

# Alvy Fawkes' Adventures

"DON'T you know, Tommy, I think it's a shame, just because a fellow was brave enough to blow up a whole House of Parliament way back in November, 1605, that he should have to be burned in effigy every November since that time?"

Billy Berkely grinned as he replied: "You're more an admirer of Guy Fawkes than old Gruffy is, then. You

some fun tomorrow, and since it's November 5, we might as well burn a Guy Fawkes as anything. You can pretend it's an effigy of some person other than Guy Fawkes, if you want to, but you've got to help us rig out a dummy of some sort."

"Only wish we could burn Jack Croton. He's the cheekiest chap and the biggest bully we've got in Chesterville Academy, and he's getting worse every day," Tommy muttered.



THEY TOILED IN SECRECY

remember Gruffy called him a cowardly sneak. Anyway, he was careful enough to place a long fuse that led to the barrels of gunpowder stored in the cellar beneath the House; so you can't say that HE was in any particular danger."

"I don't care; Gruffy's said, too, that you should act from 'principle'—and you can't tell me that Guy Fawkes didn't act from HIS principle." Tommy Fowler kicked his heels defiantly against his desk, awaiting further comment from his chum.

Billy, however, refused to enter into an argument. "That's neither here nor there," said he; "we've got to have

Billy remained in deep thought for several minutes. Then he responded: "You're right, Tommy. And we've just got to take him down six or seven pegs. The way he fags those little chaps is shameful. What do you say to thinking up some sort of scheme to make him whistle tomorrow?"

Nothing was more agreeable to Tommy. Indeed, he was in his element when plotting mischief with Billy Berkely—and there hardly ever passed a day during which the results of these warlike conferences did not show themselves.

Jimmy Durkin was taken into the confidence of the two conspirators.

All that afternoon they toiled in secrecy, making a dummy that, when completed, was the exact counterpart of Gruffy Jenkins, the Latin master—more often known as "Old Gruffy."

The next evening, in a secluded corner of the playground, they built a good-sized bonfire. Then they bound the arms of the dummy together in the back, drew an old slouch hat down over the "face" and put the effigy in the midst of the material for the fire.

When this was done Tommy and Billy hid themselves behind neighboring trees, while Jimmy went in search of Jack Croton.

Jimmy approached Jack Croton when he found him, and whispered in his ear: "I say, Jack, those chaps, Tommy Fowler and Billy Berkely, have a Guy Fawkes all to themselves down in a corner of the playground. They've just gone away for a few minutes for something, and left it. It'd be great fun to go and fire it off, and burn the whole thing before they get back."

Jack Croton's small eyes twinkled maliciously. "Come along; we'll do it now. Besides, to think they'd enjoy it all by themselves! Would serve 'em right to lose their Guy."

The next instant found the bonfire in flames. Jack was standing by, laughing at his work, when Billy and Tommy rushed up, demanding fiercely:

"What have you done? Help us! Have you burned Gruffy?"

"Burned Gruffy?" stammered Jack. "Of course, didn't you understand? Billy and I have had a long grudge against him, so we tripped him up, and before he knew what was being done had him gagged and bound. Then, to frighten him, we sat him up amidst the bonfire, to make him believe we were going to burn him! Jack Croton, you're a murderer!" Tommy and Billy shrank back aghast.

"Monsieur" huskily gasped the bully; "seems to me that coat and hat did look familiar. But you know I didn't mean it! You know I didn't mean it, boys!"

Jimmy's voice shook, though not with terror, as he said: "Yes, but you've got to tell that to the doctor."

"Tell the doctor? Oh, I can't!" and the big fellow whimpered like one of the little chaps he had often treated so cruelly.

Then the three led the shrinking fellow up the steps of the doctor's house, and watched him disappear within the door. Jack Croton left the school a few days later! He couldn't stand the chaff that went round about the burning of Gruffy. And the last message he left was:

"Tell Tom Fowler and Bill Berkely that I'll be revenged on them if it takes a lifetime."

But the two had heard threats from bullies before, and had no other feeling but joy that the enemy of nearly every one in the academy had at last departed.

## SUNRISE.

Upon the sadness of the sea  
The sunset lingers regretfully;  
From the far, lonely spaces slow  
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies,  
So darken all the happy skies,  
So, gathers twilight, cold and stern;  
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the East another day  
Shall chase the bitter dawn away.  
What though our eyes with tears be wet?  
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore  
Our light and hope and joy once more;  
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget  
That sunrise never failed us yet.

## Saves Them All.

The watchman excitedly dashed into the room of the principal of the academy. "Sir," said he, "the boys' dormitory is on fire, and if I tell 'em they'll all want to stop for their football togs and other truck and maybe be burned alive. What shall I do?"

The principal answered calmly: "Notify them that whoever isn't downstairs in three minutes will be deprived of his bed."

## Violets of Love

WHEN the good princess fell ill there was grief throughout the country. But, although the sorrow of many was genuine, there were those, of course, who cared nothing for the princess except for the favors and honors she could grant. So it was that many courtiers sent great bouquets of flowers to the princess' room, but always attached their cards, whereon were inscribed their names in big letters.

Yet there was one exception. The princess noticed that every day there lay on the table, amid the other grand bouquets, a modest little bunch of violets. There was never a card.

Day after day the violets came, until the princess began to disregard the other fine flowers and to look eagerly for the violets alone. "Here," thought she, "is some one who is sending a little gift, not in the hope of obtaining reward, but just for love of me."

At last the princess regained her health. Perhaps the fresh, dainty violets helped in some measure. In any event, the princess always felt cheerful whenever she raised them tenderly in her hand and sniffed their fragrance.

And the very first day she was free to make inquiry, she commanded that the person who each day had left the little bouquet of violets should be brought before her. Shortly after-



ALWAYS FELT MORE CHEERFUL

ward there was led before her a poor little girl, who timidly hung her head and was afraid to look at the princess. "You know, you helped my mother when she was sick a year ago, your majesty, so I wanted to send you a little remembrance when you were ill, though I wished I could have done more."

Gently drawing the little girl to her, the princess kissed the upturned face. "My dear," said she, "I appreciate your little love token more than any other gift that came to me. Yours came from the heart."

Nor was this the end of the little girl's good fortune. For the princess made her one of her own maids, and gave her every advantage to become a grand lady.

## Real Milk.

Willie paid his first visit to his uncle's farm. Shortly after he arrived he was given a glass of milk.

"Fine, uncle, fine!" was the enthusiastic response; "I only wish our milkman kept a cow."

Willie—"I say, father, what is the difference between 'well' and 'good'?"

Father—"I have noticed, my son, that about the only time when you are good is when you are not well."

## DIABOLO on Roller Skates



This picture shows the most recent evolution of diablo, the game which has been the rage in Europe, and is now invading America. Most people find diablo difficult enough as generally played. But in a recent tournament at the Crystal Palace, in London, two French contestants performed some amazing feats on roller skates. The child's performances were particularly sensational, as he showed as much proficiency as a grown person.

## BEAUTIFUL NIHILIST'S SUICIDE.

Girl Whose Passion Was to Take Human Life.

An astounding discovery has been made in connection with the young Russian pianist, Catherine Mill, who committed suicide in Paris recently.

Catherine Mill was not her real name. It was Rachel Louritz, and she belonged to an extremely wealthy Moscow family. She was a very beautiful girl only twenty-three years of age, and received \$50 a month from her family.

Of this she only used \$25 a month for her personal expenses, living with the utmost frugality. She distributed the rest of her money among the Russian students and nihilists in Paris. This beautiful young Russian was an ardent Terrorist.

She wrote a number of letters in the course of the last few weeks, begging the Terrorist Committee, of which she was a member, to give her some mission of peril. The committee refused, and ordered her to remain quietly in Paris until further orders.

The day before she committed suicide Rachel Louritz distributed all her money down to the last penny, lay down on her bed, and then shot herself through the head.

She left a letter for the friend who has given the above information, in which she says that she is taking her life because the Terrorists will not let her make use of it to destroy others.

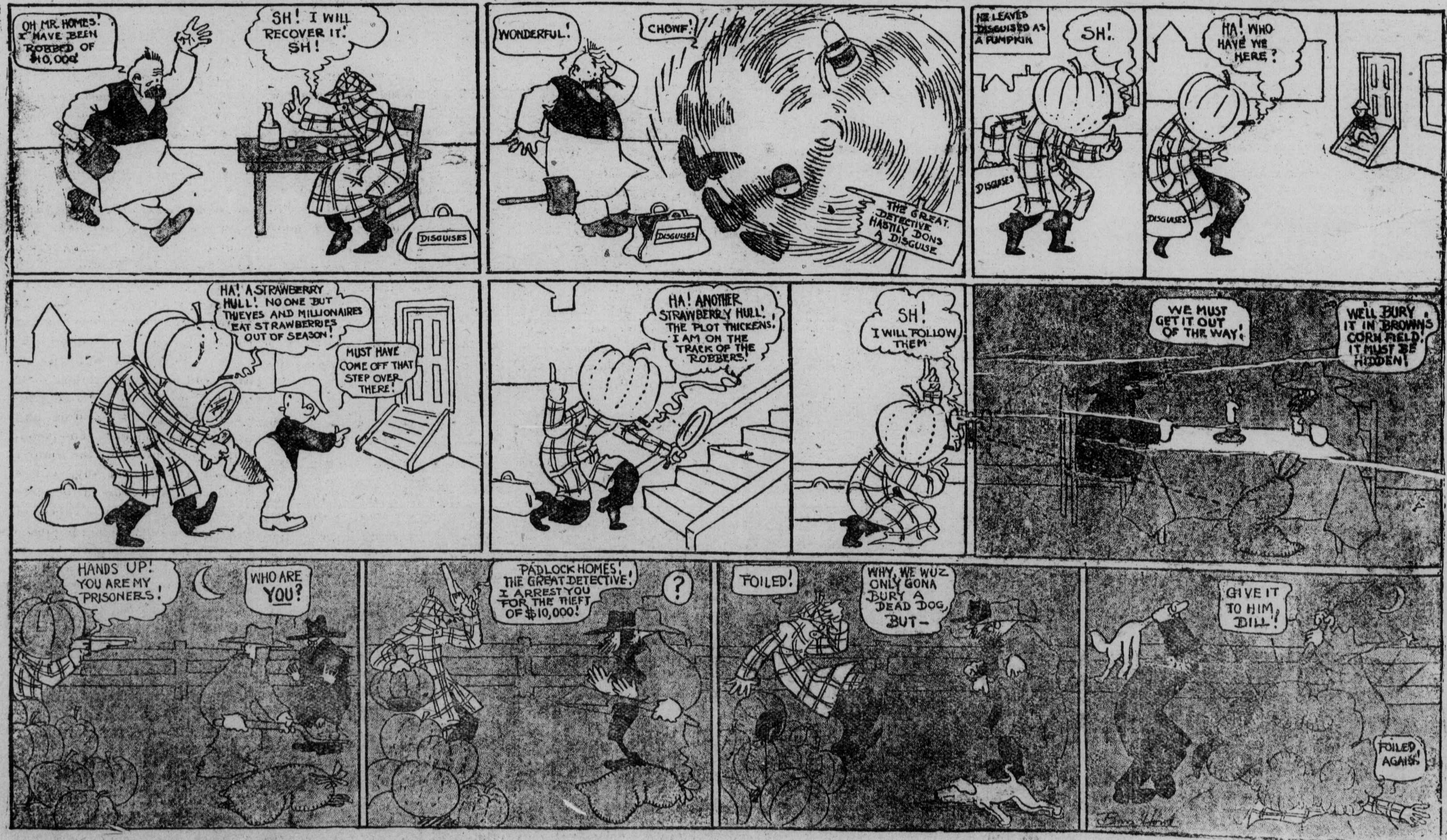
## HARD TIMES FOR DOCTORS.

British Medical Journal Makes Dismal Prophecy.

Dealing with the prospects of the medical profession, the "British Medical Journal" says it would be well if the students at our medical schools could realize that in a few years' time they will be practically no capital available, will be seeking in vain for an opportunity of earning a livelihood. The medical profession, the "British Medical Journal" says it would be well if the students at our medical schools could realize that in a few years' time they will be practically no capital available, will be seeking in vain for an opportunity of earning a livelihood.

Diamonds are going up—also the chins of their feminine wearers.

## PADLOCK HOLMES; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN DUCATS



"OH MR. HOLMES, I HAVE BEEN ROBBED OF \$10,000!"

"SH! I WILL RECOVER IT, SH!"

"WONDERFUL!"

"CHOW!"

"HE LEAVES BEHIND AS A RUMPKIN!"

"SH!"

"HA! A STRAWBERRY HULL! NO ONE BUT THIEVES AND MILLIONAIRES EAT STRAWBERRIES OUT OF SEASON!"

"MUST HAVE COME OFF THAT STEP OVER THERE!"

"HA! ANOTHER STRAWBERRY HULL! THE PLOT THICKENS. I AM ON THE TRAIL OF THE ROBBERS!"

"SH! I WILL FOLLOW THEM!"

"WE MUST GET IT OUT OF THE WAY!"

"WE'LL BURY IT IN BROWN'S CORN FIELD. IT MUST BE HIDDEN!"

"HANDS UP! YOU ARE MY PRISONERS!"

"WHO ARE YOU?"

"PADLOCK HOLMES, THE GREAT DETECTIVE! I'VE TRACKED YOU FOR THE THEFT OF \$10,000!"

"FOILED!"

"WHY, WE WUZ ONLY GONA BURY A DEAD DOG, BUT—"

"GIVE IT TO HIM, DILL!"

"FOILED AGAIN!"

AM...  
Lotion...  
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often...  
of the...  
rosewater...  
Mix and...  
nose as of...  
Bantons...  
properly fit...  
and stocking...  
feet, so as...  
the toes...  
morning...  
ture of on...  
turpentine...  
part) until...  
Dust betw...  
powder and...  
tween toes...  
moisture...  
Apply the...  
scalp ever...  
Resorcin...  
tharides, o...  
drops of ol...  
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D. M.—Th...  
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ounce; amm...  
Mix all in...  
ply to the...  
be clean...  
The dye...  
there is an...  
the scalp...  
The best...  
apply it to...  
small brush...  
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Perfume...  
Apply eve...  
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ELSTIE.—...  
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