

# PETE THE PEDLAR, OR,

A BOY'S START IN THE WORLD.

## CHAPTER I.

One day in the month of November, thirty years ago, a man was chopping wood in the forest about a mile from the village of Rawsonville, State of Wisconsin. His name was John Wilkins, and he was known as a hard-working and honest man. After being idle a good part of the Summer and Fall from want of work, he had begun to cut wood for the railroad at so much per cord. Back in the village he had a wife and son, the latter being named Peter, and being then a lad of seven.

Soon after noon on this first day of his chopping the woodcutter began on his second tree. It was a large maple, and when he had cut half way through the man paused to rest.

Two squirrels began chasing each other over the ground, and as he watched them he forgot for a moment that there was danger above. High up in the top there was a dead limb. The strokes of the axe had loosened it, and as the woodcutter watched the squirrels frisking about the limb came plunging down and crashed him to earth.

When Mr. Wilkins did not return home that evening the alarm was given and men went in search of him. He was soon found, but he had been dead for hours. A dead limb in the dark woods on a dreary November day had made a woman a widow and a boy fatherless.

Thence on Mrs. Wilkins earned the support of the little family by sewing. The boy was in school, and was kept there. It was three years before he was able to earn anything by doing odd jobs before or after school hours. In a small village there is very little that a boy can do to earn money.

Five years had passed, when there was another accident, or tragedy. One Saturday Pete, as everybody called him, was promised a quarter if he would look up a lost cow belonging to one of the villagers. It was a warm, still day in Summer. While he was in the woods looking after the cow his mother took a fall and started across the fields to pick raspberries, of which there was a plentiful supply that season. She had to cross a creek, and in springing from one bank to the other she fell into the water. It was not more than two feet deep, and it seemed as if a child could have gotten out safely, but the woman was drowned. It was not until the next day that she was found.

The house and lot had been only partly paid for, and though the funeral did not cost much, the expenses had to be paid by the neighbors. Pete was left alone in the world without a penny in his pocket. Let us have a talk of what you are going to do.

(To be continued.)

## A SIMPLE FIGURE PUZZLE.



Draw four lines on a slate, and by adding five more lines let the whole form ten.

# A BLUFFING BUFFALO.

He was a buffalo, and his name was Abijah. He was not a rickety buffalo. He used to put his head down and wave his tail and kick till the rabbits on the prairie ran into their holes in terror.

Abijah had very few friends. Most of the animals didn't like his ways, but Abijah didn't care. He used to roar and bellow and bluff (which is a kind of combination of roaring and bellowing and domineering and bullying) all the more. You see, he never had been taught any manners at all, and he had no idea how insolent it was to behave in that way.

But one day, when Abijah was feeling particularly lively, he walked a long way over the prairie, lashing his tail, when all at once he saw before him an old white cart horse. Abijah roared and charged at the cart horse, but the cart horse only looked at him mildly, and went on pulling at the long prairie grass.

"Why don't you run?" bellowed Abijah. "Don't you see how terrible I am?"

The cart horse looked at him again. "You are rather excitable," he said; "but I know another creature who's much more terrible than you."

"No!" roared Abijah. "It's impossible! Show me the creature, and I'll frighten him up a tree in no time."

"Why," said the cart horse, "if you'd really like to meet him I'll take you to see him; but it's quite a long way."

"I don't care!" answered Abijah, leaping three feet in the air and coming down on all four feet at once. He was so used to that sort of gymnastic exercise that he couldn't talk pleasantly without it.

"Well, come on," said the cart horse, and he trotted quietly off, with Abijah capering after him. When they had gone on for a long, long way, they came upon two steel rods lying on the ground, and so long that Abijah couldn't see the end of them. They were railroad tracks,

# HOW THE WATER SYSTEM STARTED

BY SARAH NOBLE-IVES.

When the earth first began to take form and shape and to assume its spherical proportions, its water supply was in bad shape. There was water enough, to be sure, but no system. The earth in her first infancy was so hot that the water was all turned to steam and hovered in great clouds all around the seething sur-



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face. Every time a cloud dropped too low and hit the earth it would hiss like a hot fission, only a million times harder, and red hot rocks would break off and go flying up through the clouds and create an awful uproar.

The Head Apprentices, whose business it was to make the earth a thing of usefulness and beauty, had things dodging out of harm's way, and in those days his job was anything but an easy one. Once he almost lost his left eye when a rock hit him, and he was laid up for half an hour, while Abijah went wildly racing back over the plain.

The cart horse ambled slowly after, but Abijah was home before the cart horse had gone a quarter of a mile.

A few days later, when the cart horse was waiting on the prairie, he met Abijah again.

"Good morning," said Abijah. "You see—suddenly I forgot to say that I'd be very glad to have you come and see me sometime. Won't you take dinner with me the day after tomorrow?"

So the cart horse went, and Abijah was so pleased that they got on beautifully together. At the end of the meal Abijah said, suddenly: "You know, I don't believe that monster knows how to climb a tree!"

"I don't believe he did," said the cart horse.

And ever since then Abijah has been so gentle that he has made many friends and has become a far nicer, wiser and happier buffalo.

But Abijah never had seen anything like them before, and didn't understand them.

"Now we must wait here, behind the trees," said the cart horse, "until the monster comes along."

So they waited, and pretty soon they heard a puffing sound in the distance.

"Now he's coming," whispered the cart horse; "but don't go near him, because he's very terrible!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Abijah, indignantly, beginning to bluff again. "I tell you I'm going to scare him up a tree!"

And then the monster came rushing from the distance. It was a locomotive, and it screeched and puffed much more terribly than Abijah.

But Abijah was not going to give in, so he stood in front of the monster and roared his loudest roar. But when the monster came tearing down upon him he decided it was best to stop aside. So he jumped out of the way just as the locomotive and train of cars went rushing past.

"My, but it has a long tail!" exclaimed Abijah, rather out of breath. "I'm not afraid of it, though. If I could find one standing still I'd soon make it run up a tree, as I told you."

"You'd much better not touch them," replied the cart horse; "but if you really want to wait for the next one, I don't mind. Sometimes they stop to get a drink, and if the next one does you can go and speak to it and get acquainted. But, really, I would advise you to leave it alone."

"Never!" shouted Abijah. So they waited, and in a little while another locomotive came shrieking from the distance. Just as it got near them it slowed down and stopped, and Abijah pounced out from the trees to fall upon its prey.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted, and he butted at the locomotive. But then he bellowed again, for the locomotive was hard, and hurt his horns.

"Never mind," he cried, angrily; "I'll bite you!"

And he bit the locomotive as hard as he could. But the locomotive was hot, and burned Abijah; and then he gave a roar that was very nearly as loud as the locomotive's own. For

ring the water rolled away, moving in the direction of the earth's motion.

This left a great dry place, and the Head Apprentices were so pleased that he laughed aloud, and pouncing down with a big spade, he went to work like mad until he had dug an enormous hole, and lo! there was an ocean, while the earth thrown by the spade made the first dry land.

Delighted with his success, the Head Apprentice took his spade and pried a ring and went round to the other side of the earth, where he repeated the process. Then he named the two oceans the Atlantic and the Pacific, just as they are called to-day.

Now that he had something to start with, the Head Apprentice set down on top of one of his piles of dirt (known to-day as the Andes Mountains), and there he thought out the greatest system ever known on earth. There lay all the dry land he had spaded up, and there was all the water bunched into two great oceans. The question was how to arrange a perpetual water motion which would permeate the land and irrigate it so he could plant his garden and get things started for the final use of the children of men.

First of all he made canals to connect the two oceans and form the continents. Then he dug holes upon the hills, and ditches for their outlets. He then condensed some more clouds and dropped the water into these holes, and they became lakes, while the ditches were rivers. This clearing away of the clouds gave the sun a chance to help. Good old Sol hitched millions of little buckets onto his rays and let them doze, and he trickled back down the hills in every direction. In this way the earth was beautifully wet up, and the sun has kept up the practice ever since.

For the last completing touch the Head Apprentice drilled tiny tunnels everywhere underneath the hills, and beside their openings he planted the seeds of the first trees, which afterward furnished the world with coal.

These trees began pumping, pumping, with their mighty roots until the water was sucked up through the underground channels and came bubbling out of the ground in cool springs. Then the old earth sang for joy, for out of the springs comes the water of life.

As for the Head Apprentice, he had no time to stop and sing, for he had other work on hand. There were the

of steam reduced down to a small affair.

But still there was no system, for, as the earth was perfectly round, there was no place for the water to settle, and it just went rolling round and round, wave upon wave, and there was not a dry spot for the Head Apprentice to put his foot on.

He was in a dreadful perplexity. Finally in the garret of the universe he found a section of an old ring always in the hands of the universe and found too small. He took this, and sharpening it on its inside edge, he lapped it down into the earth as hard as he could and made a sort of wall. The water went on rolling round the earth, but when it reached the bit of ring it had to stop, and simply piled up in a great watery bank. But on the other side of the

climates to be adjusted before he could expect to have much luck with live things. So he kept on planning, and did his singing down in his heart.

## HER CONCLUSION.

We called her Tommy, sometimes. For when she wished to play, she hated to be teased.

In quite a dreadful way. Her hair was very golden. Her skin was pink and white; when she was clean and shining, we called her "heart's delight."

One day, when very busy, she felt of time a lack.

So said "twould be convenient" to have her skin dyed black. But after bath and brushing she viewed herself that night. Then whispered to her mother, "I'm glad I washed out white."



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# DICKEY'S PALM LEAF HAT

COSTELLA G. WASHBURN.

Aunt Parsons climbed leisurely out of the old-fashioned chaise, reached under the low seat and drew out a newspaper bundle.

"Here, Richard," she said, "is the new hat I promised you. I bradded it out of some palm leaf I found in the attic. Some I had left years ago. The blue band is made of the down of some palm leaf that old Black Jerry won at the County Fair when he was a colt. Take good care of that hat, for I cannot make another."

"It's great, Aunty," said Dickey, as he jammed the hat upon his head.

As Dickey leaned over, down fell his hat into the well.

"Oh, dear! Now it is lost, and what will Aunty Parsons say?" he cried, despairingly.

"Got your book and line and fish it out. Why don't you ever think of things yourself?"

After some minutes the hat was safely landed, again soaking wet.

"How am I ever going to dry it, now that the sun has set?" asked Dickey.

"I'll go to the house and get a match and we will build a little fire of grass and twigs," replied Viola.

The fire was built and the hat held over it, sometimes very near. Once it got scorched a little on one side.

"There, it's dry enough now," observed Viola, shortly. "It is getting smoked, too; and there's Grandma calling us to supper. Say, but I'm hungry!"

As they went up the path Aunt Lorrinda Coles, who was just stepping off the porch after bidding Grandma good-night, remarked: "Seems to me that palmleaf hats nowadays don't look so well as the ones I used to brad."

BOBBY'S BASHFULNESS.

Bobby's bashfulness was a great trial to himself and his mother. His two older brothers and two younger sisters were by no means so afflicted.

"SHE PLACED IT ON THE COW'S HORNS."

and hurried to join Viola, who was waiting for him at the gate, on her way to the house of old lady Squier, where she had been sent with a message.

Viola was Dickey's cousin, and she was helping to make his first Summer in the country as interesting for him as she had made her seven previous Summers to herself and family.

"Let's stop and watch the shiners a few minutes," she suggested, as they neared the willow-bordered pond. "Oh, see that big one, Dickey! You couldn't catch him in your hat, could you?"

Off came the hat, and in a second Dickey was kneeling by a little pool and reaching out for the fish.

"I've got him!" he cried, triumphantly, reaching up the dripping hat. "It's a beauty," said Viola, "but your hat's pretty wet, Dickey."

"Yes," said Dickey, soberly, "so it is."

"How shall I dry it?"

"Oh, leave it on the rock in the sun for a while, and it will be all right," replied Viola.

The hot sun soon dried the hat, though Dickey said it felt a little limp as he put it on.

When they reached the top of the hill they found quantities of ripe blueberries.

"My, but they are good," said Dickey. "Let's pick some for Mrs. Squier; she's very fond of them, and maybe she will give us some of her caraway cookies."

"Your hat would be just the thing to pick the berries in," said Viola.

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"Ask for it politely," she had said.

When he had arrived at the shop the day being chilly, the door was closed, so Bobby, mindful of his manners, had knocked and then waited until a red-faced man, wearing a white apron, had opened the door.

"Please, my mother wants to buy a steak here," he said.

After living through the butcher's loud laughter, Bobby had thereafter begged and implored them not to send him to the shops.

But Bobby's birthday was at hand. And when a boy is six years old, and his birthday comes on the Fourth of July, it is time to stiffen up his backbone.

So Bobby himself said he would buy the fireworks—at least the firecrackers. The rest of the fireworks were coming out by father in the afternoon.

"That is right, Bobby," said mother, smiling encouragingly. "There is a new twenty-five cent piece for you to buy them with."

So Bobby, with a quaking heart, but outwardly calm, took his way to the village drug store, where they also kept groceries and fireworks.

This time Bobby walked in, but he stood a long time in front of the counter before any one paid the slightest attention to him.

Then a young man with a condescending manner looked at him languidly and said, "Well, sir, what do you want?"

Bobby's rehearsed speech flew to his mind. All the way down he had practiced saying:

"Twenty-five cents worth of firecrackers, if you please."

But now he uttered something of which the clerk only understood the word crackers. Nodding carelessly, he began to select what he thought—soda crackers!

And Bobby, with horror-stricken eyes, let him!

He took the bundle and rushed up the street as fast as he could fly. At the bridge he paused and looked at the water, in which he had often fished, then, with a bursting heart, he threw the bag as far as he could.

"There's a fourth of July dinner for the fish from that dinner that doesn't know enough to buy the right kind of crackers," he cried, then he marched on, unaware that the young minister had heard him.

Bobby was at home a few dreadful minutes before the other children came along and the minister came up the walk.

"Hello, Bobby," he said, in a cordial fashion. "You are the very chip I am after. I want to have a regular old-fashioned Fourth-of-morrow's lots of noise, you know."

"Yes, Bobby knew. And he knew all so that twenty-five cents worth of beautiful noise was now feeding the fishes in the mill stream."

"Will you go down with me to help select some things?" continued the minister.

Bobby could and would, although his heart was not in it.

But it was by the time they reached the store. By that time he had found out that the minister, who he had heretofore regarded as a walking dictionary and a born orator, had been as afflicted as he.

"Yes, Bobby," said the minister. "I was suddenly called on to tell my class at the seminary about a great service that I had attended, and I said, 'Then the bishop went up in the pulpit and began to pulp!'"

After Bobby had laughed at this he said, "How did you ever get over it?"

"By keeping at it, Bobby, and not minding being laughed at now and then," said the minister.

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MR. BUGG'S FRIGHT.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

At least, so the adage doth say; Mr. Bugg and his girl have a different view.

They say they can't see it that way. Mr. Bugg, he was sitting, one bright Summer day, On a coldstool, his sweetheart close by; When it happened by chance, at the sky they did glance.

And both of them uttered a cry.

A big bird of prey (a monstrous blue-jay). Was swooping right down toward the two. They were both filled with fright at the terrible sight. And didn't quite know what to do.

Bugg leaped from his perch—left his girl in the lurch. And hurried as fast as he could. Mr. Bird soon caught up on Bugg he did sup—

Next time I guess Bugg will be good.

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"Yes," assented the boy, "and we'll fill it in no time."

When the hat was nearly full Viola said, "We must hurry now. Let's see who can get over the wall first."

Viola, accustomed to climbing walls and fences, was quickly over, but Dickey, in his haste to be first, caught his foot in the wall and fell headlong upon the hat full of berries.

"There, now, see what you made me do!" he cried, crossly. "The hat will be all stained. What shall I do about it?"

"Well," replied Viola, "you'll have to throw the berries away. Then you go over to the spring and wash the stains off while I run on to Mrs. Squier's with the message."

The girl was quickly back, calling: "Here are the cookies, after all, two for each of us. I told Mrs. Squier how you tumbled over the wall and spoiled the berries we had for her."

"Now we will sit here and eat the cookies and rest a while. We'll make some cups out of these big basswood leaves and drink some of this spring water; it is as cold as ice water."

"What's that crawling about in the mud?" asked Dickey, as he bent to fill his cup.

"Why, it's a little mud turtle," answered Viola. "Let's catch him and put him into your hat, so we can see him better."

Into the hat went the muddy turtle, but as he refused to move about there the children soon tired of him, and put him back beside the water.

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"Please, my mother wants to buy a steak here," he said.

After living through the butcher's loud laughter, Bobby had thereafter begged and implored them not to send him to the shops.

But Bobby's birthday was at hand. And when a boy is six years old, and his birthday comes on the Fourth of July, it is time to stiffen up his backbone.

So Bobby himself said he would buy the fireworks—at least the firecrackers. The rest of the fireworks were coming out by father in the afternoon.

"That is right, Bobby," said mother, smiling encouragingly. "There is a new twenty-five cent piece for you to buy them with."

So Bobby, with a quaking heart, but outwardly calm, took his way to the village drug store, where they also kept groceries and fireworks.

This time Bobby walked in, but he stood a long time in front of the counter before any one paid the slightest attention to him.

Then a young man with a condescending manner looked at him languidly and said, "Well, sir, what do you want?"

Bobby's rehearsed speech flew to his mind. All the way down he had practiced saying:

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But now he uttered something of which the clerk only understood the word crackers. Nodding carelessly, he began to select what he thought—soda crackers!

And Bobby, with horror-stricken eyes, let him!

He took the bundle and rushed up the street as fast as he could fly. At the bridge he paused and looked at the water, in which he had often fished, then, with a bursting heart, he threw the bag as far as he could.

"There's a fourth of July dinner for the fish from that dinner that doesn't know enough to buy the right kind of crackers," he cried, then he marched on, unaware that the young minister had heard him.

Bobby was at home a few dreadful minutes before the other children came along and the minister came up the walk.

"Hello, Bobby," he said, in a cordial fashion. "You are the very chip I am after. I want to have a regular old-fashioned Fourth-of-morrow's lots of noise, you know."

"Yes, Bobby knew. And he knew all so that twenty-five cents worth of beautiful noise was now feeding the fishes in the mill stream."

"Will you go down with me to help select some things?" continued the minister.

Bobby could and would, although his heart was not in it.

But it was by the time they reached the store. By that time he had found out that the minister, who he had heretofore regarded as a walking dictionary and a born orator, had been as afflicted as he.

"Yes, Bobby," said the minister. "I was suddenly called on to tell my class at the seminary about a great service that I had attended, and I said, 'Then the bishop went up in the pulpit and began to pulp!'"

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"By keeping at it, Bobby, and not minding being laughed at now and then," said the minister.

Bobby, at his ease now and in fine spirits, entered the drug store again and the young man waited on them.

Bobby, with the air of an adept, selected a fine lot of the right kind of crackers with unlimited powers of banging.

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But it was by the time they reached the store. By that time he had found out that the minister, who he had heretofore regarded as a walking dictionary and a born orator, had been as afflicted as he.

"Yes, Bobby," said the minister. "I was suddenly called on to tell my class at the seminary about a great service that I had attended, and I said, 'Then the bishop went up in the pulpit and began to pulp!'"

After Bobby had laughed at this he said, "How did you ever get over it?"

"By keeping at it, Bobby, and not minding being laughed at now and then," said the minister.

Bobby, at his ease now and in fine spirits, entered the drug store again and the young man waited on them.

Bobby, with the air of an adept, selected a fine lot of the right kind of crackers with unlimited powers of banging.

BOBBY'S TROUBLE DATED FROM THE TIME, when he was a very little boy, that his mother sent him to the market for a beefsteak.

"Ask for it politely," she had said.

When he had arrived at the shop the day being chilly, the door was closed, so Bobby, mindful of his manners, had knocked and then waited until a red-faced man, wearing a white apron, had opened the door.

"Please, my mother wants to buy a steak here," he said.

After living through the butcher's loud laughter, Bobby had thereafter begged and implored them not to send him to the shops.

But Bobby's birthday was at hand. And when a boy is six years old, and his birthday comes on the Fourth of July, it is time to stiffen up his backbone.

So Bobby himself said he would buy the fireworks—at least the firecrackers. The rest of the fireworks were coming out by father in the afternoon.

"That is right, Bobby," said mother, smiling encouragingly. "There is a new twenty-five cent piece for you to buy them with."

So Bobby, with a quaking heart, but outwardly calm, took his way to the village drug store, where they also kept groceries and fireworks.

This time Bobby walked in, but he stood a long time in front of the counter before any one paid the slightest attention to him.

Then a young man with a condescending manner looked at him languidly and said, "Well, sir, what do you want?"

Bobby's rehearsed speech flew to his mind. All the way down he had practiced saying:

"Twenty-five cents worth of firecrackers, if you please."

But now he uttered something of which the clerk only understood the word crackers. Nodding carelessly, he began to select what he thought—soda crackers!

And Bobby, with horror-stricken eyes, let him!

He took the bundle and rushed up the street as fast as he could fly. At the bridge he paused and looked at the water, in which he had often fished, then, with a bursting heart, he threw the bag as far as he could.

"There's a fourth of July dinner for the fish from that dinner that doesn't know enough to buy the right kind of crackers," he cried, then he marched on, unaware that the young minister had heard him.

Bobby was at home a few dreadful minutes before the other children came along and the minister came up the walk.

"Hello, Bobby," he said, in a cordial fashion. "You are the very chip I am after. I want to have a regular old-fashioned Fourth-of-morrow's lots of noise, you know."

"Yes, Bobby knew. And he knew all so that twenty-five cents worth of beautiful noise was now feeding the fishes in the mill stream."

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