

A Boy Who Wasn't Afraid



HE CONSENTED TO GUIDE THE FOE

ONLY a boy was he, yet not even his father, the powerful Norse chieftain, possessed a stouter courage. He longed for the time when he should be grown to a warrior's strength, and could go forth to do mighty deeds in battle. But the years passed so slowly!

Upon this last occasion of his father's hand leaving, to war with a neighboring tribe, the boy's disappointment was keener than ever before. The opportunity he was waiting for came sooner than he expected.

A little while had the warriors departed, when the foe burst into the village. "Where had the tribesmen gone?" they asked. But the women merely shook their heads, and the gray-bearded old men blinked without understanding in the faces of their questioners.

"Lead us to your tribe's encampment!" fiercely commanded the chief, as he seized the son of the chieftain. Now the lad's first impulse was indignantly to refuse. But he had a moment's thought, he seemed to give reluctant consent. Impatiently, then, he was hidden to advance.

Nightfall had arrived; therefore, the chief kept near his guide in order that the lad might not escape. This, however, the boy showed no intention of doing. On and on he walked, rapidly and without weariness, until the warriors murmured: "How far have we to go?"

"Not far," always replied the boy. And the night grew blacker and blacker. Soon the eye could not penetrate into the darkness.

Suddenly without an instant's warning, the warriors found themselves hurtling through the air. A

giant precipice it was, so that the little hero met his death as well as the enemy he had purposely guided over the cliff to their doom.

How Pussy Was Saved

THE last time Marjory visited grandma and grandpa, she found a pretty little kitten. Marjory came very near to never owning such a cunning pussycat.

You see, just about the same time that the little girl ran to the barn to call upon her old chum, Major, the hunter was searching in the loft above for the kittens that Tabbey had hidden there in a nest of hay. Mike took away the brothers and sisters of the kitten that Marjory was to own, and when Marjory asked him later what he did with them he grew red, and couldn't find a VERY satisfactory answer. So the lass was sure he must have treated them AWFULLY, somehow.

But Marjory's kitten escaped. He HAD to, you know, else he wouldn't have had Marjory for a mistress.

And where do you imagine Marjory found her kitten? You probably wouldn't guess right in ten chances—nor twenty. Because the tiny kitten was sprawling right on Major's back.

Major, of course, is the horse that Marjory likes best of all. The kitten had fallen through the planks of the loft, and had dropped on the big, round back of Major, who didn't seem to notice the tiny furry thing at all.

"If you wish to shoot lions, you should permit me to help you with my latest hunting device," declared Sammy.

"Go ahead, then," replied the man, grudgingly.

Whereupon Sammy rigged up a number of little balloons, to each of which he attached a large piece of raw meat. These he set flying after he had instructed the hunter to secrete himself behind a great boulder lying upon the edge of the desert.

Soon the sportsman was offered a dozen targets, as the lions rushed about the desert, trying to seize the pieces of meat, which dangled just beyond their reach while the balloons floated about in the air.

And he was convinced that Sammy was truly an inventor and a genius, too.



Sammy in Africa

HE had visited his friend, the showman, long enough, thought Sammy. But he had grown so fond of the animals, which, you remember he had trained so cleverly, that he decided to go where he would still be brought into contact with beasts and birds.

It so happened that a party of the lad's friends were starting on a voyage to Africa.

"That's the place for me!" cried Sammy.

During the trip the boy amused his friends by telling of his many ingenious inventions and how, while all were careful, none of them had been adopted. Now, some of the folk went so far as to say that Sammy couldn't invent anything.

The boy resolved to prove to them that he really could. Therefore, when the party landed, he attached himself to a man who was going to hunt lions.

Playtime With Royal Children

IT IS the rule with most royal parents of today that their children shall be brought up in a simple, unspoiled manner, and few indulgences are allowed to interfere with their studies. The consequence is that holidays are as keenly anticipated by prince and princess as they are by the average child. Probably no youngsters, for instance, enjoy the summer vacation more than the children of the prince and princess of Wales, who often stay at Frogmore. Here, in the thirty acres of grounds which surround the royal residence, mickling—a favorite form of amusement with them—and for cycle rides and walks.

They also have their ponies, as well as a perfectly equipped boat on the lake, in which the two elder boys—Prince Edward and Prince Albert—often take their mother for a sail. The great ambition of these two boys is to possess a motor car, a wish which, needless to say, has not yet been granted. To lessen their disappointment, however, the prince of Wales has provided for them

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Sir John Tenniel, the famous Punch cartoonist, has entered his 90th year, and is quite blind.

The British cruiser Pelorus, 2,135 tons, is undertaking a voyage up the Amazon river, 2,500 miles.

During the past year no less than \$23,714,680 has been contributed to 707 charitable institutions in London.

A detachment of the Second Yorkshire Regiment, numbering 200, from South Africa, has arrived at Scarborough.

King Edward has issued a royal order forbidding the opening of theatres, music halls and opera houses on Sunday.

A strong movement is on foot in England to compel parents to keep boys in school until they are seventeen.

The slipper trade in the Rossendale valley has experienced a lengthy depression, but several mills have now received large orders.

A shot in Hexhamshire district, a female heron was found to have in its gullet a full-grown weasel, apparently only a few hours dead.

A little Worcester vase, painted with exotic birds and branches on a dark blue scale-pattern ground, was sold in London for \$1,250.

Thomas Baines, aged 75, has just died at Tanworth Workhouse, after being an inmate for 63 years. He cost the ratepayers \$3,300.

In South Hampshire some excitement was caused on a recent night by the appearance of a meteor, said to be as big to the eye as a football.

Sir Edward Payson Willis has given the Bishop of Bristol a cheque for \$75,000 to clear off the debt on the Bishop's Palace, erected eight years ago.

Joseph O'Connor was executed in Durham prison for the murder of a young woman named Mary Donnelly at West Stanley in December last.

The reward of the cabman who takes to Scotland Yard "things left behind" is fixed at half a crown in the pound on the value of the article.

Lord Lovat sailed for South Africa recently on a visit of inspection to the Government agricultural settlements as well as to his own property in those parts.

To wipe out a debt of \$270, a defendant at an English Court was ordered to pay \$1.20 a month—so that the instalments will be spread over eighteen years.

The Tipton (Staffs.) police report the death of Richard Langford, aged one year, who, while playing in the house, swallowed a marble and was choked.

The First Battalion, King's Royal Rifles, which has just returned to England after 19 years' absence on foreign service, is to form part of the Portsmouth garrison.

By the opening of the new Cheshire railway between Wilmslow and Levenshulme a quicker route is provided for expresses between London and Manchester.

The keel plate of the cruiser Indefatigable to be launched in October, was laid at Devonport recently. She will be the largest cruiser afloat, her length being 570 feet.

Sir James Dewar, who was presented by the Prince of Wales with the Albert medal of the Royal Society, is known pre-eminently in connection with the liquefaction of gases.

Examination of the records of 8,000 cancer cases of which the Middlesex Hospital, London, has notes have shown that there is no evidence that the disease is inherited.

HUNTING BY TELEPHONE.

Sportsmen Called When Geese are Sighted on Prairies.

The rural telephone plays an important part in bird shooting in the prairie provinces of Canada. There is an abundance of geese, ducks and prairie chickens in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta and the shooting is good clear up to the limits of the cities.

Let a flock of geese be sighted on its way south from the breeding grounds on the shores of Hudson Bay or up the Yukon or on its return north in the spring, and the telephone is brought into play to summon sportsmen for twenty miles around. The birds make overnight stops wherever they find water and the gunners spend most of the night in preparation.

The dig holes deep enough to conceal a man and set decoys about thirty yards away. Experienced hunters will wait until the flock is past from behind. It has been shown that shot is more effective this way than when the attack is made from the front.

The windier the day the better, for then the geese fly low. Most geese are shot when flying less than forty yards from the ground.

Victoire's Cleverness Makes Her Lose a Train



AT FIRST Victoire's mother was doubtful as to whether she would permit the little girl to journey on the train all by herself. But Victoire had traveled so often to her aunt's home with mamma that she was sure she could easily find the way. So at last the desired permission was granted, and the little girl made hurried preparations for the trip.

"Mamma," said Victoire, with a merry laugh, as she parted from her mother, "I have a scheme by which I think I can have a compartment all to myself during the whole trip."

Her mother asked, "What is it, dear?"

But Victoire wouldn't tell just then. "I'll let you know how it works when I come back," said she.

This little girl lived in France, you know, where the railway carriages are divided into small compartments. Very few people traveled on the train which Victoire had to take; therefore, each person tried to have a compartment to himself or herself. Victoire had no trouble in finding an empty compartment at the outset of her journey.

She waved her handkerchief in a last good-bye to mamma. Then she settled

back to enjoy the scenery. Hours passed so quickly in this delightful occupation that she could hardly believe it was lunch time when the train paused at a station and the guard shouted that time was allowed for lunch.

Victoire speedily drew from her basket a little rubber manikin. She blew through a tube with all her might. Bigger and bigger the manikin swelled, until it was as large as a real man. The little girl tied the end of the tube securely and then set the "man" by the window.

"Now," she said, triumphantly, "if any passenger wishes to board the train here, he won't very likely take my carriage, because it's already occupied."

Afterward, she took her purse and where she ate with hearty appetite.

The whistle blew; the guards shouted warningly. Out rushed Victoire to find her compartment. That would be a simple matter, inasmuch as the "rubber" man was sitting alongside the window. The length of the train she ran. Strange to say, her eyes had not met the man of rubber. "I

must have missed him," murmured Victoire anxiously to herself. But another inspection again failed to reveal the image. By this time the train was under way. With a preliminary start, the engine puffed out of the station, leaving a bewildered little girl behind.

It appeared that an elderly, short-sighted gentleman, having found some one in every compartment, had entered that in which Victoire had placed her rubber "man." And a little terror, which accompanied him, had gnawed off the end of the rubber tube, through which the air escaped, leaving the rubber "man" a tiny bit of a fellow—a transformation that astonished the elderly gentleman very much. Of course, the image was now too small to be seen from outside.

So Victoire, by her own cleverness, lost her train and the basket of presents she was taking to her aunt, as well as causing worry to the aunt, who had expected the little girl by an earlier train. Victoire had little to say about her experiment when she returned home.



TICKS FROM YOUR WATCH.

The average watch is composed of ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than two thousand distinct and separate operations. Hairspring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of this wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. The value

of springs, when finished and placed in watches, is enormous, in proportion to the material from which they are made. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight in gold.

The Thames steamboats, while lying idle, are said to cost the ratepayers \$600 a week.

Going to Stop It.

A good man, seeing a lazy boy standing idly at the street corner, approached him, and said:

"Don't you know, my boy, that it is positively sinful to stand about wasting your time in this manner?"

The lad replied: "Yes, I know it is, sir, and I'm going to stop it just as soon as I find a comfortable place to sit down."

Forgot the Gift.

Teacher—What are you crying for?

Bobby—You found me here for the present, but you have forgotten to give me the present.

Lullabye for Broken Dolly



Sleep, little Dolly and close tight your eye.—
You only have one eye to close, dear;—
Perhaps you will dream, in Doll's Sleepy Land,
You've found your lost eye— for who knows, dear!

Sleep, little Dolly, and sail straight away
To Doll's Sleepy Land; just suppose, dear,
You dream that you've found your wig and your arms
And even your fingers and toes, dear!

How a Page became Rich: Fairy Tale

"SURELY we shall die, unless we have more to eat," moaned the queen and princess.

You see, the king was so miserly that, as he sat before a large chest, counting the bags wherein lay heaps of gleaming coins, the page stole up from behind and threw a cloak over the king's head. The king, of course, was helpless, and the bags soon bound him tight as cord he had made ready. Then, removing the bags from the chest, he placed the king inside and closed the lid.

The king stored his riches. An immense door, with heavy iron bars, closed the entrance. But near the door was a little window cut in the stone—too small so the king had imagined, for any one who had become so thin by reason of the little he had to eat that he managed to crawl through without much trouble.

That evening the king came to visit his gold, as was his usual custom. Now, as he sat before a large chest, counting the bags wherein lay heaps of gleaming coins, the page stole up from behind and threw a cloak over the king's head. The king, of course, was helpless, and the bags soon bound him tight as cord he had made ready. Then, removing the bags from the chest, he placed the king inside and closed the lid.

A cry from outside the door brought several robbers who were always lurking in the forest nearby. Imagining that the chest was part of the treasure which the lad wished to share with them, they carried it away in great glee.

When the robbers discovered that the chest really held the king, they were afraid to let him go, lest their lives be forfeited. So they sold the king into slavery, and the miserly ruler finally became a merchant among the Moors.

In the meantime, the page had sped to the queen with the news that all the king's treasure was now at her disposal. Her majesty's first act was to reward the page with a fortune in gold. Afterward, she distributed much of the wealth among her subjects, bringing prosperity to the land.

