

Rover Plays Golf

"HERE! I do believe that's almost as well as daddy could have done!" exclaimed little Matilda, in satisfaction, as she watched the golf ball skim far away in the distance. Truly, it was a strong and a clever drive.

Matilda was glad she had brought Rover along to watch her practice, for now the good dog sped swiftly after the ball. Soon he had brought it back to her in his mouth, and, to the little girl's intense delight, laid it carefully on the tiny mound, or tee.

"I do think you're the very smartest dog in the world, Rover!" cried she, clapping her hands, joyously.

For a time Matilda swung on the ball and followed her strokes through in a scientific manner. She began to feel so



MATILDA

well pleased with her performance—as well she might be—that she decided to follow the course.

Now came trouble. You see, Rover imagined that he must bring back the ball every time his mistress sent it flying from the tee. So that when she made approach to the first hole, after the ball he dashed.

When this first happened Matilda laughed and shook her finger warningly, as she said:

"I ought to have told you, Rover, that I don't want you to caddy now. All you have to do is to watch me. Understand?"

But Rover didn't understand, for at every stroke he darted after the ball and returned it to the little golfer. In vain Matilda coaxed and pleaded. At last she began to think that, after all, perhaps, Rover wasn't the very smartest doggie in the world.

She went home and told daddy all about Rover. Daddy was ever so much amused. "But you mustn't be discouraged," said he finally. "Rover has already made so much progress that I feel sure it won't be long before he will be a model caddy."

Another Season.

Teacher—There are four seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter. Now, can any boy tell me what season this is?

Bright Boy—Football season, teacher.

Big Chief Howling Wolf



CHAPTER II. PLAYING INDIAN.

"SINCE we are now going to be real savages," said Uncle Hubert, "we must certainly have Indian names. What shall we call you, Ronald?"

"Well," said Ronald, reflectively, "I think 'Howling Wolf' is a lively sort of name, and I s'pose it'll do as well as any."

"The wolf may be lively, but its howl is the most dismal sound one could possibly hear," Uncle Hubert returned, laughing.

"And what is the name of Big Chief Howling Wolf's sister?" continued he.

Florence quickly replied, "Spotted Fawn! is going to be my name, because that little deer in the New York Zoo is the prettiest thing you ever saw."

"Wise Coyote, is mine!" cried Cousin Douglas.

"I see, Chief Wise Coyote, that my tale of the clever coyote was an impressive one," Uncle Hubert added, merrily.

"Do let us hear it!" Ronald and Florence chimed in together.

Uncle Hubert lit his pipe and settled himself in a comfortable chair, while the others drew up close about him.

"In the first place," began Uncle Hubert, "the Coyote, or Prairie Wolf, was despised of men and beast. He lived among the Cahroc Indians, far west of the Rocky mountains. But there was one quality he was noted for, and that was his cunning. So it happened that when the Cahrocs decided to make a last desperate attempt to steal the fire from the two hags who guarded it, and who lived near the mouth of the Kilmath river, they appealed to the Coyote. The

Cahrocs, you must know, had long wished for fire, but they did not know how to make it, nor would the two hags give them of the supply.

"Coyote was not disposed to agree to undertake the mission. Thereupon, as the wily fellow had foreseen, the Indians presented him with dog's meat, bear's kidney and buffalo steaks, which usually the Cahrocs gave only to honored guests. When he had eaten this splendid meal, he curled himself up snugly, put his nose under his paws, whisked his tail about to keep his feet warm and went comfortably to sleep. Around him waited the Cahrocs patiently.

"Now, when the Coyote awoke he was in such good humor that he readily undertook to obtain fire from the hags, especially since the Indians had promised him the very best of food during the rest of his life.

"At once the Coyote went among the animals and enlisted them in his cause. He bullied the smaller animals into promising him to obey his commands, and the bigger animals were so sorry for the poor, miserable Coyote that out of kindness they offered to aid him.

"Then the Coyote placed a frog nearest the camp of the Cahrocs, and a squirrel, a bat, a bear and a cougar, at regular intervals along the road which led toward the cottage where dwelt the two hags.

"When all were posted, the Coyote presented himself at the door of the hags' cottage. He looked so miser-

able that they invited him to come in and lie down by the fire. This was just what the cunning fellow desired. He stretched himself for a while before the glowing fire. Then, all of a sudden, he seized a brand in his mouth and dashed out the door.

"The hags, taken by surprise, were some time in beginning pursuit. Then they ran swiftly after him. Just as they were hearing him, the Coyote threw the brand to the cougar, who flew down the road with the swiftness of the wind. And when the hags gained greatly upon him, the cougar passed the blazing brand to the bear.

"By the time the brand reached the squirrel it was burnt almost to the end, but the brave little chap hopped on, although the fire singed his tail, so that it is curled up his back to this day. He had only time to throw the piece of burning stick to the frog when the hags seized him. But the frog grabbed the tiny splinter, and swimming with his head above water crossed the river in a jiffy. As the hags couldn't swim, they were completely outwitted, and the Indians on the other side of the water received their precious little flame in time for use.

"During several years the Coyote received the food promised him by the Indians for rendering this great service, but not content with being feasted every day, he was caught trying to steal other supplies from the Indians, and was promptly told that he must shift for himself thereafter.

"Now, if Chief Howling Wolf, Chief Wise Coyote and the pretty little Indian maiden, Spotted Fawn, are ready to retire to their wigwams for sleeping purposes, I think that Medicine Man Hubert will go also."

The little audience applauded Uncle Hubert enthusiastically as he concluded his story, and trooped off to bed.

But on the morrow their heads were still so full of "Indians" that they resolved to play "savage" all that day. Douglas already possessed a costume. His mother quickly manufactured one for each of the other "Indians."

Uncle Hubert's cottage was situated in a delightful place. Standing not far from Halifax, it fronted immediately upon the ocean, and had at its back a splendid woods. The two braves and the merry little maiden first of all ran down to the ocean, where the chiefs saluted in the dignified style employed only by chiefs. Then back they sped to the woods.

Here Douglas put up his tent. He explained, as he placed the ridge poles in position, that three of the poles, each ten feet long, were first lashed

together at the top, and that the other ten poles were placed against them to form a cone, the whole being firmly tied with rope. The cover was made of unbleached muslin, nineteen feet at the bottom circumference, and when placed erect, measuring seven feet from the bottom to the rim of the hole at top, which was exactly one and one-half feet in diameter.

As Spotted Fawn also wished a tent, Uncle Hubert built a "lean-to" for her, using an old piece of sailcloth. Howling Wolf surprised them all by erecting around an elm an imposing looking structure of tree branches and straw. At the top he left an opening for a rope ladder, which was fastened to a limb overhead. So, when the entrance was all closed, he could climb up into the tree.

"Why not be sociable?" he cried, after he had completed his wonderful tent. The others immediately accepted the invitation to inspect his Indian dwelling and the funny-looking sentinel he had stuck outside, and they were of one mind in pronouncing it a "beauty."

Toward the close of the day they borrowed a pot from the cook and suspended it from poles over a fire. And they both feasted—at least Spotted Fawn did—and had a splendid time, so that the approach of evening found them unwilling to leave their fascinating Indian camp and go back to the house like common, civilized people.

But they forgot all about their camp in the woods nearby when Uncle Hubert said mysteriously:

"I know of two persons, not far from here, who are going to live like savages in real earnest."

Douglas and Florence teased him for an explanation. He closed his lips tight, however, and would only shake his head. Ronald thought he partly understood what his uncle meant.

Thrilling Adventures of a Boy Soldier

"COLONEL REBAUT," said the marshal to his boy officer, "the wound which Colonel Mathilde received in our last engagement has rendered him dangerously ill. I intend to relieve him for a while and place you in command of his regiment. We have hard work cut out for us, and I want the lancers to be under most competent leadership."

The young officer, slightly bowed at this compliment, saluted, and made his way to his new command.

There was indeed strenuous work ahead. Having accompanied the emperor in his fight as far as Conflans, the brigade of lancers and dragoons, on the 10th of August, found themselves confronted by a large force of the enemy, stretching in a semicircle

The regiment of French lancers swept upon the Nineteenth Prussian dragoons like a hurricane. Over the first ranks they rode into the mass of men behind. The French dragoons closely followed in the charge. Soon French and Prussians were mixed in horrible confusion—husars, lancers, dragoons, cuirassiers struggling in a mass, and the French lancers, commanded by Rebaut, had changed their uniform but a short time previously. Their white parade uniform had been replaced by "schapskas" and waistcoat of sky blue, a dress which much resembled that worn by some of the Prussian cavalry regiments. And some of the French dragoons, following up the attack of the lancers, mistook the lancers for foes.



"PASSED HIS SWORD THROUGH RICHTER'S BODY"

around Mars la Tour, Vionville and Metzerville.

When, early in the afternoon it became evident that the Fifth division of the German cavalry was in battle near Mars la Tour, the French lancers and dragoons at once advanced from Bruville to the support of their unknown friends.

As they approached the wood which concealed the engaged forces the fighting ceased.

"I wonder which party we shall meet first. If it is the French, we shall embrace them; if it is the Prussians, we shall charge them," said Colonel Rebaut, ignorant of the outcome of the fight just over.

Rebaut's regiment had taken position at the extreme right of the division, when suddenly they came upon the German cavalry.

Instantly Rebaut sounded the advance. "Gallop! Charge!" rang out the bugle.

Thus it was that a young officer of the Third Dragoons passed his sword through the body of Sub-Lieutenant Richter, of the lancers. The soldier reeled, mortally wounded, in his saddle, but before he lost consciousness and fell to the ground, gasped to his adversary: "I am a Frenchman!"

When the dragoon discovered by these words that he had killed a countryman, he was filled with remorse. In despair, with his helmet lost and his sword still red with the blood of Richter, he came before Colonel Rebaut.

"Colonel Rebaut I have killed a sub-lieutenant of your regiment!"

Rebaut looked earnestly at the young dragoon, perceived his sorrow, and as he turned away, simply remarked bitterly: "You do your work well!"

This act of mercy gained for the boy officer, Francois de Rebaut, the life-long friendship of the dragoon he spared.

Many a woman acquires her reputation for beauty at a drug store.

What's the matter with putting up an umbrella for a rainy day?

HUNTERS THREE



ON the nursery wall, with colors gay,
Three little hunters in gorgeous array
Were painted for Littleboy;
Dapper and neat in their hunting suits,
With crops in hand and with hunting boots,
They smiled on Littleboy.

One day he looked in great surprise—
Did Littleboy—and he rubbed his eyes,

For a hunter had actually winked!
"We're going, my lad, to the hunt this night;
Be sure not to miss such a thrilling sight,"
Said the hunter who merrily winked.

True to the word of the one with the wink,
The hunters DID drop from the wall, and slink
Out the window at dark;
And as Littleboy gazed, away they flew

On wee, paint-' horses dappled with blue,
And were lost in the park.
The bugles sounded, the hounds gave tongue,
And to Reynard's trail the hunters clung
As he sped quick away;
Yet at morn, when Littleboy looked at the wall,
It appeared the hunters had moved not at all—
They seemed painted to stay!

Cured by a Donkey

A CERTAIN man, who lived in a town of Italy was dangerously ill. As time wore on and the many celebrated physicians who were called in failed to cure him, the man became greatly discouraged.

"I shall die, I am sure of it," said he, constantly moaning, ever thinking about his misfortune.

One day the physician in attendance halted his splendidly groomed mule in the courtyard, stiffly dismounted, and with great dignity made his way slowly upstairs to where the invalid lay. A famous doctor was he—one of the most noted in the land. And he had the greatest of confidence in his own wisdom.

Perhaps association with such a master had given the mule confidence, also a will of his own. Becoming weary of standing in the warm sun, the animal calmly walked through the doorway and made his way up the flight of steps. Following the course taken by his master, he finally gained entrance to the door of the sick man. Right into the room he walked, up to the bed of the man, and there, standing beside the physician, he assumed such a wise look as could not have been surpassed by the doctor himself.

One moment the astonished patient gazed. Then, overcome with the humor of the situation, he burst into a loud

laugh. In fact, so great was his merriment that he roared. At last, having ceased because of sheer exhaustion, he gasped to the indignant physician: "Most learned doctor, the donkey is a much better physician than thou, for he has done in one visit what thou hast been unable to accomplish in three months. He has restored my spirits so that already I feel much better."

Indeed, such good effect had the donkey's call upon the ill man that he speedily recovered from his grave sickness. But as he paid the unusually large fee demanded by the physician, the man noted to himself that it was the donkey, not the master, who deserved the money.

A Baby Soldier

THE picture shows you Prince Arthur of Connaught, one of the princes of the blood of England, dressed in his first suit of regimentals. A number of years have passed since Prince Arthur first donned this uniform, and now he is a young man.

It is an interesting story as to how Arthur escaped being ruler of the duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. When Prince Alfred, ruler of the duchy, died, there were elected Prince Arthur, the duke of Albany and a young relative. The story of what happened is told in this young relative's own words:

"Connaught met Albany, who was a jolly, decent chap, and much more popular than Connaught, and said to him:



IN HIS FIRST REGIMENTALS

"Look here, you have heard, I suppose, that they want me to go off to Germany and be duke of Coburg?"

"Yes," said Albany.

"Well," continued his cousin, "I am going into the British army, and I am not going to learn German. So that's all about it. You can go and be duke of Coburg. It will just suit you."

"But," said Albany, "I do not want to go to Germany, and I do not want to leave Eton."

"Look here, young chap," said Connaught, who is a year or two older, "you've got to be duke of Coburg and it is so use talking rot. Next Sunday you're going up to Windsor to lunch with grandmamma (Queen Victoria), and mind you tell her it's all right and that you agree. If you don't, look out for squalls, and take care I don't kick you jolly well all round the schoolyard."

"So, of course, Albany had to give in, because he is supposed to be a rather delicate chap, and Connaught could easily have kicked him if he had wanted to."

The average depth of the English Channel is 110 feet.

It is easier to get divorced than married in Switzerland.

People with small minds are apt to use some big words.

It's impossible to make a doctor believe that health is wealth.

A first-class glove-cutter can earn as much as \$50 a week in Paris.

Sixty-four out of every 1,000,000 of the world's inhabitants are blind.

The Belgians eat more potatoes annually than do the Irish.

Stealing time from sleep is a poor way to beat it.

The Bank of England has in its employ 1,000 people.