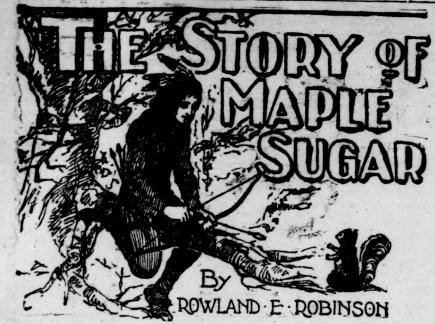
AN INTERESTING PAGE FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.



Wungbashahs knew every woodchuck's hole within a mile of the wigwam, every mushwash burrow in the bank of the creek, where Cheskwadadas, the king-fisher, reared its brood, and where the little fish were spawned that furnished them food; and, in fact, knew where almost all the birds built their nests, and robbed them, too, from

father's hairy four-footed namesake, skin tool bag, hung in the back of rites,

about the woods on his snowshoes, he had often gathered its leaves for looking for something to shoot, he saw a nuthatch creeping head first from the maskwamozi, the white birch, down the trunk of a tall, slender seno-down the trunk of a tall, slender with upturned face, a drop of some- found the squirrel, for that, he Shepard Company.) head to see what it came from-for there was no snow to drip from the trees-he saw a red squirrel lying along a small branch, as still as if he was dead, or at least asleep. Was he weeping for his wife that Wungbasahs had killed yesterday, and was it one of his tears that had fallen? He would see. And so, kicking off his snowshoes and slipping his bow across his back. he climbed the tree on the side away from the squirrel, so silently that he was soon astride the branch between him and the trunk without disturbing

squirrel, what are you doing here?" This gave the squirrel such a start that he nearly tumbled off. When in a turmoil. The Bee Guards were how could she be a bride and wear a him, he saw there was no escape; for called out, and patrolled the city, veil with her face in the crown of her there was not another limb within alarm-bells rung, signal fires burned, bonnet? jumping distance, and Wungbasahs and everybody was out with a lantern. The Head-nurse was quite clever, was sitting on the butt of this, fitting and everybody was out with a lantern, and she thought about the Princess an arrow to his bow; and below Ale-

"Don't hurt me, Wungbasahs, I am goes to fight the Iroquois."

cried, making his piping voice as hig ly places, as well as the likely; for no ushered the nurse into the tower. He terday when I shot at you, and the may prefer." son of Awahsoose is not to be laughed at by squirrels!"

have laughed, and I should never have

laughed again."

"What is that?" the boy asked rather anything.

anything worth knowing.

"But you won't shoot?" then I will see.'

A great many years ago, long before wound, got a few drops of a very any white man had set eyes or foot sweet and pleasant liquid. The squirrel, having no great faith in Indians, and by a cord of bark around its rim, madam?" he said. upon America, up in the north where big or little, took advantage of his slung the kettle over it, filled with sap, She curtesied. "Not today," she rethe rock-maple grows best, there lived, enemy's position, and jumping upon and the piece of meat. among many other families, beside the head, scampered along his back, and gaining the trunk of the tree, got boils," and this one did not till the pop-corn was. She had never seen the head fallen asleep with his

what was told him proved true. So Mekwaseese told him to take a should be set at the end of it. Then Wungbasahs got down from

ready to spring upon a fawn. Though for the asking; so he took it—the very self—found—out—how—to—make— it—ment. Wunghasahs was an expert with the best and sharpest one of the lot; for better," which in Indian is so very long "Idea where she is?" he repeated tween the stones she moved aside and had not the boy helped matters along. bow and arrows, he was afraid to risk I am sorry to say Wungbasahs was a word that I have not paper enough scornfully. "You are just of a piece could no longer be seen. She could be The gun was loaded with buckshot, and dangerous game, and so turned nowadays. Then he cut a slender And so began the making of maple on his tracks and sped home as noise- stick of senhalon wood, which we call sugar. sumac, where it grew on a barren This story was not told me by the One March day, as he was shuffling place by the lake shore, and where Indians, but by the Blue Jay; and so he had often gathered its leaves for I cannot vouch for it, since it is said the Pop-corn man blushed, and minute the scream was answered, and the sting of the lead caused them to his father's smoking and whittled out that blue as he is, the jay is not true looked frightened, but the Head-nurse before Joe could have counted a hund-break away and run in different d

thought, must be better than any mind it much," said the Baron.

and stuck in the spout. It was a soft but she said nothing. night, and the sap came dropping out "Excuse me a moment," said the of the spout into the bark pail at Baron; "my housekeper is deaf, and basahs swallowed with great relish. In an hour or so he had got his fill of drink and began to wish for something to eat. A bright thought struck him. Only two days before his father had come back from a hunt, hauling home on his day. er's kokws, or earthen kettles, with a over his shoulder. handful of live coals in it, and made works.

behind it in almost no time at all. watcher had fallen asleep with his any, and neither had the Baron. That Indian named Awahsoose, the bear, The boy was angry enough at being back to a tree and his feet to the fire.

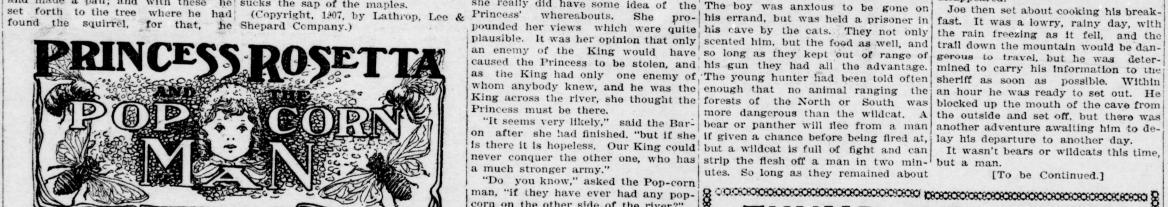
The boy was angry enough at being back to a tree and his feet to the fire.

There was a big thing before him. He back to a tree and his feet to the fire.

When he awake the sun was down and it was breaking all night but just as day was breaking drive 'em back to camp, and it was and his wife, Wonakake, the otter, and played such a trick, and made all the snow was blue with twillight their children—too many for one Inhim: but the squirrel asked peeping shadows. His first thought was for their children—too many for one Indian and his wife to give names to, so they were left to earn names themselves.

One of them was a tall, strapping boy, who had seen eleven summers and twelve winters, and whom his parents sometimes called Wungbasahas, the woodpecker, because he was alther the snow was blue with twilight was for his cookery. There was nothing left to eat?" his thought was for his cookery. There was nothing left to eat?" his first thought was for his cookery. There was nothing left to eat?" his cookery. There was nothin Yes, Wungbasahs would promise, if for it to get cooler. His delight and also thought it very good. astonishment raced with each other "But there is no use in discussing have been lost before he had gone a over the most luscious morsel he had new articles of food when the kingdom quarter of a mile."

"This is no affair of yours, and you go on." gouge and cut through the bark of ever tasted. Sweeter than the minute is under the cloud that it is at presthe trunk near the ground and stick drops in the bags of the columbine, ent, and my retorts and crystals all to make a start soon after daylight. four minutes, and then the bear got a spout of senhaon wood just below and a whole mouthful of it, to say smashed," said the Baron. for the sap to run through into a nothing of what was left in the kokw! "Why, what is the cloud, my lord?" cave, as usual, and as he turned out never missed giving them a cuff when pkenmojo, a birchbark pail, which He was so delighted with his dis-inquired the Pop-corn man. Then the of his blankets and saw daylight shin- he could. He was returning home on covery that he ran home with what Baron told him the whole story. the crow's down to the wren's for the tree and went home to devise could, and told the whole story from marked the Pop-corn man thoughtfulthere were no trees that he could not means to carry out the squirrel's inand Wonakake had tasted, and then The baron pounded on the table un- have been the one who carried away of the stones. The bear came march-Day after day he went prowling He could make a pkenmojo and licked and scraped the kokw cleaner til it danced. "Necromancy!" he cried, his woodchuck, or it may have been ing up to the cats as bold as could be, through the woods, with his lever- spout easily enough, but he must bor- than it had ever ben before since it "of course it's necromancy! Who but one that had discovered his cave while but he hadn't growled twice before wood bow, letting his stone-tipped arrow the gouge. He knew where nis was first made, Wungbasahs was for- a necromancer could have made a child wandering about in search of prey. they were upon him. There was a big rows fly at everything he saw, except father kept his stone gouges and given his theft and unauthorized bor- invisible, and stolen her away in the At any rate, the animal was right at ball of fur rolling over and over on one time when he came upon his knives and axe, in a pesnoda, or deer-rowings, and named, with solemn face and eyes of the whole court?" and another, when he saw the tawny, the wigwam, and he knew as well hels — had — told — how — to — get — asked the Pop-corn man. crouching form of Petolo, the panther, that he could not get the precious tool the—sweet—water--and -- who — him— The Baron stared at him in amaze-



mose, his prick-eared dog, sat watching, ready to snap him up if he ventured a leap down on to the snow. as if the Princess had possibly been on—and set out to call on the Baron So he spoke to Wungbasahs; for spilled out of the basket, although the Greenleaf. The Baron was an old man though they did not speak the same nurses were confident that it was not who was said to be versed in white language, they were both so wild that so. So they searched very carefully, magic, and livel in a stone tower with they could understand each other very and the nurses were in the meantime his servants and his housekeepr. placed in custody.

such a little chap, and you are so held their lanterns low, and looked un- he was not used to seeing a woman big. And I am red enough to be your der every bush, and even poked aside with her face in the crown of her bonbrother; almost as red as your father the grasses, but they could not find net. He thought that her head must when he puts on his war-paint and the Princess on the road to the park. be on the wrong way, and that she was

Then a regular force of detectives a monster, and had designs upon his 'Don't dare to compare yourself to were organized, and the search con-master's property. So he barked and go," said the Head-nurse. my father!" cried Wungbasahs, hasti- tinued day after day. Every house in growled, and caught hold of her dress, ly drawing his arrow, and squinting the community was examined in every and the Head-nurse screamed. The at Mekwaseese over the point of it. nook and corner. The cupboards even Baron himself came running down-"I am only a little beast, but Awah- were all ransacked, and the bureau- stairs, and opened the door. "Who is

as he could: "You laughed at me yes- man can tell the road that lost things led her into his study, and asked her

unlikely as well as likely places, for litely. "But was I not the one to laugh when you missed me?" asked Mekwaseese. "If you had hit me, you would be referred by the Princess; and it was carried so far that the princess; and it was carried so "Oh, my lord!" cried the Head-nurse far that the princess is the prince had all to turn their in her muffled voice, "help me to find pockets inside out, and shake their the Princess." shawls and tablecloths. But it was The Baron, who was a tall, lean, old "And you never shall. See! I can all of no use. Six months went by man, and wore a very large-figured, ababy cried. "What baby almost touch you with the point of my and the Princess Rosetta had not been dressing-gown trimmed with fur, arrow and you cannot get away from found. The King and Queen were frowned and struck his first down won he. almost touch you with the point of my arrow and you cannot get away from found. The King and Queen were frowned, and struck his fist down upon broken-hearted. The Queen wept all the table. "Help you to find the Prinsunset, several months ago," replied "Nay," begged Mekwaseese, creep-day long, and her tears fell into her cess!" he exclaimed; "don't you suping a step backward, "do not shoot honey, until it was no longer sweet, pose I should find her on my own acme, and I will tell you a secret known and she could not eat it. The King count if I could? I should have found

contemptuously; for he had little But the four nurses were in nearly and retorts, and mirrors, and spilled all belief that a squirrel could tell him as much distress. Not only had they the magic fluids, so that I cannot pracbeen very fond of the little Princess, tice any white magic at all. The idea and were grieving bitterly for her loss, of looking for a princess in a bottle— "Let me hear your great secret, and but they had also a punishment to en- that comes of pinning one's faith upon dure. They had been released from philosophy!" "Well," sighed Mekwaseese, I sup-custody, because there was really no pose I must tell, whether you kill me evidence against them, but in view by white magic?" the Head-nurse asked or not. When you first saw me here I of their possible carelessness, and in timidly.

was sucking sweet water from this perpetual reminder of the loss of the The Baron pounded the table again. Princess, a sentence had been passed "Of course I cannot," he replied, "with "Sucking sweet water from this upon them. They had been condemned all my magical utensils smashed in to wear their bonnets the wrong way the search for her." "Yes," said Mekwaseese, "sweeter than the juice of the sata (blueberry), and ever and ever so much of it. Put your lips here where I have bitten bonnets. They had little peep-bales your bonnet?" the Beron remarked, in through the bark and taste for your- in the straw that they might see to get a harsh voice.

The Head-nurse replied sadly that limb, and putting his result to the The nurse result was very trying.

women, too, and the Head-nurse who That night the whole kingdom was came of quite a distinguished family,

When the Head-nurse came into the

soose is a great warrior, and his son drawers. The King had a favorite book will be another," said Mekwoseese, of philosophy, and one motte which he meekly. And Wungbasahs eased his had learned in his youth recurred to him. It was this:

there?" cried he.

But when he saw the woman with her bonnet on wrong he knew at once that she must be one of the Princess' and they crossed the river in a row-boat. But presently he drew it again and "When a-seeking, seek in the unlike- nurses. So he ordered off the dog, and to sit down. "Now, madam, what can So he ordered search to be made in I do for you?" he inquired quite po-

sat by himself and had no heart for her long before this if the idiots had King?" he said. not broken all my bottles, and crystals,

"Then you cannot find the Princess

other.

With a good deal more labor than old face through the peep-holes in her he liked he cut a furrow through the bonnet-crown, and thought to herself bark and into the wood, and below that if she were no prettier than he it made a slanting cut with the gouge she should not mind it much either,

such a lively rate that there was soon my other servants have gone out." a good draught of it, which Wung- And he ran down the towerstairs, his dressing-gown sweeping after him.

hauling home on his dobogan half the eyes were very sharp and bright, and carcass of a moose. Would not a he had rosy cheeks and fair curly chunk of moose meat, seethed in a hair. He was dressed very poorly, and kettle of the had rosy cheeks. kettle of this sweet water, be better around his shoulders were festooned went crashing down to the bottom of then renewed his fire in the cave and wasn't there when they did it. than cooked in any other way? So strings of something that looked like home he went, and added to his sins fine white flowers, but it was in reality trembling. It had missed him by about hissed and spat at them. by purloining a bit of meat half as pop-corn. He carried a great basket two feet. He heard other men come All that long day the animals held and went off down the pend to anbig as his foot, and one of his moth- of pop-corn and bore a corn-popper out of the cave and inquire what was the boy prisoner. At times they were other camp where they kept a cow, and

When he entered he bowed low to off with his booty to his one tree sap- the Head-nurse; her bonnet did not Here he started a fire with the coals, to buy some of my nice pop-corn, it would have killed three or four of prisoner. The night came on dark and mother and we let 'em loose and they

with the idiots who broke my mirrors heard, however. She was scratching and as the fighting beasts rolled directto see if the Princess was not behind and snarling, and pretty soon she gave ly in front of the cave he fired on where she is if she is lost, pray?"

on after she had finished. "but if she if given a chance before being fired at, lay his departure to another day. is there it is hopeless. Our King could but a wildcat is full of fight and can never conquer the other one, who has strip the flesh off a man in two mina much stronger army." utes. So long as they remained about

"Do you know," asked the Pop-corn corn on the other side of the river?" "I don't think they have," replied

the Baron. "Then," said the Pop-corn man, "I think I can free the Princess."

"You!" cried the Baron scornfully.

"How are you going to manage it?" Maine woods. Father belongs to some whispered she, touching his sleeve. The Pop-corn man started. "Oh, it's you!" he said. "Well, you wait a little, and you will see. Do you suppose But nothing was found. The people tower-yard, the dog began to bark; you could find six little boys who would be willing to go over the river

with me tomorrow?" "Would it be quite safe?" "Quite safe."

"I have six little brothers who would So it was arranged that the six little brothers should go across the river with the Pop-corn man; and the next morning they set out. They were all they carried baskets of pop-corn, and bore corn-poppers over their shoulders

Once over the river they went about peddling pop-corn. The man sent the boys all over the city, but he himself went straight to the palace. He knocked at the palace-door, and

the maid-servant came. "Is the King home?" asked the Pop-corn man. The maid said he was, and the Popcorn man to step into the parlor, which

"What baby is that crying?" asked sunset, several months ago," replied the maid; and he knew at once that he

had found the Princess. "Will you find out if I can see th "I'll see," answered the maid. And she went in to find the King. Pretty soon she returned and asked the Popcorn man to step into thep arlor, which

he did, and soon the King came downstairs. The Pop-corn man displayed his wares, and the King tasted. He had never seen any pop-corn before, and he was both an epicure and a man of hobbies. "It is the nicest food that ever I tasted," he declared, and he

(To Be Concluded Next Saturday.) IF TOUR CHILDREN are troubled with

The best thing to do with a secret is

bought all the man's stock.

Step-Mother Joe," or the Boy of the Cave and the Woods.

CHAPTER VII.

Between Joe and the big rock that head out. stone was swerved a bit aside, and it that he did not have time to fire. He the ravine, and left the boy pale and thrust out flaming brands. The cats happening, and the words of one of quiet for an hour, and he would bigin got 'em some milk, and we taught 'em them were very distinct as he said: "I want to tell you fellers that if that to take the stones away there was a would eat anything you gave them. surprise him at all. Would you like rock had rolled down among the horses snarl to show him that he was still a They seemed to think we were their

It was a quarter of an hour later be-

would be captured and the stolen horses to his den somewhere, came ambling of 'em were rolling on the ground. It

not attempt the journey. He would more, as if they were saying:

to find a wildcat on guard. It may Joe saw it all through the crevices the mouth of the cave, her back the ground. The bear bit and clawed she was ready for a fight.

The Pop-corn man blushed, and minute the scream was answered, and the sting of the lead caused them to

to hope they had gone. If he started to drink, and 'twasn't long before they

fore Joe dared move. Then he climbed and did not wake up once during the we'd always see 'em waddling down to night. What woke him up at daylight was At first Poker was afraid of 'em, but

He had blocked up the mouth of the mad. He hated wildcats anyway, and ed out of our blankets and Poker and ing through the shinks he started to an empty stomach, it was still raining, was left of its results as fast as he "Of course it is necromancy," re- remove the stones. A snarl and a spit and he made up his mind to teach just about then Dave began to have

"The—one—whom—the—squir"Have you any idea where she is?" humped up and her eyes blazing, and and growled; the cats bit and clawed blankets and rubbed our eyes and and snarled, and all fought in the most She offered a fair mark for the gun, desperate manner. How the battle but the instant that it was thrust be- would have ended there is no telling said Dave. "Fire won't burn."

> she really did have some idea of the The boy was anxious to be gone on Joe then set about cooking his breakpounded her views which were quite his cave by the cats. They not only the rain freezing as it fell, and the plausible. It was her opinion that only scented him, but the food as well, and trail down the mountain would be danan enemy of the King would have so long as they kept out of range of gerous to travel, but he was detercaused the Princess to be stolen, and his gun they had all the advantage. mined to carry his information to the as the King had only one enemy of The young hunter had been told often sheriff as soon as possible. Within whom anybody knew, and he was the enough that no animal ranging the an hour he was ready to set out. He King across the river, she thought the forests of the North or South was blocked up the mouth of the cave from whine for more. Princess must be there.
>
> "It seems very likely," said the Bar-bear or panther will flee from a man another adventure awaiting him to demore dangerous than the wildcat. A the outside and set off, but there was

BY NOBLE IVES.

But the Pop-corn man said nothing. We had the time of our lives this outfit. You see it was father's and You see they knew the maple syrup more. He bowed low to the Baron and summer. Mother and Lil went to the my first year in the woods, and we got the Head-nurse, and left the tower. seashore somewhere, so they could the things the man in the store adthe Head-nurse, and left the tower. seashore somewhere, so they could the things the man in the store ad-"The idea of his talking as he did," show off their clothes, but when vised. There was an air bed that you in pleces and the blankets torn and said the Baron. But the nurse was Father's vacation came he and I left could blow up, and a bag on top that mussed into heaps. They'd broken inpinning her shawl, and she hurried out our good clothes at home, jacked up you could crawl into and keep dry. of the tower, and overtook the Pop- our fishing rods and a camping outfit Dave just looked at it and smiled sort and headed for the inside part of the of slow like and said:

"Guess you won't need that."



that, but we didn't have any preserves, of rubber that looked like a mud turtle. pany along a trail leading up a ravine, except blueberries. But anyway there When you got into it there were two when a mountain lion sprang upon her

the rest go. We took Poker with us-that's my

were loads of trout, and 'fore we'd boots underneath it to put your legs in, from the limb of a tree. His spring carried been there long we got so we'd catch and you paddled with them. Dave her out of the saddle and over a cliff,

edges of the ponds. We tramped miles over little trails just big enough for Injuns to plant their moccasins in only there weren't any Injuns. Once I got lost following a deer-trail, and thinking it was the road to camp.

We made our camp on the edge of a big pond in a little log shack, where there were some bough beds and an the cave, Joe would not dare to put his old cracked stove and a little bit of a stove pipe sticking through the root, was rolling down the side of the ra- After trying for half an hour to get and we hadn't been there many days vine, and headed directly for him, stood a shot at the beasts, he cut off pieces before the thing happened that I starta tree about the size of a man's leg. of the flesh of a rabbit that he had ed to tell you about. I'd staid home to This tree saved the boy's life. When saved for his breakfast and threw them tend camp one day, and father and the rock struck it it was broken short out. The cats jumped after them, but Dave came back each carrying a bear off, but at the same time the great they were so rapil in their movements cub. They had shot the mother. You better believe I was mad because I

But those cubs! The fun began right then. Dave tied 'em to a tree rainy, and as Joe knew that the cats would follow us all around the camp, couldn't get at him he was early asleep and when we came home from fishing

drive 'em back to camp, and it was fun alive I can tell you, when all three was a mighty pretty sight. Poker thought he owned the pair of 'em, and he would take things away that they ought not to have and pull 'em out of the pond when they fell in. Sometimes he would play rough and buily them and then they would run and climb on top of the shack and sit on the roof, and Poker would nearly bark his head off trying to make them come

down again One morning Dave was getting breakfast and father and I hadn't roll-Thump and Clump (that's what we named the cubs) were outside playing. Pretty soon Poker began to bark and trouble with the fire. The old stove smoked like a volcano and our eyes began to run and the fire wouldn't burn and by and by Dave said "Damn!" just like that-the only time I ever heard him use a swear word.

"What's the matter?" said father, and we shook ourselves free of the sneezed.

"Something's wrong with the draft," Father went out and looked up on the roof, and then he roared and I scrambled out and looked. There was Thump sitting on the end of the stovethem! How should we have any idea utterance to a scream that could be them. All must have been wounded pipe, and Clump alongside on the heard half a mile away. After a by the shot. The sudden report and ridge pole, while Poker was having fits

> rections, and a minute later they had Father reached up with a stick and oked Thump off the stovepipe an Dave didn't have any more trouble

with the sove. Those little scamps loved flap-jacks and they learned to sit up on their haunches just as Poker did, and catch them in their mouths. If we poured on a little maple syrup they would go into raptures and lick their chops and

One day we all went fishing and left Poker to look after the bears. We had the best catch of the season that day and I got a two-pounder. We saw some loons, too, and heard their crazy laughing. It almost scared me at first, When we got almost back to camp we heard Poker barking fit to kill. Clump and Thump were not in sight. We opened the door and very soon saw what the trouble was. Those cubs had broken the mosquito netting and climbed in at the window, and, well, you ought to have seen that shack! to the flour sack and the potatoes. Whatever was in the corner cupboard was safe, but the table was the worst. They couldn't scramble up, so they had kind of a preserve club-they call it Then father had a duck-boat built grabbed the corner of the olicloth on top and pulled he whole blame thing down on their heads, coffee pot, tin plates, knives and forks, sugar, butter and the syrup can. They must have had a fight about that last, for it was battered all to pieces, and the syrup was, or had been, everywhere. When we opened the door Clump was licking the sugar out of the bowl and Thump was rubbing his paws on the top of his head and licking his paw. The syrup can must have struck him on the topknot and run down all over him. The butter was in the mess, too, and they simply had to lick themselves all over to get what they came for. They were sights I can tell you. Poker nearly had spasms trying to tell us how it happened. He whined and wagged his jaw as if he were rying to say words, and then he dragged those cubs out of the shack and set them down hard. They just sat where he put them and kept on licking themselves as contented as kittens. They were perfect-

ly shameless. Our vacation came to an end pretty soon after that, and we had to leave the cubs with Dave. He sold 'em to a man who had a park with animals in it. I guess they're there now. I'd like to see 'em again sometime. I wonder would they remember me, the little

A GIRL AND A LION.

In Montana, one day last November, a girl 12 years old, named Anna Davis, the daughter of a ranchman, was riding her "Purty thing, but you won't need it." where she lodged in a tree-top. The lion We took Poker with us—that's my setter dog, but lots of the other things we took we left at the Club House before we started in. We'd lugged 'em and a few extras for wet weather and our fishing things and guns and railroad and ever twenty miles of the swellest buckboard road you ever much else.

Well, we left about three-quarters of his hold gave way and he went down for a hundred feet further and was smashed to pieces on the rocks. Miss Anna managed to climb back up the cliff and find and mount her pony, and an hour later she arrived home, with only a few severches arrived home, with only a few severches to show for her thrilling advanture. The Well, we left about three-quarters of also hung there for a moment, and then saw, where, if you weren't up on top of a stump you were down in a hole filled with black mud over the hubs.

When we got to the Club House our guide met us, and he leoked over our in places, with fir trees all along the have made her his victim.