, somewhat frightened, not exactly knowing whether he was committing felony or not. The sergeant quickly settled that point for him, and in a not very satisfactory way, either.

"Och, ye young spalpeens, don't ye know that's against the Constitution of the United States, a takin pictures of fortifications?"

"I did –" began Tom, now thoroughly alarmed.

"Ye'll have to be comin' with me to the kernel," interrupted the sergeant. "McCafferty," he added, turning to one of the men, "stay here and watch that macheen. Come along, yees. Fall in, march. Here, wan av yees stay here with McCafferty and see that the mutherin' thing don't explode," and he motioned for Charlie, who seemed to be the calmest of the three, to stand beside the camera. Tom and Frank fell in between the two soldiers in no very pleasant state of mind. The solemnity of the men, the military precision of their actions, "For all the world as if they were wound up," as Tom said when telling of it afterwards, did not tend to re-assure them.

"We are under arrest," whispered Frank, in a frightened tone.

"Yes, and it's taken most of the army to do it, too," replied Tom, trying to smile, an attempt which resulted in a doleful grin. Tom thought he heard a chuckle from the sergeant, but that officer's face was as expressionless as if carved out of wood.

But as they marched on toward the colonel's quarters the ludicrous side of the situation began to strike the boys. Here they were, with no evil intent, under military arrest and being escorted, with military honors, to the commanding officer. They unconsciously fell into the step of their captors, and the little company really presented quite a military appearance as they wheeled in front of the colonel's office.

"They were takin' forthygraphs of the fort, sur," announced the sergeant, as he saluted.

"What were you doing it for?" inquired the colonel, sharply, looking the boys through and through.

"For fun, sir," replied Tom, simply.

"Don't you know it's against the law?"

"No, sir."

The colonel evidently believed him, for he continued more kindly:

"Don't you see that in time of war photographs, or plans of our fortifications, would be of great use to the enemy?"

"Not Tom's photographs," muttered Frank.

The colonel smiled, as he answered:

"You can't tell. I've seen the time when the roughest drawing would have been of inestimable service. What are your names?"

"Tom Hicks and Frank Field. That is Charlie Field over by the camera," replied Tom promptly, glancing over toward his instrument on the further corner of the embankment. He could not help smiling, for there stood McCafferty, with his arms folded over the top of his musket, glancing at the little polished mahogany box as if he expected it to jump at him. Suddenly Tom uttered an exclamation.

"He's taken a picture of the guard," he muttered, as he saw Charlie pull the string of the snap shutter.

"You'd better go and get your camera, and let me see what you've taken," said the colonel.

"But I can't show you until I've developed the plates," objected Tom.

"Oh, I dabble a little in amateur photography myself, and have a dark room here," replied the colonel, with a twinkle in his eye. "So call your friend."

Charlie and the guard came, carrying the apparatus. "I took McCafferty's picture, and promised to give him one," Charlie whispered to Tom at the first opportunity.

But they did not have much time to talk, for the colonel hurried them into one of the little apartments in the embankment, for all the world like a cell in a prison. This had been fitted up with ruby lanterns, running water and all the conveniences to make it a dark room. The colonel was evidently an enthusiast, and Tom and he were soon at work mixing chemicals and messing over the plates as if they had known each other always. One by one the pictures began to come out on the plates, and, as they were well selected subjects, carefully timed and properly developed, the colonel was profuse in his expressions of delight. The views of the fort, the gorgeous drum-major, the soldiers at the cemetery and the sergeant and his little arresting party on their forward march, all came out with such distinctness on the glass plates that the colonel was more and more pleased.

"I think you can keep all these," he said, as he examined plate after plate as they came from the bath. "What is that one?" he added, as he saw Tom gazing into the developing pan with a puzzled expression.

"I don't know, sir. I did not take anything like this," said Tom, in an awe-struck voice. "It's a picture of a soldier's grave in Greenwood, and I'm positive no one was near it, and here is the ghost of a soldier coming out of it," and though Tom tried to speak bravely his hand shook just a little as he handed the plate to the colonel.

"Why, it's McCafferty," he exclaimed. "You made that exposure," he added, turning to Charlie.

"He wanted a picture for his sweetheart," pleaded Charlie in excuse. But they needed no excuse with the colonel. He met them with that frank friendship which seems to exist between amateur photographers, and made them feel perfectly at home just as soon as he had discharged his duty to the government by assuring himself that they were innocent of any wrong intent, and chat on the subject of photography occcupied the rest of the afternoon.

"Well, we had our parade after all," said Tom, after they had bid the colonel good-bye.

"Yes, and had a detachment of the regular army as a guard of honor," added Frank.

"I think the funniest thing was to see Charlie sitting on the bank, the grim soldier pacing up and down the walk, and between them the innocent cause of all the trouble, my poor camera, with its little mahogany body and its sprawling tripod, looking for all the world like a big grandaddy long legs. Then the tragic air with which Charlie pointed the brass tube at McCafferty and pulled the string. I almost expected to see him blown through the air by some explosion," said Tom.

"It's all very well to laugh now, but I'll bet you won't forget your Decoration Day parade in a hurry, even if it was a short one," replied Charlie.

"If he should he has your photograph to make him remember it," suggested Frank.

"I'm going to print that and call it 'The Spirit of Decoration Day,'" said Tom, soberly.

After that the boys made many calls at the fort, and Tom and the colonel became great cronies, and went off on long tramps together with their cameras. But though they got many beautiful views, by far the most striking picture in Tom's album is of a grave, heaped with flowers, and just behind it, leaning on his rifle as if on guard, the shadowy form of a United States soldier. Underneath is written "The Spirit of Decoration Day," while on the opposite page a little squad of soldiers advancing across the Fort Hamilton parade ground has the reminiscent title of "Our Guard of Honor."

WALKS AND TALKS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY REV. S. W. KNIPE.

PERHAPS some of the readers of THE BOYS' WORLD may remember that in the number for March, mention was made of a talk between the doctor and Frank, which pleased the latter greatly. I can now tell you what it was about. Frank had picked up a stone that was very curious to him, one side of it being green, the other red, and his question was as to how it came so. The doctor had answered: "I cannot explain it to you in few words, but I hear that we are to go to the mountains this summer, and then I can, I hope, show you what you wish to know." It was this promise of a visit to the mountains that gave Frank so much pleasure.

April and May passed as usual, the boys studying regularly, and having occasional walks with their friend. The first of June was near at hand, when Will was taken sick. His illness did not prove very serious, but the doctor advised rest from study and change of air. As a consequence, arrangements were made for the visit to the mountains fully a month earlier than had been contemplated. Howard was in the city, under the care of an oculist, but a few days before the boys were ready to start, word came that he was through with his treatment and would join them for the mountain trip.

I will not take time to tell of all the preparations that were made for the journey. Each boy had his special study that he wished to pursue. Will was interested in botany, Frank in minerals and geology, and Howard in fishing and collecting insects. The doctor advised them with regard to the various appliances they should take. A portable press for plants, a couple of hammers, and a strong leather sack for minerals, and a bottle with a large mouth, containing a mixture of alcohol and water, equal parts. This was intended for the beetles that Howard might find.

At last all were ready, and on the second of June they left their homes near the sea for a half day's journey in the cars. They found something to interest them from the very start. The weather was fair and pleasant, and the car was not crowded, so that they could sit on either side, as they wished. For an hour the road ran through scenes with which they were familiar. Great stretches of salt marsh, with sluggish tidal creeks; immense factories that gave out dark volumes of smoke and disagreeable odors; shabby villages, where paint and whitewash were almost unknown. Then came a change. First a line of low hills, then a river that was clear and bright; next, a neat village, succeeded by more hills covered with trees. Then rocky roads grown up with brush and small trees. I cannot follow each mile of the journey, but about noon they passed

through a long tunnel and came out on the shores of a beautiful river.

The railroad followed the bank of this river for several miles, and, as the cars passed around a bend, or curve, the doctor called the boys to look up the stream for a first view of the mountains. A great blue wall, running east and west, with a break or depression in one place was what they saw.

"That break shows where the river passes through the mountain," explained the doctor, adding, "and in half an hour we will pass through the same natural gate way." At length, this opening in the mountain was reached, and the boys watched with quiet interest the changing picture before them. On the side on which the railroad was built, the mountain rose so steeply that they could not see very much of it, but on the opposite side, a great wall of rock, starting from the water, rose higher and higher, with numerous breaks and clefts, until on the summit, a fringe of trees did not look larger than currant bushes.

The train passed swiftly around one curve after another, and at last stopped at a small station at the foot of the mountain, where our party got off. A number of hacks and wagons were in waiting, and looking around among them, the professor soon found one that came from the farm where they had engaged board. A drive of about two miles brought them to the farm house. It was in a broad valley, near a creek, and only a short distance from a large quarry, where stone was taken out for building purposes and for lime.

The evening was employed in a hasty survey of their surroundings, and in making plans for the morrow. Will proposed to begin at once with his botanical work, while Howard wished to try the fishing, it being his great ambition to catch some trout. Frank was very anxious to explore the stone quarry, and learn something of geology. It was finally decided that Howard should go with one of the farm hands, fishing, while the brothers made a combined botanical and geological excursion with the doctor.

The next morning gave promise of a delightful day for their purpose, and after seeing Howard off, the doctor and the boys started for a walk.

"I have been here before," said the doctor; "and will take you through a very interesting valley, that will afford us some plants, and we will also visit an old quarry that is not worked at present, where we can study the rocks with more comfort and safety than we can in the quarry near the house."

Very soon they left the road, and climbing a fence started up a steep bank of gravel and round stone.

"This," said the doctor, "is called a terrace in geology. You will find when we reach the top that it is level, and reaches along the river valley for many miles. See, it looks as if at one time this had been the bank of the river, and you will notice far away to the south the same bank follows up the valley of a creek. Throughout the northeastern part of the United States you will come across such terraces. They are of great interest, because they give us an idea of the changes that have taken place in comparatively recent times."

The doctor then led the way across the terrace to a narrow opening at the foot of a range of rocky, wooded hills. They soon entered it, and Will at once became greatly interested in the ferns and mosses that were everywhere abundant. He began to collect ferns, when the doctor gave him the following caution:

"If you wish to take botanical specimens, be careful what you select. You know what the fruit of the fern is, here on the lower side of the leaf or frond, these little brown dots. See on this young frond the dots are not brown, but little white scales regularly disposed along the sides of the small veins in the frond. A good specimen should have these fruit-cases—for that is what they really are—partly open, not as ripe as the first you broke off, neither as green or young as this. But here is one just right. Take your magnifying glass, and you will see that over each fruit dot there is a delicate skin, in this case fastened in the middle. All around the edges you see little balls protruding. This is in good condition to study. Take now a frond, with your knife cut it loose from the root, in such fashion that you get the whole of the stem or leaf stalk, and in this case a part of the root. These scales that you see on the lower part of the stem are sometimes a guide in making out the species when you are studying them."

Will took three or four specimens of each species that he saw. In some cases, where the fern was small, he took the whole of the plant, roots and all. On a mossy rock a little further on the doctor pointed out the "walking leaf" fern. This plant has long lance-shaped leaves, the point of which grows out into a long narrow end that turns down into the moss, roots grow from it and a new plant begins. Will soon found three or four plants, to the ends of the leaves of which other small ferns were growing. The doctor assisted him to arrange his specimens nicely in his portable press. The first disposal of the plant has much to do with the appearance of the specimen when dried.

Near the rock that bore the walking leaf they found the leaves of an orchid that was now out of bloom, but Will dug up a couple of plants, for the fruit cells were well formed and the leaves perfect.

"To make a satisfactory specimen of any plant," observed the doctor, "you should have root, leaf, stem, flower and fruit, or seed pod. As these cannot often be found all together, the ordinary plan is to collect the same plant at different seasons, and then arrange the specimens in such way that you have all the features together. You collect now the full grown leaf and the seed pod of this orchid. You may be able next spring to find the plant in flower, or perhaps you can exchange some of your seacoast specimens for some of the plants that you will not find in bloom or fruit this summer."

The boys found a great many things that were new to them that morning. Even Frank began to feel quite an interest in botany, and the time did not therefore seem long to him while they were advancing up the ravine.

"Here we will leave good botanical ground," the doctor now remarked, "and cross over the hill to the quarry."

It was rather a rough climb, but the boys enjoyed it. They had good strong shoes, and each had provided himself with a stout cane. They had some fear of rattlesnakes, as a few still lived among the rocks in these hills. The doctor assured them, however, that there was no danger of being bitten if they did not step carelessly upon a snake, or if they were careful to see where they put their hands. "Before you stoop down to collect plants," he warned them, "press the ferns and leaves aside a little with your stick. If there is a snake in the place, you will get warning, or the snake will leave the spot so quickly that you will not know there was one about." He said further, "I never knew a person to be bitten unless the snake supposed itself in danger. As a rule, even a rattlesnake will try to get away when it sees a man coming, or if it does not endeavor to escape, it will at least make no attack unless it is struck at, or injured."

In a short time they passed over the ridge they had been climbing, and began to descend the other side. This portion was covered mainly with a growth of great hemlock trees, the ground was open between them, and they made good progress until they reached the level of the quarry. What they saw here I must, however, defer describing until next month.

THE annual reception and drill of the Cadet Corps of Dr. Callisen's School was held at Lyric Hall, this city, on the afternoon of April 20th. The marching was excellent and a special word of praise should be given to the little fellows—the majority of the privates were in knickerbockers—for the care and polish each one had bestowed on his shoes, a feature of military attire too often apt to be overlooked.

The Wheelsmen's Gazette wants knickerbockers to be used off, as well as on, the wheel.

KARL KRON, the well-known 'cycle author, is preparing a sketch on the League of American Wheelmen.

THE newest thing in life-saving appliances is a steamer chair, which, when thrown into the water, will serve as a raft.

FROM the Coventry Machinist Co., England, comes a Mikado covered phamphlet; they announce the "Marlboro Club" tricycle as a novelty. It is a very light roadster.

MAKING a collection of little chunks of earth from various states of the Union, including famous battlefields, "spots where General So-and-so fell," and the like, is the newest craze.

SCHOOLBOYS in various cities recently went out "on a strike" for shorter hours, but parents were summoned, and inflicted their authority, thus putting an end to this latest phase of the "boycott."

BARNUM has come and gone. Well, it was a great show; in fact, the "greatest, etc." A new feature especially worthy of note, is the dog that rides horseback, jumps from the horse to the ground, and then, while the charger ambles along full tilt, this wonderful canine cavalier springs upon his back again, and kisses (or kicks) his hind foot at the assembled multitude.

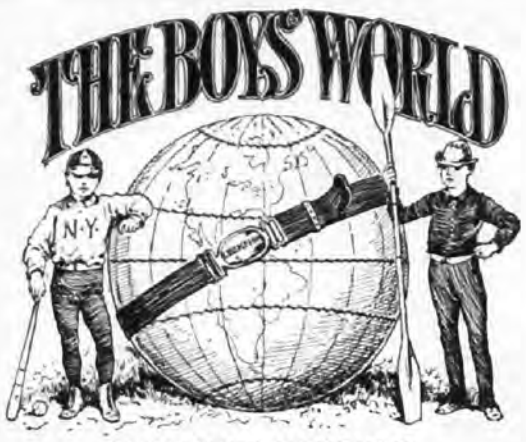
MESSRS. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., agents for the United States, of the Rudge bicycles and tricycles, place on the market this year a tricycle (the "Rudge Cripper") boasting two specialties: bicycle handlebars and an automatic arrangement for keeping the machine in a straight course, without the necessity of touching the steering-gear on the part of the rider.

Within a radius of two blocks of the Polo Grounds, on April 29th, small boys were to be seen sitting in trees, and lounging on the tops of the telegraph poles. The cause of all this was the opening of the League Championship season, and an absence of money. However, as the WORLD representative had a complimentary ticket, he passed in.

Outside the rope the ground was a sea of derby hats. The Grand Stand was a little more aristocratic; here and there among its occupants, silk hats being visible. One of the latter was unfortunately crushed in by a curve ball from the broken fingers of Radbourne, of the Boston nine.

THE officers of the Inter-scholastic Athletic Association of this city, for the current year are: President, FAIRFAX HARRISON (Cutler's); Secretary, M. HUMPHREYS (Everson's); Treasurer, EUGENE LENTILLON (Cutler's). In the 220 yard run, WALL (Berkeley) stands a good chance, if he enters. He has, however, sprained his knee, and it is doubtful if he recovers in time. WATERS (Columbia Grammar) and LEE (Cutler's) will come in well for the 100 yard dash. YOUNG (Cutler's) and CHAPMAN (Everson's) both stand good chances. The "Columbia Grammar" has great hopes for the running high jump, putting forward their man Ludington who, they claim, has leaped the bar at 5ft. 4in. SHORT (Everson's) who came in second last year, is training hard for the one mile walk. DAVISON (Drisler's) is also in steady training for the mile run. PRINGLE (Gibbons and Beach) will, if he decides to enter, work hard against IVENSON (Cutler's) for the bicycle honors.

F. E. M.



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PUBLISHER BOYS' WORLD.

ROWING A RACE.

BY A HARVARD OARSMAN.

THE boy who is accustomed to consider it a sufficient excuse for not doing anything that he "don't feel like it," may as well give up any idea of becoming an oarsman, for every day he must row a long time after he feels like stopping. The first requisite is, that he should enjoy hard work, and be ready to give up everything that interferes with it.

Let me take you through a race, remembering that it is not won on one particular day, but in the many days of training that precede it. When you begin to train, get the boat slides and outriggers all working nicely, so that you won't be fretted at all during your practice pull. For the first few days, take a congenial, easy row, getting used to things in general. When there is no danger of seriously stiffening the body, we are ready for work.

At first, do not attempt to pull fast, but devote the whole attention to getting the body into good form, and to handling the oars easily and without thought. Take care, however, while you are learning skill, not to let up in the least on the work. The best way is to pull about 100 strokes slowly and carefully with an extra shirt on; then stop, strip, take a short "breather," and go on to say three or four hundred. If you are training yourself, watch carefully all the time, lest you should fall into bad form. It is everything to be natural, but you must remember all our bodies have some fault, and are not erect and perfect the way nature would have them, and sometimes what seems natural is only our slovenly habit. A crew must, of course, have their coxswain or trainer along, to point out all their defects. From the first day, carry your body erect, and your head high whenever you walk.

After the oarsman has got himself into shape in this way, he is ready to try long and rapid pulling. The full length of the course should be gone over every day, though only occasionally at full speed. It would be better to row more than the course at slow rate, than the course at speed. Young oarsmen may mistake apparent exhaustion, which comes at the end of from three to five minutes, according to the constitution of the individual, for real exhaustion. If he bravely perseveres, he will soon find himself relieved and easy. Racers of all sorts are familiar with this happy result, known as "second wind."

The oarsman should now begin to practice "spurts," i.e., very fast rowing for a moment, then easing again to a normal speed, but never stopping. He should also practice racing start, the style of which will depend on the kind of stroke he pulls. In the race, it is generally well to start out with fifteen or so strokes, pulled as rapidly as possible; then slacken down to the normal speed at which you propose to pull the race through. Introduce the spurts as the circumstances of the race dictate; every oarsman or crew should be trained to make them instantly, and still more carefully trained not to pull as hard as they can all the time.

As the day of the race approaches, the identical course should be pulled over several times carefully, and as nearly as possible in the way you propose to row the race, that is to say, making the best time you can. On the day of the race, of course, you should exert yourself to the last pitch, and excitement, if well controlled, will do much to highten your speed.

So much in general.

As to training rules, I suppose I need not charge the readers of THE BOYS' WORLD against the grosser vices of college men, but I do see boys of all ages and classes, smoking cigarettes and cigars. These you must positively abstain from. Doctors may say what they please, there is no crew man but knows tobacco shortens wind, and spoils nerve. You should always be in bed by ten o'clock, and as the time of the race draws near, the less you see of society and excitement at any time, the better; the life should be as simple and quiet as possible. These cautions may seem foolish to many, but consider how closely a race is contested, a boat length being frequently all there is to show for miles of struggle. You cannot hope to win, if you indulge yourself in bad habits, unless you row against men equally vicious.

As to diet, until within a month of the races, a boy of common sense may eat what he likes; after that, more care should be exercised. Let the breakfast begin with fruit, and the other meals end with it. Races are usually rowed when berries are plenty; there is nothing better. Let the other food be confined to clear, unspiced soups, beef, mutton, bread, potatoes and oatmeal, and everything perfectly cooked. Ice cream is very tempting at this time of year, but it would be safest to avoid it, as also all drinks except plain soda. If a boy likes milk, let him drink all he wants of it.

Difficulty is always experienced by crews who go away from home to row, owing to change of water. The best thing to do is take along a barrel from home. Every boy knows better than to drink water immediately after pulling; he may rinse his mouth and throat out though, which will relieve his thirst a great deal. These rules may seem foolish, but a boy who has got himself into first-class trim for a race, is too fine an animal to be tampered with.

As to the style of stroke pulled, opinions differ, but the recent struggles of the great college have seemed to demonstrate that for any race over two miles, the longer the stroke the better. Under that, the shorter, more jerky strokes may produce better results, but even in the shortest races, the mighty strength of the back should not be ignored, and the arms and legs should be made to minister to it.

If a man is going to pull in a single shell, of course he may choose the stroke that suits him best; that which comes most natural to him will produce best results. There is no particular danger of bad form, if a man remembers to keep his shoulders clear back, even on the full reach, and his head exactly on a line with his back. He will always then be in a condition to learn the most scientific stroke.

A crew is, of course, a more troublesome affair than single or pair oars, and the fun, too, is increased in still greater proportion. A "single" is at best but dull work. A crew fulfills the requisites which the ancient Greek declared to be necessary for highest happiness: society and beauty. Some local circumstances will usually determine the style of stroke, either the boys will have among them one who has learned a scientific stroke at school, or they will try to pull the stroke they have seen their seniors pull. By all means engage some good natured old oarsman to take you in hand and coach you till your own coxswain is able to do it.

The most important place in the boat is the stroke oar's. In general he should be the best oarsman in your midst, capable of urging your flagging muscles to their utmost.

But the qualification, without which his skill is useless, is a head that never, under any circumstances, loses itself. If the best form man among you does not satisfy this requirement, it would be better to put on a man who, though a worse oar, is more collected. The absolute and relative positions of the boats change with every pulse of the oars, and the stroke-oar must be quick to comprehend the varying situations. A man who is naturally nervous is just the one who is likely to show up best. It is not uncommon for a stroke-oar, otherwise perfect, to be unable to tell how fast he is rowing; this failing may be covered over if the man back of him has good judgment of speed.

The captain should be a man whom all respect, capable of getting obedience out of the men. If he has a good head he may largely make up for any deficiencies in the stroke-oar by directing him in the race.

The whole crew should be men of uncommon resolution; the courage required is greater than in any other athletic contest. Careful training and iron wills are sure to win.

It is customary now to have all the arrangements and business for the crew done by a man outside their number, termed the manager. It produces good results, the captain being relieved of every worry but the personal supervision of the men and the rowing.

The great aim in crew rowing is to make the crew act and feel as one man. In the boat this action is obtained by every man keeping his eyes fixed on the back of the neck of the man in front of him, and by practice.

For the enthusiasm, that is largely due, of course, to membership of a common club or institution, but the men should associate together as much as possible, and no man can pull neck and neck with another long without loving him, if he be a true hero, as all good oarsmen are.

No amount of muscle and skill can overbalance the need of clean body, pure mind and brave heart, in this high strung art, which every year furnishes to the world the most desperate of all athletic struggles.

Under all circumstances, no matter what your rivals do, remember *you* are gentlemen. There are crews that are so famous in this last respect that a nobler spirit seems to pervade the whole region the moment their unstained colors float over it.

HORSES AND BICYCLES.

THE following remarks on the above interesting subject were made by Professor Gleason, the famous horse trainer, at one of his recent exhibitions in this city:

"There are some folks that know less than horses. When the horse sees a bicycle on the road the driver begins to hollow 'Whoa,' and jerks him up. Of course, by the time the horse gets up to the bicycle, he's scared to death, not at the bicycle but at the crazy man behind him. Then when the bicycle is passed the driver begins to lash the horse for being scared. The horse thinks he's thrashed because he went near the bicycle, and the next time he sees one he starts for home across lots. The way to do is to pay no attention to the bicycle and ten chances to one the horse won't. If he does, drive him up to it, whipping him if necessary, and make him smell of it, but never under any circumstances whip him when going away from it."

"MONSU MOSTRO."

BY THOMAS F. MANNING.

III

But I was not dead yet. Sometime my senses came back. Whether an hour, or twenty hours after they had left me, I never could know. When they did come back it was still night. The thunder was rolling, and the waves were tossing, but the wind had lost much of its strength. My limbs were heavy and weary; I cared neither for life nor death. For many hours I drifted in a semi-conscious state. So indifferent to everything was I, that I did not perceive the approach of morning till I was aroused by the swoop of an eagle past my head. Then I knew that I had traveled far in the night, having been most probably, in an ocean current.

I could not be far from land, for eagles never go a great distance out to sea. This hope gave me fresh life. Looking up I saw that the storm had died away. The swift tall waves had changed to the long lazy ocean swell. I would have rest, at least, now. Possibly a ship would pick me up, or the tide drift me to land.

Many times I thought I saw a boat, a spar, a man, a barrel, and every other conceivable thing that could have survived the storm, but it was always only a conical black wave leaping up from the surrounding water and falling back in an instant again. Towards noon the sky cleared. The warm sunshine fell on me warming so much of me as was above the water, and enlivening the prospects on all sides; in the increased light I plainly saw a dark object. This, certainly, was not a wave, for it kept a fixed position in relation to the surrounding sea.

Any variety of action is better than dull expectancy. So thinking, I struck out for this object, which could not be more than half a mile distant. When I got near enough to see it plainly it was already evening. Great was my dismay at the sight that met me. There, perched upon the end of the lifeboat, exactly as before our midnight encounter, was the bear!

This was a dilemma. Immersed, as I was, in the chill water, I could not survive another night. If, however, I could gain possession of the boat, I would have every chance of ultimate deliverance. But I must have it out with the bear! and in my weak state I had no hope of victory in a struggle. Artifice must take the place of strength; the bear had to be fought and ousted.

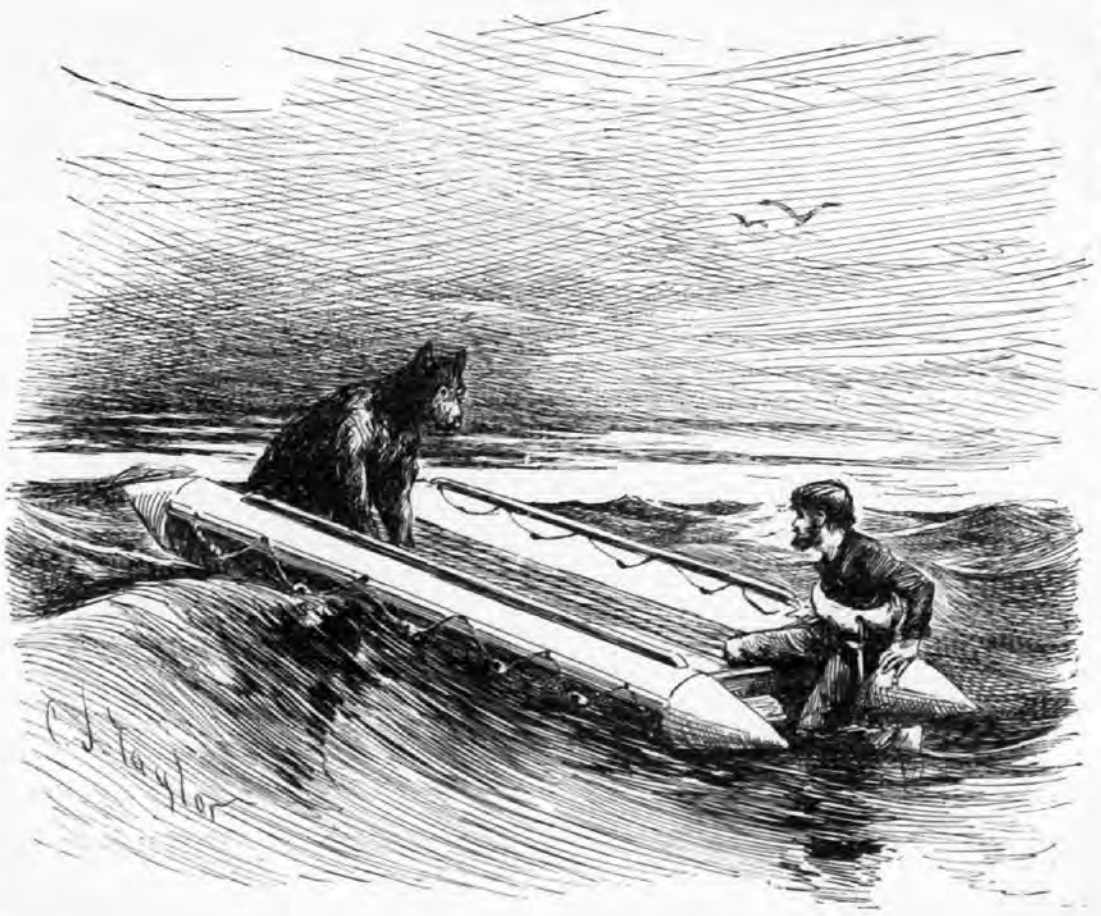
Swimming to the free end of the boat, I drew myself on board to rest for a while. The bear watched me closely, but stayed quite motionless. In five minutes much of my strength and courage had returned, and I proceeded to provoke him.

My plan was to sit on the free end, and, as the bear rushed on me, to drop into the sea, striking him with the knife at the same time.

My manœuvre was perfectly successful.

I started toward the bear as if to attack him; he sprang forward instantly; I met him in the chest with the knife, sinking at the same time under the boat. The knife entered so deeply that I could not withdraw it. The force of the bear's leap carried him over my head, far out into the water. Getting quickly on board, I had loosened an oar, which was chained to the boat, before he returned. Kneeling at the boat's side I determined to fight him off while I had strength.

Meanwhile he tumbled about in great agony, roaring and trying to drag the knife from his breast with his paws. Failing in this, he turned to the boat and swam quickly toward it. As he approached I flourished the oar, as if to say, "You had better go elsewhere, for here you will get nothing but blows." But he was in nowise intimidated! When he was near enough, I hit him with the heavy handle, holding the blade in my hands. It seemed as if the imminence of my peril gave me back not only my old strength, but gave it to me doubled.



"THE BEAR WATCHED ME CLOSELY."

He sank, and remained down so long, that I was beginning to think he had met a more formidable opponent than I under the water. But, presently, I felt the boat jump upward at one side. The next instant the bear's head appeared from under it. I did not wait for the body to follow, but hit him again with the oar. Down he went, but not for long this time. Again I hit him and again he sank, and rose, and was hit, and sank, and rose. But he got tired of it. After the seventh stroke he rose about ten feet from the boat, and remained there. The rest of the evening he spent in alternately dragging at the knife and growling at me. Then night came on and shut him from my view. For a long time I kept watch lest he should attack me in the darkness.

Sleep at length overcame me, and I did not wake till the warmth of the noonday sun filled me with new life.

IV.

I was utterly perplexed on awaking. The waves had entirely subsided. The sea was as smooth as glass, and brilliant in the sun's light. Our boat was gliding along at a smart pace under a soft, southerly breeze, the bear sitting on his old seat and acting as a sail.

"Surely," thought I, "this poor animal deserves his place in the boat as well as I, if faithfulness gives him a title; if he does not molest me I will let him have it."

I proceeded to breakfast on some biscuits from my bag. Poor Mostro put out his wounded paw for one, which I willingly threw to him. He appeared to desire a truce to our war, and I was quite as desirous of it.

After feeding him as well as my store would allow, I moved towards him to learn what his disposition now was. He made no motion save to raise his eyes to mine; when I put my hand on his back he settled his head between his legs with an air of entire satisfaction.

Now I bethought me that the knife was still in the poor brute's breast, gradually killing him. It must be got out somehow. The difficulty was to get it out without again enraging him.

I took some thick cord from my bag and made a slip-knot at one end. This loop I dropped over the handle of the knife, and gently tightened it. Then, going to the other end of the boat, I gave a sudden, vigorous pull, which brought the knife away.

The blood spouted out; the bear rolled over on his side as if dead.

I crept close to him and staunched the wound with my handkerchief. All day he lay motionless.

We were drifting towards land, as I knew by the increase in the number of birds we met.

Towards night I dropped asleep, and slept till morning. On awakening I expected Mostro to be dead, but on the contrary, he was sitting erect.

His eyes looked kind, and I had no fear in going near and giving him some biscuits. Water, I knew he wanted, but my supply was so small I could not share it with him. A brisk breeze was now blowing, and we progressed rapidly over the level sea.

Shortly after awaking I thought I saw a ship far away; then, for a while, it became invisible; soon it appeared again; I began to hope, confidently, for rescue, but before it came within such distance as that we could be seen from it, a fog arose and shut out both ship and sunlight.

I slept all that afternoon; when I awoke it was night. My pulse beat fast with hope, for I distinctly heard the roar of breakers in the distance. What kind of coast was it? All now depended upon that. If it were the wild, rocky coast of the southwest of Ireland, then we would, twenty chances to one, be dashed to pieces on the rocks. As the time passed, my anxiety increased. The sound of the breakers was coming nearer and nearer. Often I fancied I could distinguish the black rocks and white foam, as the waves broke over them. Louder and louder grew the sound, till it seemed as if every wave in the ocean broke on those rocks.

Then we began to rise and fall in the swell. First slowly, then faster, we rose and sank. Now we were at land. We struck on a sunken rock, and I was thrown on the bear by the concussion. Off we glided again and drifted into smooth water. Slowly we went now and gently, though the waves thundered on every side.

At last land! We were saved! The boat touched the ground, grated over the sand, and came to a stop in the midst of a field of seaweeds. I jumped

into shallow water followed by Mostro, and felt my way up the beach till I came to the dry warm sand above high-water mark. Here we rested. When morning dawned I arose and set out in search of a house. After a few hundred yards walking I fell in with a fisherman who conducted me to his hut, where my companion and I got food and warmth.

And here my story ends. Mostro remained with me, and is with me still. To all whom he knows he is as gentle as a dog. And my only uneasiness arises from the evidence of my cruelty to him in the scar on his breast. But he has a new name, now. Mostro means "monster;" and, as he has become a very kind and gentle monster, I have softened his name into Monsu Mostro—Mister Monster.

Of the John Harley I never heard anything, nor of her captain or her crew. Doubtless she was broken up by the action of the waves, and her timbers were carried far and wide by the ocean currents. Doubtless, too, the Turk met that fate which he so much dreaded for "poor Mostro."

[*This Story began in No.* 1.]

THE KNIGHTS OF STEEL.

A TALE OF A BICYCLE TOUR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "The Denford Boys," "Frank Hay," "Reg," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

But all the "hop" had gone out of Ti and he just managed to crawl up to a seat on the lumber, leaving Arthur to ask for the driver's assistance in placing the bicycle beside him. Then the team moved on again, while Pent trundled his machine along behind until they had ascended the opposite bank.

"You don't catch me risking my level-headedness riding over those 'bumpety' boards again," he remarked.

Having mounted once more, he rode on ahead to the station. He put the wheels in charge of the baggage-master, helped Ti down, and thanking the good-natured carpenter for his kindness, led his captain into the waiting-room. Then he went off, to return in about five minutes with half a cold chicken (with its accompanying pill-box full of salt), four big apples, half-a-dozen fat sandwiches, and two Japanese napkins.

"There," he exclaimed, as he delivered the above into his friend's hands, "this is our lunch. Hold it, will you, Ti, while I get the tickets? There'll be a train along in three minutes, so we'll have to eat it on the cars."

"Well, this is rather a humiliating way for two Knights of Steel to be getting over the ground, isn't it?" remarked Ti half an hour later, as Arthur dropped the paper napkins out of the window and then settled himself back comfortably in his seat.

"Oh, pshaw, don't think about that!" returned the latter. "The champion 'cyclist of the world is liable to be laid up sometimes, you know. But how do you feel now?"

"Not exactly equal to entering myself for a fifty-mile race against time. My head aches pretty considerably much, and if I hadn't been riding a Challenge I'd think I'd just taken a dozen or so of headers."

"I'm terribly afraid the poor fellow's going to have a regular sick spell of it," murmured Arthur to himself. "I'll speak to Val, as soon as he comes, about taking Ti straight home by rail."

They arrived at Marbley about three o'clock, took the omnibus for the American Hotel, and as soon as they were shown to a room, Ti went to bed.

"I'm going for a doctor," decided Arthur, after he had sat considering the the situation for a few minutes, and he hurried down-stairs to inquire where he could find one.

The clerk directed him to an address on the next block and he was fortunate in being able to bring the physician back with him.

The visit was not a long one and after a prescription had been written, Arthur went out with the doctor to have it filled.

"Do you think Ti—my friend, is seriously ill?" he asked.

"He may be, before he is better," was the grave reply. "Does he—do you both live near here?"

"No; we're from Wyburg. Do you think he ought to go home?"

"No, it would not do to move him now. He is threatened with a fever and I think I would advise you to send for his mother, or at least some member of the family. I'll call in again in the morning. I may find him a good deal better then, but it is as well to be prepared for the unfavorable turn."

The busy physician hurried off to another patient, leaving Arthur to enter the drug store with no small load of anxiety on his mind.

"I'll telegraph to Mrs. Walker right away," he resolved, and after handing over the prescription, inquired of the druggist where he could find a telegraph office.

"There's one at the depot," was the reply, "and in several of the hotels, but the operators are on strike, and I doubt if you can find anybody to send a message for you."

"But wouldn't they do it in a matter of life and death—almost?" Arthur demanded, when he had recovered from his astonishment.

"If you can't find an operator at his post, how are you going to prove to him the necessities of the case?"

"That's so; but how will I ever get word to Wyburg? A letter'd take too long."

"But why don't you run down there, yourself?" suggested the druggist. "I judge by your rig that you're a rider of the wheel, and I should think this would be just the occasion for proving their speed and usefulness."

"But I can't go off and leave Ti alone!" exclaimed Arthur, as if expecting the other to understand all all about who "Ti" was and why he could not be left.

"But I can start as soon as Val comes," he added to himself, as he set out on his return to the hotel.

He found Ti feeling somewhat easier, and leaving him in a dozing condition, Arthur went down stairs to study railroad time-tables and watch for the expected Knight.

"It must be all of forty miles from here to Wyburg," he calculated, "but then it's down hill most of the way, so I ought to be able to do it in less than five hours, easy. I can bring Mrs. Walker back with me on the first train in the morning. Now if Val would only come, so I could start right off!"

It was half past four, and suddenly recollecting that his machine was still at the station, Arthur ran up to look in on Ti and then hastened down to get it.

"Perhaps I'd better not wait for Val," he reflected, as he rode his wheel back. "If I don't get under way soon, I'm afraid the family will all be in bed when I get there, to say nothing of the risks of riding fast after dark. Ti seems pretty comfortable, I can get one of the hall-boys to keep an eye on him, and then Val's sure to be here before six. Wonder if I ought to tell the captain what I'm going for! Guess I'd better."

So on returning to their room and finding Ti awake, Arthur began: "You remember, don't you, old fellow, what all our mothers made us promise before we came away? To let them know at once if any of us were taken sick. Well, there's just been a strike of the telegraph operators, so I can't send word by wire. But you know we're only forty miles from Wyburg, with a down-grade road a good part of the way, and I'm going to ride there on my wheel to-night. 'Twon't take very long."

"But how are you going to get back, over the up-grade?" said Ti.

"Oh, I'm coming back by train the first thing in the morning and very likely'll bring your mother with me. Val ought to be here almost any minute and with a hall-boy and the chamber-maid to look in on you now and then, you won't mind my starting right away, will you? You see, I don't want to coast those two steep hills after dark; an accident might detain me till it was too late to catch the early train back here to-morrow."

"I'm all right; don't fret on that score," was Ti's re-assuring answer.

"Wait a minute," here broke out Arthur. "I'll fix you up safer, yet," and whipping a long piece of string out of his pocket, he proceeded to fasten one end of it to the bell-handle, and then gave the other to Ti.

"Pull it now," he said, "and we'll see if it works."

The experiment resulted in the appearance of a hall-boy, to whom matters were explained, and then Arthur prepared to set off on his "flying trip," as he called it.

"Be careful not to frighten mother, Art," said Ti, the last thing.

"Oh, I'll try and not let myself be taken for a burglar," replied Pent, purposely misunderstanding. "Good-by, old fellow. I'll leave word at the office to have Val sent up here the minute he comes."

It was a little after five when Arthur mounted his wheel and for two hours he rode swiftly onward. About seven, he stopped to eat a hearty supper at a small road-side hotel, and then, having lighted his lamp, hurried on again in the gathering twilight.

In due course he reached and "coasted" the two famous hills and was "putting on all steam" in ascending another one, when suddenly something gave way beneath his left foot and he dismounted just in time on the right to save himself from a tumble. Then, to his extreme disgust, he discovered that a crank pin had snapped, thus allowing the treadle to turn round and round without "catching hold."

CHAPTER VII.

"It's too bad that Ti should give out," Val mused, after parting with his brother Knights. "It rather tinges the glory of our tour. But hello, here's a good hard road again. Now, for a spin."

He bowled along at an easy rate for several miles, until the position of the sun, a sensation within him, and the sight of a swinging hotel sign reminded him that it was dinner time. During his halt he took the opportunity of consulting some railroad time-tables, and calculated that his friends ought to reach Marbley by two o'clock. It was after five when he arrived there, after a very enjoyable afternoon's run. Marbley proved to be quite a large summer resort village, with an abundance of hotels and boarding-houses.

"And now I wonder where I'll find the American House?" reflected Val, as he slowed up. "Hello, there it is now; name staring me right in the face. Hope Ti's all right."

He dismounted, trundled his machine on to the low piazza, and having padlocked the wheels together, walked into the office to inquire where his friends' rooms were.

"T. Walker and Arthur Pent?" repeated the clerk. "There are no such persons registered here."

"What?" exclaimed Val, in considerable astonishment. Then he added to himself, while the man was assigning him a room: "They must have missed a train then. Let me see; it's a quarter past five now; I s'pose they'll be along presently. But I'm sorry on Ti's account."

He left word at the desk that he should like to be informed as soon as his friends arrived, followed the hall-boy up-stairs, and having taken a brush and a wash, stretched himself out on the bed to rest awhile. He had not realized now tired he was, but now his head had scarcely touched the pillow before he fell asleep, and it was almost eight o'clock when he awoke.

"Well, I'm a nice one," he exclaimed aloud, as he sprang up and looked at his watch. "Wonder if they've been rapping on the door to let me know the fellows have come?"

Val put on his coat and hurried down-stairs to find out.

No, there had been no inquiries for him, and if he wanted supper, the clerk added, he had better go into the dining-room before the doors were closed.

"Well, if this isn't funny," murmured Val, as he ordered his rice cakes and coffee. "Where can those two fellows be? But I shan't worry, there's a pair of them, and I guess they can take care of each other."

So the solitary Knight dispatched his supper, and having ascertained that no more trains would arrive from Penskill until eight o'clock the next morning, he took a short stroll and then went up to bed.

It was considerably past nine when he awoke the next morning, and chiding himself for having failed to leave word to be called in time to meet the train, he dressed as quickly as possible and hurried off down-stairs to hunt up Arthur and Ti. In the corridor he was accosted by a hall-boy with the query, "Weren't you expecting two friends on bicycles?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered, eagerly. "Where are they?"

"I guess in their rooms," went on the boy. "I saw them come about half an hour ago, when I was going out on an errand for a lady up-stairs."

Val hastened down to the desk, and excitedly inquired of the clerk to which room the two 'cyclists had been assigned.

"No room at all," was the answer. "They took breakfast only, and then went right on."

"Went right on?" repeated Val, in a misty fashion. "And didn't they leave any word for me, or say where they were going?"

"Well, I believe I did hear them mention something about Wyburg," answered the clerk.

"They must have decided to run straight for home," reflected Val, as he walked slowly up-stairs. "But where did they spend the night, and why didn't they leave any message for me? It's all a deep, dark mystery. The only thing for me to do, though, is to follow them. They can't have much above half an hour's start, and in Ti's condition, I dare say they're not riding very fast. Perhaps I can overtake them before lunch time."

Thereupon Val scrambled through a breakfast, paid his bill, and started on his forty-mile "home run" about two o'clock.

He got over the ground pretty rapidly, as soon as he had cleared the town limits, for the roads were good, the day was not too warm, and he was in a tremendous hurry.

At the end of his first hour's run, he calculated that he had laid a good ten miles behind him, and now began to keep a sharp lookout ahead for the truant Knights.

But no sign of wheels glistening in the sunshine rewarded his eager gaze, and at last between one and two o'clock, he stopped for dinner.

"Did you notice two fellows pass here on bicycles this morning?" he inquired of the hotel proprietor, as he sat cooling off.

"No, I didn't. Last night we had one eat supper with us, though."

"Oh," said Val, carelessly, little dreaming that the "one" referred to was no other than Arthur Pent.

"I saw two chaps on them wheel things go by 'bout half an hour ago," remarked a sleepy-looking individual who was sitting in an arm-chair tilted back against a post, lazily staring out of the window; but as he had not sufficient energy to make this observation until after Val had gone into the dining-room, the Knight did not hear of it until he came out twenty minutes later to pay his bill.

"How provoking in him not to say so before!" he muttered, as he slid into the saddle, and once more bent to the pedals.

He was now close to one of the famous "coasting hills," and presently forgot all his annoyances in the joy of putting his feet over the handle-bars, and suffering himself to whizz down with a fascinating rush of air and whirr of wheels. At the foot of the hill the road took rather a sharp turn. Val ran swiftly on around the bend, and almost on top of two other 'cyclists, who were in the act of mounting.

He was going so fast that it was impossible for him to stop at once, but he cried out, as he rushed between the two, "I've caught you at last!"

Half a minute later, he turned around, ran back, and discovered that the wheelmen were no more like Arthur and Ti than chalk is like cheese.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TALKS ABOUT STAMP COLLECTING.

BY T. COKE.

II.

In a previous talk, I gave a few directions as to how to start properly in collecting stamps. While philately embraces but two classes—stamps for postal purposes and stamps for revenue purposes—it has divided these two classes into several divisions, each of which has an equal importance, and each of which claims for itself all that can be given to it, either of time or money. One who attempts to collect all kinds of stamps may, by the expenditure of a very large amount of money, succeed in accumulating a very great number; but he becomes merely an *accumulator*, and has ceased to be a *philatelist*. The general custom among collectors to-day is to take up some special portion of philately, and direct all their efforts to that portion.

Stamps for postal purposes include government adhesive stamps, local stamps recognized by several governments, private express stamps and private post-office stamps, once prevalent in this country, stamped envelopes and stamped newspaper wrappers, postal cards, and proofs and essays.

Stamps for revenue purposes include government adhesive stamps, municipal stamps, private die stamps of the United States, and proofs and essays. Here are divisions enough. To attain excellence, or even good results in any one division, the others must be given up. One is just as fruitful of interest as another, for each of these is a field large enough in itself to be covered properly, and the one who attempts to cover all, or even several, will require a very long purse and more time than can be spared in this busy age. Make your choice, therefore, and stick to that alone.

Having decided what to collect, we must next consider the the quickest and cheapest way of getting a fair start. Buy your stamps of none but well-established dealers, who have a character to lose; as I am sorry to say, that some of the stamps sold by the little petty boy-dealers, are often masses of rubbish. I have seen stamps, all "warranted genuine," that were nothing but vile counterfeits; and the beginner is, of course, quite at the mercy of the swindlers, owing to his want of knowledge and experience.

I used to obtain a great many stamps by bothering my friends, until at last I fancy some of them considered me a nuisance, and whenever a friend was going abroad, I used invariably to commission him to bring me a set of stamps from every country to which he went.

Taking for granted that my reader, intending to collect, is possessed of a certain amount of talent, he must first reject any stamp which is defaced or torn. It does not follow, however, that he must accept a stamp simply because it presents a good appearance, for "All is not gold that glitters."

All stamps are not genuine, he must, therefore, subject each specimen to a thorough examination. First of all, the design must not be roughly executed. Secondly, where the perforation of a stamp can be learned, care must be taken that the specimen agrees with it. Thirdly, when a stamp is known to have a water-mark, that is a forgery which is without one. A stamp fulfilling these conditions may generally be considered as genuine; but it requires some experience to detect *all* forgeries.

There are some stamps which should always be found in a good collection. They are somewhat rare and also valuable on account of the blueness of the paper, which bluishness is the result of the chemical action of the gum. This proves their genuineness.

Upon receiving stamps which it is desired to place in one's album, the first care should be to remove from the backs any paper which may still be adherent. This may be accomplished by placing them in a little cold water which in a short time, dissolves the adhesive substence used, besides removing any dust on the face of the stamp. I should mention in this connection, that the Russian stamps will not bear washing, as they are printed in water colors. The paper on their backs, however, should be removed by placing a piece of blotting pad over the back and letting it remain for a few moments. The stamps should then be allowed to dry, and may be placed in an old book to get rid of the corrugation produced by washing. After this they are ready for insertion in the album. I find, with regret, that my limited space will not allow me to take up "mounting," so I am obliged to postpone that subject, until our next talk.

A PUZZLING TRICK.

Mr. E. Stanley Robertson, lately of the Bengal civil service, in a recent article gives an amusing account of some of the tricks of an Indian juggler. He says:

When he entered the room he spread a white cloth upon the floor and sat down upon it, with his back to the wall, the door of the room being on his right hand. His spectators were disposed in the following fashion: Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the room, I was sitting on a sofa near the door, the Parsee merchant stood in the doorway about arm's length from me. The servants stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjurer. As soon as he had settled himself, he turned to the Parsee and asked for a rupee. The peddler at first demurred a little, but, on being guaranteed against loss, he produced the coin. He was going to put it into the conjurer's hand, but the latter refused, and told the Parsee to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer. The bearer took it, and, at the request of the conjurer, looked at it and declared it to be really a rupee. The conjurer then told him to hand it to his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and then followed this dialogue:

Conjurer—Are you sure that is a rupee?

Smyth—Yes.

Conjurer—Close your hand on it and hold it tight. Now think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me your thought.

Then the conjurer ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey and *America*—for the native of India is under the impression that America is in Europe. After a moment's pause Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a country.

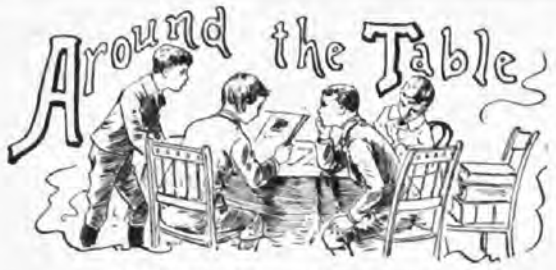
"Then open your hand," said the juggler, "see what you have got, and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of."

It was a five-franc piece, and Mr. Smyth had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the conjurer, but the latter said:

"No, pass it to the other sahib."

Mr. Smyth accordingly put the five-franc piece into my hand; I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and thought of Russia. When I opened it I found, not a Russian but a Turkish silver piece, about the size of the five-franc piece, or of our own crown piece. This I handed to Mr. Smyth, and suggested that he should name America, which he did, and found a Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin, whatever it was, had never been in the conjurer's hand from the time the rupee was borrowed from the Parsee merchant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer had both of them closely examined the rupee, and Mr. Smyth and I turned over several times the five-franc piece, the Turkish coin, and the dollar; so the trick did not depend upon a reversible coin. Indeed, it could not, for the coin underwent three changes, as has been seen. I need only add, for the information of those readers who know not India, that a rupee is only about the size of a florin, and therefore about half the weight of a five-franc piece.

The juggler performed several other tricks that day, but they were of a commonplace kind, and in no way comparable to the coin trick, which I have never seen rivaled by any conjurer in India or Europe.—*The Christian Union.*



POSITIVE SOLUTION WANTED.

TAKE twenty-one blank cards. Number seven of them, one to seven. While dealing these off in three packs of seven each, request some person to select a number. Place the pack containing this selected number between the other two packs. Repeat your dealing three times, requesting the *same* number to be selected each time. After finishing the deals, count from the *entire* pack *eleven* cards. And the eleventh card will be the one selected. Why should it *always* be the eleventh card?

NELSON W.

To the Editor of THE BOYS' WORLD:

Seeing a number of notices as to autographs, I wish to say a few words.

Several of my friends and myself caught the autograph "fever" and at once set to work to get them. We procured a pack of blank visiting cards, two packages of envelopes, one package a smaller size than the other, and then set to work.

When we wrote to a certain person whose autograph we wished, we sent a short note, asking the favor, enclosed a blank card and an addressed and stamped envelope. In this way we usually got all that we sent for. Now my collection consists of autographs on cards, in most cases simply the name and date, and on some a short sentence. I have three that I am especially proud of; Vice-President Hendricks, General HANCOCK, and Josh Billings. All these I got last year and now the persons are dead.

If any of your readers desire to commence collecting I should advise them to begin in the above way, and I should be pleased to correspond with any one on the subject.

Your interested reader,

HARRY A. B.

Table Talk.

W. V. U., NEW YORK CITY: We may, at some future date, publish an article on trapping.—I. G. MCC., DETROIT, MICH., is informed that twenty-five cents for a six-months' subscription will be received.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

SQUARE WORD.

M E A G R E
E A G L E S
A G H A S T
G L A N C E
R E S C U E
E S T E E M

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Harrison.

NEW PUZZLES.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. A musical composition; 2. To restrain; 3. To assert; 4. Brief journeys; 5. Used in boats; 6. On the edge; 7. A preposition; 8. An exclamation.

ORPHEUS.

DECAPITATION.

1. Behead trite and leave a story; 2. Behead a pronoun and leave an article that most men wear; 3. Behead a fruit and leave a part of the body; 4. Behead to disembark and leave a conjunction; 5. Behead to begin and leave sharp to the taste; 6. Behead to talk in a dull manner and leave a flower; 7. Behead to strip off the skin and leave a fish.

The initials that remain after the decapitations have taken place will spell a place of resort.

S. B. S. B.

BOY INVENTORS.

IN connection with the recent exhibition of children's handiwork in this city, the following clipping will be found of interest:

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of mere boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a boy. Watt left the engine in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that he had no way to open or close the valves except by means of levers operated by the hand.

He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy was hired to work these valve levers. Although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working these levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the exact time that he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve lever. Then he had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move off with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after, the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he soon saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantages of so great an invention. Mr. Watt then carried out the boy's inventive genius in a practical form, and made the steam-engine a perfect automatic, working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer boy, who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He cut one out with his knife, and after he had got it all done he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was afterwards apprenticed to a blacksmith, and he soon found that his new master was kind and took a lively interest in him. He had made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, which he showed to his master. The blacksmith saw that he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a very valuable one. He immediately had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, the boy to receive one half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should visit him, and bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home, when the son was presented as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he (the father) had kicked to pieces but a year before.

Smeaton, the great mechanic, when a boy, disdained the ordinary playthings of boyhood. He collected the tools of workingmen, and bothered them with questions. One day, after watching some millwrights, he was discovered, to the great distress of his family, in a situation of extreme danger, fixing the windmill on top of the barn. His father sent him to London to study law, but he declared that "law did not suit the bent of his genius," and addressed a memorial to his father to show his utter incompetency for legal pursuits. His father finally allowed him to do as he wished, and it was he who built the Eddystone Lighthouse in the midst of the waves.

MORE ABOUT SAILOR BOYS.

THE real schooling of the sailor boys does not begin until they are transferred to the training ship at Newport. While aboard the Minnesota they are piped out of their hammocks every morning by a shrill note from the boatswain's whistle, followed by the sing-song cry: "All hands—up all hammocks." The cry is taken up and passed along from hammock to hammock by the waking boys, until all have tumbled out. Then there is a great scurrying to see who will be dressed, and have his hammock and bedding lashed up first. The hammocks are stowed in a netting on the deck above during the day. The boys are forbidden to lay their hammocks on the deck or across the guns, but must hold them from the time they are carried to the spar-deck until they are taken by the stower. A few hours are spent nearly every morning in washing down the decks and polishing the brasswork about the ship. At noon all hands are piped down to dinner, and at sunset the bugler sounds a call for hauling down the colors. Five minutes later comes supper. After supper, hammocks are piped down, at eight bells tattoo is sounded, and an hour later the crew is ordered to turn in and keep silence.

Talking after bed time, swearing, fighting, and other boyish offenses, are punished in several original ways, the most common of which is to make the offender "toe a seam" for several minutes at a time, or send him aloft to "keep a mast-head lookout." Boys who are careless about their clothes or their hammocks are obliged to carry them on their shoulders for an hour or two every morning until they are cured. Solitary confinement on bread and water for five days is the severest punishment which the naval regulations permit, except it be awarded by court-martial. Only boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years are received at the training-ship.

From the moment an apprentice enlists, his pay is $9 per month, and he is placed in a class where he acquires the rudiments of his prospective profession as a sailor. They are allowed pocket money and a reasonable amount of leave of absence, and can visit their homes twice a year while in the waters of the United States. In addition to studying arithmetic, geography and United States history while on the training-ships, the boys are given regular practice in boxing, fencing, rowing and sailing boats. When qualified for sea, they are drafted to a cruising practice ship and visit Europe or the West Indies. After returning to the United States, and visiting home for ten days or two weeks, boys are transferred to naval vessels in all parts of the world. This is usually about fifteen months after enlistment, and he is not apt to be changed until he is of age. Then he may receive his discharge or be re-enlisted at will.

BOATING ASHORE.

IN the neighborhood of St. Augustine, Florida, there is a stretch of beach as hard and smooth as a floor, up and down which a certain gentleman goes cruising in a very strange-looking craft. In shape somewhat like a triangle, it runs—or rather sails—on wheels, two large ones on either side in front, and two smaller ones underneath the stern for steering. There is also a brake, to be worked by the foot; the sails are rigged cat-boat fashion, and the captain can beat against the wind by tacking, the same as on water. With a good breeze, very fast time is made, and should a calm befall, it is a very simple matter to step out and walk home.

FREAK OF A LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE.

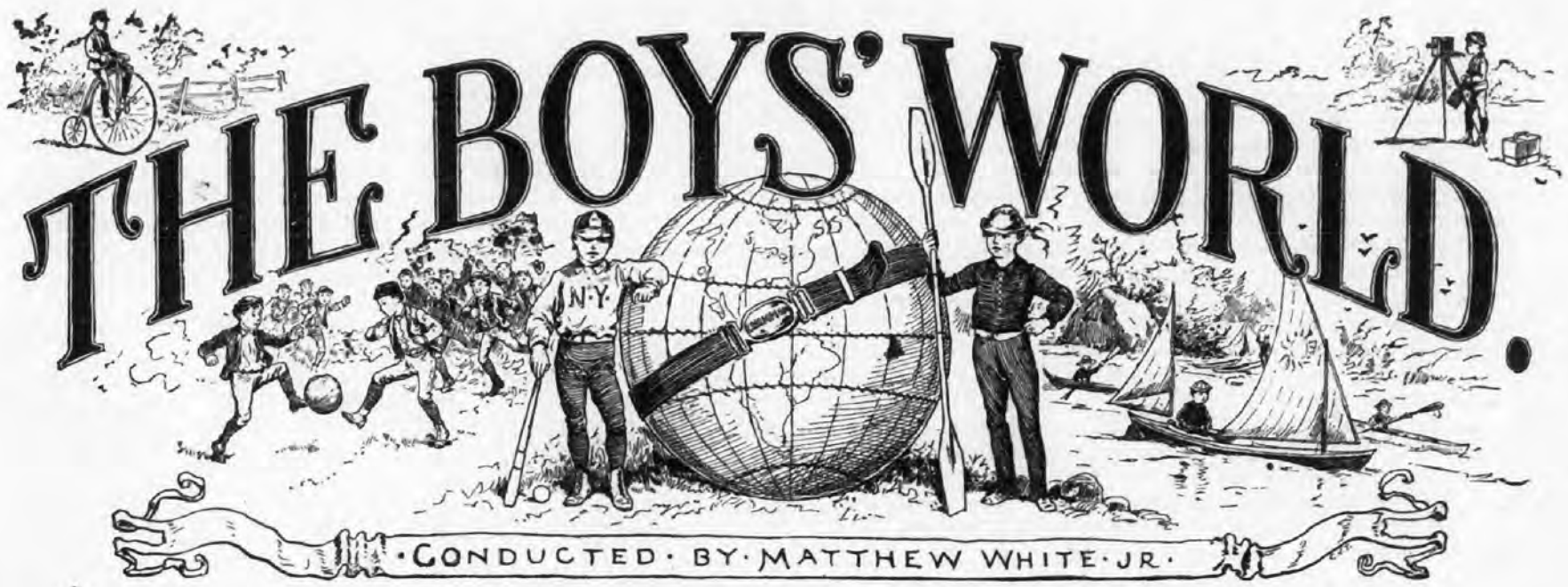
THE town of White Plains was thrown into a state of alarm on Friday night by a strange and harmless accident to a locomotive on the Harlem Railroad. When one of the trains due in that village reached the whistle post, the engineer blew his whistle, but on account of an accident to the valve it could not be closed, and the result was that the whistle continued to screech and kept on screeching all the way into the station and after the train stopped. The fire department turned out, thinking there was a fire or some terrible accident; the janitor rang the Court House bell, and the populace ran breathlessly to the station where the whistle screamed until the steam was exhausted. When the people found out what was the matter everybody laughed and went home in good humor.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In our next number will appear the opening chapter of a new Serial Story, entitled:

HAL OF HALSWORTH.

By PERCY EARL.



No. 8.—Vol. I. NEW YORK, JULY, 1886. 50 Cents a Year.

HAL OF HALSWORTH;

OR,

"THE SON OF THE REGIMENT."

BY PERCY EARL.

CHAPTER I.

AN UNEXPECTED PREDICAMENT.

THE steamer Dakota had just arrived from Liverpool, and the scene at the wharf in New York was a busy one. Open trunks were standing about in every direction, and the dreaded custom house officers swarmed over the pier like bees.

It being early autumn, there were among the passengers great numbers of Americans returning from their "summer abroad," and amongst the lady members of these parties the wildest consternation prevailed, while their fathers, husbands, sons and brothers were implored not to allow anything to be "seized."

But there was one young fellow, standing beside a good-sized trunk, who appeared to have no one to look out for save himself, although he was extremely careful of an ulster, a hat-box, an umbrella and a cane, all of which he kept a tight hold on while the officials were examining his "box."

This is what he called the trunk above mentioned, and from the expression it will be seen at once that our hero is an Englishman.

"All O. K., young man," announced the officer, after having poked his arm up sundry coat sleeves and trowser legs, and five minutes later our British youth, bag and baggage, was rolling luxuriously up Broadway in a hack.

And while he is busily occupied in gazing at the sights around him, we will take the opportunity of introducing him to the reader.

Some five feet ten in height, of a good figure, with clear blue eyes and chestnut brown hair, Harold Edwin Halsworth has that "bonnie" look common to so many of his countrymen.

His father, Edwin Halsworth, had come of noble blood, and Halsworth Manor had been famous all the county over for the lavish hospitality it dispensed.

Indeed, very possibly extravagance in the latter direction was the reason why, when Hal's mother was early left a widow, with an only child, she found her fortune not as large as might have been expected; and her subsequent marriage to Mr. Brencing, a country lawyer, had not materially added to it.

But Hal was still heir to the Manor, besides possessing in his own right the sum of £1,000, or $5,000, which it was now his purpose to invest in the United States.

"You must remember, Harold," his mother had said when the matter was talked over, "that you are risking a great deal of money in going so far away," but, all things considered, it seemed to be about the best opening for him.

THE INTERVIEW WITH THE MANAGER.

He was young for business, to be sure, but then he had finished his schooling, and did not care to enter one of the universities to study for a profession.

As to settling down in London, where he had so many friends, he felt that that would entail spending more money in a social way than he could afford, and, on the other hand, he could not reconcile himself to the idea of remaining quietly at home as a country gentleman, which latter course he knew that in her secret heart his mother would have preferred him to adopt.

So, charged to the full with the soundest of advice from near and distant relatives, our hero had set out to seek his fortune in the young republic, and, after a prosperous voyage, we find him safely arrived in the metropolis of the New World.

With an excess of caution he had refrained from mingling freely with his fellow-passengers during the trip across, and in consequence had been regarded by some as "proud and stuck up," when in reality he was merely trying to avoid being drawn into any of the "Yankee traps," against which his elders had so solemnly warned him.

And now, it must be confessed he felt lonely as he jolted along in the big carriage through the streets of a strange city, with no prospect of a welcome at the end of his journey.

"But then I've been very discreet in accordance with directions," he reflected, and it was with this cold sort of comfort he was endeavoring to satisfy the natural cravings of his sociable nature when the cab halted before the Windsor Hotel.

"Not a room to be had in the house for love or money," was the clerk's response to Hal's application for lodging.

This was anything but agreeable information for our hero, who wanted to settle down quietly as soon as possible after his first trip at sea.

He had selected the Windsor partly by reason of the home-like feeling associated with its name, but chiefly on account of the cordial recommendation of friends who had stopped there, and having fully decided in his own mind where he would go, he had not bothered himself with looking up the names of other desirable houses.

As he stood for a moment by the desk, half irresolute as to what he ought to do next, a middle-aged gentleman, who had just sent his card up stairs by a waiter, turned towards him, and in the off-hand yet pleasant tone of voice Hal had already learned to associate with Americans, asked: "Have you tried at the Fifth Avenue?"

"No; I'm a stranger, and I confess wasn't prepared to go hotel-hunting."

"I'm afraid that's what you'll have to do, though," continued the other, as he took a card from his case. "Every house in the city's doing a rushing business. You see, merchants are on from all parts of the country buying their winter's stock, but as some are leaving every day, there's a chance of your finding a vacant room somewhere."

"Now here," he added, as he finished a rapid scribbling with his pencil and handed the card to Hal, "is a list of the leading hotels in the city, beginning with the best and tapering down to fair. Wish you good luck," and with a bow the gentleman went off with the boy who had just returned with word that his friend was in.

Considerably amazed at this sudden friendliness on the part of an utter stranger, Hal eagerly read over the list and then hurried out to his cab, from which, luckily, his luggage had not yet been removed.

"Fifth Avenue Hotel," he called out to the driver, and in ten minutes he was standing in the crowded corridors of that hostelry.

"Full," was the response to his demand here. "Can put you up a cot in one of the parlors if you like."

But Halsworth preferred an apartment where he could retire when he chose, so with his list to fall back upon, he returned to his cabby, now happy in the prospect of half a day's employment, and directed him to drive to the next house in the catalogue.

Here they offered him part of a room already occupied by two gentlemen, but before the clerk had finished describing the dimensions of the same, Hal started off for No. 3.

At the latter he fared no better, and it was the same story of "packed to the roof," "cots in parlor," "three and four in a room," at all of the others, first-class and fair, until only one house more remained on the list.

"I might as well be without a farthing in my pocket as not be able to obtain what money ought to buy," reflected the young Briton, as, worn out and dispirited by his fruitless search, he threw himself back in the carriage and studied the name engraved on the card: "Frank J. Spedwin."

"What a jolly queer fellow he was, and yet I don't know that I owe him so much, after all, for I'm no better off now than I was before I saw him. But here goes for the last trial, and if I can't get in here, I'll give over the attempt, buy a paper and hunt up a boarding-house at once."

This last hotel in the list, while not situated in quite as fashionable a neighborhood as some of the others, was, nevertheless, a very respectable-looking house, and when the clerk said that he could give him a bed in a room occupied by only one other person, Hal felt that he was indeed in luck.

"Here, porter. Get the chamber-maid's key and show this gentleman to No. 108. I'll see that Mr. Gay is informed of the arrangement when he comes in to-night," and the spruce-appearing hotel official began to make a memorandum of the fact, when he was interrupted by the ringing of three electric bells behind him, and the advent of two would-be lodgers in front.

Meanwhile Hal followed his guide up three flights of stairs and along various intricate corridors, until the man halted before the door of 108, which he proceeded to throw open with a flourish, displaying to view an apartment by no means large in itself, but which was made to appear smaller still from the two or three trunks and the great quantity of clothing it contained, the latter being scattered about in every direction.

"I say, how can you ever put a cot in here?" exclaimed our hero, as he looked around him with rather a disgusted air.

"Shure, an' wasn't I jist afther tellin' Mr. Tonsey that same?" returned the porter. "An' as he tould me to fix it somehow, I don't say but ye'll have to slape two in a bid."

"But I never saw this other gentleman in my life," began Hal, rather shocked at this easy method of overcoming the difficulty.

"Ach, don't throuble yerself about that. Mr. Tonsey'll be afther makin' it all right wid him. Besides, the bed's a three-quarter one, as they calls it, an' shure yerself an' the other mon be both o' ye quite slim loike," and carefully feeling his way among the trunks, the Irishman lit the gas and then went down to bring up Hal's "box," which he placed just outside the door "nice and convanient for ye," as he informed its owner.

The latter did not half like any of the arrangements to which he had suddenly found himself a party; but anything was better than that dismal driving from one hotel to another, which besides was rather expensive, so Hal set about making himself as comfortable as possible in his limited quarters.

After his six o'clock dinner, he took a stroll on Broadway, but being very tired, soon returned to the hotel. He was not a little curious concerning his room-mate, but as yet the latter had not put in an appearance, and after spending an hour or two in looking over his guide-book and writing letters home, Hal retired, although before doing so he would have much preferred to have had a glimpse of his "chum."

CHAPTER II.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

"I SAY, young man, guess you've made a slight mistake, haven't you?" were the words that feebly penetrated their way to Hal's understanding, as he was aroused from a dream of Halsworth Manor by the violent slamming of a door and a sudden flash of gaslight.

Quickly rubbing open his eyes, he looked up and saw standing at the foot of the bed a young fellow of about his own age, handsomely dressed, with his derby hat still on his head and an expression of the most unbounded astonishment on his good-natured face, which, in spite of himself, he was unable to dignify with a frown.

"I repeat, you must have made a mistake," continued this amiable-looking young gentleman, in tones he was evidently endeavoring to make as severe as possible. "This is my room."

Hal was by this time thoroughly wide-awake and sitting up in bed, prepared to defend his rights.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but half of it was assigned to me at the office in the afternoon. The clerk said he would mention the matter to you."

"Well, he never breathed a syllable about it; s'pose he forgot. But never mind, it's all right as long as you didn't blunder in here by mistake. Hotels now all fearfully crowded, aren't they?" continued the stranger, as he took off his hat and considerately lowered the gas.

"I should say so. This is the only place I could find after trying at almost a dozen different houses. I'm sorry, though, to have put you out any."

"Don't mention it. It's too bad I haven't more room in here, but I like to have my trunks near me, you see. However, I won't keep you awake any longer," and having speedily prepared himself for bed, the new-comer turned off the light, and two minutes later both inmates of No. 108 were soundly sleeping.

The next morning Hal was up, dressed, and down at breakfast before his "chum" showed any signs of waking. He hastened to secure a daily paper, and eagerly scanned the "Business Opportunities" column, in order to see what were the prospects for successful investment, but after throwing aside the cards of the agencies as "frauds;" setting down the "new inventions bound to sell," as worthless; casting out the parties wanting "a small amount of capital to push a sure thing," as swindlers, and skipping the notices of those desiring large sums as being beyond his means, Hal found that he had not a single "opportunity" left.

"Perhaps my bankers can suggest something," he reflected, as he folded up the paper and inquired the way to Broad Street.

He was soon being whirled down town on the Elevated Road, so thoroughly absorbed in the novelty of his surroundings, that for the time being he forgot all about business openings, and what he should do with his thousand pounds. Arrived at his destination, he was very pleasantly received by the gentlemen of the bank in favor of which his letter of credit had been drawn, and on making known his errand, the head of the firm advised him to invest in United States bonds.

"But I want to find something that will give me work to do," objected Hal.

"Oh, I see. You are anxious to settle down regularly into business," said the banker, and our hero thought he detected in the tones a slight tinge of sarcasm, as if the speaker had his doubts concerning the success of so young a man at the head of a firm. "I am afraid, though, that you will find some difficulty in securing, with the sum at your disposal, an opening to your taste. However, if I hear of anything that would be apt to meet your case I'll let you know. Where did you say you were stopping?"

Hal gave his address, and having drawn some money, left the office, with the conviction that opportunities for making large fortunes out of little capital were not as liberally sprinkled over the United States as he had supposed. At any rate, it was very evident that his bankers were not willing to incur any great responsibility in the matter of offering advice.

And just here it may be remarked that our hero had thus far discovered no difference between the Old World and the New, whereas he had expected to find in the latter a sort of provincial readiness to receive everybody from the former with open arms.

"I see I'll have to take my chances with the rest," muttered the young scion of a noble house, as he sauntered up Broadway, quite undecided as to the next best thing to be done.

"Perhaps my coming three thousand miles over the ocean to invest only one thousand pounds wasn't a very wise proceeding after all," he reflected, as the hurrying throngs around him caused him to feel loneher than ever, walking along with no definite end in view.

He had no heart for sight-seeing, and passed Trinity Church and the City Hall with scarcely a second glance at them.

"If I only had some friend with whom I could talk matters over, but not a soul do I know in all this broad land—except, to be sure, my 'chum,' Mr. Gay," and Hal smiled at the thought of having for a chum a person whose first name even one did not know.

Then he looked more serious as he recollected how pleasant the young fellow had been, and how considerately he had turned down the gas. Hal thought a good deal of little things like that.

But at the same time, the warning tones of his English counselors kept ringing in his ears: "Beware, above all things, of making sudden friendships."

"I do wonder, though, what the fellow's doing with all those trunks?" Hal continued to surmise. "One would think he had smuggled goods in them if it wasn't for his honest face."

At this point in his reflections, Halsworth discovered that he had reached the street leading to his hotel, and, on entering, the first person he met was Gay.

"Good morning," exclaimed the latter, pleasantly. "Beautiful day, isn't it? I see by the register that you're from England, Mr. Halsworth, and as turn about is fair play, allow me to present you with my card. Chums ought surely to know one another's names," and as he spoke, the American youth handed Hal a card on which was engraved "Dudley Gay."

"They turned away a lot of people just now," went on the talkative lad, as he and Halsworth stood together by the large window commanding a view of Broadway, "so it's lucky you got even half a room. Have you seen much of the city?"

"Not as yet," returned Hal. "To tell the truth, I haven't done any looking about for the mere sake of looking. I want to settle down first."

"Oh, then you intend to remain in America some time."

"Well, yes. I mean to go into business here."

There, the secret was out, and in spite of himself, Hal felt relieved. Perhaps Gay might know of some opening; he surely looked like a gentleman's son, and in any case our hero did not carry his thousand pounds about with him, convenient for stealing.

"That's right," continued the American, "and you ought to find plenty of chances at this time of year."

"But I haven't," and Hal could not refrain from relating his morning's experience.

"Why don't you look through the advertisements in *all* the papers, though?" suggested Gay. "Come on into the reading-room, and we'll do it now, if you say so. I know more about the city and can post you in regard to locations, and so forth," and the two lads were soon busily employed in hunting up "Business Chances" in all the prominent dailies.

"Have you any special taste?" inquired the "chum," as he gazed intently at the foot of a certain column. "How would coal suit you?"

"Well enough, but if the business is as good as the advertiser here states it is, why on earth should he want to dispose of it? You see, I'm armed from head to foot against swindlers, and the same objections apply to all these notices as to those I saw this morning."

"In that case I suppose there's no use in looking any further. But what other plan of operation have you decided on?"

"None. The amount of the matter is, I think I've made a great mistake in coming here at all, and yet your country every year draws more and more from the population of Europe; and all these immigrants appear to be doing well, too. I don't understand it."

"Well, I do," replied Gay, as he returned the papers to their places. "It's simply this: you have too much money. That sounds queer, I know, but listen a minute. These emigrants start from the Old World with little or nothing in their pockets, are willing to work at anything, and as we've plenty of room out West, they settle down and 'grow up with the country.' You, on the other hand, can only do certain things, for I judge you wouldn't care to walk behind a plow or tend a country store; and still, what can you find in the city unless you take up with some of the fellows that advertise in the papers, who may, and again may not, be swindlers. Hope you'll excuse me for speaking so plainly, though I think you'll agree that I'm right."

"But I say then, what shall I do?" queried Hal, desperately. "I should hate most awfully to go back to England without accomplishing anything, after coming so far."

Gay was silent for an instant or two; then rising, he said, in a very significant tone: "Come with me up-stairs to our room, where we can talk without fear of interruption. I want to offer you a suggestion."

So the two ascended by the elevator, as a church-clock near by struck the hour of noon.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW IDEA.

"You see all these trunks?" were Dudley Gay's first words, when they were both seated in No. 108. "Well, what do you suppose they contain? My stage costumes!"

"What! You an actor?" exclaimed Hal, fully as astonished as the other had expected him to be.

"No, not merely an actor," returned his "chum," with a smile, "but first tenor in Vincing & Vane's Comic Opera Company."

"W-h-e-w!" whistled the young Englishman. "I hope I haven't been guilty of treating so distinguished a personage with any lack of respect;" and Hal did not speak in irony either, for if our hero had one weak point in his nature, it was a passion for the theatre, which to him always seemed a land of enchantment, both before and behind the scenes.

"Oh, I guess my reputation hasn't suffered much," laughed Gay; "besides, I'm quite new at the business, and have only appeared about a dozen times in all. But, to come to the point: how would you like to invest in our combination? We've a fair-to-middling *prima donna*, a passable baritone, a bass as deep as a well, and a ringing chorus. The managers, Messrs. Vincing & Vane, are all politeness, and I think I could get them to let you in with us. What do you say to the idea?"

"And do you really believe they'd make me a member of the company?" Hal's eyes sparkled, his voice almost trembled in its eagerness, so intense was his excitement. "But, then, I never acted in my life," he added, "and have never sung outside of a drawing-room."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, if you can only put money into the business. You see, combinations usually need that more than they do high C's or tragic attitudes; but once cast in your lot with us, and we'll soon find enough for you to do—make you treasurer, or something of that sort. You'll have to decide quickly, too, for we're going to start out on the road just as soon as we can get ready." Gay's face also was flushed, and it was plainly to be seen that his love of the stage was as strong, if not stronger, than Hal's.

"But do you think it would be a safe investment?" asked the latter. His sound common sense was beginning to re-assert itself, but Gay's next words utterly extinguished it—until it was too late.

"As safe as any other you'll be likely to find. And now, as you've admitted that you can sing, I should not be surprised if you were able to take the part of the *Prince* in our new opera, 'The Son of the Regiment.' The composer was going to appear in the *role* himself, but none of us think he has voice enough. Suppose you try yours on one of my songs here," and unlocking the smallest trunk, Dudley proceeded to unearth from a mass of velvet cloaks, silk doublets, top-boots and loose manuscripts, two or three sheets of written music, rather the worse for much thumbing.

Greatly to Gay's delight, Hal contrived to sing the air at sight, and although it did not exactly suit his voice, that made it all the more likely that the *Prince's* score would fit him to a T.

"So there'll be no danger of their wanting to give you the part of the hero," laughed Gay, "thus cutting me out in return for introducing a star of such magnitude to the manager's notice. What do you think of the words? Not up to much, are they? But the music's bright and 'jingly,' and so the piece is sure to draw. It's a brand new one, you know, written by Mr. Vane and composed by a certain young Theodore Trill. A good many of the dates are already filled, and I think we've got a 'big thing,' as the saying is. But you'd better have a talk with Mr. Vincing himself. We'll go up-town and see him this afternoon, if you say so."

Our hero was only too willing to make the proposed call, and the intervening time was spent by himself and Gay in talking theatre and eating their lunch.

"It will give quite a tone to the troupe to have an Englishman among the artists," observed Dudley, as they set out for Mr. Vincing's boarding-house; "although if you were a Signor Italian something-or-other, of course it would be better still."

"I had best take another name in any case, had I not?" suggested Hal.

"Oh, just as you choose, or we'll see what Mr. Vincing thinks about it," returned Gay; and if our hero had happened to glance at his companion's face, he would have noticed the vivid flush that overspread it at the words.

"Here we are," announced the young tenor, presently, and he led the way up the stoop of a brick house, situated in a not very fashionable quarter of the city.

"Is Mr. Vincing in?" he inquired of an untidy servant girl, who opened the door.

"He is," was the reply.

"Tell him that Mr. Gay would like to see him, please," and as the woman disappeared up-stairs, Dudley asked Hal to wait in the hall a moment while he went up and spoke with the manager first himself.

In about five minutes he called out over the banisters: "Come on, Halsworth," and having ascended to the third story, our hero was ushered into a back room, literally blockaded with trunks, on one of which was seated a gentleman of about thirty-five, very stylishly dressed, and whose manners were faultless.

"Most charmed to make your acquaintance, sir," he exclaimed, as he shook Hal warmly by the hand. "Excuse my surroundings, but *prima donna's* wardrobes are not apt be small ones, you know. So you are an Englishm—a—n, as we say in 'Pinafore,' but I trust you will not think that we are, therefore, theatrical 'Pirates,'" and the jovial manager laughed immoderately at his own wit.

He immediately sobered down, however, when Hal said something about his desire to find a safe investment for his money.

"But if I were to be engaged by you," pursued the lad, "to sing a *role* in your new opera, I suppose you would not require as large a sum as from a simple stockholder?"

At this Mr. Vincing became graver still, and laying a hand on Hal's knee, he began in a really mournful tone of voice: "My dear young sir, you have no idea of the amount of capital required to run a combination like ours. Why, the salary of our *prima donna* alone mounts up into the hundreds every week, to say nothing of the large sums paid Mr. Gay here, and the other principals in the cast. Then there are the author and composer to be rewarded for their labors, the scenery to be painted, theatres rented, gas bills settled, and the thousand-and-one other things incidental to the business, that foot up a total perfectly appalling—appalling. Why, sir, a thousand dollars is to us a mere drop in the bucket—a bagatelle," and to judge from the air with which he spoke, one might have supposed that from his youth up he had been accustomed to reckon only by millions.

"Well, then, to be plain, how much must I invest in order to become a member of the company?" and Hal endeavored to speak in as business-like a tone as he could command.

Before replying, Mr. Vincing shut one eye and looked up at the ceiling with the other in deep reflection, then drumming with his fingers on the lid of the trunk, said lightly:

"Oh, from six to seven thousand dollars would be sufficient, although, of course, a larger sum would realize proportionately greater profits for you."

Six to seven thousand dollars! If Hal had hitherto entertained any doubts as to the stability and trustworthiness of the Vincing & Vane Comic Opera Company, they were at once dispelled by the mention of the above figures.

"A concern whose managers are so lavish in the outlay of capital, must be worth something," he mused, "but then, I've only five thousand to invest," and as he sat silent for a few seconds, the youth saw fade away his fond dreams of appearing in velvet suits and silk stockings, with a sword by his side, a painted marble palace behind him, and in front an overflowing audience loudly clamoring "*Encore, encore!*"

The picture was too alluring; he would see if something could not be effected with his thousand pounds.

"The amount you name, Mr. Vincing," he began, "I tell you frankly, is beyond my means, and——"

"Excuse me one moment," interrupted the manager, "perhaps you do not understand me. Such a sum would not only secure you a share in the receipts of the company, but also include the purchase of all your costumes. Besides, there would be your regular salary, which, however, considering that you are a beginner, without reputation, would at first naturally be small."

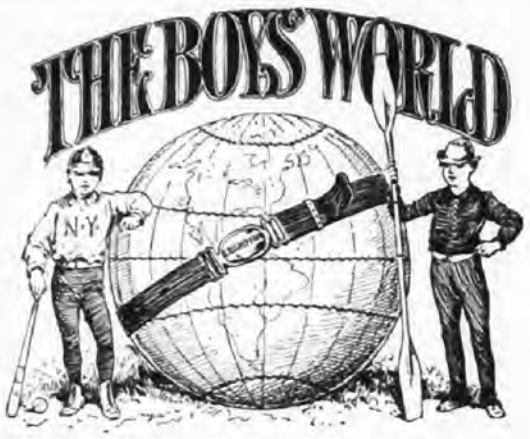
Now, Hal's original intention had been to invest only half of his thousand pounds in the combination, but Mr. Vincing's representations and his own fears of losing such a splendid opportunity of both gratifying his most cherished passion and realizing at the same time a handsome profit, induced him to make the following offer.

"As I said, the sum you mentioned is more than I can afford, but if five thousand dollars will do, I should be willing to give it."

On hearing this proposition, Mr. Vincing was silent for a moment or two, and sat looking steadily at Dudley Gay, who had been quietly turning over the pages of a manuscript throughout the interview.

But, in spite of whatever magnetism Mr. Vincing's gaze might possess, the young tenor did not raise his eyes, and finally the manager replied gravely: "I'll think about it, sir. Will talk the matter over with my partner and let you know the result to-morrow, if you will take the trouble to call around about this time. Very small sum though, sir, very small," and Mr. Vincing bowed the young gentlemen out of the room and down to the floor below, with an expression of countenance calculated to keep our hero in a state of the most intense suspense.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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TEN PAGES.

SOMETHING TO BUILD.

ALL boys have a passion for building. From babyhood when it finds a vent in houses of blocks and castles of cards, on through the era of sand forts by the sea, kite construction in the back yard, and water-wheels in the brook, this master spirit displays itself, and the average boy is never so happy as when engaged in making something. And it is a "hobby" that parents should seek not to discourage, but rather to foster, as it tends to develop industry, perseverance and pluck.

But blocks, sand forts, kites and water-wheels are, in the course of time outgrown, and an interval must elapse before the boy blossoms into the man, capable of building factories, railroads and ships. And during this interim his active brain craves something more than mere study of books; wants something to think about that bears a closer resemblance to building than does the digging out of a Latin root, or the exposition of a problem in geometry.

In what shape shall this need be supplied? Certainly by nothing in the form of a toy. Our long-trowsered Arthur or Fred scorns to amuse himself with anything less manly than ball, bat or racquet. On the other hand, he has neither the time nor the capital to construct boat houses, grape-arbors or the like amateur but useful appendages to the paternal domain. It is when he has reached this point of desperation that our suggestion may be of use to him.

But no, it is scarcely a suggestion after all, simply being a reminder of the fact that he is building something every day of his life, and on a structure that will endure for ages, although whether as a superb piece of architecture or a mere empty shell, depends solely on himself.

The same materials for construction are furnished alike to all, words, acts, nay even thoughts being the brick, mortar and beams of the edifice, Character. Need we say more?

We would simply remind the young builder that he has these three guides to aid him in his task: Conscience, that blessed inward whisperer of danger threatening; Home, with a father's wise counsels and a mother's fervent prayers; and the Word of Him who has promised to give aid in the work to all who ask it.

The second installment of "Walks and Talks in the Mountains," by REV. S. W. KNIPE, crowded out of this number, will appear next month.

TALKS ABOUT STAMP COLLECTING.

BY T. COKE.

III.

WHEN the stamps have been prepared, the next step is to get them ready for mounting, by what is called "hinging." There are several methods of doing this, but the following, I think, is the best, as it is the simplest: Select fine, strong, extremely thin paper, (that known as "onion-skin" is the best) and with a moderately strong solution of gum arabic wash one side of the sheets. When dry, these should be cut into strips of one-half inch in width, moisten along one edge of the strips about one-eighth inch, place the stamps on their upper edge along the moistened border, and separate with scissors. Trim the sides of the hinge diagonally, fold the exposed portion neatly under the stamps, and they are ready for mounting.

If the collector decides upon using the prepared album, as I mentioned in our first talk, affix the stamps by the hinge directly to the page. If, however, blank sheets are preferred, then another step is necessary previous to mounting. For this, cards of fine, thin bristle-board, a trifle larger than the stamps to be mounted, should be prepared (or they can be procured, cut to any size, at the card-makers) and then hinged in precisely the same manner as the stamps, which should now be fastened to the mounts. The blank sheets should be made of some delicate neutral-tinted pearl-gray cardboard, cut in sizes about 8x10 inches, and on these the stamps arranged. This method is adopted by all the leading philatelists, and having tried it myself, I have found it far more satisfactory than the manufactured albums. These sheets I keep systematically arranged in drawers in a neat walnut cabinet, about 24 inches high, 12 wide and 10 inches long. Now, the beauty of this album, upon which so much care has been expended, begins to develop itself. However pretty each color of any set of stamps may be by itself, it is almost certain that if the stamps were placed in juxtaposition and arranged according to value, the harmony of the colors would be destroyed and discordant contrast arise, a fact too well known for me to discuss here. The narrow edge of white around each stamp prevents all disagreement of the colors, and finally, the neutral tint of the cardboard heightens them, throwing up the pale shades, deepening the yellows and grays, toning the reds, softening the blues and greens, and, on the whole, causing an indescribable transparency of all the colors which is perfectly charming.

In arranging the stamps, the collector will find considerable scope for the display of taste and ingenuity. Some may prefer to arrange the sets in certain geometrical figures. But those who collect varieties will find it very satisfactory to place the different values of the normal set in a single line, lengthwise on the page, and run the shades of color under the appropriate value. And it would be well, I think, except in certain cases, to devote a page to each issue, so as to allow ample room for varieties, proofs, essays, etc.

In conclusion, there is one point on which I wish to counsel you. Let there be consistency in your collection. By this I mean, let your stamps be all cancelled or all uncancelled. Nothing looks so bad as to see part of a set bright and clean, and the rest all smudged with cancelling ink. Cancelled stamps are in the main much cheaper than uncancelled ones, and the collector has less difficulty in procuring cancelled specimens than he has in procuring uncancelled issues. In fact, one difficulty collectors of clean stamps have to contend against is that it is almost impossible to procure clean copies of some of the great rarities. But these will not trouble you for some time. Bear in mind what I said in a previous talk, about putting in your collection none but perfect specimens. If you are careless on this point, you may often be imposed upon by many dealers, who will take particular pains to offer you their worst specimens.

—A SCHOLASTIC League has been organized in New Jersey by delegates from the principal preparatory schools of the State. The American Assoc. rules were adopted.

—THE League of American Wheelmen had their annual parade in Boston last month. When the line started from the Hotel Vendome there were in all 500 wheelmen, headed by the Rockingham Club. It took fifteen minutes for the parade to pass a given spot. After the parade there were races at the Union Ball Grounds. No records were broken, as the track was in a poor condition.

—THE second annual field meeting of the Berkeley Athletic association took place at the Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds on Friday, May 14th.

The 100-yard dash was won by A. Moen in eleven seconds. H. K. Kreamer threw the base ball 236 feet, thereby winning that event.

In the 220-yard run, an open race for any school, two Cutler boys carried off the laurels. L. Lee, first, time, 0:25 3-5, with L. Rhodes, Jr., second.

F. S. Miller easily crossed the line ahead in the 2-mile bicycle race, with the record 8:13 2-5.

—THE spacious floor of the 22d Regiment Armory was well filled by the Columbia Institute Cadets (and their friends) on the evening of Friday, May 14th. The drill was announced on the cards as "complimentary to Colonel John T. Camp and officers of the 22d Regiment," but it could as well have read "to Principal E. B. Fowler and cadets of the Columbia Institute," for as one exuberant spectator put it, "It was just too awfully splendid for anything!" The marching was in excellent "form," noticeably in the battalion drill. In the skirmish drill, by a volunteer squad commanded by Captain W. T. Romaine, there was a good deal of sharp firing upon an imaginary foe to the no small nervousness of the spectators in that part of the house where the enemy were located. Principal Fowler, in a brief speech, announced the honors, and presented the medals and nickel-plated guns. After the dress parade, the floor was cleared for dancing to the music of Eben's band.

—A PERSON alighting from the "L" station in the vicinity of Eighty-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue, on the afternoon of Saturday, May 22d, would have been surprised at the number of boys all making their way with amazing rapidity of motion to the Manhattan Athletic Grounds. Aye, and what a variety of boys! In knickerbockers, in long trowsers, in startlingly broad collars, and in tall, stiff ones.

The occasion of it all was the annual meeting of the Inter-scholastic Athletic Association of this city.

There were fourteen events on the programme, in which eleven schools took part.

The association records were broken by the 2-mile bicycle race, the running broad jump, the running high jump, putting the shot and the 120-yard hurdle race.

The first heat of the 100-yard dash was won by A. Rene Moen, the colonel of the Berkeley School; in the second heat Henry Young came in first.

In the final heat, however, Moen passed Young with the record 0:19 3-4.

Nathan Lord (Everson's) won the 100-yard dash for boys under fifteen, being the youngest boy entered in the association this year; time, 0:12 2-5.

Chauncey Short (Everson's) did fine work in the 1-mile walk; he had barely started when his shoe commenced to slip, and he was compelled to kneel down, and retie it. When he started on again he was far in the rear; but he buckled down to work, passed all the others, and came down the home-stretch first, amidst cries of "Go it, Shorty!" Time, 8:30 4-5. F. Trask, of Lyons, second.

The School of Languages took first place in throwing the base ball, their man, Mowry, sending it 284 feet 8 inches.

I. N. Stokes (Berkeley) won the running high jump, tipping the handkerchief at 5 feet 3 1-2 inches, with Ludington (Columbia Grammar) second.

Davison, of Drisler's, won the 1-mile run in 6:02 1-5.

The two-mile bicycle race was undoubtedly "the ladies' event," and when Pringle came in first, breaking the record in 7:26 3-5, the Gibbons and Beach boys with one accord went wild. The School of Languages won the tug of war amidst a general breaking up, as it was the last contest.

The cup went to Cutler's. It was won in 1884 by the Columbia Grammar, and last year by the School of Languages.

F. E. M.

RODNEY'S "FOURTH OF JULY."

BY HERBERT L. SATTERLEE.

"PSHAW!" exclaimed Rodney, as he laid his book down on the wall beside him, and glanced up at the clouds. "It looks for all the world as if we'd have a rainy Fourth."

And it did look so, too. The afternoon sun was struggling to break through the clouds that all day long had covered the sky, and the soft wind that rippled over the lake and waved its way through the tall meadow grass, came from the south-east. Rodney took off his straw hat and laid it on the top of his book, but it blew off into the field behind him. His hair was curly and rather long, and the breeze tossed it back from his forehead, and murmured through the branches of the poplars above his head. He had been sitting on a large flat stone that was a little loose, and tilted forward and back as he changed his position and clasped his hands over his knee. He looked across the road just in front of him, and over at the opposite shore of the lake, which had a hazy appearance, and seemed far away. The sound of a random fire-cracker came up to him on the wind, from the farm house down by the water, and he knew that the boys, with their usual impatience, were "setting off" a pack or two, "just to see how they went." For weeks they had talked of nothing but crackers, big and little cannon-crackers, and bombs, pin-wheels, rockets, candles and blue lights, and for days every trip to the village had been accompanied by an increase to the store of combustibles that was piled up in the tool house, and a corresponding diminution of funds. As for Rodney, he had not even bought a torpedo, not that he was too old for such things, on the contrary, he was just fourteen. Not that he was unpatriotic, for there never lived a more thorough-going, out-and-out young American who was more devoted to his native land, and loved its bonny flag with greater enthusiasm. However, he had his own notion of celebrations, and his feelings in regard to the Fourth were deeper—his conception of it more intelligent than that of the other fellows. To them it meant getting up at day-break and firing the cannon as a roaring proclamation that the whole day was consecrated to gun powder, and the louder the bangs, the better. It meant noise and fun at the farm in the forenoon, a visit to the village park to attend the celebration exercises later on, and fire-works and balloons in the evening.

It was only in part of this that Rodney followed them. He had no objections to getting up early, and he did not mind the atmosphere of punk-smoke that hung over the face of the land all day. In fact, he enjoyed touching off a few crackers himself, but the very thing they cared least about was dearest to him—the exercises in the village park. It was there that the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Red, White, and Blue," while he could scarcely control his desire to throw his hat as high as the rippling folds of the flag that floated above him, and cheer until he could cheer no more.

It was there that he heard noted statesmen, who annually were guests of the senator (who lived between the farm and the village), deliver eloquent addresses in which they told the oft-repeated tale that Rodney knew so well, of the stirring times of '76, and the signing of the Declaration. He felt thrills of pleasure, as he heard them name his heroes—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams, and he thought that was a fitting way to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of American Independence. Ah! how he longed, when they had finished speaking, to ask them a hundred questions, to beg them to tell him more about the themes he loved so much. He had read Higginson's and Quackenbos's and most of the school histories of the United States, and even Bancroft's, beside Irving's Life of Washington, and the lives of Hancock and the other signers, but he had never read half enough, at least for him.

He was thinking of all these things, as he sat on the wall.

"Hello, young farmer," said a voice. He looked up and saw a stranger standing before him. "Is it going to rain, do you think?"

"I don't know, sir," answered Rodney, "but it looks very much like it. We need it badly enough."

"RODNEY WAS LEANING ON HIS CRUTCH FACING THE THRONG."

"Yes," said the stranger, "it looks very much as if you did."

"But it's hard luck to have it rain on the Fourth," continued Rodney, watching the other, as he turned from the landscape behind them, to the lake. He was a tall man, with a commanding air and figure. He stooped a little, and stood with his hands behind his back, and as Rodney examined his strongly cut features, and kindly face with its gray beard, he thought it was strangely familiar, as if he had seen it or its likeness, many times before.

"It ought never to rain on the Fourth," observed Rodney, after a pause.

"No," said the stranger a little dubiously, and he glanced at Rodney from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, and smiled as if the remark had given him something pleasant to think about. He saw before him a boy with a well shaped head, and large, thoughtful eyes, a bright, merry expression, a disproportionately small body, and—yes, there was no mistaking it, one leg was much shorter than the other, and a crutch lay in the grass at his feet. The crutch was a very ordinary looking one, but it told of a fall long years before, of many months of suffering, and of a dull weight that sometimes lay on Rodney's heart, when he thought of all the things his heroes had done, that he could never hope to do.

"And why do you think it ought never to rain on the Fourth?" continued the strange gentleman.

"Because the Fourth is one of the most important days in our history," said Rodney, a little bashfully. "And it ought to be the brightest. Just think of all we owe to it—at least, to the events that happened on it, and think of all the associations connected with it. Just think of the excitement it must have made when the Declaration was published, and the pride the people must have felt when they read it!"

"Why, is it so fine?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, indeed," answered Rodney, eagerly. "Don't you remember? It begins—'When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.'"

And, seeing that he had an interested listener, Rodney forgot himself and went on and on, repeating it through to the end. Upon parts of it he laid especial emphasis, and here and there he made an appropriate gesture. Meanwhile the stranger followed him appreciatively, for Rodney knew it by heart, never once faltered, and declaimed it remarkably well. When he had finished, his listener called his attention to one or two passages and asked him to say them over again.

"Don't you know it?" asked Rodney.

"No," said the stranger.

"Why, aren't you an American?"

"Yes."

"Well, my goodness," said Rodney in astonishment, "I thought every boy in America knew it!" But he felt that he had been a little rude, and added: "I'd like to see it very much, wouldn't you?"

"I have seen it a great many times," said the stranger.

"What the *original* Declaration?" cried Rodney.

"Yes," answered the stranger, "the original Declaration with all the signers autographs on it, only some of them have faded so much that you can scarcely see them. It is in the library of the State Department at Washington, framed between two thick pieces of plate glass in a mahogany case. When you go there you must be sure to see it, and you must see Ben Franklin's cane, Washington's sword and a great many other interesting things."

"Oh, I'd love to," said Rodney, and he couldn't help telling him how much he admired Franklin, and Hamilton, and Jefferson. The stranger listened, smilingly, and won Rodney's heart by the familiarity he displayed with the lives and works of the men that Rodney mentioned. He seemed surprised to find his young acquaintance so well posted, and asked him his name and many other questions about himself, but Rodney always reverted to his heroes and the signing of the Declaration, and spoke so intelligently and eloquently that it was quite dark when the stranger, who had been sitting by Rodney on the wall, got up to go.

"Well, I must be off," said he. "Wasn't it strange that I should have been thinking of the very thing we have been talking of, when I first saw you. And you have put some ideas into my head and given me some points that I shall make use of. Good night."

"Good night, sir," said Rodney. "You'll be sure and come to the park to-morrow, won't you? Senator Quorum and Mr. Blank, and a great many

other statesmen are going to speak. I'm sure you'll like it."

"Yes, I'll be there," said the stranger, laughingly, and as he walked down the road, Rodney hobbled home with his mind filled with all he had heard and said, and a great fear that it would rain the next day.

However, it did not rain. The clouds rolled away during the night, and the sun blazed as scorchingly all the next morning as it usually does on the Fourth. Rodney got up early with the boys, and fired off some crackers, and was hot and happy, and impatient till dinner was over, and they all set out for the park. His father, old Deacon Williams, drove with his mother on the front seat, and the four boys were packed in behind. It was over three miles—past Senator Quorum's place, and around the head of the lake—to the village.

The park was already filled with people, and by the time the horses were hitched, and they had made their way through the booths and lemonade and peanut stands to the grove, where the speakers' platform was; they could only find seats way back in the crowd. Nevertheless, Rodney got a programme and was contented, as the exercises soon began.

First there was a prayer, and then the senator made an "address of welcome," and some one or other read a poem, and a large chorus sang "America," accompanied by the "Mechanics' Band." After that followed speeches by governors, senators, generals and judges, interspersed with music, but the best was nearly the last, for Rodney saw that Mr. Blank would speak on "Alexander Hamilton." The programme merely said that "Mr. Blank would speak, without giving him any title like the others, although he had a right to all of them, as he had held almost every position of honor and trust in our republic, and was known from one end of the land to the other. Perhaps it was because he had held so many offices that he was always spoken of simply as "Mr.;" at all events, he was one of the greatest orators of his time, and it was a rare treat indeed to hear him.

At last, all the others had had their turn, and the senator pompously delivered a few words of self-congratulation, in which he introduced another of his distinguished guests, who had come so many miles to address them, and whose name was a household word with them all—he referred to none other than that eminent jurist, illustrious patriot, and distinguished citizen, James A. Blank. Then he sat down, and while the people were cheering, a gentleman came modestly forward to the railing of the stand, and Rodney recognized his acquaintance of the afternoon before. The same one to whom he had spoken so confidently, and with whom he had been on such familiar terms. He was so much excited that he could scarcely collect his wits.

And he had actually laughed at him for not knowing the Declaration by heart! The recollection of it fairly dazed him.

When the cheers had subsided, Mr. Blank began to speak, but slowly and with apparent effort. He was not feeling at all well, he said. He had been out in the hot sun all the morning, and had such a bad headache that he had intended to excuse himself from speaking, but he could not refrain from saying a few words of thanks for the cordial welcome he had received from them. There were one or two things that had occurred to him while the others were speaking that he would like to touch upon, as he did not feel equal to treating the subject allotted to him.

Rodney could hardly hear what was said, he was so far back. He unconsciously rose and leaned forward, afraid of missing a word. As he did so, the speaker's eye fell on him, and he gave a glance of recognition. After a few more sentences, Mr. Blank turned and whispered to a man on his left, who immediately disappeared. A moment later, a hand was laid on Rodney's shoulder, and turning he saw the same man behind him.

"Your name Rodney?" he whispered. "It is? All right. Mr. Blank wants you to come and sit on the platform."

"*Me?*—the platform?" gasped Rodney.

The man nodded and started back. Rodney climbed out from among the boys, his face flushed with pleasure, and followed the messenger as fast as the crutch would allow him.

"He thinks I can't hear him back there," he thought to himself. "How kind of him to remember me."

He was already on the platform, and was sitting down in the seat that the senator motioned him to, with a sea of two or three thousand up-turned faces spread out before him, like "rows and rows of pink cabbages," as he afterwards described it.

Mr. Blank had just said something that amused them, and they were all grinning and bobbing as they applauded him.

"Another thing that brings itself forcibly to my attention," he continued, "is that thus far to-day no one has read to us that grand old document, the Declaration of Independence, which can never be heard too often, and the hearing of which seems to me to be almost necessary to a complete celebration of Independence Day. As I said, I am feeling far from well, and I think that a few minutes' rest would enable me to overcome the dizziness from which I am suffering, and give me strength to proceed and say many things to you that are in my mind to say. Meanwhile, there is a young friend of mine here, who, I know, will come to my rescue, and will favor us with the Declaration, and what is more, he will not have to read it, for it is all written on his memory."

So saying he turned to Rodney and said, with the most winning smile that Rodney thought he had ever seen:

"Please do, as a favor to me. Say it just as you did yesterday," and before he knew it, Rodney was leaning on his crutch, facing the throng, while more than one ejaculated in surprise to his neighbor:

"Well, I declare! If it ain't old man Williams's lame Rodney!"

Rodney began rather shakily at first, but steadied down as he uttered the familiar sentences, and rendered it as well as he knew how.

The Declaration was never written as an oration, and there is much in it that can be nothing but a mere recital, but Rodney rendered it very well. Once he heard Mr. Blank say "louder" behind him, and "good" in an approving tone, as Rodney let his voice out to its fullest scope.

When he finished and there was a salvo of applause, he began to feel something of the exultation, the inspiration, the sense of power that a confident public speaker has.

Mr. Blank hesitated a moment, and then came forward.

"I am very sorry," he said, "that I do not feel any better, and it is with sincere regret that I am compelled to offer you my apologies and beg to be excused. That is no reason, though, why we should not hear something about Alexander Hamilton—that is, if my young friend who has so creditably acquitted himself just now will favor us a second time. I know, from conversation with him on the subject, that he is thoroughly familiar with his theme, and no one present probably has a better knowledge of the life and character of the great American statesman and financier than he has, and so once more I gladly make way for him."

Again he said a few words of persuasion to Rodney, who was too excited to be bashful, and so flushed with triumph that he felt a confidence not all his own.

Very earnestly and simply he began to tell them, in his own words, of the value and character of Hamilton's numerous public services, of the indelible impress of his individuality that he left in many of our institutions, of his labors in framing the Constitution, his part in Congress, his efforts in the field, and his activity in recruiting soldiers for the revolution. Even further back in his career Rodney went, to his early life and he dwelt long upon one episode. He described picturesquely how the young patriot, then only seventeen years of age, had attended "the great meeting in the fields," as the mass meeting of the citizens was called that was held in New York City on the 6th of July, 1774. How intently he had listened to the orators of the day, as they poured forth their scathing denunciations of the tyrannical British sovereign. How, at length, his friends who knew his talents and his mature conclusions, his sagacity and his high standing in Columbia College (that was then called Kings' College), urged him to give his views upon the all-important subject, as to whether or not New York should cast in her lot with the other colonies in open rebellion to the king. How he had stepped bravely before them, small and youthful in appearance as he was, and had been at first listened to with curiosity, then with respect as he rapidly proved his soundness of judgment and clearness of reasoning, and finally, how he had plead the righteousness of their cause, urged them to stand by their traditions, to recognize their duty to God, and their posterity, and they had answered him with enthusiastic shouts of assent. He was no longer the young collegian in their midst, he was one of their leaders. Rodney's heart was in his words, and without knowing it, he was almost as eloquent as his hero had been a hundred years before, at least Mr. Blank thought it must be so as he listened to him.

The audience sat in rapt attention, broken frequently with applause, and as for old Mr. and Mrs. Williams and the boys, they were transfixed with astonishment, scarcely believing their senses. No one heeded the gathering clouds and the mutterings of the swiftly approaching shower, for Rodney was telling them the lesson they should take to heart from the brave deeds of their forefathers, and how they should value their long-accustomed, but precious freedom. Rodney had reached his closing sentences, and as the wind whistled through the trees, and the thunder boomed overhead, he concluded, with Smollett's inspiring lines:

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share:
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

THE MECHANISM OF MODERN MAGIC.

BY FREDERICK EDWARD MCKAY.

THE "black art" is truly a fascinating study; beginning with the simple "now you see—now you don't," you find yourself in time, able to snatch oranges and eggs from old gentlemen's beards with perfect impunity.

Ancient magic, and the magic of to-day are as different as black from white. Fifteen years ago the professor stepped upon the platform in all the glory of a long trailing gown, large and spacious enough to conceal innumerable rabbits, frying pans, chickens and the other paraphernalia so dear to the hearts of prestidigitators.

Now-a-days he appears in a tight-fitting dress-suit. Ah, find a place to conceal your frying-pans *there!* And yet examine that same dress-suit, a maze of secret pockets. In the tails of the coat alone there is sufficient accommodation for a couple of bowls of gold fish, swimming around contentedly in water.

But the professor has another powerful assistant in his table. These are very expensive, the cost sometimes running up into the vicinity of a thousand dollars. At the back of the table is a *servante, i. e.*, a shelf extending under the table half a foot from the top, and projecting out in the rear about the same distance. It is heavily padded, so as to deaden all sounds. Upon this the professor may drop coins or knick-knacks, or through the trap doors on the table cause oranges and the like to mysteriously disappear, as (the *servante*, being hung on a slightly inclined plane) these objects will roll to the rear, and can be then "palmed" and reproduced from a lady's muff, etc.

I remember a marvelous mechanical effect that I

witnessed in Paris some years ago at the theatre of the late Robert Houdin.

The curtain was raised, disclosing on a table a large *miniature* hotel, brilliantly illuminated. Down stairs could be seen the kitchen, with its army of immaculate cooks, some flapping griddle-cakes over the range, others with rooling-pins, rolling out dough, while the rest disported themselves generally.

M. Houdin tapped at the front door, and immediately a trim maid was seen making her way towards it, with a card receiver. She opened the door, and M. Houdin left his card, asking if there was a sufficiency of syrups, cakes and biscuits to supply the audience.

Thereupon the miniature butlers uncorked bottles, from which an endless quantity of syrups began to pour, and placed glasses upon trays which the maid brought to the front door. Then the "flap-jacks" were sugared and passed up, after which lights were put out, and the hotel closed for the night.

Another instance: You are to imagine that it is night. A windmill (of the kind that are seen in the south of France) is placed upon a stand by the assistants.

The professor presents himself at the door, with half a dozen bags of wheat, which he wishes to have ground. After a moment a light is seen at one of the windows, and soon the old miller himself appears in the door, robed for the night, and with a candle in his hand.

"Will monsieur, the miller, grind my wheat?" inquires the professor, Whereupon the miller's night-cap nods "yes."

Then the door is slammed to, and immediately lights flicker in the loft; the sails begin to twirl around, swifter and swifter, and then slower and slower until they stop.

The old man comes to the door with the wheat ground to flour, which M. Houdin takes and pays for, and then—then a wonderful thing happens. The flame of the miller's candle catches the woodwork of the little hall, and in a second the fire spreads. Tiny jets protrude from the windows, grow larger, and lick their way down the huge sails which begin to revolve, and lo! the whole mill is in a blaze.

[*This Story began in No.* 1.]

THE KNIGHTS OF STEEL.

A TALE OF A BICYCLE TOUR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "The Denford Boys," "Frank Hay," "Reg," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

WYBURG was still some five miles distant and the damage could be repaired by none but those accustomed to working on wheels, so there was nothing left for Arthur to do but to trundle his machine while he covered the rest of the way on foot, as it was too much to hope to get "a lift" from a passing wagon at that hour of the night.

And a weary tramp it was, after all the fatigues and excitement of the day, and not till close upon midnight did the dust-covered Knight trudge into the deserted streets of his native town.

"Of course, everybody's in bed and asleep," he muttered, as he approached Ti's home. "Still I must manage to have a word with Mrs. Walker now, if I expect to take her back to Marbley with me on that early train."

Leaving his useless wheel leaning against the fence, he hurried up the path to the piazza, and pulled the door-bell.

There was not a glimmer of light to be seen about the house, or indeed anywhere in the neighborhood, and the sound of the gong broke the deep silence with a suddenness that almost made Arthur shudder. Nevertheless, no other sound came from within, and after waiting nearly five minutes, he sent forth another peal. Still no response, and after a third trial, Arthur was forced to conclude that the Walkers and their servants were either all drugged, or away from home.

"Guess I'll try the stable," was his next thought, as he turned away. Here, finding that his knuckles were not equal to the task of making their applications on the heavy doors heard at any distance, Arthur looked about him for a more effective knocker, which he presently discovered in the shape of an old base-ball bat of Ti's, lying on the grass. With this he gave two tremendous raps, which instantly caused a cry of "Hah! what am dat?" to issue from the stable.

"There, Abe's alive anyway!" exclaimed Arthur, as he retired to a safe distance, until he should have convinced the darkey that he was not a midnight marauder.

He had not long to wait. In about a minute and a half the doors of the coach-house were flung open with a valiant flourish, and Abe appeared in the opening. His dress consisted of a pair of trousers and a red flannel shirt, and he held a pitchfork in one hand and an *unlighted* lantern in the other.

"Who's dar?" he demanded, sternly, and as his eye fell on Arthur, he made a rush for him.

"Hello, Abe; don't fire!" called out Pent, laughingly. "It's I, Arthur Pent. What's become of the family?"

Abe, however, was not yet capable of answering this or any other question. He had first to overcome his astonishment on discovering that the supposed robber was Arthur, and that being Arthur, he was there at that hour of the night alone.

"Massa Ti? where am he?" was all he could say.

"Oh, I left him in Marbley," replied Pent, wondering if the news of Ti's illness had been received by some means or other.

"Wid his skull broke! Oh, I knowed it; I knowed it," broke forth the old negro, who had lived with the family for many years. "Dese yere new contraptions am bound to git in dere killin' work 'fore soon or late. An' his ma and pa off in Pennsylvany!"

"What!" exclaimed Arthur. "Are Mr. and Mrs. Walker both away?"

"'Tis true, dey am, dey am," half moaned Abe. "Mis Walker's brother was took wid a terrible sick spell, an' sent for her. Dey started dis mornin', lef' me ter look out fur tings—'cos de cook's lef'—till Massa Walker comes back wid anudder one."

Arthur wanted to ask, "When will that be?" but this discouraging news, the worry about Ti, his long journey on foot, all these causes now combined together in one effect, and the poor fellow sank down upon the grass from sheer exhaustion.

CHAPTER IX.

"I BEG your pardon," apologized Val, as he sprang lightly to the ground by the side of the two strange 'cyclists. "I took you for two friends I've been chasing all the morning. I wouldn't have spoken as I did—"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted one of the wheelmen, a boy of about fifteen, dressed in a neat-fitting suit of black. His companion was apparently a year younger, and wore the uniform of a military school.

Val had been running so fast that he had failed to notice anything beyond the fact that there were two bicyclists ahead of him.

"You're touring, aren't you?" the younger now asked, with his eyes on Val's "M. I. P."

"Yes, but I got separated from the rest of the club yesterday afternoon. You must have been the two fellows that stopped at the Marbley hotel for breakfast. But are you really bound for Wyburg?"

"Yes, or rather just outside of it," replied the boy in black.

"That's where I live," continued Val, "but now I don't know whether I ought to keep on, or turn back."

"Toss up for it," suggested the other.

"Come on with us," added the boy of the gilt buttons. "You know there's another splendid hill for coasting just ahead."

After some little reflection, Val decided that, as he was nearer home than he was to Marbley, he had better keep on, and endeavor to have the mystery of his friends' whereabouts cleared up at headquarters; so he mounted, and rode on with the young strangers in blue and black, who proved to be very agreeable fellows.

The three had just reached the brow of the second hill, when out from a side road curved a club of twenty-five wheelmen, also bound in the direction of Wyburg, and whose captain cordially invited Val and his companions to "mingle in, and swell the ranks." The new-comers were all young men of some twenty years, neatly uniformed, and very graceful riders.

And a pretty sight it made, the eight-and-twenty wheels, four abreast, rolling noiselessly along over the smooth roads in the golden hours of the afternoon.

Ever and anon the bugle sent forth its inspiriting notes, the small boy by the way-side whooped his delight; carriages drew to one side until the imposing array had passed; ladies playing croquet on the lawns swung their mallets idly as they turned to look, while old men, sitting on the porches, slapped their knees, and muttered, "Well, well, what will they be ridin' on next?"

In such resplendent state then did Val enter his native town about four o'clock.

"Good-by," he cried, as he turned off at Auburn Street.

The two boys waved their caps, the bugler gave an extra flourish, and then the gallant company of 'cyclists vanished down Elm Avenue.

"I wonder if Ti is at home?" Val kept repeating to himself, as he bent to the treadles in his eagerness to learn news of his friend.

As he drew near the gate from one side, Mr. and Mrs. Walker approached it in a buggy from the other, and as Val slowed up to allow them to enter first, the latter leaned forward to call out in an anxious voice: "Why, where is Ti?"

"Ti?" echoed Val. "Isn't he——" but the carriage had already passed in ahead of him. He dismounted behind it, leaned his machine against the fence, and then, as Mr. Walker drove on to the barn, hurried forward to enter the house with Mrs. Walker, who stood on the steps waiting for him.

"Where did you leave Ti?" she repeated, as she shook hands.

"Well, I left him on the road," replied Val; "but I rather expected to find him here before me."

"No, we haven't seen him since you all went away together," returned Mrs. Walker, dropping into a chair, with an increasing paleness coming over her face.

Then she added: "And there is another mystery we cannot understand. Mr. Walker and I were called away yesterday morning, and when we returned at noon to-day, Abe, our man, was missing. We have just been out trying to obtain news of him. But where did you leave Ti, and how came you to separate?"

Val thereupon began with his captain's dizzy spell, and explained matters as far as he could understand them himself. He concluded by assuring the anxious mother that Arthur would take the best possible care of her son, and in case of anything serious befalling, would undoubtedly have telegraphed.

"But the operators are on strike, and there are no messages taken," here put in Mr. Walker, who had come in towards the close of Val's story.

This announcement put a new and graver face on the situation, and Mrs. Walker began to show signs of no little uneasiness of mind.

"What had we better do?" she asked, turning to her husband. "Oh, if we only knew where they were, I would go to Ti at once?"

At this moment the door opened, and in walked Arthur Pent.

"Where's Ti?" demanded Val and Mrs. Walker, in the same breath.

"He'll be here in a few minutes," replied Pent, adding, "At least I thought he would till I heard you ask the question, Val. When did you arrive, and didn't you bring him with you?"

But at this instant the sound of wheels at the front door sent the four hurrying out to behold the stage from the station, and Ti and old Abe inside of it! The young captain was pale, but in good spirits, and able to assure his mother that the doctor had given him a verbal certificate of escape from the fever with which he had been threatened.

"Where's your machine?" asked Val, after ten minutes or so of exclamatory excitement and congratulations.

"Down at the station," was the reply. "But tell me, why didn't you come to the hotel as you said you would. Where *did* you go?"

"Yes, Valentine," added Arthur; "up and give an account of yourself. If I had known you weren't with Ti last night——"

"But I don't see how it was my fault I wasn't," returned Val. "I think you are the fellows who failed to keep your appointment."

"Well, I acknowledge we were a little late, because we missed a train," answered Ti. "But why didn't you wait for us? We got to the hotel long before supper-time."

"Supper-time?" repeated Val. "Why, I stayed all night, from five o'clock in the afternoon, and I'm sure you couldn't have been there and I not know it."

"Perhaps you went to the wrong house," suggested Arthur. "Was the name 'American'?"

"Yes, the 'American'," answered Val. "I saw the register with my own eyes and your names were not down."

Arthur and Ti looked at each other in utter bewilderment. Had they all been bewitched?

"Yes, the American Hotel at Marbley was where we put up, at three o'clock yesterday afternoon," began Arthur, slowly. "I left at about five, after I found out about the telegraph strike, to ride down here, and take Mrs. Walker back with me by train this morning."

"Then you were the solitary 'cyclist who stopped for supper at Leeds!" put in Val.

"I was," replied Arthur, and then he went on to tell of his evening adventures up to the point where he had dropped down on the grass at Abe's feet.

"That's all the information I can furnish from my own recollection," he added. "The rest they told me at home, after I woke up an hour or two ago. Here's Abe, though. I guess he can begin where I left off."

"'Deed I kin," said the old darkey, who had been standing in the hall for the past five minutes. He now advanced two steps into the sitting-room, and thus continued: "I wants ter 'splain ter Massa Walker whyfore dey didn't find me when dey come home dis mawnin'. Yer see, I was mighty bad scart when Massa Arthur, he falls down on de groun', all beat out. But I lif' him up, an' carry him home across de way. His folks war scart powerful, too, by me a-bringin' of him in at that time o' night. It war twelve 'clock an' after, an' all de time I was a-

worritin' 'bout Massa Ti, an' you, sah, an' missis away, an' no telygrams a-workin'. 'Abe, yer mus' go yerself an' see 'bout Massa Ti,' somethin' kep' sayin' ter me all night. So de fust ting in de mawnin' I went ter de deepot ter find out 'bout der trains fer Marbley, an' one war jess a-goin' den. I hadn't no time ter tell nobody, but jess jumped aboard."

"And he found the doctor just giving me leave to come home," broke in Ti. "That is, if I'd promise to travel on car, instead of bicycle, wheels. So we took the next train back."

"I move we send a note to the proprietor of the hotel in Marbley," said Arthur, a few minutes later, "and ask him for an explanation of the fact of our not finding one another there. I never heard of anything so queer in all my life."

"Come on up in my room," proposed Ti, "and we'll write it now."

Val was appointed scribe, and presently produced the following:

"*Proprietor of the American Hotel:*

"DEAR SIR: Two friends of mine, T. Walker and Arthur Pent, registered at your house yesterday afternoon, and the former spent the night there.

"I was to meet them by appointment, and arrived on my bicycle about five o'clock. I also passed the night at your hotel, but on inquiring for my friends, was told at the desk that no such persons were stopping there.

"Will you kindly explain matters, and oblige,

"Yours truly,

"VALENTINE CAMPBELL."

This epistle having been approved by Arthur and Ti, Val put it in his pocket to mail, and then hurried off to present himself at home.

And thus, in this scattered fashion, ended the tour of the Knights of Steel; our friend Val, the youngest member of the club, being the only one who returned a-wheel, and in good condition.

Two days later he received the following communication from Marbley:

"*Valentine Campbell, Esq.:*

"DEAR SIR: In reply to yours of the 23d inst., would say that the names of both Arthur Pent and T. Walker are on our books, but your own is not. We investigated, and have just discovered that a late employee of ours has recently opened an *America House* at the other end of the town. This was undoubtedly your stopping place.

"Your obliged and obedient servants,

"AKERBY & SMALL."

"Well," ejaculated Ti, when this document had been read for the edification of the "club," "I move we vote our tour a big success, for we not only had our ride and the fun of camping out, but an elephant, a circus, a burglary, a break-down and a matter-of-fact, yet most mysterious disappearance thrown in as extras."

THE END.

Report on the Prize Competition.

IN our April number appeared an illustration, with the announcement that for the best story written to it by any of our readers, under sixteen, a prize of $5 would be given. Time was up June 1st, and we are now enabled to announce the name of the winner: WALTER GRANT, AGED 13, OF CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO.

His story is entitled, "The Cruise of the Au Revoire," and will be printed next month, accompanied by the cut, at which time the prize will be sent him.

Honorable mention is deserved by Frederick W. Weaver, of Brooklyn, for his MS. called "Saved by a Kite." If he cares to leave the same with us, we may find room for it in an early issue.

And now, to the disappointed competitors, we would say, that they must not imagine they have labored in vain. By the care and thought expended on these stories, they have not only broadened their own minds, and rendered "competition day" not so much of a bug-bear, as it was wont to be, but they have also proved to us, who have carefully read their productions, that for originality of invention, and ingenuity in construction, the American amateur author is a genius in his way. A trifle more of turning down to probability in the former, and a bit of added polish to the latter, and the task of decision would have been indeed a difficult one.

Thus we congratulate all our readers, and call their attention to OUR NEW PRIZE OFFER. To give an idea of the various ways in which the subject suggested by the picture was treated, we quote the title of some of the MSS. submitted: "Three of the Fellows;" "Harry Esmond's Voyage to India;" "Tom's Kite Experiment;" "A Voyage on the Sea;" "Saved by a Kite;" "The Birthday Party, or How Geoffrey Northcote Received Instructions;" "Jack Morrison's Rescue;" "The Balloon Voyage;" "A Tour Around the World," etc.

PRESS OPINIONS ON THE BOYS' WORLD.

"Thoroughly admirable."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"It is interesting, sprightly and pure."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly, N. Y.*

"There can be no question about the success of the periodical."—*Albany Argus.*

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"Mr. White's long and successful connection with leading juvenile periodicals is ample prophecy as to the literary and moral influence of such a paper, which is to be 'devoted to the boys,' and boys' affairs in school and out."—*N. Y. Observer.*

"THE BOYS' WORLD, conducted, by Matthew White, Jr., has reached its seventh month, and has been steadily improving in style and matter, and growing in strength and popularity. Mr. White has made a paper for boys, clean and manly in tone, and free from aught that savors of sensationalism. Articles and stories by the best writers, illustrated by the best artists, make the tone of Mr. White's paper as high as its price is reasonable."—*The Journalist, N. Y.*

WHAT THE INDIANS DID.

BY J. CUTHBERT CARR.

It was just at the time the Pacific Railroad was opened, and father, Rob and I lived in a little log cabin out on the prairies. At that period ours was the only house for miles around, and it was a wild sort of existence at the best; indeed, sometimes my brother and I would long for a few of the comforts and conveniences of our old home in Massachusetts. As a rule, however, we enjoyed the freedom of frontier life, and to pay for it were quite content to put up with rough walls and tin "china."

With the Indians we never had any trouble; we treated them kindly from the first, frequently making them presents of bacon, sugar, and the like, for which in return they would now and then bring us delicious venison steaks.

This principle of humanity towards the red man father had early instilled into our minds, and we never had occasion to repent our adoption of it.

The completion of the railroad was a great event in our lives. The track ran within a mile of our cabin, and we all walked over, you may be sure, to see the first train pass.

"Oh, doesn't it seem like the States!" exclaimed Rob, as the ponderous locomotive came thundering towards us.

As the train flashed by we sent up a cheer, which the engineer answered by three blasts from the whistle.

Then, "I wonder what the Indians will think of it, Jack?" remarked Rob, as we turned back to the cabin.

"Oh, I guess they'll soon get used to it," I answered, and dismissed the subject from my mind, my brain being just then very busy trying to devise a means of capturing a prairie dog.

But one afternoon, a few days later, when father was off on an expedition with an officer from Fort K——, Rob came home on a run, shouting out ahead:

"Oh, Jack, the Indians—are up to — mischief — I guess."

He could not explain further till he had recovered breath; then he hurriedly related how on his way to the creek he had seen four redskins bending over the track in a very suspicious manner.

"Their backs were towards me," he went on, "so I couldn't make out exactly what they were doing, but I'm sure they mean mischief, and the Pacific Express is due at seven o'clock, you know."

I caught up my cap and hurried out with my brother, for it was already after six. I had no plan, but as all our intercourse with the red men had been of the most peaceable nature, I felt no fear in starting out in this off-hand way to investigate matters.

We soon came within sight of the railroad, and there, sure enough, were four redskins bending down over the track, and working industriously away at something or other in a fashion that made my blood run cold for a minute.

"Why, they're all 'friendlies,' Jack!" exclaimed Rob. "See, there's Big Feather, Blue Blanket, and the two other chaps that brought us the antelope meat last week."

By this time we had come within hailing distance, and as they saw us approach the Indians looked up, grinning and muttering, "Howdy, howdy!"

We returned their greetings with the same words, and then they went on with their work, which I now discovered to be the digging with their tomahawks of two holes, one under either rail, directly opposite each other.

I did not doubt but that their next move would be to pry up the track by inserting levers in the cavities thus formed.

"But what have they got to do it with?" I asked myself, looking around with a faint hope that they would not be able to carry out their purpose after all.

The next instant, however, my glance fell on a magnificent antelope, still unquartered, and fastened to the stout pole with which it had been carried. This pole was doubtless the lever the Indians intended to use. It was time to take active measures.

Tapping Big Feather on the shoulder, I pointed first to the holes under the rails, then made a "choo-choo" noise in imitation of a locomotive, and finally shook my head most decidedly.

Rob also succeeded in attracting the attention of the others, and went through with the same pantomime.

The Indians stared at us for a minute or two, grunted out some of their gibberish, nodded their heads, and then returned to their digging more vigorously than before.

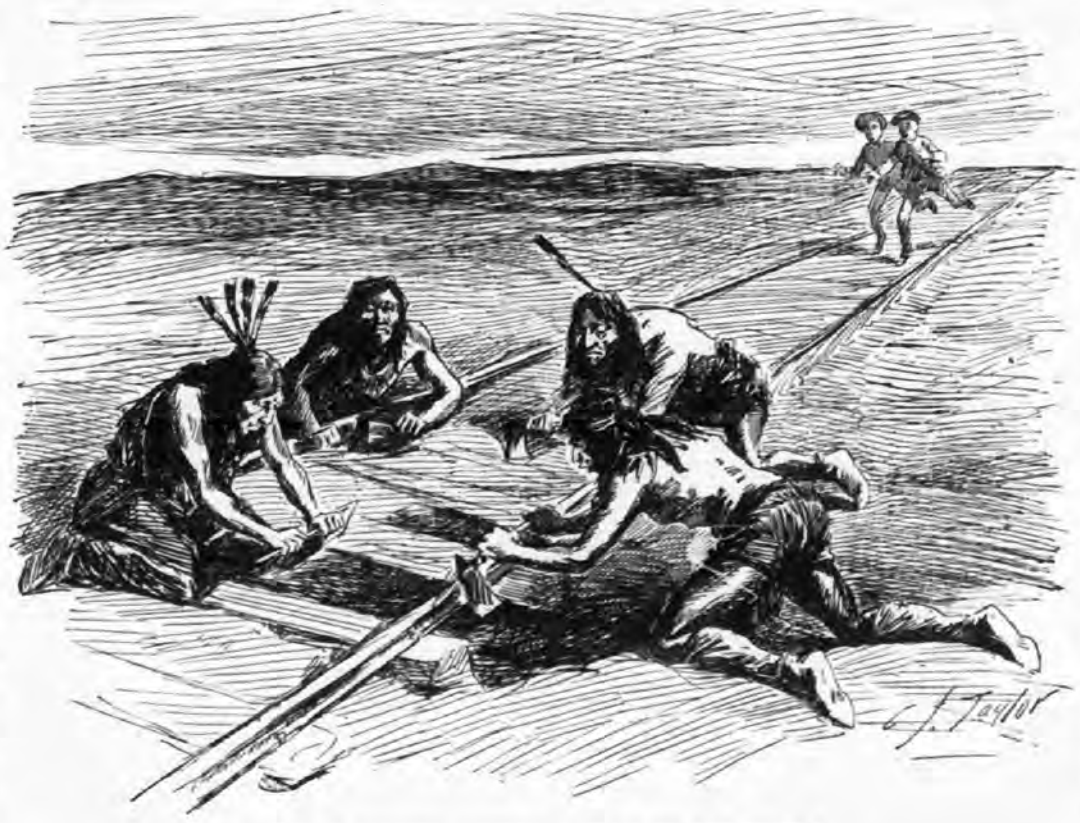
Rob and I looked at one another in disgust, not to say horror, for time was flying, and there was no knowing in what condition the track would be when the express should come along.

"If we only wore red shirts," I exclaimed, suddenly, "we might take them off and wave them as a danger signal."

"But even then," put in Rob, "do you suppose the engineer would stop? Wouldn't he think we were only saluting the cars, the way people are doing now all along the road?"

"And it wouldn't do to build a fire, either, I suppose," I added, dismally. "Prairie fires are too common out here to amount to anything in the way of a red flag. No, Rob, it's a case of an ounce of prevention being worth tons of cure," and thereupon I redoubled my exertions at making the Indians comprehend that they were doing wrong in meddling with the track.

Presently, to my great joy, they all stopped digging. At the same instant I felt under my right foot, which was resting on one of the rails, a slight vibration which told me that the express was on time.



"FOUR REDSKINS BENDING DOWN OVER THE TRACK."

The Indians meanwhile had picked up the antelope, dragged it across the ties, and now began to bind it in the center of the road-bed by fastening it to the rails with thongs, passed through the holes they had dug.

I was greatly relieved to find that there was to be no track lifting, but what was the meaning of the antelope business! Rob and I looked at one another in utter perplexity for an instant, then the shriek of a locomotive whistle close at hand startled us both into a realization of the fact that the body of the antelope, bound as it was to the track, was apt to prove as great a menace to the safety of the train as a misplaced rail.

My brother was the first to decide on a course of action. Making a lunge at Big Feather he snatched the tomahawk out of the astonished brave's hand, and in a second had cut the thongs from the antelope.

"Quick, Jack, help me!" he cried, and instantly I fell, rather than bent forward, and, almost as I felt the rush of air from the on-sweeping engine, laid hold on the body of the deer and threw myself backwards.

Rob and the antelope came with me, and there we three lay, close by the track, while the cars whizzed by.

As soon as the dust raised by the flying train had settled, I scrambled to my feet, and after pulling the antelope off Rob, looked around to observe in what humor the Indians had taken my young brother's summary method of settling matters.

But there was not a redskin to be seen! The approach of the iron horse had frightened them off, and there we were, with the antelope and tomahawk, masters of the situation.

"Well, Rob," I remarked, "this is the queerest business I ever heard of. The only thing we can do, though, is to wait till father comes back, and get him to find out all about it from Big Feather the next time he pays us a visit."

"But what shall we do with this?" Rob wanted to know, pointing to the antelope.

"Take it home with us," I promptly made answer.

This was easier said than done, but we persevered and finally accomplished it, for I knew that if we left the body of the deer out on the prairie it would only draw the wolves, and these were visitors we had no desire to attract to the neighborhood.

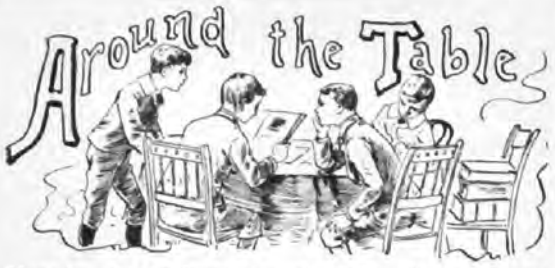
Father returned about eight o'clock, in company with no less a person than Big Feather, with whom, it seemed, he had fallen in on his ride over from the fort. You may be sure that Rob and I lost no time in telling of our adventure, for father knew a good deal of "Indian talk," and we felt sure that he could soon discover from the owner of the tomahawk all we wanted to know.

And, as it turned out, Big Feather had already told him something of the affair, explaining that he and his brother braves had at first thought that Rob and I were encouraging them in the offering of the sacrifice.

"Sacrifice?" we both exclaimed at this point in father's narrative.

"Yes," he continued, "for sacrifice it was. You see, our redskin friends, having beheld the locomotive tearing across the plains, with neither horses, mules nor oxen, to draw it, venting volumes of smoke and uttering ear-splitting shrieks, having observed all this to their entire mystification, they pondered the matter for a while, held a council of war, and finally came to the conclusion that it must be an Evil Spirit, whom it behooved them to propitiate. This they decided to do by making an offering of the antelope, as you saw. As well as I could, I have explained to Big Feather what the railroad really is, showing him the folly of fearing it, and I think I have partly succeeded. At any rate, he expresses himself as being sorry for what he has done, or rather, attempted to do, although I doubt if he fully realizes the terrible consequences that might have followed had not you boys, by your persistency, succeeded in averting a catastrophe. The incident only goes to show, however," father concluded, "that all should treat the Indians kindly, endeavoring to win their confidence, and so gradually educate them into higher beliefs. Not by powder and ball, but rather by patience, forbearance and the exercise of the spirit of Christianity, can we hope to civilize and tame the savage."

Big Feather stayed to supper, and looked rather sheepish when Rob handed him back his tomahawk. He insisted, however, on our keeping the antelope, which we did, and a splendid one it was. The Indians in our vicinity, I may add, never bothered the railroad again.



Here is a letter from one of our English subscribers, and a very interesting one it is. We shall be glad to hear from Percy again:

HASSOCKS, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

To The Boys' World: Ours is not a very large school. It is called "The Milton Grammar School," and we all think it is a very jolly one. There are fifteen boys altogether, just now. Sometimes there are more. Four of them are boarders and come from Brighton; the rest of us are inhabitants of the villages round about. The four "top boys" (I am one of them), have been, and will be till June, busy preparing for a public examination. We begin school in the morning at 9:30, and have a quarter of an hour about eleven for play. I take my dinner with me, so that I can have games with the other boys in the dinner hour, which lasts from 12:30 to 2:00. School breaks up at 4:30, except for us poor examination boys, who have to go again, generally in the evening, to work up our Latin and prepare other lessons. We are going in for the first book of Cæsar, and also for Shakespeare's play of Julius Cæsar, so I think we have nearly enough of that old Roman. Talking about old Romans; there are several of their camps on the hill-tops about here. We have games of table-croquet sometimes in the evening after we have done our lessons.

My favorite study is geography. I am very fond indeed of that. The one that gains least favor from me is algebra. I like history. We began shorthand a little while back, but we have not done much of it yet. And about our games: Of course we have football in the winter and cricket in the summer. I like cricket best. Sometimes we have matches with the neighboring schools. We have a few paper-chases, (or "hare-and-hounds,") generally in the winter. I like being hare best. We generally have two hares. Once I and another boy, who was hare with me, led them a fine chase. One of the tricks we did was this: One of us took the scent along one side of a thick hedge for a good way, and then put a lump of paper on the top, and the other one took the paper on the other side of the hedge so as to make the "hounds" think we had jumped the hedge.

We always have an outing once a term. This term we went to Bramber, where there are the ruins of an old castle. Several of our boys' sisters went also, and my sister Eva went. There were nineteen of us altogether. We started at about eight in the morning and took the train for Shoreham through Brighton, a ride of thirteen miles. When we got there, we went to the harbor at the mouth of the river Adur. (Charles II escaped from here during his wanderings after the battle of Worcester, in the "Swiftsure," commanded by Captain Nicholas Tattersall, who lies buried in the old churchyard at Brighton.) We also saw the ship "Gazelle," in which the Empress Eugenie escaped from France during the Franco-Prussian war. On our way to the harbor we had a look at Old Shoreham Church, which is considered one of the finest old Norman churches in England. Then we had a boat, and had a fine row of six miles up the river to Bramber. There is nothing left of the castle but ruins. It is surrounded by a very deep moat, which is dry now. It was a famous stronghold in the time of the Saxons, and it belonged to the De Breose family during the Norman period, and was destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell. We had tea at Bramber, and then walked along the foot of the South Downs for 5 or 6 miles, to Poynings, (pronounced Punnings by the South Saxon natives). At Poynings there was a wagonette to meet us, and we had a ride of 4 or 5 miles home, arriving at about 8:30.

Now, I think I have written about enough for this time, so I will "wind up," as you say in America.

Yours, PERCY WM. S.

Table Talk.

SAM PERRY, GREENVILLE, S. C. By referring to the back numbers you will see that the publication of the names of successful puzzle solvers was not begun until March.—JACOB R., IOWA CITY. Why do you not subscribe, or send twenty cents for four months?—B. H. G., CLEVELAND. No charge is made for the insertion of exchanges, whether a reader be a regular subscriber or a purchaser of the paper from the news-stand each month.—Y. C., JR., PHILADELPHIA. We do not think favorably of the contest suggested. Take note of the new prize offer made elsewhere in this issue. At present there are no prizes offered for the *solving* of puzzles.—G. D. P., SPOKANE FALLS, Wash. Ter. The article referred to by our contributor in the February issue, was written by the Rev. Washington Gladden, formerly of Springfield, Mass., which is the "good-sized town" referred to. The paper was called "The Disadvantages of City Boys," and appeared in *St. Nicholas* for March, 1880.

Our New Prize Offer.

A Waterbury watch, with chain and whistle, will be given for the best original puzzle sent to this office before August 10.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS, ETC.

I. Competitors, who may be purchasers from news-stands, as well as subscribers, must be under seventeen years of age.

II. Riddles, cross-word enigmas, drop-letter puzzles and those on the "pi" order, are not wanted.

III. Available puzzles that do not win the prize, will be retained and printed as opportunity offers.

IV. The name of the winner will be announced in the September number, and the watch delivered before the first of that month.

The Amateur Press.

Olla Podrida, "the only newspaper published entirely in Lincoln County," comes to us from Heckatoo, Ark. It is a bright and newsy sheet of four three-column pages.—*The Literarian*, of Chicago, is both dignified in tone and neat in "make-up."—*The Diamond*, published and printed by its young proprietors in this city, would seem to have a brilliant future before it, judging by such editorial notes as the following; "To supply the demand for the first issue was impossible," and "We find that to print all the advertisements offered us, our time and space will be too greatly taxed."

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

HALF SQUARE.

O R A T O R I O
R E F R A I N
A F F I R M
T R I P S
O A R S
R I M
I N
O

DECAPITATION.

S T A L E
T H A T
P E A R
L A N D
S T A R T
P R O S E
P E E L

Name formed by initials remaining = Theatre.

NEW PUZZLES.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant; 2. A public conveyance; 3. An enclosure for confining animals; 4. A man of note or distinction; 5. Prepared; 6. A pen for swine; 7. A vowel.

EMULUS.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in dock, but not in wharf;
My second is in giant, but not in dwarf;
My third is in car, but not in train;
My fourth is in tail, but not in mane;
My fifth is in hill, but not in dale;
My sixth is in porter, but not in ale;
My seventh's in man, but not in child;
My eighth in tame, but not in wild;
My ninth is in floor, but not in wall;
My tenth in plaything, not in ball;
And my whole is a book useful to all.

S. BISSELL.

BEFORE THE FOURTH.

"I wish papa would hurry and open this box."

The box is opened, but "papa" is not the one who hurries.

CENT A WORD COLUMN.

For the benefit of our readers who may wish to sell or buy boats, bicycles, canoes, tennis-sets, printing-presses, cameras, or the like; in short anything that does not come under the head of Exchanges. Payment to be made in advance, name and address counted in.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, a bicycle, 44 to 46 inches. Must be cheap.—ED. DUNLAP, 835 VAN BUREN ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A Velocipede, good as new, for half price. Cost $8. Address, W. BATEMAN, 116 N. 4th ST., CAMDEN, N. J.

INK, black, blue, brown, yellow, red, white, green, gold, silver. Will send receipt for making any of above colors for ten cents.—HARRY S. FOSTER, 18 HAWK ST., ALBANY, N. Y.

FOR SALE CHEAP, a 50-inch "Extraordinary" bicycle; good condition; send stamp for particulars——HARRY FOSTER, 18 HAWK ST., ALBANY, N. Y.

FOR SALE CHEAP, one pair of Raymond, half-clamp, extension roller skates, also a pair of Winslow, all clamp; a magic lantern with 8 slides; a printing-press, card cabinet, and a large-sized velocipede. All in good condition.—Address W. H. PRITCHARD, 68 E. 109TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

EXCHANGES.

[*The publisher will assume no responsibility with regard to transactions effected under this head. Notices containing offers of or for guns, pistols, dangerous chemicals, birds' eggs, etc., will* NOT *be inserted.*]

Tags FOR the same. Send list.—BERT KINGSBURY, Box 32, KEENE, N. H.

Tin tags FOR the same. Send list.—JOE T. MOORHEAD, MOORHEADVILLE, ERIE CO., PA.

Theatre programmes exchanged. Please send lists.—LUTIE H. BICKFORD, Box 36, LEADVILLE, COL.

Tin tags FOR the same. Send lists.—CHARLES HAWK, 16 N. WALNUT ST., CANTON, STARK CO., OHIO.

Twenty-five tobacco tags from Keene FOR 25 from any other place, or will exchange by list.—JOHN A. DENISON, KEENE, N. H.

A complete goat harness and a hand bracket saw FOR a good pair of boy's boxing-gloves.—JEROME W. BERRYMAN, ARCADIA, MO., Box 11.

A complete volume of *The Youth's Companion* FOR the best offer in foreign stamps, or tin tags. Tags for the same.—GUSS CORDES, HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

A brass drum and fife (with mouth-piece) FOR a printing-press and outfit. Correspondence desired. WM. H. A. RAHMAN, 4 UNION COURT, NEW YORK CITY.

A pair of Acme Model all-clamp club skates and 200 advertising cards, all different FOR a Waterbury watch in good running order.—WILLIE TYE, SPENCERPORT, N. Y.

An instantaneous Detective camera, taking pictures 3 1-4 x 2 3-4, with complete outfit FOR a camera of larger dimensions.—A. P. MCMURTRY, 112 CHARLES ST., NEW YORK CITY.

E. B. Sterling's "Catalogue of U. S. Stamps," last edition, in perfect order FOR the best offer of U. S. Special Delivery Stamps in perfect condition.—R. M. LANGZETTEL, 66 BISHOP ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Vols. III (a few numbers missing) and V of *Golden Days*, eight books (paper covered), also three bound in cloth, by Castlemon FOR Vols I, II and IV *Golden Days* or books by Alger, Optic, Castlemon, etc.—C. H. BAKER, BOURBON, IND.

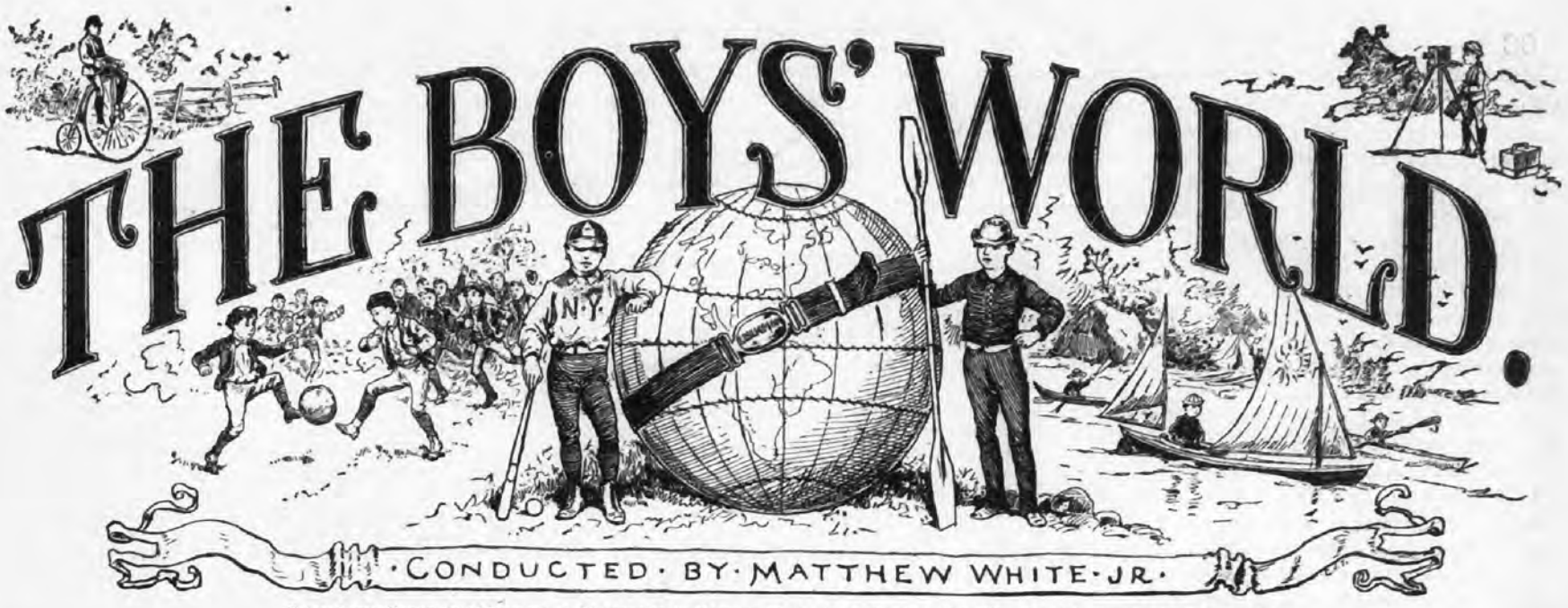
A Rogers scroll saw, with $2.50 worth of wood, saws, patterns, drills, planes, etc, also an Acme printing-press, with two fonts of type, and a pair of all-clamp Peck and Snyder club skates FOR a bicycle.—ED. DUNLAP, 835 VAN BUREN ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A No. 2 Polyopticon, new, with argand burner, about 500 plain and colored views, full outfit, also three bound books by Optic FOR a self-inking printing-press, with outfit, chase not less than 6 x 8, and with not less than 4 fonts of type. Send impressions.—FRANK DAVIS, 294 LAWRENCE ST., LOWELL, MASS.

Five varieties of foreign and U. S. post marks FOR every stamp not in my collection. Send list. Ten varieties of foreign stamps, including Victoria, Turkish, Straits Settlements, Maltese, Egyptian, Brunswick, Tasmania and Norwegian FOR a triangular Cape of Good Hope.—RICHARD H. GAYLORD, 1056 PROSPECT ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A large hand-inking printing-press, chase 6 1-4 x 9, with outfit in good condition, two fonts of type, a pair of Raymond half-clamp extention roller skates, nickel patent, with key, also a new patent bow-gun, with darts, a few books by noted authors, and numerous other articles FOR a canoe to hold two persons, or a round-bottomed row-boat. ARTHUR VAN BENSCHOTEN, 364 WEST 27TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

A hand-inking printing-press and outfit, a Waterbury watch, also a French watch needing only slight repairs, a watch-chain and charms, a pair of Harvard all-clamp, nickel-plated 10 1-2 inch roller skates, Vol. VI *Golden Days*, and four books, (three by Optic and one on birds) FOR a gold or silver hunting-case watch, or a bicycle, or will exchange the above articles separately FOR offers.—GEO. C. HILL, 92 HUDSON ST., BOSTON, MASS.



No. 9.—Vol. I. NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1886. 50 Cents a Year.

HAL OF HALSWORTH;

OR,

"THE SON OF THE REGIMENT."

BY PERCY EARL.

CHAPTER IV.

"PRINCE" HAL.

WHEN within a block of their hotel, Gay left Hal to return alone, promising to rejoin him before evening, in order that they might dine together, and afterwards visit some place of amusement. Thus it was that in the solitude of No. 108 our hero had an opportunity to reflect on the course he was pursuing.

Seated in the most comfortable chair in the room, with one arm thrown over the back of it, the young Briton proceeded to think matters over at his ease. "I feel perfectly sure that my English friends would hold up their hands in horror if they knew of my dealings with Mr. Vincing, and what a jolly start it will give the Halsworths, of London, to hear of the heir of the Manor's *debut* in comic opera. However, an heir with money enough to support himself, even if he does sing funny songs to make it, is better than an idle young scapegrace, with nothing to live on but his title," and in one way Hal displayed a good deal of common sense in thus reasoning; still, at the same time, he knew perfectly well that this was not the motive which had induced him to offer his thousand pounds to Mr. Vincing.

"HE EMERGED INTO THE GLITTER OF THE FOOTLIGHTS."

"I couldn't find anything better though," he continued to reason, as his conscience, with sundry pricks, informed him that it was still alive.

Ah, if he who was so keen at suspecting a swindle in those "business opportunities," in which he found no special attractions, had only looked more closely into the statements of the manager of the V. & V. Comic Opera Co., how clearly he would have seen the trap set for him by the wily Vincing, who had perceived at once that the young Englishman, with money to invest, was "stage-struck," and would, therefore, fall an easy prey! But concerning the amount of capital usually required by operatic organizations, Hal knew nothing, beyond having a vague idea that it must be a very large one, and thus it came to pass that he never for a moment doubted the assertions of Mr. Vincing.

Nevertheless, down at the bottom of his heart, our hero had a feeling that his mother would not at all approve of his course, but whenever he began to seriously reflect on the fact, a train of enchanting day-dreams connected with life on the stage would take possession of his brain, and with their visions of handsome scenery, brilliant costumes, and dazzling glare of the calcium, would completely quench every other thought.

It was in the midst of one of these delightful reveries that Dudley returned.

"Have just been over to see Trill," he said, as they both prepared for dinner. "He's quite willing to give up his part to you, for he knows himself that he has not the voice of a hen, and that his attempt to sing the *role* might ruin his opera, so you may consider yourself engaged to fill the character of *Prince Feynette*."

"But Mr. Vincing seemed to think the sum I offered too small," objected Hal, although he was secretly overjoyed at the other's words.

"Oh, pshaw! he'll come 'round to your amount fast enough," and this assurance being all that was needed to complete our hero's happiness, he passed the evening in a state of bliss, which the thrilling nature of the tragedy he went with Gay to see, in no wise diminished.

The following forenoon, in company with Dudley, who appeared to have as much time on his hands as money in his pockets, Hal visited several points of interest in the city; then having lunched at an uptown restaurant, the two repaired to the apartments of the manager.

Here they found also his partner, Mr. Vane, a gentleman of about forty, with rumpled hair, and a pen behind his ear, which he evidently imagined gave him a decidedly literary appearance, but which reminded Hal more of a bookkeeper puzzled in his reckonings than anything else.

"Good afternoon, sir, and how do you do to-day?" exclaimed Mr. Vincing, cordially shaking hands over a trunk. "I hope you've *both* been careful of your throats, for after long deliberation and consultation with Mr. Vane here, I have decided, Mr. Halsworth, to admit you into our combination. As soon, therefore, as you can make us out a cheque for the amount you named, I will hand you over the music of your part, and you can begin learning it at once. You understand, of course, that under this arrangement we supply you with your entire outfit, pay your board and fares on the road for the season, and treat you, in fact, like a member of the family. Your profits will be a sixth of the net receipts, payable quarterly, and a monthly salary of fifty dollars."

Now, all this sounded to the inexperienced Harold, as fair and square a business contract as could possibly be made, for of a certainty *he* could not imagine that Mr. Vincing had asked for time to think over his offer, merely in order to worry the aspiring young actor with the fear that it would be rejected, so that when the decision was given, the latter would be only too glad to accept any terms

for the sake of being admitted within the enchanted realms behind the curtain. Whether or not Dudley Gay was cognizant of all these facts, does not now concern us, although we *do* know that he had been long enough alone with his manager, before Hal was called up, to reveal to the former how much money his chum possessed.

To the latter everything now partook of a roseate hue, and his heart beat so high at the thought of his approaching *debut*, that he could scarcely go seriously through with the business arrangements, that of necessity preceded the same.

However, financial matters were finally settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, and then Hal went off with Gay to call on Mr. Trill, the composer.

This personage our hero discovered, to his amazement, to be a young man, scarcely older than himself. He was also very thin and nervous, and, judging from the appearance of his apartments, seemed to be in not over-comfortable circumstances.

"Ah, Mr. Gay!" he cried, in a feeble voice, on the entrance of our friends. "Happy to meet you, Mr. Halsworth; you come for the score of the *Prince*, I presume. Would that I could have rendered the part myself, but that was not to be. Here is the music, and strive, I beg of you, to put your whole soul into the charming serenade in the last act. Oh, if you could but comprehend the soaring aspirations towards the classic heights of my art that possessed me when I wrote it!" and the youthful composer rolled his small eyes with an expression more befitting a man of fifty, than a lad of eighteen.

Hal took the music, and, as he ran his eye over the soiled and somewhat ragged pages, he said: "I will strive my best to do justice to your inspirations, Mr. Trill. Were you long in writing the opera?"

But we will omit the composer's reply to this question, which drew forth from the sentimental Theodore an exhaustive history of his musical moods and non-productive fits, together with an extended account of his close study of the old masters, which Gay at length interrupted by suddenly breaking in with, "Oh, by-the-way, Trill, we're to rehearse the piece Saturday afternoon, at Mr. Vincing's rooms. And now, Halsworth, we must be going, for there's another matter to be attended to before dinner."

When they were out in the street again, Dudley burst into a merry laugh over the blunder Hal had made in putting Mr. Trill on the track of his favorite theme.

"I forgot to warn you against it," he explained, "but he does make such a guy of himself. You heard the tone of voice in which he implored you to give a soulful rendering to a certain air? Well, that is all put on in imitation of some long-haired foreign composer he's read about. On other subjects, and to people he knows well, he talks sense; but when he begins to effuse—oh my!" and the tenor went off into another gale of merriment at the recollection of the interview.

Then he sobered down and went on explaining to his chum, where and when he was to learn his part.

"You see, of course," he began, "there's no place for a piano in our room, and it would certainly never do to practice the airs of an unproduced opera in a hotel parlor; so whenever I want an instrument, I simply step around to the avenue here, where a friend of mine has a couple of rooms on the top floor of that apartment house yonder. He's down town all day but told me to drop in whenever I felt like it, so he gave me a key, and here we are," he added, as they took seats in the elevator.

"What a jolly, cozy place this is!" exclaimed our hero, as the two lads entered a pretty little parlor finished in hard wood and completely filled with *bric-a-brac* of an inexpensive kind. "But don't you think your friend would object to your bringing a stranger here in his absence?"

"Oh, George is the most hospitable fellow in the world, and thinks it no end of fun to be doing something for somebody all the time. Why, only two weeks ago he had a lot of little ragamuffins from a mission school here to tea; and it was the same way at college: he was forever giving a lift to some poor chap that needed one, although George isn't over rich himself."

"He's a college friend, then?" said Hal, in some surprise. "I didn't know you'd had a university education."

"It did not amount to much," returned Gay, quickly, flushing in that same sudden manner we have already noted.

Then he hastened to change the subject by sitting down at the cabinet piano and in fairly good style playing the accompaniment to Hal's first song. The latter set earnestly to work at the task before him, and when he had sung his whole score through once, Dudley sprang up and applauding loudly, declared that he would certainly make a "hit."

"And now," concluded the tenor, as they returned to the hotel, "see how much of the text you can learn before Saturday, and then we'll try you on acting at the rehearsal. The whole company will be assembled, and I want you to make a good impression, for you're my *protege*, you know."

Hal promised to do his very best, and by the time appointed had mastered the first act.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST REHEARSAL.

THE head manager's apartments presented an interesting scene on Saturday afternoon, when the tenor, in a steel-colored cutaway, the baritone in a Prince Albert, and the bass in a sack coat mingled with the soprano, who wore an ulster; the contralto, who was wrapped in a water-proof, and several members of the chorus in gingham and calico.

"Not much romance about this, is there, Halsworth?" whispered Dudley, while the *prima donna* was imploring the bass not to cast her off forever as she knelt at his feet, which she wasn't doing at all, but standing calmly with one hand resting on the piano, while with the other she stroked a pet dog on a chair at her side.

Before our hero could reply, his turn came to sing, of which fact he was reminded by the manager's giving him a slight push forward, and the command: "Now, then, let's hear what you can do; and as you're new to the business, put in some action, too."

Now Hal had found it quite easy to sing his part as he would have done in a drawing-room, with a sheet of music in his hand, but when it came to waving an imaginary sword with one arm, while with the other he was supposed to be holding a villain by the throat, it was another thing entirely.

"How did I do it?" he asked of Gay, when he had finished.

"Oh, your notes were all right, but you must put more life into your acting. Don't mind anybody, but just plunge right in. However, it'll be easier for you on the stage and in costume."

Now Hal imagined he had infused quite a sufficient quantity of action into his scene, and secretly wondered how his real victim could conveniently continue to exist under any stronger pressure on his throat than he had just applied to an imaginary one.

Mr. Trill officiated at the piano, and although the music of the opera was certainly "jingly" enough, our hero could not but acknowledge to himself that he found it not only exceedingly frothy of its kind, but also apt to remind one at intervals of melodies already popular with street whistlers and barrel-organs.

Hal was honored with a good deal of staring on the part of the other members of the company, none of whom, to judge from their manners and speech, belonged to as respectable a class of society as Dudley Gay.

The rehearsal over, Mr. Vincing announced that there would be another at the same place and time on Monday, and that the first of the succeeding week the company would open their season at the P—— Opera House.

"What, so soon!" cried Hal, aghast, turning to Dudley. "Why, I'll never be able to learn the whole of my part by that time."

"Oh yes, you will," returned Gay, as they went down stairs together; "and I'll coach you in the acting, so don't worry about that," and slipping his arm in that of the young Englishman, the good-hearted tenor proceeded to furnish his chum with some useful "points" on the spot.

"How far is P—— from here?" asked our hero, as the two sat at their cozy dinner table in a corner of the large dining-room at the hotel.

"Only about thirty miles, and as it's a great manufacturing place, the audiences aren't apt to be very critical. But what shall we do with ourselves tomorrow? If I were alone, I'd probably sleep till noon, eat a leisurely breakfast, take a walk, or ride on the 'L' until dinner-time, and perhaps drop in at one of the churches in the evening. However, you are in one sense the guest of the nation, you know, and I'll do whatever you say."

"Well, I always go to church in the morning at home," returned Hal, firmly determined to stand by his principles, "and I'd prefer to do the same here. I can go alone though, if ——"

"Oh, I'll go with you, anywhere you like," interrupted the other, "and to tell the truth, I generally go regularly myself when I'm at home, but living so much in hotels, one is apt to fall into lazy habits, you know."

The next morning, therefore, the two lads repaired to a prominent up-town church, where both found much to interest them in the services, although Hal could not help noticing that his companion entered and left the building by a side door, and, during all the time they were inside, never once glanced around him, but kept his eyes steadily bent on his prayer-book.

After church they joined the throngs of fashionably dressed people that crowded the sidewalks on Fifth Avenue, and here again our hero observed that Dudley walked on the side next the houses and as close to them as he possibly could.

At Thirty-fourth Street they almost collided with a young man who was just turning the corner.

"Why, hello, Ar——," the latter began, as he shook Dudley heartily by the hand, who hurriedly whispered to him, "Hsh!" and then turned to present Hal to Mr. George Farman, at the same time briefly explaining how they had called at his apartments during the week.

"That's right, that's right!" cried the other, heartily. "And now you can turn around and come up to dinner with me. You see, Mr. Halsworth, I'm an orphan, or rather worse than some orphans, for I haven't even a brother or sister to keep me company, so that really the friends who permit me to entertain them are quite charitable, philanthropic, and all that sort of thing; indeed they are," this last he added in response to the hesitation our hero naturally evinced at accepting such an invitation on so short an acquaintance.

"Let's walk up Sixth Avenue then," proposed Gay, when they were finally won over.

"But wouldn't our friend from England prefer seeing a little more of the 'dress-parade' on Fifth?" returned Farman. "Why—" but at this point Dudley threw such an appealing look at his friend behind Hal's back, that the former pursed up his lips as if to utter a low whistle, then suddenly shut them tight, and led the way down Thirty-fourth Street to the other avenue.

The sun streamed cheerfully in at the windows of the pleasant apartment-rooms our hero had already admired, and an open grate fire added to the "homey" aspect apparent everywhere.

After dinner, the visitors accompanied their host to his mission-school on the west side of the city, and leaving him there, Hal and Dudley finished up the afternoon by a stroll through Central Park.

The evening was spent quietly in their room at the hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OPENING NIGHT.

BRIGHT and early on the Monday morning appointed for the start, the chums were up, packing, paying bills, and feeing servants. They joined the rest of the company in Jersey City, and before nine o'clock they were all steaming off for P——.

Our hero, of course, sat with his friend, the tenor, and as he overheard snatches from the conversation of the others, he could not avoid mentally contrasting them with Gay, wondering what caused the difference.

However, he had little opportunity of indulging in idle speculations, for very soon P—— was reached, lunch hurriedly eaten at the hotel, and then everybody hastened to present himself at the Opera House for the final rehearsal.

To the latter, Hal had looked forward with great impatience, for it would be his first view behind the curtain, but some matters connected with the disposal of his luggage detained him at the hotel for a few minutes.

"You're late, Mr. Halsworth," the head manager observed in an unpleasant sort of voice, as our hero emerged from the dingy side entrance to the stage. "There's your dressing-room to the right, with Mr. Gay."

Hal hurried off in the direction designated, dodging behind wings, and around chairs and tables, until he reached a kind of closet, lighted by gas, where he found the tenor arranging his blonde wig before a diminutive looking-glass.

"Come in, come in," cried Dudley. "Nice quarters for a prince and a hero, eh? But never mind, such are the fortunes of the art we love," and the light-hearted youth began gaily trilling his opening air, as he set about helping his brother-actor into his exceedingly tight tights.

"There now, I'll have to leave you and go on," he exclaimed presently, as the orchestra struck up, and the next moment his really fine voice was heard above every other sound.

Hal was soon ready, and hurried out to the wings, where he stood gazing at the unpainted bricks, soiled wood-work, and general state of dreariness that pervaded them.

This was the first full-dress rehearsal the company had had together, and the members of it in their glittering, many colored costumes, looked very little like the shabbily attired men and women who had assembled daily in Mr. Vincing's apartments during the past week.

Hal experienced considerable difficulty in preventing his sword from becoming entangled in his legs, and found also that it was not the easiest matter in the world to remember the lines of his own part, his "cue" in those of the others, the music and gestures, where he was to stand, and how come on and go off all at one and the same time, and without being allowed a moment to stop and think.

However, he was not the only one who incurred angry words from the manager for his awkwardness. The *prima donna* tripped everybody up with her train, the bass forgot to say two short, but important lines, at the proper time, the chorus either lagged like "a lot of tortoises," or galloped like "so many wild horses," and things got mixed generally, so that it was nearly dark when the weary actors were finally released.

"I say, how are we to ever give a half decent public performance to-night?" inquired our hero, as he went back to the hotel to dinner, feeling as if he had been practicing acrobatics for a circus ring, instead of rehearsing the *role* of a Prince in "genteel" comic opera.

"Oh, that'll go well enough," returned Dudley. "The excitement of having an audience in front is a wonderful help, if it doesn't give a fellow stage-fright. Now mind, Hal, you musn't have an attack of that, or it will be all up with you."

At the table, the baritone could scarcely eat a mouthful, so excited was he by the anticipation of his approaching *debut*.

"How does it feel to be stared at by several hundred pairs of opera-glasses?" he inquired of his chum, on their way to the theatre.

"Why, the more the merrier," replied Gay. "But then you'll be too busy to notice a little thing like that."

On reaching the Opera House, the two found everything bustle and confusion, the chorus half in costume, half in every day dress, rushing wildly about, over and under the stage in search of the missing portions of their attire; Mr. Vane, melancholy as Hamlet.

But the greatest ado was made by Mlle. Marie Maywin, the *prima donna*, whose trunks by some oversight, had not yet been brought to the theatre, and who, in consequence, paced abstractedly up and down the wings in a derby hat, a plaid ulster, and a very bad temper.

Just as Hal entered, the lady, who in the piece took the part of the *Queen*, his mother, was descending the ladder-like stairs leading from the stage to the dressing-rooms, and as our hero watched her clinging to the slender railing with one hand, while with the other she held her embroidered skirts clear of the dirty, unpainted steps, he thought he had never known of so glittering a vision of fancy to be so completely dispelled by fact.

Hurrying into that dismal little dressing-apartment, Hal imagined Dudley's ideas must have been running in the same channel, to judge from the expression of his face, as he shut the door on the low speech, petty quarrels, angry words, and dreary space of brick-work and soiled canvas outside. But he said nothing, and an unwonted silence prevailed between the two, as they hurriedly donned their gay costumes, buckled on their swords, and "prepared" their faces.

At first our hero had been inclined to rebel against the latter operation, but on having it represented to him that without paint and powder the glare of the footlights would lend his countenance a deathly pallor, he complied, and was quite startled at the change the application made in his appearance.

"If mother could only see me now," he reflected, as the last touch of powder was applied, and the final brushing given to the curly wig; but somehow, the boy disliked to think much on that subject, and at once turned his attention to admiring his chum, who looked most dashingly handsome in a blue military rig, with silver trimmings.

A hasty knock at the door and the words: "Ready, Mr. Halsworth," put a stop to all moralizing, and Hal hurried out to the wings with a thumping heart and a hand that trembled nervously on his sword-hilt.

"I wish they hadn't cut out that first air of yours, Gay, so you could go on before me," he whispered, as the curtain was rung up after a short overture and the chorus began to shout with all their lungs.

"Don't think about anything," instructed the tenor, "except that you're the *Prince*, with a few speeches to make, a number of songs to sing, and a part to act. Quick, there's your cue! Good luck to you, old fellow," and Dudley gave his chum's gloved hand an emphatic squeeze, as the last notes of the chorus died away.

Poor Hal! Instead of that wild enthusiasm for his work which he had fancied must take possession of him as soon as he should "tread the boards," he experienced nothing but a most horrible fear of forgetting his lines and tripping over his sword, as he emerged, with the *Prince's* royal strides, from the dingy wings into the glitter of the footlights and the gaze of an audience which, in spite of Mr. Vane's dismal forecasts, had swelled to quite respectable numbers.

There was no applause on his entrance (that being reserved for the tenor hero), so our friend was at liberty to plunge at once into his opening song, which he did as gracefully as he could, and the completion of which was rewarded by a faint clapping of hands in different parts of the house, reminding one of the touching off of a few fire-crackers under a tin pan.

Then the bass came on, and the two took part in a duet, which from lack of practice together did not go like clock-work, but which, by reason of the sensationally popular turn given to the final measure, was re-demanded, and sung worse than before, for the bass seemed to think he had no one to look out for but himself, while Hal was so confused by the recall that it was all he could do to remember the words.

Two or three pages of dialogue followed, which was all plain sailing, and then our hero went off, just as Gay came on to be greeted by a volley of applause, "thanks to my blue uniform and tenor part," as he afterwards observed.

But there was no denying the fact that Dudley had a fine voice, and when he ended his air on a sustained high note, the audience forgot all about the uniform and the hero of the piece, in loudly applauding the singer himself.

Gay bowed gracefully in acknowledgement, and then nerved himself for his duet with the *prima donna*, whom, to behold smiling and curtesying as she stepped to his side, one would never imagine to be possessed of the most fiery temper and dreaded tongue in the troupe.

Hal stood in the wings to hear what the managers had declared would be the hit of the opera, but as Mlle. Maywin's sole qualifications for her position lay in the facts that she had a slight knowledge of music, and happened to be Mr. Vane's niece, and as Gay's good voice only served to show how poor hers was by contrast, the duet was a most disastrous failure, and was received in dead silence.

By this time the suspicions of the audience began to be aroused, and it was not long before something a great deal worse than silence was manifested at the conclusion of Mlle. Maywin's different airs, *i. e.* smiles, nay, even laughs that were not called forth by anything especially humorous in the songs themselves, which, truth to tell, were much too silly to be funny. Hal, Dudley and one or two of the other male singers, were listened to with respectful attention, but the chorus and the lady members of the company were so manifestly unsuited to their parts, that they served to amuse the public as much, if not more, than if the piece had proved to be as mirth-provoking as the posters claimed it to be. Our hero now saw the wisdom with which the management had advertised the company as being able to perform in each town "for one night only."

"It's a complete failure, isn't it?" he remarked to Gay, during an interval when the two were touching up their rumpled costumes in the dressing-room.

"That doesn't affect Vincing in the least," was the reply. "He doesn't care a snap what the critics may say in a place like this, as he's careful not to come here twice in the same season. Then he was smart enough not to produce the opera first in New York, or some other big city, as so many managers do, trusting to luck and bribery for good newspaper notices, with which to 'catch' all the smaller towns in the country. Now, at our next stopping-place, he'll announce 'grand production of an entirely new opera, greeted by a crowded house at P——,' which statement is true enough in one sense, for lots of people come out of curiosity, and the rest of the space is filled up with 'deadheads.' Do you see?"

Hal declared that he *did* see most decidedly, and was furthermore obliged to confess to himself that his eyes had never before been opened so wide in his life.

"Now," added Gay, as the last scene to the second act was called, "remember that this is your grand opportunity, both in singing and acting. Seize your villain by the throat with as strong a grip as you can apply without choking him (however, luckily, Smith's a pretty tough chap), and give your notes as much of a swing as possible. Don't forget."

Hal promised to remember, and then went on for his great effort.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IT costs $2.00 to get your racquet re-strung.

THE latest cyclometer has a bell attachment which rings on the completion of every mile.

I HAVE it on good authority that Dr. Sachs's school will join the Inter-scholastic League of New York.

THE Prince of Wales is an enthusiastic amateur photographist. He uses an American camera, by the by.

L. E. MYERS recently had all the gold medals which his nimble legs had gained for him as an amateur, melted down and sold for $110. His old comrades think he is too practical.

A NEW YORK boy holds the high tumbling championship. He fell from the roof of a six-story house, broke several clothes-lines, a thigh bone, and is now doing well.

SPEAKING of high records, the first American champion bicycle turned out from the factory of Messrs. Gormully and Jeffrey "broke" the world's long distance record at Minneapolis.

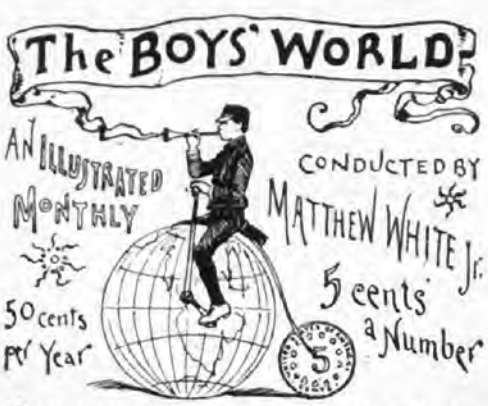
THE people of Atlanta may rightly be classed as baseball fiends. They have the stage of the Opera House marked off into a diamond, and when their pet club, the Atlanta, goes forth to wrestle with the world, they rush *en masse* into the orchestra, family circle and balconies to witness the game played by uniformed boys, who run the bases by telegraph as it is being done by the Atlantas at the other end of the wire.

I STROLLED through the Eden Musee last Tuesday. Said the attendant: "No money in summer; we keep open, and just cover expenses. People from the country drop in. See that man over there? He's in and out of here 'bout every week. Artist; he sketches the heads of the wax politicians for use in his cartoons."

I STARTED out the other day to compare the two panoramas of New York. First the "Vicksburg:" this is not what I had expected. I grant it is scene painting *par excellence*, but as an optical illusion, it is a failure. I hope General Sherman in the flesh, may never see his caricature. Then I crossed over to "The Monitor and Merrimac," which is a long ways ahead of its competitor. Here it is a difficult task to tell where the true and the painted blend.

THE annual spring regatta of the New York Canoe Club, took place on June 12th, at Tompkinsville, Staten Island. The club house is located on the old Seawanhaka basin. A stiff breeze was blowing, which kept up throughout the races. The first event was a sailing race, open to all classes, no limit of sail or ballast. This was also the first of a series for the commodore's trophy. The course was about three miles from the club house, to a bark off Stapleton, and thence to the schooner yacht Dauntless. Six canoes were entered: the "Sea Bee," C. B. Vaux; "Nethla," Commodore Kirk Munroe; "Tramp," C. J. Stephens; "Minnie," E. Delavan, Jr; and the "Siren," R. B. Burchard. The start was at 3:15 1-4 P.M. Only the "Nethla" and the "Tramp" went over the correct course, as there had been a misunderstanding regarding the "stake" boat. The "Nethla" won, finishing the race at 4:12 40 P.M. The fifth race, hand paddling, brought forth shouts of laughter from the pavilion. Four boats were entered, and G. F. Foster won, pushed by Commodore Munroe. But the last was the "funny race," four entries. After paddling to and around the fishing schooner near by, and when about half way back, the order was given: "upset!" Instantly, the canoes capsized, and the occupants wished the water was not ice cold. Then came the work of righting. Commodore Munroe was the only one able to get in, and he, being winner, was allowed to paddle to the float. The rest had to swim. I saw Mr. Munroe afterwards. "The races for the commodore's trophy," said he, "will take place on every alternate Saturday, throughout the summer. There will be a hard fight, for we have several very closely matched men, as you saw to-day." "Will the club camp out this summer?" "Only with the national association at the Thousand Islands, in the latter part of August. By-the-way," he said, "on the third and fifth of July, we have our trial races, to select competitors for the international contests with the Royal Canoe Club, of England, who send over three men. Any canoe club may enter. The international races themselves come off the first week in September. Good-by," he added, as he wrung out the sea-water from his hair.

FREDERICK EDWARD MCKAY.



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PRACTICAL HINTS FOR YOUNG CANOEISTS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

Commodore of the New York Canoe Club.

I.

THE question, so frequently asked, as to which is the best kind of a canoe to buy, is a most puzzling one, even to experienced canoeists. There are so many "bests."

For paddling in smooth waters, a form of the light Rob Roy is undoubtedly the best. For cruising on rivers or sheltered inland waters and shooting rapids, nothing can excel the open keelless Peterboro. In the rougher waters of the Great Lakes, Long Island Sound, or along the sea coast, a decked canoe, having a small open cockpit and a few inches of keel, of either the Nautilus model, or one of its many modifications, will prove one of the most useful and safest. If you are going to sail as well as paddle while cruising, a keelless canoe provided with a folding (Radix or Atwood) centre-board will answer your purpose capitally; but for racing, a keelless canoe must be provided with either a thin, plate centre-board of metal, or a false keel.

In this country the racing canoes are built long and narrow; they are very light, carry large sails, and can only be handled safely by the most expert canoe sailers. Good types of these racing canoes are the Nethla and Lassie, which can be seen in the New York Canoe Club House on Staten Island. In England and in Canada, a favorite model for sailing and racing canoes is the "Pearl." "Pearl" canoes are very wide and heavy. They carry great iron centre-boards, and a large quantity of ballast; so, of course, they are not easy to paddle; but they are very safe boats, and sail fast with a good breeze. The Tramp, belonging to the New York Canoe Club, is a typical "Pearl."

The cheapest canoes are those made of canvas, stretched over wooden frames and painted; but these present so many bad features that the young canoeist investing his money in one of them almost always has cause to regret having done so. In the first place, as there are no regular builders of canvas canoes, he who would possess one must either construct it himself, or engage some person of but little greater experience to do it for him. When finished, the canvas canoe will be found to be a poor sea boat, weighing nearly, if not quite, as much as a wooden craft of the same dimensions; but without the buoyancy or strength of the latter. After a few months' use, a canoe of this description presents a half-starved appearance, her canvas sides sagging in between her ribs, and making her very difficult to paddle.

The first requisite for the beginner is to be able to swim well, and feel perfectly at home in the water; failing in which he can never become a bold or skillful canoeist. Then, having made up his mind whether he wants a canoe for cruising or racing, for open or sheltered waters, and procured one best adapted to his needs, he should use her under paddle only until he has become thoroughly familiar with her, and feels as safe and as much at home in her as in his own bed.

In ordinary work with a double-bladed paddle, it should be used as nearly horizontal as possible, and the blades only just dipped below the surface of the water. This is to avoid splashing and the wetting that follows the drippings from the vertically raised blade. In racing, however, the canoeist should sit upon a seat raised nearly to the level of the gunwales, and paddle with deep, almost vertical strokes, heedless of the accompanying shower of drippings.

After learning how to manage the paddle, the next step is to practice swimming alongside the canoe in deep water, and getting into, without capsizing, her.

One way to accomplish this is to get astride one of the ends, and work slowly along towards the cock-pit. This, however, is a tedious and awkward method, and is also a very uncertain one; for, as likely as not, after having reached the cock-pit you will ignominiously capsize just as you are about to get into it. The best way to enter a canoe from the water is to swim up amidships, place the left hand upon the edge of the cock-pit nearest you, reach the right across the opposite gunwale, beat the water with your feet until your body lies as nearly as possible horizontally along the surface; and then, resting all the weight you can on the gunwale farthest from you, draw yourself quickly but carefully across the canoe, from which position it will be easy to assume your seat in the cockpit.

When the canoeist has, by repeated trials, become proficient in thus entering his craft from the water, he should try capsizing her while paddling in deep water, righting her again, climbing into her, and bailing her out. Of course in doing this he must be careful not to let his paddle float away beyond recovery, and his bailer, either sponge or tin can, must be so secured that it will not be lost. By turning the canoe over quickly when she is bottom side up, she will take in very little water, and, while the beginner will probably fill her before she is satisfactorily righted, the expert will not allow more than a few gallons of water to enter her.

THE PRIZE STORY.

THE CRUISE OF THE AU REVOIR.

BY WALTER GRANT, AGED 13.

IT was a clear, warm day, on the 19th of September, 1879, that the ship Au Revoir weighed anchor in the harbor of New York, bound for a cruise in the South Seas.

She had no cargo, but was intending to bring home a load of spices, fruits, etc. The crew was composed of forty-six men, including myself, together with four passengers, an Italian and his wife, named Cardeli, and two Americans by the name of Jim and Charley Foster, making fifty persons all told.

The cook was a case. He said his name was Paddy McMahon. Captain Wilson asked him if he could cook. He said yes. He told him to have boiled rice for dinner, and then went below. In about half an hour, Paddy came running up on deck, his face red as fire, calling for the captain. The captain, hearing the noise, went below with him, and what do you think he saw? Paddy had filled the kettle full of rice and set it on to boil. Of course it began to swell, and was now running all over the stove. We had no rice for dinner.

We steered due east till we reached the Gulf Stream, and sailed down that until we were opposite Florida, when we struck out into the ocean again.

When near the equator we were becalmed a week, and put on short rations immediately.

The captain said that a Spanish ship had been found near this very spot a few years ago, with all on board starved to death. They had overpowered the officers, and had eaten and drank up all the provisions, and died a horrible death.

On the morning of the seventh day, about sunrise, Jim Foster, who was looking through a telescope, suddenly jumped, and shouted "Hurrah."

There, on the horizon, was a little cloud, which continued to grow larger, and in an hour it commenced to thunder and rain. With the rain came wind, and our ship was soon going at a lively speed.

In a week we reached Bahia on the Brazilian coast. We had been out forty-one days from New York, and were glad to reach land once more. Here we loaded up with fresh provisions for a four months' voyage. We were a week in doing it, and I had plenty of time to see the city. It is a beautiful place, and has many fine public buildings, also a large negro population. It contains about 130,000 people.

We started down the Brazilian coast, intending to round the Horn. But when in lat. 55 deg., long. 60 deg., a terrible storm struck us, which lasted all that day and the next night, and but for the strength of our ship we would have gone down. As it was, the two long boats that hung on the davits had been swept away, and nearly every thread of canvas was gone. But the provisions were safe, and the mate found a few pieces of spare sail, which he rigged out and set a topsail so that we went forward slowly.

That night a terrific wind sprang up, and as it was blowing in the right direction, the captain let her run. Away we went under bare poles at the rate of five knots an hour.

It was blowing heavily the next morning, but about noon it abated. The captain said she had made over one hundred miles in the last eighteen hours. During the gale, Cardeli and his wife had kept in their berths most of the time. He had stepped out once, but just as he closed the door, the ship gave a lurch, upsetting him and wetting him to the skin. He got up, ran into his room, and was not seen again.

The sun came out, the fog lifted, and we were hoping to meet a ship that could help us, when we heard the report of a gun. There on the starboard side, about a mile from us, we saw a schooner. She seemed to be in great distress for she kept firing a gun every minute.

The captain said she would go down in less than half an hour. What was to be done? We must help her, but how? Our boats were gone, and we could not reach her in the ship in less than an hour at least.

On going down into the hold that morning, after oil, I had seen a large kite hanging on a hook. It happened to strike me that we could send a line to them by that. I ran down and brought it up. The captain saw what I was doing, and we soon had the pleasure of seeing it sailing through the air, in the right direction.

I tied two more balls of twine on the end, and in a few minutes it was close to the ship. The string caught in the rigging, and a man near the helm ran up and got it. We now tied a rope on the end of the twine. They hauled it in, and tied it to the mast. They fixed it so it would be on a slant with our ship, rigged a pulley on it, and soon all were safe.

In about five minutes their ship went down. It proved to be a French bark, with a cargo of lumber from Australia. When twenty-one days out they had met terrible weather, and on the night of the 22d had sprung a leak. All the men were ordered to the pumps, but were unable to lower the water in the hold. When the fog came out they could not look for help, and were about to give up in despair when they saw us.

We drifted for two days, when we signaled the English ship Hercules. She sold us some sail, and a spare boat. With these we resumed our voyage, and in nine days reached Sydney. Here we laid in a new stock of provisions, canvas, etc., and started on.

After a cruise of three months among the tropical islands in that vicinity, we started home, and in due time dropped anchor in the same harbor that we had left just ten months and twenty-one days before. Thus ended "the cruise of the Au Revoir."

HORNS AND LEGS;

OR,

A BOY'S VACATION.

BY L. S. GOODWIN.

A TROUT brook familiar with the shadow of Mount Washington, and the substance of two boys, who, on a summer afternoon, introduce to that sylvan retreat a third bearing evidence of town life and a vacation recently entered upon.

Paul Hatley was, in fact, set free from Boston public school but a week or so previous, and sent to recreate on his Grandfather Hatley's farm, one of many that are hung up on the hillside, with, however, a beautiful valley attached and sweeping away like a lady's train. The smaller boy's fair skin contrasted with the rough and redish of the pair who had taken him as comrade; his trim sailor suit had not lost its freshness, though with the wide-awake wearer turned loose to enjoy himself among rocks and brush, the liabilities to speedy ruin are seen to be enormous.

It was a blazing sunny day, the hottest of the season. The "Old Man of the Mountain" looked as if wanting to petition that the millions of miles to the sun be written billions, being only restrained by his broad view of cornfields basking in the fervid glare delightedly. No doubt, too, the landlords of the mountain hotels exulted over coming harvests of yellow gold from a crowd of guests that the excessive weather would bring from the cities.

Most things, excepting growing corn and hotel keepers, felt consumed, and languished or melted. This was true of the great snow breastplate of Tuckerman's Ravine, worn by the king of the White Mountain range. For as much as fifteen feet below the surface, water was percolating through the spongy mass. Numerous lesser dells that day gave out their last reserve of snow and ice, some, doubtless, to cool and replenish the very stream where the three lads threw their hooks for fish too lazy to bite; and on that fact becoming recognized, gave over the attempt and utilized the still pools for wading and splashing beneath the green roof that completely shut out the burning sunbeams.

Not merely was the bath refreshing, but in the case of the barefooted country youths, Ike Blunt and Archie Tanner, it met a real if not a felt want in cleansing. It was about the time they wearied of this sport and could devise no other, that the former especially took to reckless and riotous behavior, in consequence of which Paul quitted the water with his hair dripping and the neat sailor collar limp as if it had been out in a hard shower. Naturally, the boy's spirits were dampened, as well as his clothes, but he wisely forbore complaint. While Paul sat on the bank drying his feet and putting on his stockings and shoes, the other fellows exchanged winks and started off up the brook, saying they wished to look at their old crow tree—which meant that they had been watching a dead spruce for some time, on suspicion that it contained a crow's nest. Paul doubted that being their errand, and was peeping at the declining sun and troubled as to whether he would be able to guide himself home, suspecting Ike and Archie had given him the slip for a further joke, when they returned apparently very sober-minded and worthy of all confidence.

Ike observed that they had best try their luck with the trout again, now in the cool of the day, before leaving for home. While the elder boy was pretending to untangle his line from some briers, the younger sprang out upon a low rock that divided the waters, and dropped his fly cautiously, waiting then in the motionless silence of a good fisherman. About a minute later he was suddenly jerked from his position into the water up to his knees.

"Ha!" said Ike, reaching him a hand, "I'm afraid you've wet them gaiters," and both he and Archie laughed loud and long.

After that he protested it had been purely an accident; he had thought there was room on the rock for him also, and slipping, had caught Paul's arm involuntarily to save himself. Whatever Paul's thoughts were he did not express them; and in setting out for home, where he was eager to be, he walked off pluckily, with the water gurgling between his toes. But upon being invited by the elder of his patrons to a row on the lake next day he respectfully declined.

"Had enough of water, I guess," remarked Archie; "you're so awful careless, you, Ike."

All at once remembering that he ought to hurry home to do the chores, Archie parted from his companions, striking a bee-line over the hill to the right; Ike leisurely keeping straight on across the pastures, stopping to pick raspberries, and sandwiching in stories of Jumbo dimensions relating to his personal experiences.

Meanwhile the dusky shades of the surrounding mountains met on the plains; night hawks soared overhead with a sharp "peep, peep," and cut short their circles by coming sharply down to the ground with a sounding whirr of wings—wings that immediately returned them to further pursuit of insect fare, round and round against the softened sunset sky.

Paul, though tired and hungry and seized with headache, would not say so and risk Ike's taunt of being a feeble city boy. Neither did he allude to the discomfort of his feet steaming in wet shoes. He did more than once suggest an improved pace and fewer haltings, but entirely without effect.

At last he believed he saw where they were coming out, and resolved that as soon as they came to the road, so he could be sure of not losing his way, it should be a go as you please; Ike could stay back and keep company with the fireflies, if he liked.

As they were about to pass a lone, lop-limbed birch, the native youngster called attention to it by saying it always reminded him of a tree where, one midnight just a year ago, his father, brother and himself, saw a company of twenty-seven owls sitting on a branch, and hooting till they woke everybody in the neighborhood. The hooting of owls was a sign something was going to happen, and it did happen. Next day, right in sight of the spot, a railroad train was wrecked, and precisely twenty-seven persons were killed—killed dead.

"It can't be you've forgotten that awful terragedy," concluded the narrator, turning solemn looks on the quiet figure keeping pace with him. "The account was in all the newspapers."

With the same breath Ike, giving a great start, cried out, "By crimes, there he comes! Buck Tanner, horns and all! We're in for it! Climb for your life!"

Paul had a glimpse of a woolly brute bearing down on them in the gray twilight. Being pushed against the old birch he instinctively scrambled to one of the lower limbs, and was followed by Ike.

He knew the Tanner animal by reputation, and even by sight, through the palings that confined him in the corner of his owner's shed, deprived of the liberty he had repeatedly and grossly abused.

Without incurring a charge of cowardice, the lads from their temporary refuge might bestow agitated looks on the ram rampant at the foot of the tree. To judge from his demonstrations, you would have said Ike was by far the more frightened of the two. Most likely, so he averred, they would have to spend the night where they were. He wanted the other to understand that he had unquestionably saved his life. To further encourage his companion in misfortune, he interjected accounts of the prowess of the terrible beast when he had broken out of his cage at former times.

After some minutes that seemed hours to Paul, Ike all at once appeared to change to sterner stuff, for he announced it as his intention to get down and die game. The other thought he was merely bragging, but, when convinced that Ike really meant it, he besought him not to do so rash an act. Perhaps somebody would be passing to whom they could call for help, or the brute would go away in search of the flock; and, at the most, their friends would not rest till a search had been made for them.

But vainly he reasoned; in the usual course of the foolish and stubborn, Ike became more headstrong the more that objections were raised. Amid much evident distress of mind and pathetic remonstrance on the part of Paul, the older boy deliberately got down upon the bough that separated them, clasped it with his hands and swung off. Paul fairly screamed with fright as the figure swayed to and fro a little above the reach of the excited quadruped, panting and plunging with the instinct to wreak vengeance on the species claiming to have dominion over his own.

"HE WAS SUDDENLY JERKED FROM HIS POSITION INTO THE WATER."

A minute more and Ike had let go his hold and lay sprawling upon the grass. It was now that Paul first scented a hoax. Ike Blunt was, after all, not so much under the we (a) ther as himself. Up jumped the woolly party, tripping it on the light fantastic hoof, cast aside his horned pelt—truly a comfortable wrap for a sultry evening!—and changed to nothing but Archie.

For five minutes those two boys danced like Indians, with whooping and hooting that would have taken the championship from savages and screech-owls, lynxes and wolverines. It was the best joke of their lives. The jeering, more than the joke, stung the Hatley boy to the heart. Nothing need be plainer than that Ike and his chum had hatched their little plot in the woods, while ostensibly mindful of the hatching of young crows.

Late, lone and markedly fagged, Paul reached home. Only disposing of a cup of milk, he crept to bed, leaving the brown-bread and butter and berry pie he would have relished so much two hours earlier, on the table where it had waited to give him a supper. He had met only his grandmother, and did not give her the points, though obliged to give her his trousers to mend. While she stitched on repairs by the light of a tallow candle, the lad's tears of mortification and disgust sank into his pillow. The result of his thinking we shall shortly know.

Once, already, he had written his mother, telling her he was having quite as jolly a time as he had anticipated, in spite of the midges, and hoping he would be allowed to stay until the very evening before the opening of the fall term of school.

Early the next morning after what has been related, Paul wrote her a few lines in a different key, to the effect that he was ready and anxious to come home—so much so that he would not wait for an answer, save that he feared his mother had shut up the house and gone on a vacation herself—an unlucky thing, indeed, for him, resolved as he was on ending his vacation without loss of time.

Directly after breakfast, Paul took his sealed missive to the carriage shed, where the hired man, Levi, was hitching Nic—short for Nicodemus—to the green wagon to drive to the village for the purpose of replacing a broken scythe and adding a couple of pitchforks to the farming utensils, just then in busy operation.

"What's up, my young man from Bosting?" questioned Levi, on being asked to mail the letter. "You sent one to yer ma t'other day. I seen ye lookin' kind o' wabblecropped at breakfas' jes' now. Ain't homesick, be ye?"

Paul slightly shook his head.

"Cowcumbers," suggested the other. "Cowcumbers and milk don't agree, and I can't 'magine why they should both be plenty together. Queer providence like! But you'll get over it soon—*I* always do."

He looked inquiringly at Paul, who did not reply.

"Jump in and go, too, if you'd rather; comin' right back; no load," said the accommodating Levi. He and Paul had been uncommon friends from the start.

So the lad, having stepped to the porch and informed his grandmother whither he was bound, took his seat beside the hired man and set off expressly to mail the letter, which, I may as well say here, never got mailed. Before they had driven half the three miles' distance, his companion drew out Paul's secret, and, likewise, by homely sympathy, the sting of his humiliation.

"Don't you give in to them fellers, and spile your visit," strongly advised Levi. "Talk about dyin' game! What folks need is to *live* game! Go straight ahead, never mindin' on't, and they'll get paid back, *you see!*

"That Ike Blunt's a tough customer. His folks on'y moved here las' Christmas, an' Ike, he was a kickin' up a muss in school all winter through. The hull family is one o' them that could be spared from any town whatever. Ike's had no bringin' up, and he credits the fact in his conduct. As fer the Tanner boy, he's a leetle too thick with Ike; that's what's the matter with Archie. Turned old wether, hey? So now Tanner owns a pair on 'em. Shearin' jes' under the skin 'ud be good an' healthy for the two-legged buck."

Cheered by the hired man's words and the drive in the morning air, Paul determined not to show the white feather by abandoning his vacation. While Levi attended to trading for tools in the little bazaar of a genuine country store, the boy stood before the grocery counter supplementing his light breakfast with a lunch of crackers and cheese. The letter, whose brevity and mystery would have disturbed his mother, was torn into shreds and scattered along the homeward way, after the manner of playing hare and hounds.

Three days passed, in which Ike and Archie made themselves conspicuous by their absence; possibly and very properly feeling ashamed of themselves for once. Paul readily turned his hand to shaking out grass-swathes, carrying the men's drink and lunches to the field, picking greens and huckleberries, and making himself generally useful.

On the whole, he found this sort of life far more satisfactory than all play and no work. The secret of the change was between himself and Levi. His wretchedness in thinking of the mean trick those native youngsters had served him was past, and all memory thereof seemed destined to speedy oblivion.

One more day's work was over. The last haycock had been rolled up and scraped down as the dew began to fall. The men shouldered the rakes and pitchforks and went towards the house, except Levi, who, as was his wont, started off to make a circuit and drive home the cows.

Paul waited under the balm-of-gilead tree that grew by the well and spent its delicious fragrance on the cooling air, listening in vain for the tinkle of Jersey's bell. At length he decided to go and meet the laggard bovines, with the seldom lagging Levi.

Robins and thrushes were making it lively with song along the cart-road bordered by trees, where he passed as the sun tiptoed on the highest mountain tops and deep sombreness began to settle around their feet. It was not the first time he had come out to meet Levi and the cows, so that the way was familiar to Paul. Not far from home he passed the line of cows to-night, taking their time without a driver, and turning into a pasture where the bars were let down, he kept on in the course the hired man should follow with his herd.

He soon discovered that he was in the same field and near the spot where the farce had been acted. Here Paul climbed an immense boulder to obtain a long look ahead, and seeing no one, rested himself in a handy nook at the summit, with a notion of playing catamount when his good friend should appear. Once in scanning the landscape he thought he discerned a figure rise up from the corner of a tumble-down wall, take an earnest look, then drop again behind an ambush of barberry bushes.

Presently voices came to his ear. Not the voice of Levi, but those of the two companions Paul had last parted with at the ominous old birch yonder. Ike and Archie were jogging blithely homeward across-lots from their rendezvous at Mad Brook. What a jealous pang the sight caused the boy that was left.

Ike was observed to throw up his arm, as if indicating the tree of refuge, and, though they were too distant for Paul to hear what was said, there could be no doubt that the boisterous laugh which followed was in sweet remembrance of the outrage perpetrated on himself. In this region a thunderclap may start a landslide, and the boys' guffaw over a past spree precipitated an event more memorable and less laughable to them.

Suddenly a wild "baa-a-a!" such as would do honor to any Rocky Mountain sheep that ever shook his contorted head-gear at a hunter, and a creature resembling a much-animated bale of wool, drifted down from the broken wall and barberry clump, to dispute the passage of the guileless adventurers by forest and stream. From his lookout, Paul was quick to see the movement and to comprehend the peril. Scarcely knowing what he did he screamed at the top his voice, almost in the words of Ike to him on the occasion of the fraud.

"Boys, he's coming, horns and all! Run, climb for your lives!"

"Yeou don't say so!" was the derisive response from the two, who, without knowing from whence the warning came, instantly divined that a return trick was being played on them. "It's too thin, entirely! Hoora—ay, Boston and Company, Ram, Sham and Japheth! Come on, you gilt-edged butter, and butt your prettiest!"

Instead of escaping, as they might had they entertained an idea that the mutton was more than skin deep, the lads tossed aside their fish-poles, and, stooping low, rushed forward to provoke the enemy and go him better. A concussion, a couple of prostrate forms howling for help, laid prone once and again as either attempted to get upon his feet, and stamped upon impartially—what could better convince them that there was nothing shammy or showy in this affair?

Paul leaped from the rock and seizing a pine knot from the ground, made for the tragic scene with a confused idea that he must fight or somebody must die. To his joy, then, he saw Levi coming—coming with loping, not over-hurried gait, and actually laughing hard, though silently. A short distance behind him appeared Archie's father, flourishing a cane and puffing from exercise and wrath.

A well-directed tug at the brute's collar of rope, with a simultaneous tripping up, cast him magnificently. With some difficulty the victims scrambled upright, blubbering and feeling their heads for bruises only limited by the extent of surface. Their tribulations were by no means over.

"You good-for-nothing lazy blockhead!" exclaimed Tanner senior, coming up. "So this is the fun you're havin'! Gone the hull durin' arternoon, insted o' rakin' arter the cart and tendin' to the chores. I'll larn ye to let out the old buck!" and he laid on the cane with ringing whacks.

"I—I—he—he—didn't let him out," muttered Ike.

In the excitement and the twilight, Tanner was tanning the wrong boy by mistake,—although as regarded deserts, Ike might be said to be the right boy in the right place at last. Releasing his neighbor's son, he began with his own, manifestly resolved not to spare the child even if he spoilt the rod.

"Glad the critter wusted ye. He wouldn't be sich a reg'lar Satan on'y fer your foolin'. Nex' time——" and the sound of the strokes mingled with protestations of reform on the part of his offspring.

As well as he was able under the paternal discipline, Archie protested with truth that he knew nothing of how the pride of the agricultural fair came to be at large on the present occasion.

"Get home with yerself," now ordered his parent. "What d'you young rascals fancy would ha' become o' ye, if I hadn't missed the critter and follered?"

The boys thought they would have preferred to risk that experience.

"Yeon are wether beaten—yeou two chaps," was Levi's remark to Ike and Archie, with a sly wink at Paul. "Guess yeon'll be wether-wise after this."

Tanner led away his fleecy pet, with variations in which said pet led Tanner. The tamed lads were marched on in advance, casting frequent apprehensive glances over their shoulders.

"Did you do that—*did* you, Levi?" Paul asked with insistence, as they went rapidly towards home.

"Wall," returned the hired man, "wasn't it pooty well done? They won't want ter play their little game on nobody any more, you bet. Didn't I tell ye they'd git paid?"

"But wasn't it rather too bad? For I wasn't hurt at all."

"Of course I didn't reckon in the lickin's; I ain't to blame for *them*. All the same I'm glad they got 'em."

Paul and Levi mutually agreed to continue mum; but straightway the other parties went and told the whole story, and in two days it had become the talk and jest of the town. Ike Blunt had so hard a name that his getting "come up with" refreshed the whole community like a sea breeze on a sultry day. What people did not know, they shrewdly guessed, and Grandsire Hatley's hired man was honorably dubbed The Great American Avenger.

The outcome was that within a week or two after the occurrences described, Paul made one of a coterie of youths enrolled from a pretty wide neighborhood, who knew how to enjoy an outing with coarse fun and practical jokes left out. Their walks and drives in the interests of health and education extended from Dan to Beersheba—or, to be literal, from the Profile, Flume and Basin to the famous site of the Willey House—with many things included. His letters to his mother, with which he employed himself on rainy days, were sunny and sensible; and the best of all was the comfort of self-respect in knowing his associates were such as mother would gladly welcome to their home hereafter.

Into this respectable circle, after duly reflecting on his ways, Archie Tanner gained admission, upon taking a mild oath to break with Ike Blunt; and the latter found himself in very much the same social position that Mr. Robinson Crusoe would have occupied on his island without his man Friday.

WALKS AND TALKS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY REV. S. W. KNIPE.

World Making.

THE quarry was a great, wide opening, that began at the base of the hill, and ran into it on a level, until at the farther end there was a perpendicular wall of rock fifty feet high and more than one hundred feet in width. The rock was arranged in great layers of varying width and color. These layers were not horizontal, but sloped as steeply as an ordinary house roof. On the south side, near the lower part of the great opening, the rock was a coarse sandstone; then came many layers of a bluish limestone; and, on the north side, there was a layer of soft, broken slate. The bottom of the quarry was strewn with masses of rock, that had fallen since the quarry had been abolished.

The boys could study these fragments, and Frank was soon at work with his hammer. He broke off a number of pieces that contained a vein or strip of snowy white stone, that differed very much in appearance from the rock in which it was found. The doctor told him that it was lime, like the darker part of the stone, but much purer. A crack or crevice was formed in the rock and water flowed through it that contained lime in solution. That lime was deposited in the opening and finally filled it up. It is called calc spar, or lime spar.

Soon after, Frank came up with another piece of rock, in which there was to be seen a vein of small, clear, bright crystal.

"Now," said the doctor, "you have found a small vein of quartz. Take your knife, and try to cut or scratch those little crystals."

Frank did so, and found that he could make no impression on them.

"Take the calc spar now and try on *it*," continued the doctor.

This time Frank found that he could easily scratch the white surface.

"You have in this simple process one way to distinguish lime spar from quartz," the doctor proceeded to explain. "The lime is much softer than the quartz. A second way of determining is with acid. I have here a small vial in which is some sulphuric acid. I will put a drop on the quartz. See, it remains bright and clear, like a drop of water. Now we will try the calc spar; at once the acid seems to boil; it is dissolving the lime. Some forms of zinc ore resemble a form of calc spar, but a drop of acid will determine at once which is zinc, as it, like the quartz, is unaffected by the acid."

While the doctor was talking, Frank picked up a piece of slate rock that had fallen from near the top of the quarry, and at once exclaimed: "See! here is a fossil shell. Almost like a small scallop."

"You will find fossils in all of these rocks," his uncle went on. "The limestone contains a great many, but it is not an easy matter to secure them perfect. The slate rock breaks more readily, and exposes the fossil in all its delicate markings."

"How did the shells get here? Will you not tell us now how rocks are made?" asked Will.

"Yes, I can easily tell you something of rock making here, for, as you see, we have three kinds of rock in a very limited area. A coarse sandstone, then a number of beds of limestone, and above this a bed of imperfect slate.

"All these rocks were formed either under, or by, the sea. Take the sandstone first. You will find in various places all the marks that prove that at one time this sand was the shore of an ocean. We will discover, for instance, ripple marks, broken shells, in connection with many perfect ones, holes that have been made by sand worms; in fact, any one familiar with the beach of to-day can find in the sandstone enough to convince him that at one time this rock was a sandy shore. There are places where we can trace the effect of wind as well as of wave, showing that the beach was, at times at least, dry, and acted upon by storms, as we see it to-day.

"Geologists tell us this sand rock is older than

the limestone that rests upon it. We are led to believe that a time came, when the sandy beach sank down below ordinary high water, sank until it became the bottom of a shallow sea; a sea in which vast numbers of shells and great beds of coral grew. The limestone was made almost entirely by the action of various living creatures, some of them so small that their tiny skeletons can be determined only by the microscope. Many years must have passed while this lime rock was being made. Then the rocks sank still deeper, too deep for coral to grow, and a deposit of fine mud formed over the lime rock, and this became the slate you see above there."

Will now inquired: "When the shore sank down where did it go to?"

"When one part of the earth's crust sinks," replied the doctor, "at some other place there will be a corresponding elevation. Take, for instance, what is now actually occurring. The whole coast of New Jersey is slowly sinking, perhaps as much as a foot in a hundred years. At times, when the tide is very low, portions of an old sedge-flat are exposed, on which are the tracks of cattle, and evidences of man's work, that is certainly not much more than a hundred years old. And we know that when the tracks were made, the level of the sedge must have been at high water mark, whereas it is now below ordinary low water. While our coast is sinking, the coast of Norway is rising at even a more rapid rate. And there may be places underneath the ocean where the rise is still greater from year to year. Perhaps the result will be that after some centuries the ocean will again cover all the low portions of our continent, and new land will appear somewhere in the ocean. This is what has taken place many times in succession since the world began. It is one of the great agents that God employed in making the world."

"If the rocks were made under water, and then, in time, the bottom of the ocean rose up and became land, why are the rocks tilted up and broken as we see them here?" was Will's next question. "I should think that if the shore rose and sank again, it would leave one bed of rocks across another on a level."

"You are right in your conjecture, Will," the doctor answered, "and there are large portions of our country in which the rocks do lie horizontally, or nearly so. This is the case throughout the greater part of the Mississippi Valley. The mountains were made by a folding up and breaking of the beds of rock. Some geologists think this breaking and folding up came from the shrinking of the earth as it grew colder.

"At one time the rocks were all melted. The world was a great ball of melted matter, like hot lava. As it cooled off, a crust formed over it. Then the melted matter within continued to cool, and became smaller as it cooled. The crust would then form into ridges and wrinkles, like the skin on a shriveled apple.

"The cooling and shrinking still went on, the crust bent down in some places and rose in others. When this elevation reached a certain point, a great break would occur, and perhaps one side of the break would sink down, while the other would rise, just as you have seen on the rivers the ice break up and form ridges, with open spaces between.

"In the course of centuries the crust became so thick that when it did bend and break, it formed the great ridges that are the mountains of to-day. These have changed but little for many ages, but have been rising and sinking along with the more level portions of the earth. At times they have been but islands in the ocean, and again for long periods they have been, as now, at quite a distance from the sea."

The boys, however, were becoming anxious to secure more specimens, and the doctor joined them in the search.

They found some very good quartz crystals, several forms of lime crystal, or calc spar; also a few small specimens of a beautiful dark purple crystal that Will called amethyst. The doctor, however, pronounced it to be *fluor-spar*, another form of lime—lime combined with an acid that will dissolve glass.

After collecting a few more fossils, they started on their return to the farm house.

BY WIRE AND WHEEL.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

ON a warm afternoon in late summer, Bayard Kent lay lazily swinging in his hammock in the coolest corner of the piazza, wondering why it was he never remembered during school term how tiresome the long vacation days sometimes seemed, with nothing to do in them but trying to amuse himself. The Kents were occupying their cottage up on Wildshire Mountain, where Bayard depended for society upon his Cousin Will, who lived some three-quarters of a mile off, nearer the town limits of Highburgh. But Will was now away, visiting one of his school friends, and since his departure, Bayard had been forced to admit that the holiday season dragged a little; for the cousins had always managed to find something to do in company with one another to keep them busy through the longest mid-summer days, either riding their bicycles, exploring the mountain, playing tennis, or, when it stormed, holding lengthy conversations over their private telephone line. This latter the two boys had put up themselves, Bayard being of quite a scientific turn of mind, and Will something of an amateur carpenter.

It is, therefore, not surprising that his chum's absence should make a blank in Bayard's daily calendar, a blank that the present warm spell rendered all the more difficult to fill by any other "next best thing," such as taking brisk runs on his wheel, or tramping over the mountain in search of specimens for his natural-history cabinet.

"I wonder what that famous French chevalier, for whom I was named, the knight 'without fear and without reproach,' would do just at this minute if he were in my place?" and with the thought, fifteen-year-old, nineteenth-century Bayard Kent lifted his head from the hammock pillows, and gazed out over the landscape, as if seeking for the materials out of which he might construct some noble and heroic deed.

But there was nothing to be seen save the motionless tops of the trees on the hillside below him, with the glaring whiteness of the dusty road running through their midst; farther off to the left the red chimney-pots of Uncle Jasper's cottage, and just beyond that, a puff or two of steam from a passing locomotive. All these familiar points and incidents Bayard took in with a listless yawn, although at the same time he made a half resolve that he would try to think of something useful to do the next day before it got to be so hot. Then he dropped his head back on the slumber-roll again, drew both feet up into the hammock, and closed his eyes in the preparation for a nap.

"K-r-r-king-a-ling-a-ling," broke the sultry silence at that instant.

It was the telephone call just inside the library window, and at the first tinkle, Bayard dropped his feet, raised his head, and with two springs was out of the hammock, and had his ear to the phone.

You see, his first thought was that Will had come home unexpectedly, as it was only on the rarest occasions that the other members of the two families ever used the "Wildshire Amateur Communicating Line." Indeed, they had scarcely had time yet to learn how.

"Hello, hello! is that you, Will?" cried Bayard, briskly, now thoroughly wide awake.

It was not Will, however, but Will's mother who answered; Aunt Ry, who had declared repeatedly that she would never be able to talk half a mile to anybody over a wire. Something extraordinary must have occurred to induce her to make the attempt on the present occasion.

"Bayard—quick—your bicycle—stop the train—foot of your hill—oh, hurry, hurry—there's not an instant!"

This was the excited, disjointed message the boy's answering "hello" drew forth, but it was sufficient to send him out of the window again with a rush that forced him to leap clear of the half dozen steps to the ground, and then tear off to the stable in utter disregard of the ninety degrees in the shade registered by the thermometer.

But even in the brief space of time it took him to reach the coach-house, he found opportunity to recollect that he had nothing about him to use as a signal for the engineer.

"I can't go back to the house now though," he muttered, as he banged open the barn doors, and made for his bicycle in the corner. "But I must have something to wave."

He threw a swift glance around the carriage-house, then snatched up a red and white striped lap-robe from the seat of the village-cart, tied it in a loose knot about his waist, and grasping the handles of his trusty wheel, was astride the saddle in a trice, and scudding over the drive towards the gate.

"It's lucky I happened to have on my flannel shirt and knickerbockers," he reflected. "I can't stop for a hat."

Then "Steady now," he cautioned himself, as he turned into the road, took a firmer grip on the handle-bar, and then bore down on the treadles with all his strength, in order to get a good "send off" before swinging his legs clear of the cranks for a coast.

Swifter and swifter down the steep decline he flew, and on rounding the next curve he caught a glimpse of the smoke from the train he was on his way to warn.

But warn of what? This was the puzzling question, that, in spite of his absorption in the chase itself, kept bothering Bayard continually.

"If it's anything on the track near Aunt Ry's," he argued to himself, "the accident would have happened before this, and if it's something beyond the foot of our hill, as I think it must be, how did she ever come to find it out, what can it be, and where am I to look for it?"

This, in truth, was a problem not easily solved, especially when tearing down hill on two wheels, at the rate of a mile a minute. Nevertheless, that there was urgent necessity for dispatching his errand with all possible speed, Bayard had not the least shadow of doubt. Had he not fairly thrilled to the emotion in his aunt's voice when she had so earnestly called upon him for help?

But presently the regulation of his course required all his attention. This was the first time he had ever ridden down that hill with the brake off, and as he kept his eye fixed on the road ahead of him and the two shining rails that crossed it just beyond the foot of the decline, he suddenly realized that his very swiftness might prevent his reaching the goal in time, for the reason that it would be utterly impossible for him to stop until he had shot far past it.

Yes, he must begin to put on the brake now, risky as it was when bowling along so swiftly that the heat of the day was lost in the current of cold air created by the rapid motion.

"But I must do it," muttered the boy. "I'm a Bayard, and I've never before had such a chance to prove my right to bear the name."

"Wh-r-r, wh-r-r," hummed the well-oiled wheels, and "sish, sish," hissed the tire angrily, each time the rider touched it with the brake.

It almost seemed as though it were audibly warning him not to attempt to check the headlong flight he had himself been the means of bringing about. And yet, check it he must, for already he could hear the pant of the locomotive as it came rushing on towards the same point at which he himself was aiming, and—what if they should both reach it together?

"But I *must* be there first," Bayard told himself again, and once more, yet ever so lightly, he pressed the fingers of his right hand against the brake.

He had by this time reached the foot of the hill, and at last his wheel began to yield obedience to the constantly increasing pressure brought to bear upon it. When within three rods of the railroad, Bayard sprang nimbly over the handles, ran with his machine for an instant, and then dropped it on the grass by the roadside, just as the engineer whistled for the crossing.

With two fierce tugs, the boy loosed the carriage-robe from about his waist, as he rushed forward to take his stand between the rails.

He had only time to wave his signal wildly for a second or so before the engine was close upon him, and he was forced to spring back. But he shouted "Stop, stop!" with all his might, and straightway started on a chase after the locomotive along the side of the track.

The train, which was composed of freight cars, and which had not been running at express speed, presently came to a standstill, the engineer thrust his head out of the "cab" window inquiringly, and as soon as he caught sight of Bayard with his red robe, shouted back: "Hello, was it you who signaled us to stop?"

"Ye—es;" answered the boy, as soon as he could catch breath enough to speak.

"Well, what's wrong?" went on the engineer, while the firemen swung himself down to the ground for a closer inspection of the tall lad in short pants and no hat.

"Why, I was telephoned to warn you," continued Bayard, beginning to realize that the most difficult part of his duty might still be before him.

"Huh, didn't know as there was any telephone around these parts," grunted the engineer. "But what were you to warn us of? Any rocks on the track, a 'special' coming, or what?"

"I don't know," was Bayard's reluctant response to this really practical question.

Truth to tell, he now felt decidedly foolish, not to say uncomfortable. Why had he not taken an extra second to obtain some sort of explanation from his aunt? Had he expected that the train would wait there while he went home to have another talk through the telephone?

"Look here, young feller," sharply broke forth the engineer, "do you know I might have you clapped into jail for stopping us like this, all for a lark? Should a-thought though you'd a-trumped up a better excuse than your 'I don't know' for it. I've half a mind to make you jump aboard, and carry you down to Westerly, to have an interview with our superintendent. Hello, Bob, what's up?"

This last was addressed to the brakeman, who, as soon as the train stopped, had hurried to the rear to plant a signal flag behind it. He was now running back in great excitement, beckoning for the engineer and fireman to join him.

"Come, see what we've been towing," he cried, and Bayard joined the trio, who speedily betook themselves to the rear of the train. And here was to be found the explanation of the brakeman's excitement, and of the telephone dispatch that had begun to prove so puzzling. For there, prone

across the track, panting as if at his last gasp, with his head held about a foot from the ground by the bridle fastened to a ring in the coupling, lay a horse!

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the engineer, rubbing his stubbly beard with one grimy hand, while he reached out the other to Bayard, with the words: "Beg your parding, young feller. I sha'n't report you in the way I meant to."

The brakeman, meanwhile, had been examining the horse, which was a handsome sorrel, with a saddle on its back, and he now reported that to all appearances the animal had not been dragged, but had managed to keep up with the train till the latter was so opportunely stopped, when it fell down, utterly exhausted.

"But how did it ever come to be hitched to sich an onsartin place?" the fireman wanted to know, to which the engineer replied, that he supposed it was done by somebody who thought a lot of empty freight cars standing on a siding with no engine near them, wouldn't stir while he went off to do an errand, a theory which eventually proved to be correct.

But it was now time for the freight to be moving on, to avoid blocking the way for the three-thirty express, so the bridle was untied, and by the exercise of a little persuasion, the horse was induced to get on its legs again.

"I'll take care of him," volunteered Bayard, and two minutes later, the cars had rolled around the curve, in the direction of Westerly.

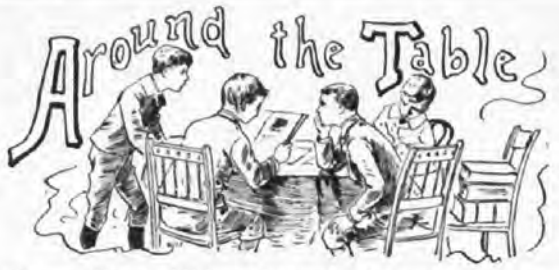
The boy slowly led the horse down the road to the village hotel, some quarter of a mile distant, where he arranged with the proprietor, that it should be kept till he discovered the owner. Then he hurried back across the railroad, to pick up his bicycle. Just as he reached it he met his Aunt Ry in the carriage.

"Oh, Bayard," she cried, eagerly, "did you stop the train? Was the poor horse killed?"

He quickly re-assured her on this point, and then, while he pushed his machine up the hill by the side of the rockaway, listened to the following account of how the telephone message came to be sent.

"I was sitting by the window in my room, sewing," began his aunt, "when I happened to glance down towards the railroad at the foot of the garden, and noticed a young man dismounting from a horse, which I saw him tie to the end of a row of empty freight cars that were standing on a switch. I watched him walk away in the direction of the station, and thought no more of the matter till I heard a locomotive whistle. Then I glanced up again, and you can imagine my horror, when I discovered that an engine had been attached to the cars and was dragging them off, horse and all, with nobody by to prevent it. I could do nothing where I was, and then, as I noted the direction in which the train was moving, the idea of telephoning to you came to me."

The owner of the horse that had had such a narrow escape, was discovered in the course of the afternoon, and it is safe to predict that in future he will make sure that his tie-post is fast as well as his knot. He called at the Kents', and overwhelmed Bayard with his thanks, but the boy modestly insisted that the horse had really been saved by the wire and wheel of modern science.



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CROSS WORD ENIGMA: Dictionary.

NEW PUZZLES.

EASY SQUARE.

1. Not soft; 2. An open space; 3. Not imaginary; 4. A valley. HUBSON.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In boy, not in girl;
In count, not in churl;
In yes, not in no;
In spade, not in hoe;
In coward, not in brave;
In grotto, not in cave;
In rain, not in shine;
In eleven, not in nine;
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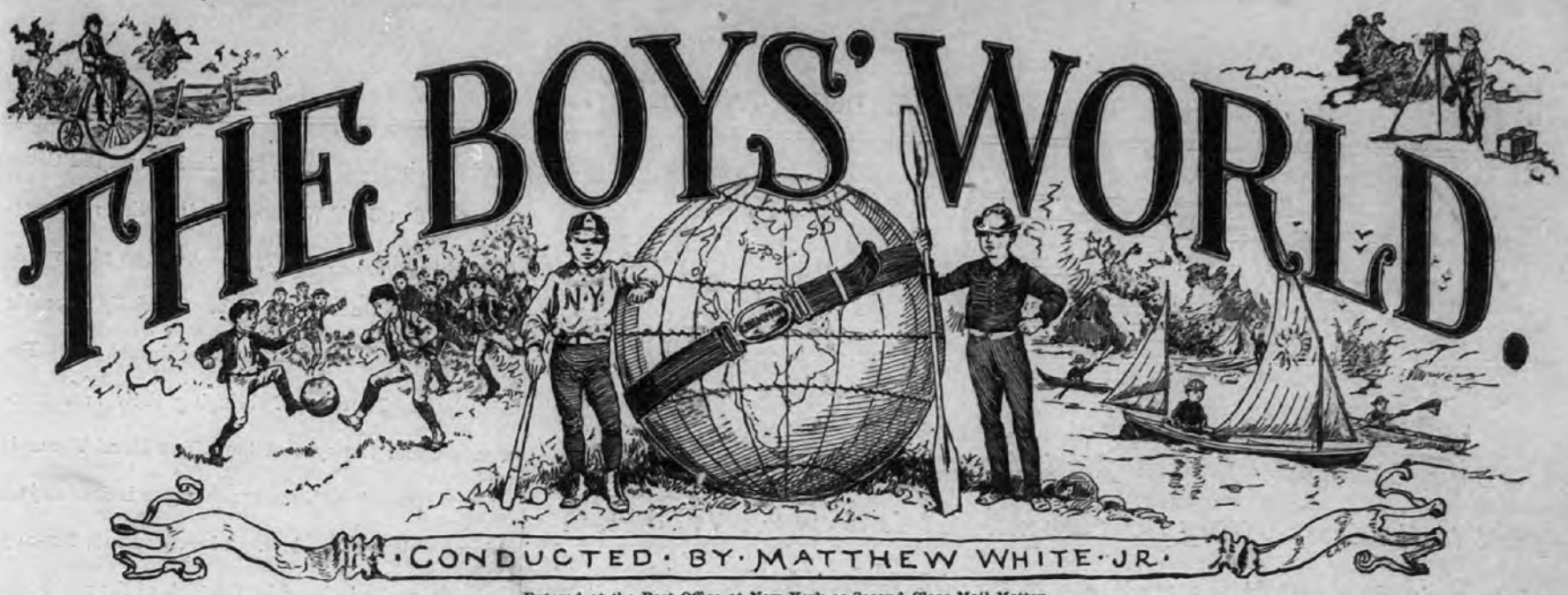
THE BOYS' WORLD.



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The first number of The Boys' World is sent free to all. When remitting, please state with which number you wish the subscription to begin. As a rule the paper will not be placed on sale at news-stands, so those who wish to secure the next and succeeding issues, are advised to send their subscriptions direct to this office, or they will be received by BRENTANO BROS., at their book-stores—

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Copies of the above still on hand, and may be obtained for the sum of five cents each.

No. 2 for January, 1886, contained :

I.

"The Prince's Vigil." A Christmas story of a king's son and an American boy, by Eliot McCormick, with an illustration.

II.

In *The Campus* department appeared "The Boston High School Regiment," "Notes on New York Schools" and "Amateurdom."

III.

A seasonable editorial enlitled "A Hint for Christmas Day."

IV.

"Athletics for Boys ; a Talk with Prof. Goldie, of the New York Athletic Club."

V.

"Rumor Reports." A collection of notes on subjects in which boys are especially interested.

VI.

Chapter II of "The Knights of Steel," with an illustration of the interior of a circus tent.

VII.

No. 2 of "Winter Walks and Talks," treating of snow and fish-hawks' nests.

VIII.

"Life on a Star ; or, My Visit to Mars." The remarkable account of a man's experience on a strange planet.

IX.

Around the Table presented the first of the contributions from the boys, together with puzzles, etc.

Among the miscellany of the number may be mentioned a selection, telling about electric dinner-tables.

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GOOD WORDS FOR THE BOYS' WORLD.

Extract from a note to the editor by Dr. White, Head Master of the Berkeley School, New York:

". . . . . I will accede to your request [that of writing the article on "City Boys"] with much pleasure, for the bright pages of the copy you have sent me and the attractive prospectus give earnest of a successful future for your new work. A magazine devoted to the interests of boys, vigorous and ably conducted, and manly in tone is sure to find a large constituency."

Professor Edwin Fowler, Principal "Columbia Institute," New York City, writes :

"Your paper seems an admirable publication for the purpose of amusing and instructing the youth of our country."

From a letter received by the editor from Kirk Munroe, author of "Wakulla," we make the following extracts:

"I have just finished reading every word of No. 2. I take the opportunity to tell you, as I meant to after reading No. 1, what I think of it. I like it ! it is wholesome, interesting and full of the 'boy' spirit."

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In our March Number will appear

THE STORY OF WILLIE LANE,

The Newark Messenger Boy,

As told by himself to a Boys' World *reporter, the day after his return from Paris and M. Pasteur.*

The article will be accompanied by a portrait drawn from life by our special artist.

1 day, in early spring of year: [near]
When homes are cleaned both far and
2 Maidens met, their looks would say
That one was grave, the other gay:
"3 weeks, said one, I've worked to clean -
The masters house, where I have been"
"4 kinds of horrid cleaning stuff
I've used, and still, I've not enough"
"5 hours each day, on wall and floor:
I've worked, until I'm sick and sore"

6 years of service, I've seen, Kate:
The other maiden then did state:
7 days each week in all that time
I've used but one to clean and shine
8 other girls, too, I know:
Use nothing but SAPOLIO
9 cakes of which one year does me
Although I use it very free:
10 times the labor you t'will save
And you'll look gay instead of grave.

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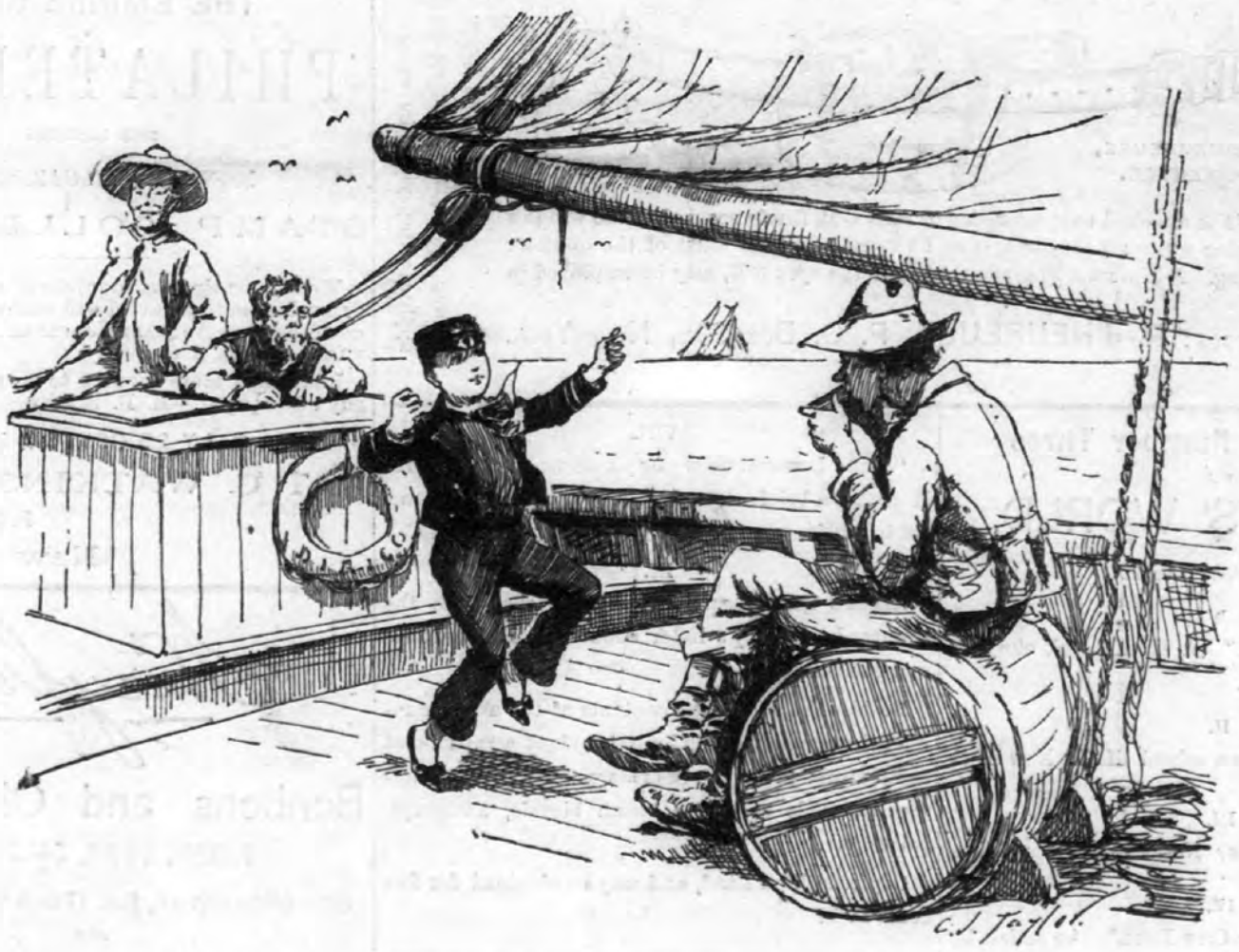
No. 4. MARCH, 1886. VOL. I.



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FEBRUARY, 1886.

I.

"THE TINKLE TWINS." A skating-rink story by Percy Earl. Illustrated.

II.

THE CAMPUS: Notes on school life in New York and Boston.

III.

THE BOYS' BOOK-SHELF: Notices of new publications.

IV.

"THE ADVANTAGES OF CITY BOYS." An article by Dr. John S. White, Head Master Berkeley School, New York.

V.

"MY DYNAMITE SCARE." A humorous story by Phil Fordham. Illustrated.

VI.

CHAP. III. of the bicycle serial, "The Knights of Steel."

VII.

"GUNS AND FISH-HAWKS." The third paper in the "Winter Walks and Talks" series.

VIII.

"THE INTRODUCTION OF YANKEE DOODLE INTO EUROPE," a brief account of how the famous air was set to music.

IX.

AROUND THE TABLE: an editorial chat with the country boy, a boy's letter about canoeing, puzzles and exchanges.

Besides the above, the contents of the number included some half dozen long and short scraps about small steam yachts, circus riders during the off-season, railroads on ice, a steam bicycle, autograph prices, etc.

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Copies of the above still on hand, and may be obtained for the sum of five cents each.

No. 2 for January, 1886, contained:

I.

"THE PRINCE'S VIGIL." A Christmas story of a king's son and an American boy, by Eliot McCormick, with an illustration.

II.

IN *The Campus* department appeared "The Boston High School Regiment," "Notes on New York Schools" and "Amateurdom."

III.

A SEASONABLE editorial entitled "A Hint for Christmas Day."

IV.

"ATHLETICS FOR BOYS; a Talk with Prof. Goldie, of the New York Athletic Club."

V.

"RUMOR REPORTS." A collection of notes on subjects in which boys are especially interested.

VI.

CHAPTER II of "The Knights of Steel," with an illustration of the interior of a circus tent.

VII.

No. 2 of "Winter Walks and Talks," treating of snow and fish-hawks' nests.

VIII.

"LIFE ON A STAR; OR, My Visit to Mars." The remarkable account of a man's experience on a strange planet.

IX.

Around the Table presented the first of the contributions from the boys, together with puzzles, etc.

Among the miscellany of the number may be mentioned a selection, telling about electric dinner-tables.

Copies of the above still on hand, and may be obtained for five cents each.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE BOYS' WORLD.

EXTRACT from a note to the editor by DR. WHITE, HEAD MASTER OF THE BERKELEY SCHOOL, NEW YORK:

". . . . I will accede to your request [that of writing the article on "City Boys"] with much pleasure, for the bright pages of the copy you have sent me and the attractive prospectus give earnest of a successful future for your new work. A magazine devoted to the interests of boys, vigorous and ably conducted, and manly in tone is sure to find a large constituency."

PROFESSOR EDWIN FOWLER, PRINCIPAL "COLUMBIA INSTITUTE," New York City, writes:

"Your paper seems an admirable publication for the purpose of amusing and instructing the youth of our country."

PRESS OPINIONS.

"Thoroughly admirable."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"It is interesting, sprightly and pure."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly, N. Y.*

"The first number is very bright and attractive, and the list of contributors announced for the future contains many names that will guarantee to boy readers just what they want."—*Boston Herald.*

"Mr. White's long and successful connection with leading juvenile periodicals is ample prophecy as to the literary and moral influence of such a paper, which is to be 'devoted to the boys,' and boys' affairs in school and out."—*N. Y. Observer.*

"The first number of THE BOYS' WORLD promises well for the enterprise. Whateyer Mr. White may do or fail to do, we are confident that he will furnish nothing but thoroughly healthful and sound materia. for his young readers."—*The Christian Union.*

EXCHANGES.

[*The publisher will assume no responsibility with regard to transactions effected under this head. Notices containing offers of or for guns, pistols, dangerous chemicals, birds' eggs, etc., will* NOT *be inserted.*]

Two years of *St. Nicholas* in fine condition, also Vol. VI of *Golden Days* FOR books by Optic or Castlemon. Write for further information.—JAMES W. BROWN, Box 14, MILFORD, DEL.

Two pairs of Henley roller-skates, in first-class order, to fit a No. 3 and No. 4 shoe FOR a small printing-press with the type in good condition. Also tags FOR tags. No duplicates wanted.—FRED E. KING, PLYMOUTH, ILL.

Thirty pretty picture cards, or twenty foreign stamps, all different, FOR every 100 used U. S. stamps, excepting current one and two cent issues, for which 5 stamps or 10 cards will be given per 100.—M. J. DARROW, 545 N. Ill. St, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Tobacco tags FOR exchange.—WILL R. HAMILTON, PLYMOUTH, ILL.

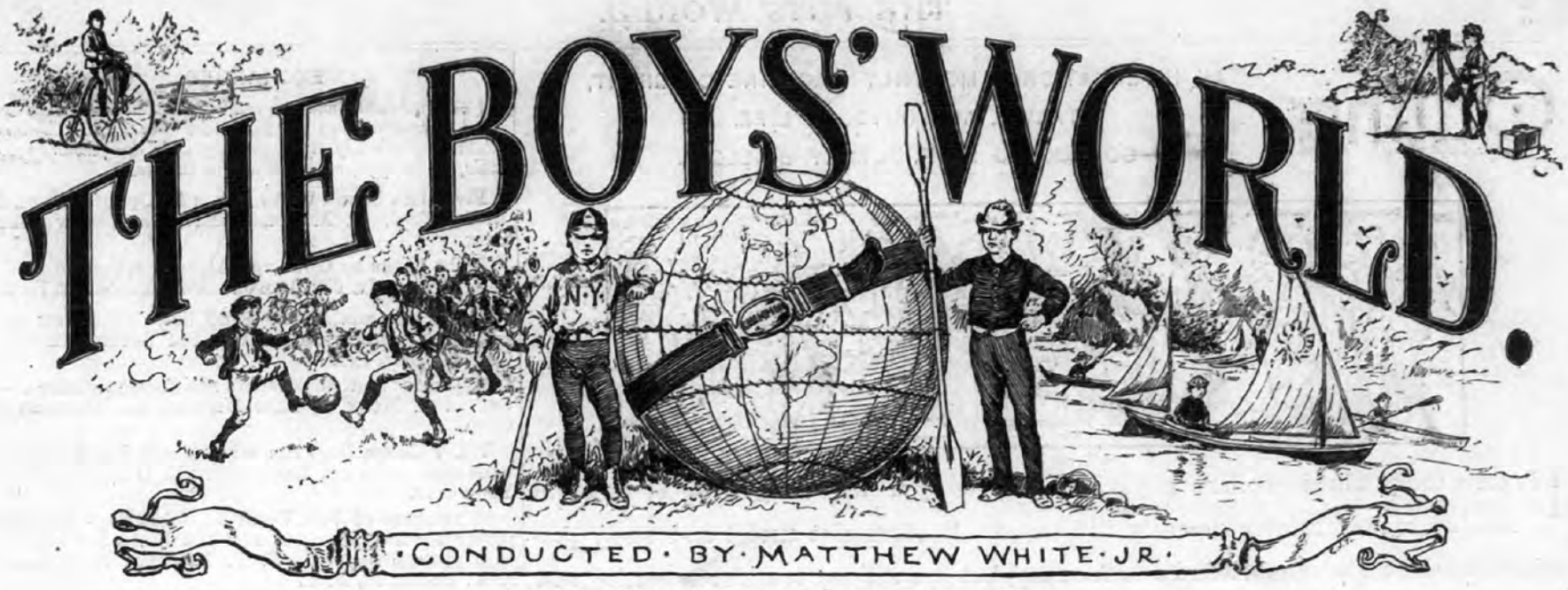
A telegraph key, sounder and apparatus, in first-class order FOR a banjo, or printing-press with type, or Vol. I of *Golden Days,* bound.—WM. H. FARRELL, 416 WEST 41st ST. NEW YORK.

450 different kinds of tin tags FOR the best offer.—J. KESPOHL, JR,, 419 JERSEY ST., QUINCY, ILL.

25 numbers *Scientific American* of 1885, *Harper's Young People* for 1882 and 1883, *Golden Days* from No. 3, Vol. V, to date, also Vol. V complete, an accordeon, a flute, two pairs of skates about 9 inches long, and a pair of clamp skates of 11 inches: the whole valued at $25 FOR the best offer or offers—S. F. NEELY, MT. AYR, IOWA.

A "Challenge" printing press and outfit, a 10 keyed accordeon, and a good book FOR a foot-power scroll saw with or without attachments.—W. J. BEDELL, 341 WEST 17TH, ST., NEW YORK.

A hand scroll saw with saw blades, patterns, and several kinds of wood, about 100 picture adv. cards and 100 postmarks FOR stamps.—A. BEYER, 656 10TH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.



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No. 5. APRIL, 1886. Vol. I.

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PRICE - - FIVE CENTS.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

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60 Bethune Street, - - - - New York.

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Five cloth bound books (three by Optic) FOR Vol. I *Golden Days.*—J. A. EMERY, RIVERDALE, NEW YORK CITY.

Eight books by Optic and Alger, FOR best offers.—B. G. HAMM, JR. 312 BEDFORD AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

25 tin tags FOR same. Send list. All letters answered. JOHN MUEHLENHARZ, 512 SOUTH 9TH ST., TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Magazines and newspapers FOR foreign stamps.—OLIVER A. MUNK, 30 EAST MITHOFF ST., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Vol. V *Golden Days* FOR rare autographs of prominent men.—ARTHUR LEVY, 517TH E. 117TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

52 numbers of Vols. V and VI *Golden Days* and 400 pretty advertising cards FOR the best offer of foreign postage stamps.—E. C. BRENNAN, 34 HOWARD AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Tobacco tags FOR same. Send list.—WOODBURY STODDARD, 517 13TH, ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

350 post-marks, all different and arranged in blank-book FOR a good book.—FRANK HARRISON, 11 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

Post-marks, Louisiana gray moss and Carnival papers FOR rare foreign or unused U. S. stamps.—M. ANDERSON, 771 MAGAZINE ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

"The Sportsman's Club Among the Trappers" and "Gascoyne, The Sandal Wood Trader" FOR one year of *Harper's Young People.* LEWIS DORRAH, GREENVILLE, S. C.

A pair of Harvard roller-skates (size ten and in good order), a twenty-five cent comic book, also a mocking-bird imitator FOR a magic lantern, complete with slide, etc., in good order. Send postal describing lantern.—CHAS. BARTER, 10 COMMON ST., BOSTON MASS.

A brand new "New Rogers" Scroll Saw, with outfit, designs, saw-blades, drill attachment, etc. FOR the best offer of a printing-press with outfit. "Model" preferred.—ARCH SKINNER, 951 FIFTH ST., DES MOINES, IOWA.

A collection of rare stones, a 42 inch rubber-tire bicycle, a Scott's International Stamp album containing 300 foreign stamps, also four very interesting books FOR a foot-power, self-inking printing-press, chase not less than 12x13, with outfit, and a pair of all-clamp roller-skates.—POYNTER & AHERN, 9 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

"Sporting Life in Algiers," Tenney's "Natural History of Animals," "Frank Among the Rancheros," by Harry Castlemon, and a pair of "Union Hardware" club (ice) skates FOR steel traps of equal value.—WALTER ULLNER, 11 WASHINGTON PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

A 42-inch bicycle, rubber tire, a pair of roller-skates, all clamp, nickel-plated (P. & S.), also an International Stamp Album, latest out, containing 300 foreign stamps (no revenues) and six very interesting books FOR a cat-boat, all complete, not smaller than 17 feet.—HENRY P. MILLER, 9 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

Six vols. of "Zigzag Journeys," viz., in Europe, in Acadia, in Classic, and in Northern Lands, in the Occident (U. S.), and in the Orient, two good books and a volume of *St. Nicholas*, all in the best condition, FOR a printing-press and outfit. Junior Official Self-inker preferred. Write first.—CLIFF. S. HAWKINS, 152 HART ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A magic lantern, with slides, reflector and lamp, in a box, also two books, one Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, by Mrs. H. B. Paull, and the other, "Progressive Ages," by Prof. S. L. Harvey, the three articles being perfectly new, the magic lantern having been used but four times, FOR a self-inking printing-press, with two fonts of type, chase 3 1-2x 4 1-2, leads, rule, ink and stick.—CHARLIE RUSSELL, ANAMOSA, IA.

CENT A WORD COLUMN.

For the benefit of our readers who may wish to sell or buy boats, bicycles, canoes, tennis-sets, printing-presses, cameras, or the like; in short anything that does not come under the head of Exchanges. Payment to be made in advance, name and address counted in.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, a sailing skiff about 10 ft. long. Send full description and price to—WM. H. A. RAHMANN, 4 UNION COURT, NEW YORK.

THE BOYS' WORLD.

Conducted by MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted Solely to the Interests of Boys.

PROSPECTUS.

In placing this new periodical before the public, the projector looks for success only through the excellence of the article offered, and its adaptability to the class of readers he aims to reach. With this end in view, arrangements have been made for the following list of attractions to appear in Volume I.

Points and Papers on

CANOEING,

By the Commodore of the New York Canoe Club;

BASEBALL,

By an ex-member of a Princeton College Nine;

AHLETICS,

By the Professor of Gymnastics of the New York Athletic Club;

ROWING,

By a Harvard Oarsman.

CAMP LIFE OF A REGIMENT,

By a Private in the New York "Seventh."

In addition to the above there will be a special series of articles in the Natural History line entitled

WINTER WALKS AND TALKS,

By the Rev. S. W. Knipe,

AND

THE CAMPUS,

A department relating to School Life and Sports.

Our readers may also expect contributions on

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY,

BICYCLING,

FOOTBALL, Etc., Etc.

Stories have not been forgotten, but will be furnished by such writers as

FRANK H. CONVERSE,

ALLAN FORMAN,

ELIOT McCORMICK.

KIRK MUNROE,

JAMES OTIS,

H. L. SATTERLEE,

FRANK W. CALKINS,

EDWARD I. STEVENSON,

AND OTHERS.

A "letter box" of a novel character is provided under the title "Around the Table."

TERMS:

Five Cents a single copy; Fifty Cents a Year.

Address

THE BOYS' WORLD,

60 Bethune St.,

New York.

Contents of the First Four Numbers

OF

THE BOYS' WORLD.

No. 1 for December, 1885, contained:

I.

The first chapter of "The Knights of Steel," with an illustration showing the Club's encounter with an elephant.

II.

The introduction to *The Campus* department, explaining its name and purpose, while the department itself presented some notes "In and About New York Schools," and a playground chat among a group of boys about the books they had read.

III.

The editor's opening address to the boys.

IV.

An account of "Football and Its Origin."

V.

"Bicycling in Winter;" a brief letter in which an all-year-round wheelman tells of his experience in riding through snow.

VI.

"Two Woodchuck Hunters." A story by James Otis, author of "Toby Tyler," with an illustration.

VII.

"The 'Free Flag' Extra." The first in the "Phil Fordham" Series, in which Phil tells of his trials in running an amateur paper.

VIII.

"About Ice." No. 1 of *Winter Walks and Talks.*

IX.

A column of introductory chat as to the plan and scope of *Around the Table.*

In addition to the above there were puzzles, notes and short scraps selected with special reference to the tastes of boys.

Copies of the above still on hand, and may be obtained for the sum of five cents each.

No. 2 for January, 1886, contained:

I.

"The Prince's Vigil." A Christmas story of a king's son and an American boy, by Eliot McCormick, with an illustration.

II.

In *The Campus* department appeared "The Boston High School Regiment," "Notes on New York Schools" and "Amateurdom."

III.

A seasonable editorial entitled "A Hint for Christmas Day."

IV.

"Athletics for Boys; a Talk with Prof. Goldie, of the New York Athletic Club."

V.

"Rumor Reports." A collection of notes on subjects in which boys are especially interested.

VI.

Chapter II of "The Knights of Steel," with an illustration of the interior of a circus tent.

VII.

No. 2 of "Winter Walks and Talks," treating of snow and fish-hawks' nests.

VIII.

"Life on a Star; or, My Visit to Mars." The remarkable account of a man's experience on a strange planet.

IX.

Around the Table presented the first of the contributions from the boys, together with puzzles, etc.

Among the miscellany of the number may be mentioned a selection, telling about electric dinner-tables.

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No. 3 for February, 1886, contained:

I.

"The Tinkle Twins." A skating-rink story by Percy Earl. Illustrated.

II.

The Campus: Notes on school life in New York and Boston.

III.

The Boys' Book-Shelf: Notices of new publications.

IV.

"The Advantages of City Boys." An article by Dr. John S. White, Head Master Berkeley School, New York.

V.

"My Dynamite Scare." A humorous story by Phil Fordham. Illustrated.

VI.

Chap. III. of the bicycle serial, "The Knights of Steel."

VII.

"Guns and Fish-Hawks." The third paper in the "Winter Walks and Talks" series.

VIII.

"The Introduction of Yankee Doodle into Europe," a brief account of how the famous air was set to music.

IX.

Around the Table: an editorial chat with the country boy, a boy's letter about canoeing, puzzles and exchanges.

X.

Some half dozen long and short scraps about small steam-yachts, circus-riders in winter, railroads on ice, a steam bicycle, autograph prices, etc.

Copies still on hand, and may be obtained for five cents each.

No. 4 for March, 1886, contained:

I.

"A Born Sailor." Part First of the Sea Story by Frank H. Converse. Illustrated.

II.

"The Story of Willie Lane." With Portrait.

III.

The Campus. Here and There chat on sports, studies, etc.

IV.

"Baseball." An article on this favorite game by an ex-member of a Princeton nine.

V.

"A Perilous Passage." A story by Frank W. Calkins. Illustrated.

VI.

"The Knights of Steel." Chapter IV of the Serial by Matthew White, Jr.

VII.

"Boys, Revolvers, and Star-fish." The fourth paper in the series by Rev. S. W. Knipe.

VIII.

Around the Table. Puzzles, chat with readers, etc.

IX.

"Bobs and Bobbing." An account of the Winter Carnival at Albany, with an illustration showing the "Brooklyn Bridge," the biggest bob in the world.

X.

Miscellany and Exchanges.

Copies still on hand, and may be obtained for five cents each.

WHAT THE N. Y. "OBSERVER" SAYS OF "THE BOYS' WORLD."

"Mr. White's long and successful connection with leading juvenile periodicals is ample prophecy as to the literary and moral influence of such a paper, which is to be 'devoted to the boys,' and boys' affairs in school and out."

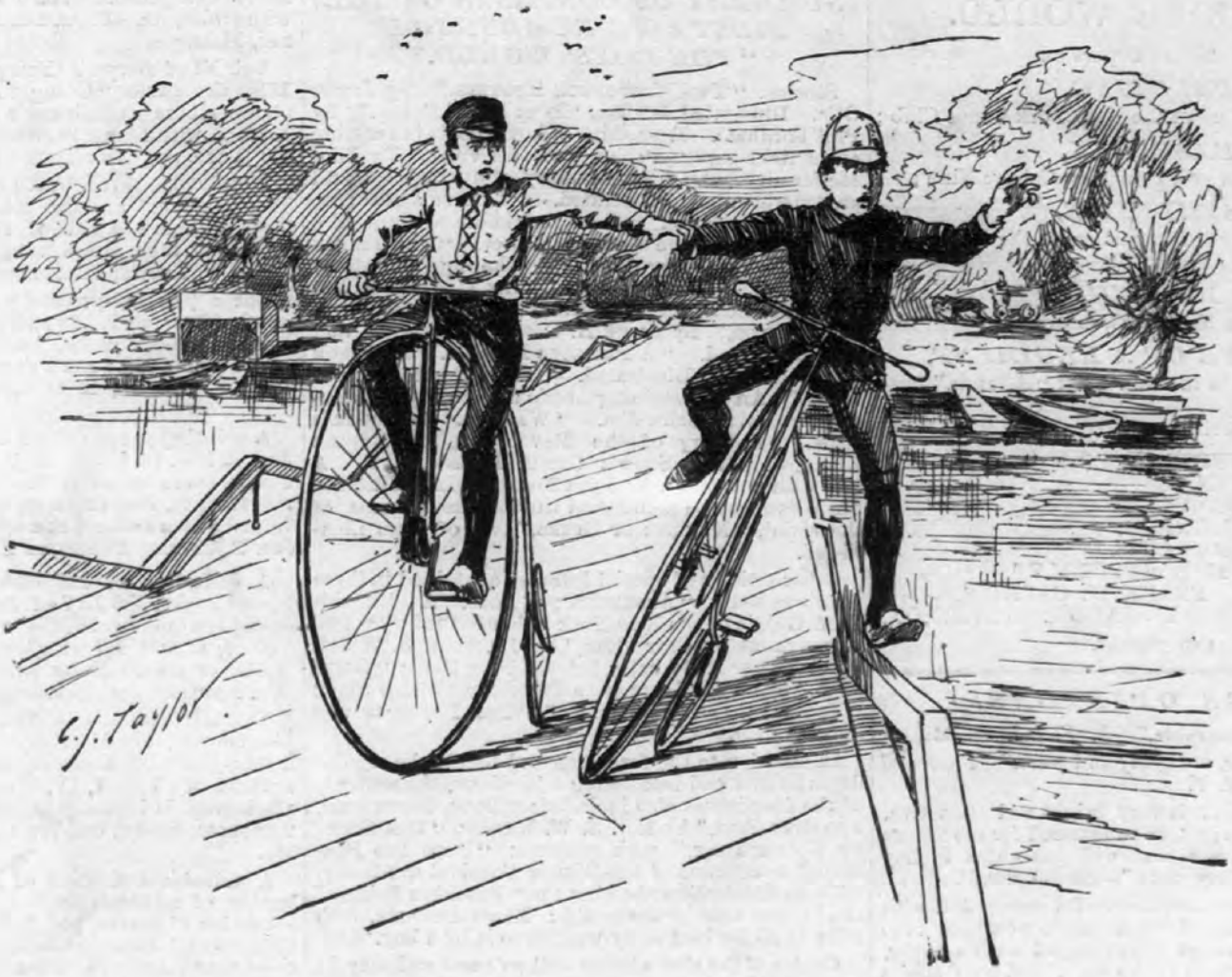
WITH SUPPLEMENT.

THE BOYS' WORLD.

·CONDUCTED·BY·MATTHEW WHITE·JR·

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

No. 6. MAY, 1886. VOL. I.



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Other articles of special interest contained in these numbers were: "ATHLETICS FOR BOYS. A Talk with Prof. Goldie of the New York Athletic Club;" "THE ADVANTAGES OF CITY BOYS," by Dr. John S. White, Head Master of Berkeley School, New York; "BASEBALL," by an ex-player on a Princeton College nine; "FOOTBALL AND ITS ORIGIN," "THE REIGN OF THE AMATEUR EDITOR," etc.

In addition to the foregoing and beside the regular departments and interesting miscellany, the contents of the four issues also included: "BOYS, REVOLVERS, AND STAR-FISH," by Rev. S. W. KNIPE; "THE STORY OF WILLIE LANE," with portrait; "BOBS AND BOBBING," an account of the Winter Carnival at Albany, with an illustration showing the "Brooklyn Bridge," the biggest bob in the world; PRIZE PICTURE, with offer of $5 for best story written to it by a boy.

Copies of the above issues still on hand and may be procured for five cents each; twenty-five cents for the five. If your newsdealer will not get them for you, send direct to this office.

EXCHANGES.

[*The publisher will assume no responsibility with regard to transactions effected under this head. Notices containing offers of or for guns, pistols, dangerous chemicals, birds' eggs, etc., will* NOT *be inserted.*]

Tin tobacco tags FOR others. No duplicates wanted.—FRED E. KING, PLYMOUTH, ILL.

"The Spy" and "The Deer Slayer," by Cooper, FOR Indian relics.—R. G. TREA, BROOKLYN, OHIO.

A pretty advertising card FOR every tin tobacco tag. Tin tags FOR the same.—BERT SKIDMORE, GALESBURG, MICH.

A flute and a pocket spy-glass FOR a dark-lantern.—F. F. CLIFFORD, CARE OF CHAS. BARTER, 10 COMMON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

A Kelsey press and outfit FOR any volume of *Golden Days* or best offer of books.—PERCY A. SMITH, 37 MARKET ST., NORFOLK, VA.

"Pickwick Papers," by Dickens, and a dark lantern FOR minerals, coins, or curiosities.—BURT W. KELLEY, Box 385, LOWELL, MASS.

Would like to correspond with persons having magazines to exchange. Please send no postals.—H. L. REID, Box 252, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Two miniature theatres, with five plays, FOR a good collection of tobacco tags. Send list of tags.—WM. E. PALMER, 1303 E. ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

I would like to hear from some one who has a Waterbury watch, in or out of repair, to exchange.—REES WOOLFORD, MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, PRINCE GEORGE CO., MD.

A 31-inch iron tire bicycle FOR a printing-press, with type in good condition, and ink, rule and stick included in outfit. Also tags FOR tags.—WILL R. HAMILTON, PLYMOUTH, ILL.

A flute, several games, stamps, etc. FOR a set of gloves or small steam engine, a trick cabinet, or a lot of scroll saw attachments.—G. WEBB, 434 SOUTH FIFTH ST., BROOKLYN, E. D., N. Y.

Postage and revenue stamps, postal cards, postmarks, stamp and coin papers, also picture advertising cards FOR postage stamps not in my collection.—A. H. LOOMIS, Box 194, HARTFORD, CONN.

Papers from London, Paris, Amsterdam, New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Memphis and other cities in the U. S., FOR best offer.—J. HOLLYWOOD, 498 ELEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

A pair of Harvard roller-skates (size 10), a comic book, a mocking-bird imitation, and "The Draughtsman's Companion," FOR a magic lantern, complete with slides, &c.—CHAS. BARTER, 10 COMMON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Vol. VI of *Harper's Young People*, 15 Nos. of *Tid-Bits*, the game "Going to Coney Island," and a stamp album containing a few stamps FOR an accordeon with ten or twelve keys.—ROBERT THOMANN, 240 E. 22D ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Four books, three by Optic, FOR "Don Gordon's Shooting Box," and the Rocky Mountain Series, or three of them FOR Vols. II, III, or IV, of *Golden Days*, or two of them FOR a volume of *Golden Argosy*.—JAMES W. BROWN, MILFORD, DEL.

Three printing-presses, with outfits, gold plated watch, silver chain, five stage books, 250 cards, harmonica, Indian clubs, baseball and box of water-colors (value $18.) FOR a row boat fifteen feet long.—THOS. F. KEOUGH, 42 GARNET ST., SOUTH BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A printing-press (chase 5 x 7), with type, leads, &c., 52 Nos. of *Golden Days*, Vol III *Harper's Young People*, three books by Stephens, a trapeze-bar, with ropes, rings, &c., and a collection of stamps, the lot valued at ten dollars, FOR anything of equal value.—JOS. B. TIVNAN, 40 SECOND ST., E. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A collection of 120 different tin tags, five cloth bound books, Vol. LIV of *Youth's Companion* and a lot of papers and books (the whole valued at $10.) FOR Vols. I, II and III of *Golden Argosy*, or books by Optic, or a self-inking printing-press and outfit.—WM. RYLANDS, JR., NORRISTOWN, PA.

Vol. III *Golden Days*, Vol. IV *Harper's Young People* (bound), *Youth's Companion* Vol. LVIII (bound), a four-jointed fishing-pole and four books by local authors FOR Vols. I, IV, V and VI *Golden Days*, or a photographic instrument, with or without outfit.—THEODORE KESFE, COR 7TH & MARKET STS., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A valuable collection of Indian relics, a fine collection of minerals and metals, a large and varied collection of agates, polished and in the rough; also, Chinese and Japanese relics of all kinds, specimens from South America, West Indies and Florida, petrified shells, crystal and quartz, a rare collection of Colonial, English and German books, together with a rare old copper-plate engraving of 1625 and a valuable collection of coins, tokens and medals FOR a 52 or a 54 inch bicycle of a standard make, or a good sized printing-press (self-inking) with complete outfit—HARRY C. BULKLEY, MONROE, MICH.

CENT A WORD COLUMN.*

For the benefit of our readers who may wish to sell or buy boats, bicycles, canoes, tennis-sets, printing-presses, cameras, or the like; in short anything that does not come under the head of Exchanges. Payment to be made in advance, name and address counted in.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, a photographic camera. Must be cheap. Address giving particulars.—GEO. F. WURZBACH, 15 1-2 EAST 85TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, a Flobert rifle.—HOWARD RONDTHALER, SALEM, N. C.

1 day, in early spring of year: near:
When homes are cleaned both far and
2 Maidens met, their looks would say
That one was grave, the other gay:
"3 weeks, said one, I've worked to clean -
The masters house, where I have been"
"4 kinds of horrid cleaning stuff
I've used, and still, I've not enough"
"5 hours each day, on wall and floor:
I've worked, until I'm sick and sore"

6 years of service, I've seen, Kate:
The other maiden then did state:
7 days each week in all that time
I've used but one to clean and shine
8 other girls, too, I know:
Use nothing but SAPOLIO
9 cakes of which one year does me
Although I use it very free:
10 times the labor you t'will save
And you'll look gay instead of grave.

THE BOYS' WORLD.

·CONDUCTED·BY·MATTHEW WHITE·JR·

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No. 6, FOR MAY, CONTAINED :

I.—"Monsu Mostro." Part I of this refreshingly original bear story. Illustrated.

II.—"Four Episodes in the Lives of Four Young Men." A brief article in the biographical line by P. C. Fossett.

III.—"In and out of School." A column of notes by our special reporter for the Campus department.

IV.—"Manly Boys." A short editorial, with an invitation to the boys to enlarge upon it.

V.—"Talks About Stamp Collecting." The first of the series of papers by T. Coke, editor of the *Empire State Philatelist*.

VI.—"The Boys' Book Shelf." Reviews of current publications.

VII.—"The Knights of Steel." Sixth installment of the Bicycle Serial. Illustrated.

VIII.—"A Coincidental Adventure." The story of a venture at authorship, by Percy Earl.

IX.—"Around the Table." Puzzles, chat with readers and the presentation of an opportunity to become possessed of souvenirs from the steamer "Oregon."

X.—The Berkeley Drill." Illustrated in Supplement.

XI.—"What Boys Can Do." A brief account of the Children's Industrial Exhibition, in New York City.

XII.—Miscellany, Exchanges and "Cent a Word Column."

SUPPLEMENT.

A handsome picture, on heavy paper, of the Sixth Annual Prize Drill and Parade of the Berkeley School at the Seventh Regiment Armory, New York, April 9th.

Copies of the above issues still on hand and may be procured for five cents each. If your newsdealer will not get them for you, send direct to this office.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"Thoroughly admirable."—*N. Y. Independent*

"The first number is very bright and attractive, and the list of contributors announced for the future contains many names that will guarantee to boy readers just what they want."—*Boston Herald.*

"The December number has been received, and it promises a long and prosperous career. The initial numbers of new periodicals are rarely up to the work of subsequent issues, but the present paper could scarcely be improved. Rev. S. W. Knipe, a very keen observer and a charming writer, begins a series of articles on Natural History, entitled "Winter Walks and Talks," which cannot fail to please the boyish readers. The prospectus announces many good things for forthcoming numbers. It will be seen that rarely, if ever, has such a list of attractions been offered to the boys at so reasonable a price. There can be no question about the success of the periodical."—*Albany Argus.*

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For the benefit of our readers who may wish to sell or buy boats, bicycles, canoes, tennis-sets, printing-presses, cameras, or the like; in short anything that does not come under the head of Exchanges. Payment to be made in advance, name and address counted in.

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[*The publisher will assume no responsibility with regard to transactions effected under this head. Notices containing offers of or for guns, pistols, dangerous chemicals, birds' eggs, etc., will* NOT *be inserted.*]

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15 post-marks and 2 picture cards for every rare foreign stamp. No duplicates given or taken.—Wm. H. Eagleson, 221 East 118th St., New York City.

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Vol. III *Golden Days* for Vol. IV same paper.—Theodore Williams, Jr., St. Elmo Hotel, S. E. cor. 7th and Morgan Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

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1 day: in: early: spring: of: year: [near:]
When: homes: are: cleaned: both: far: and:
2 Maidens: met,: their: looks: would: say
That: one: was: grave; the: other: gay:
"3 weeks: said: one,: I've: worked: to: clean -
The: masters: house,: where: I: have: been"
"4 kinds: of: horrid: cleaning: stuff
I've: used,: and: still,: I've: not: enough"
"5 hours: each: day,: on: wall: and: floor:
I've: worked; until: I'm: sick: and: sore"

6 years of: service,: I've: seen,: Kate:
The: other: maiden: then: did: state:
7 days: each: week: in: all: that: time
I've: used: but: one: to: clean: and: shine
8 other: girls,: too,: I: know:
Use: nothing: but: SAPOLIO
9 cakes: of: which: one: year: does: me
Although: I: use: it: very: free:
10 times: the: labor: you: t'will: save
And: you'll: look: gay: instead: of: grave.