

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglebrook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

### HOW ROBERTA WAS CURED.

By Elizabeth L. Hove.

It wasn't measles that she had, or whooping-cough, but it was, if anything, harder to cure. She had been troubled with it for a long time, but it seemed to get worse instead of better. No, they hadn't called a doctor. You see, Roberta's trouble was one that medicine couldn't cure. But it wasn't so hopeless, after all, because Roberta herself could have cured it if she would only have taken the trouble. She resolved about it, over and over, but resolutions don't count for much all by themselves. There has to be a strong will to keep them from breaking, for they are as brittle as thin ice.

It was this way. When mother, who had no one else to run errands, sent Roberta to the store and told her to hurry, Roberta made a brand new resolution to obey. But she was sure to meet some one she knew that she just must stop to talk to, or else there was something new to be seen that made her entirely forget that mother was waiting for sugar to finish the pudding for dinner, and before she knew it there wouldn't be a tatter of her resolution left. Once she set a dozen eggs on the curbstone while the fire engine dashed up the street, and by the time she had found out where the fire was, and whether anybody was hurt, and why the hook and ladder went up one street and the hose cart another, she had quite forgotten everything else. So the family had to do without their favorite sponge cake for Sunday supper, and Roberta was quite sure she would never loiter again.

Mother had reasoned and scolded and punished in vain, but when the little girl left sick Freddie's gate-post while Mrs. Brown's front gate-post while she went with Tommy Brown to see about an injured cat in a vacant lot—left it there till Freddie cried himself into a fever waiting for it, mother felt that the time had come to take severe measures.

Up the street, in a great, lovely house, lived Mrs. Clinton. From her gate, where stone lions stood guard, stretched a long gravelled drive, up to the front porch which was always filled in summer with gay young ladies and gentlemen. Roberta loved to go there, and as mother and Mrs. Clinton were fast friends there was often a message to carry, and while she waited for an answer there was sure to be chocolates or peppermints to pass the time away, and pleasant words from the young people sitting about. Beside this, Patsey, the cook, was a great friend of Roberta's, and seldom failed to produce a bag of cookies or an apple turnover to be carried home for tea-parties.

But alas! there was always the same story to tell. Whatever time she was allowed to stay was forgotten, and often only approaching dusk reminded her.

One lovely afternoon, two days after the last resolution had been broken, mother called Roberta. "Put on your pink chamber, daughter," she said. "I want you to go to Mrs. Clinton's with a note, and she has special company to-day, so look your neatest. When you are ready come to me." Roberta danced away, anticipating all sorts of pleasure, even forgetting to resolve this time. When she was dressed mother said, "You mustn't stay at all to-day, Roberta, because you might be in the way. You know it is not polite for an uninvited guest to remain among invited ones. But, daughter—mother hates to say it,—you cannot be trusted to remember, so I must see that you carry a reminder with you. I shall pin

this on your back, and you are to wear it to Mrs. Clinton's, and home." And mother held up a square piece of white paper on which she had written in very plain black letters, "Please send Roberta home at once."

The little girl begged to be given one more trial, but mother was firm, so the piece of paper was securely pinned between the chubby pink shoulders, though mother kissed the pleading face with tears of pity in her eyes.

The merry crowd on the big front porch held no attractions for Roberta. The refreshments being passed about might have been ashes and chips for all she knew. Her whole mind was centred on getting mother's note into its owner's hands without letting anybody see the square white patch on her back. Mrs. Clinton was very kind—invited her to take a while, and pressed ice-cream and cake upon her, but to no avail.

Her errand done, the little girl backed steadily off the porch, down the steps, and, slowly but surely, the long gravelly drive, keeping her sturdy self between observing eyes and the dreadful patch.

It cursed her—it really did, for after that mother had but to suggest what Roberta called her "sign" to ensure prompt attention to errands of any kind. She is a woman now, with children of her own, but she has never forgotten that afternoon, or ceased to thank mother who loved her well enough to break her of a troublesome habit, even though the lesson was hard.

### CHINESE MONEY.

The Chinese probably illustrate in the most extreme manner the length to which loose views concerning currency can be carried. The history of their currency presents that mingling of the grotesque with the tragic which most of their actions have when viewed through Western eyes. Coined money was known among them as early as the eleventh century before Christ, but their inability to comprehend the principles upon which a currency should be based has led them into all sorts of extravaganzas, which have been attended by disorder, famine, and bloodshed. Coins came at last to be made so thin that 1,000 of them piled together were only three inches high; then gold and silver were abandoned; and copper, tin, shells, skins, stones, and paper, were given a fixed value, and used until, by abuse, all the advantages to be derived from the use of money were lost, and there was nothing left for the people to do but go back to barter, and this they did more than once. They cannot be said now to have a coinage; twenty-nine hundred years ago they made round coins with a square hole in the middle, and they have made no advance beyond that since. The well-known cash is a cast brass coin of that description, and although it is valued at about one mill and a half of our money, and has to be strung in lots of one thousand to be computed with any ease, it is the sole measure of value and legal tender of the country. Spanish, Mexican, and trade dollars, are employed in China; they pass because they are necessary for larger operations, and because faith in their standard value has become established; but they are current simply as stamped ingots, with their weight and fineness indicated.—Popular Science Monthly.

Infancy is beautiful only in its time. To remain an infant is a calamity.

It is better to grow straight than strong; better still to grow straight and strong.

### KAYAKING IN GREENLAND.

This dangerous craft is rapidly dying out in Greenland, and only the brighter and more ambitious boys acquire it. Practice must commence at a tender age and must be continued assiduously. Jens had a pride and a delight in the art, such as was unusual in his settlement. For those who have never seen a kayak I will imperfectly describe it as a shuttle-shaped boat, consisting of a wooden frame work, which is fastened together generally by sealskin thongs, and over which is stretched a covering of tanned seal-skin as neatly and tightly as is the sheep-skin of a drum-head. The skin covering is so well tanned, and is so deftly sewn together with the sinew thread by the Esquimaux women, that no drop of water finds its way through skin or seam. The use of the seal thong in uniting the stanchions gives great strength and equal elasticity, allowing with impunity great shocks which otherwise would destroy so frail a structure. The boat is usually some fifteen feet long, and from its central point gently curves upward—from a width of twenty and a depth of ten inches—to pointed ends. Both prow and stern are carefully armed with a thin moulding of walrus ivory, which is a protection to the skin covering when the hunter, spinning through the water, strikes small ice, or, when landing, so throws forward and upward his kayak that the boat and man slide easily and safely up the edge on to the level surface of the floe. The only opening is a circular hole with a bone or wooden ring, its size being strictly limited to the circumference of the hips of the largest hunter who is to use it.

A waterproof combination jacket and mitten of oil-tanned seal-skin is worn by the hunter, who tightly laces the bottom to the ring, so that no water can enter the kayak. Thus equipped, the Innuit hunter faces seas which would swamp any other craft, and plunges safely through the heaviest surf. A single oar, with a blade at each end, in skilful and trained hands propels this unballasted, unsteady craft with great rapidity, and it moves through the water at a rate varying from five to ten miles an hour, according to the character of the sea and the exigency of the occasion. The oar, properly handled, enables an expert to rise to the surface, if, as happens at times, the boat is overturned.

The kayak of the Esquimaux is probably unsurpassed in ingenuity by the boating devices of any other savage people of the globe. Its essential points of lightness, buoyancy and structural strength are marvellously well adapted to the varying and dangerous conditions under which an Esquimaux provider seeks his sea game. This tiny craft with all its hunting gear weighs scarcely fifty pounds, and will carry a load of some 200 pounds besides its occupant.

Your children are yourselves living crew. Their faults are largely inherited from you. Labor, therefore, to make up for defects toward them by love, and compensate both them and the world by aiding them in correcting their errors and rising victorious over their infirmities.

If we judge from history, of what is the book of glory composed? Are not its leaves dead men's skins—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps the pillage of nations? It is illuminated with tears and broken hearts.—Douglas Jerrold.