

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

Pete the Peddler or A Boy's Start in Life



CHAPTER I. The name of the farmer where Pete was stopping for the night was Bennett. When he came up from the field to his supper he gave the boy welcome, and after the meal he heard all about Constable Lukens and the jail episode. He had heard during the day that the big tramp had been arrested at a village further on and would get at least six months in jail. The farmer, his wife and Pete were



"And you've got it now?" "Come out to the barn and see." The stranger was more than pleased when he saw the old trunk full of hay. He at once pulled out a twenty-dollar bill and handed it to the farmer, and five minutes later was driving away with a smile on his face. "Twenty dollars for an old trunk only good enough for a hen's nest!" chuckled the farmer, as he came back and sat down. "That man must be a perfect idiot!" exclaimed the wife. Pete smiled, but said nothing. If the papers in his pocket had been still lying in the trunk it would have been the biggest kind of a bargain for \$20. As yet, the swindling gang of land speculators could well have afforded to pay \$20,000 for it. Before going to sleep that night the boy made up his mind to hurry back to Johnsonville as soon as possible and put the papers in Mr. Mims' possession. There must be no further risk of their going astray. He was up with the lark next morning, and as he started out he had the good wishes of all left behind. He was told that if he came that way again he must be sure to call, and his heart was light and his hopes big as he turned his face homeward. Three days later he had

DOMESTIC MRS. SPIDER.



Domestic Mrs. Spider— When Old Bugg wed Miss Spider He was happy as could be (Altho she's far from pretty, She's real handy, as you see). She was very, very clever, Though she'd never been to school (The fancy work she's making Will show she is no fool)

In less than half an hour She'd spin the finest rug, Or make a well lace curtain For her husband, Mr. Bugg. And so they lived real happy And never had a word, Until one awful, awful day, They were eaten by a bird.

RAVEN-BOY'S POTLACH

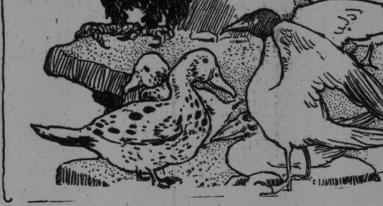
BY H. IRVING KING.

Raven-boy put on his feather clothing, pulled his beak down over his face, and went flying across the country looking for mischief. At last he became hungry and perched on a bough to think where he might get food and make mischief at the same time. Then he chuckled unto himself, and his chuckle sounded like a loud "Caw" at what he thought was a bright idea. So he called to the birds saying: "Come and potlach with me." Now potlach among the Alaskan natives is a great feast, which is sometimes kept up for days, at which the guests eat all they can and have presents distributed to them by their hosts. In this part of the country distributes favors at a german.

The birds were delighted to get the invitation, for food was scarce in the forest that year. But they did not wear the beautiful plumage they do now. So they said to Raven: "We would like to go, but, really, we have no clothes fit to wear at a potlach." "Oh, that is all right," replied Raven-boy. "I will dress you up." By his magic he began at once to decorate the birds in all sorts of colors and give smooth and glossy plumage to all except two.

To these two he said: "Oh, I am tired. You two just stay as you are. You are not worth decorating." "This he did in a spirit of pure mischief and flew away, followed by all the decorated birds. Then the two birds which had not been dressed up for the potlach went crying to Master Carpenter, who said to them: "What makes the sea-marks on your faces, my children?" "Oh," they replied, "Raven adorned all the other birds, but told us we were not worth the adorning." And we want to go to the potlach.

"Never mind," said Master Carpenter. "You shall be handsomer than all the other birds." He went to work painting them up and putting designs upon their feathers. When Master Carpenter had finished with them and they went out and looked into the clear, still pool which furnished a mirror for them, they saw that they were dressed in a more striking manner than any of the other birds, and they flew joyfully to join the potlach.



HE BORED HOLES IN EAGLE'S BILL. Ramsay Island, where the mischief-maker had been, was now a place of interest. It was a small island, but it was a place of interest. It was a small island, but it was a place of interest.

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The White Horse Mine or the Luck and Luck of the Pioneer Boys

BY SARAH NOBLE-IVES.



CHAPTER I. Forty years ago there was living in the town of Paris, in Eastern Illinois, a family by the name of Chudleigh, consisting of father and mother and two boys, the latter being named Joseph and Samuel. Joseph was always called Joe, was fifteen years old when his story opens,



"DROP THAT OR I WILL PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOU"

and Samuel, who of course was always called Sam, was two years younger. Chudleigh was a middle-aged man, and had been in poor health for a long time. He owned the house he lived in, but as he had no trade to work at there were times when the family would have been "hard-up" indeed but for what two boys managed to earn in one way and other.

One day there arrived in Paris a man who had traveled much in the far West. He had traveled the overland route to California twice, and he knew all about the climate and soil of Kansas, Colorado and the country beyond. People had been rushing West for a good many years to find new homes, but there was room left for hundreds of thousands more. The stranger talked to a crowd of men at the village store, and among them was Mr. Chudleigh. He made many inquiries, and later when he went home, he said to the family: "Well, wife and boys, I am going to sell out here in Paris and go West and take up land and become a farmer. Of course the three were much surprised and had a great many questions to ask, but when the matter had been thoroughly talked over all were satisfied that it was the best thing to be done.

Next day the stranger was invited to the house for dinner, and he took maps from his pocket and showed them the route they would have to take and told them much worth listening to. He told them what sort of a wagon they must have, what to take along, where to stop; what sort of people to make friends with and whom to avoid, and the talk lasted quite half a day. They must expect the encounter many hardships and dangers, but if they were on the watch they would pull through as safely as others had done. The Chudleighs had quite settled it.

HOW THE ANIMALS CAME

BY SARAH NOBLE-IVES.

The Head Apprentice rejoiced in the beauty of the earth over which he had toiled so many thousand years. It certainly was a comfort to him, after all his troubles, to see things getting on so well. Still, he felt, rather than knew, that there was something lacking. Life there was, to be sure, but it was all rooted to the earth, and could not move from place to place as he could himself, nor show its gladness except by just growing. There was something to be done still, and he must find out what. He sat down by the side of a reedy lake to think it out. He was facing the hardest problem yet. There must I live on the earth, but I could move round and enjoy things.

For a long time he sat looking over the reedy lake. Suddenly a breath of wind struck his surface, and he saw some water weeds begin to move on the ripples. He looked again; yes, there was no mistake — they floated before the wind across the lake. Here, then, was a growth which was not rooted to the soil. The water must be the place to start his next experiments. This was an idea to start with.

He took this idea and rubbed it well with thoughts as if he were in his mind like a light. Then he started on a trip to the Kitchen of the Universe. There he found a jar marked "Protoplasmic Yeast," and a bag marked "Embryonic Flour." With these articles he went back to the earth, and finding a natural basin in a rock, he poured into it some of the flour and some clear spring water and made a little experimental dough. A few drops of the Protoplasmic Yeast was put in, and the mass was set to rise.

When he went to look at it a month or two later he found it right out of the basin. It looked so queerly and wriggled so that the Head Apprentice was actually afraid to knead it up. He knew it must be spoiled. So he emptied the whole thing into the reedy lake to get rid of it. While he stood there, trying to think what to do next, the waters of the lake became agitated as if they were boiling. What he saw looked like a school of jelly fish—formless, but alive.

Hurriedly he mixed up more of the dough; this time when it had risen he kneaded it into little forms and threw them into the reedy lake. He was delighted to see these retain their shapes and grow bigger, and he called them dinosaurs and pleistosaurs and isthyosaurs and a whole lot more names as funny and enormous as the animal themselves. The Head Apprentice was so excited now that he kept right at work making new shapes. He stocked the water over again, he kneaded forms with wings and they could gambol about in the air as well as in the water. Some of these queer animals began crawling out to cheer it and none of them cared to stay there all the time; he must make a different kind.

He kneaded up some more dough and fashioned some little figures with great care—little ones with four legs. Then he set these in the sun to dry, so they would be more solid, and he was successful; the little creatures as soon as they were done began to walk around and eat grass and fruits. Later some of the bigger ones began to eat the smaller ones; but he did not mind that, as he could make more, and once they were well started they grew and multiplied of themselves. One morning to his dismay he found he had come to the bottom of the bag of Embryonic Flour. This distinctly gave him a shock; there was barely a handful left. He looked ruefully at it and said to himself: "Well, I must put all my skill into this, since it is to be my last try. I'll make it a work of art." He sat down and fashioned the little dough figures most carefully. Instead of four legs he gave it only two, and made the body so it would balance on these. He put two arms on it, and made a head that surpassed anything he had ever done before. When it was baked it stood upright, as if it were a solid growth. Large enough it began to drive the other animals around. It was a Man. Not such a man as we see nowadays, but it was a pretty good effort for a Head Apprentice, and he was mightily proud of it. And then when there was nothing more to be done, the Head Apprentice crawled into a cave and took a little nap of a thousand years, for he was tired.

Advertisement for 'LIE'S AWESOME NIGHT' featuring a cartoon character and text: 'I wonder what the time is? Ma says our clocks are slow. Ill run and ask the Watch-Dog - We surely ought to know!'

