

**A Dangerous Isle.**

As you sail through life take pains and steer  
Away from the island that lies too near,  
The isle of Boredom, which all men fear.

The island sets up like a shelf of rock,  
But woe to the sailor who lands at the dock  
And offers the people a chance to talk.

For they talk all night and they talk all day;  
And try as you will to get away,  
They pin you down and they make you stay.

They talk of the things they have done  
and said,  
They talk you awake and they talk you to bed,  
Till you almost wish they would talk you dead.

And the queerest thing, and one to deplore,  
About the dwellers upon that shore,  
Not one of them knows that he is a bore.

So steer away from that island shelf,  
That is governed, they say, by a wicked elf,  
Lest you be a bore and not know it yourself.

**On Schedule Time**

BY

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**CHAPTER VI.—Continued.**

No man could have had more attentive nurses than did Jackson during the ensuing thirty-six hours. Aunt Lois remained by his side almost constantly, striving unsuccessfully to give him relief during his terrible suffering.

Alice and Gladys brought water from the river, cooked such food as they fancied might tempt the wounded man's appetite, and assisted their aunt in every possible way. Yet, even with these duties to occupy their time, the hours passed slowly, and during the afternoon of the second day both girls, when not otherwise engaged, remained just outside the tent which had been converted into a hospital, eagerly watching for Dick's return.

Because they began to expect him before it was reasonable to suppose he could return, the time of waiting was long and disheartening; but just as the shadows of evening were lengthening into darkness his cheery voice was heard from the opposite side of the river, and five minutes later he was dismounting in front of the stable-tent, old Jack hanging his head and breathing hard, as if from long and severe travelling.

"Didn't you find a doctor?" Gladys asked in dismay, while Alice was greeting her brother as if she had never expected to see him again.

"Yes; and he is on the way. When I had described our invalid, he thought he recognized him as a man by the name of Carter, who left Milo the day we drove through that town. He wasn't disposed to come, much less hire a carriage to take him back, but finally agreed to attend to the case properly after I promised that Phil and I would pay the bills if Uncle Ainsworth should refuse to do so."

Aunt Lois joined the little party while Dick was speaking, and when he concluded she said in a low tone:

"His name is Carter; he admitted this noon that he had told us a wrong story about himself. But that fact doesn't affect our duties in the matter; we must aid him in every possible way while he is in such sore distress."

"Of course we will, Aunt Lois; but he won't be on our hands very much longer, if the doctor carries out his plan. He proposes to go back to Milo to-night, stopping here only long enough to feed the horses."

"That is what should be done without delay, of course, for he can't have proper attention from us. Will you come to see him, Dick?"

"What's the need? I can't do him any good."

"It will at least show him you cherish no hard feelings against him."

"I am not certain but that I do. If anything happens to Phil, or if he fails of seeing Benner in time, I shall have precious little friendship for this Mr. Carter."

"Dick," and Aunt Lois laid her hands on the boy's shoulder, "I don't think the

poor fellow will live very long, because his wounds have virtually been uncared for—"

"I'll go, aunt," and Dick walked hurriedly toward the cook-tent, as if eager to have the interview over at once.

Ten minutes later he emerged looking rather red around the eyes, and found that Aunt Lois and the girls had made ready a hearty supper for him.

"You must be very tired, my boy," the little woman said affectionately, "and immediately after eating this you are to go to bed in our tent."

"I'm a green hand at horseback-riding, and twenty-four hours on a meal-bag saddle has made me so stiff that it seems almost impossible to move."

"The girls will wait upon you, for I must go back to the sick man," and kissing Dick tenderly, Aunt Lois went to resume her duties as nurse.

Dick followed her instructions to the letter, after making certain Jack was properly cared for, and so soundly did he sleep that he was not aroused by the arrival of the doctor. He did not so much as open his eyes until next morning, when the sun looked down inquisitively at the cluster of tents, as if asking why the occupants were idling at that hour in the day.

"Alice and I have fed and watered Jack," Gladys said, when Dick came out looking ashamed of himself for having slept so long.

"Why didn't you call me?"

"Aunt Lois gave positive instructions that you were not to be disturbed."

"Has Jackson—or Carter—been taken away?"

"The doctor and another man came for him about eight o'clock last night, and remained here only an hour. The broken bones were set, and the wounds on his face and shoulder sewn up before they started."

"How did he appear?"

"He was hardly conscious of what was being done, and the doctor said he thought there was very little hope of recovery, more particularly since it would be necessary to carry him so far over the rough roads."

"Where did you and Aunt Lois sleep?"

"In your tent."

"Well, listen to me, Miss Ainsworth. From this out, at least until Phil comes back, I am the one who is to do the work and sleep around in odd corners, not you girls and Aunt Lois."

"You will at least condescend to eat a portion of the breakfast we have cooked?" Gladys asked, with mock courtesy.

"Yes, because the labour was performed while I knew nothing about it. The instructions I gave date only from this moment."

Despite his long rest, Dick found walking very painful exercise after his ride, and during the remainder of the day he did little more than lounge around the camp, while, regardless of his instructions, the girls did the greater portion of the work.

On the following morning, Aunt Lois peered eagerly up the faintly marked roadway from time to time, and her companions knew she had begun to expect Phil; but no one said anything regarding the absent boy. It was as if the anxiety of each member of the party was too great to admit of discussion regarding his safety; but before nightfall all were in a state of expectancy.

Wishing and watching did not lessen the time of his absence by so much as a minute, however, although he did return safe and uninjured on the afternoon of the fourth day after his departure.

It so chanced that at the moment of his coming those who were so anxious regarding his welfare had gone into the cook-tent, and not until he rode up to the stable did they realize he was with them once more.

And then the welcome he received!

Aunt Lois cried because of joy and relief, while the girls hung around him as if admiring the tint of dark red which the elements had imparted to his cheek, and Dick shook his hand so long and so fervently that this portion of the welcome became most painful.

"Yes, I got through in time, and with nearly six hours to spare!" he said triumphantly, in reply to Dick's eager question. "I pushed on just as long and as fast as Bessie was willing to go, and it really seemed as if the little beast knew how important it was she should do her best. If I had arrived at the site of the main camp half an hour later I might have had a hard job to find Benner, for he was about to set off on a tramp to the upper end of the township. Everything is arranged now, and we are at liberty to do as we please—that is to say, I'd like a few hours' rest before we plunge into any very mad dissipations. What about Jackson?"

The story was soon told, and Phil said, as he in turn shook Dick by the hand:

"For a fellow who never had been on a horse's back before, I say you did better work than I."

"The distance I had to ride was short as compared with your journey."

"But I am accustomed to such jaunts, and you were green at the work. Now, what do you girls say to pushing on to Township Eight, Range Fourteen? We can use the shanty which Benner built for himself if the nights are too cold to admit of sleeping under canvas comfortably, and we might jog along leisurely to-morrow. Then you'll have an opportunity to see what a lumberman's home looks like, although it won't be under the most favourable circumstances, for the men are away by this time, making arrangements for working on some other stumpage."

This suggestion of Phil's was finally adopted by the couriers, now turned pleasure-seekers without care, and the remainder of the time allotted to the outing was spent among the deserted log camps, where the boys had ample opportunity for fishing and hunting.

With such portion of the excursion we have nothing to do, for the purpose of this narrative was accomplished when the travellers were no longer bound to "schedule time."

The nights were cold and the ground covered with frost when the pleasure-seekers, who most certainly found that for which they sought, returned to civilization once more, none the worse because of, and considerably benefited by, their exertions.

When they stopped at Milo it was learned that the man who would have done them so much injury had died twelve hours after his arrival, and Phil and Dick promptly paid the bill presented by the physician.

The End.

**WHEN GLADYS WENT TO MARKET.**

She was lost—there was no getting out of that—even to herself. She had played first around her own home doorway; then she had seen something very pretty on the next corner, to which she took a fancy; then two bicyclists were trying which could make his feet go the faster up and down, and she followed them for a little way; then a fire-engine rushed along, and it was so exciting that she could not help running a little way with the rest of the crowd to see where the fire was; then the engine and the people went out of sight all at once, and she found herself mostly alone; then an aged gentleman came along yelling, "Old clo'es," and looked curiously at her, and she decided that she was tired and bored, and had better go home any way.

So she started off toward the place where she lived, and walked very vigorously, for a little girl six years old, and thought she spied the dear old house, a little farther ahead. But—houses in the city are so much alike—and it was not hers at all!

She felt homesick, desolate, and a little frightened; she was sure this was about where she had left the house, and did not understand how it could have moved itself away during her short walk and run. She did not believe houses could play along the street, and run after a fire-engine, and get lost, the same as little girls could! She reluctantly concluded that she was really lost.

She asked the way of one boy who looked good-natured, and he laughed, and told her to "go an' see a cop." Not knowing what that was, she felt more bewildered than ever, and was discouraged from asking anybody else. At last she saw, through an opening between two buildings, a church-spire which she was sure was close by her house; and tried to walk toward it as well as she could, along streets and around corners. She walked, and walked, and walked, but, somehow, never could get sight of the church-spire again.

All at once she came upon a street where people appeared to be keeping several stores and groceries right out-of-doors, where the horses and waggons ought to pass. They were queer-looking folks, too; nothing like anything she had ever seen. They had little hand-carts and waggons and baskets, and were yelling and hallooing to one another in a way which she had always been taught to consider very rude.

"Hello, kid!" shouted a rough-looking fellow. "Come down to do your marketin' for the day? Goin' to carry the things home in your pocket, I suppose. Here's some prime fish; only ten cents a pound."

"No, she don't want any fish," screamed a burly woman. "She eats

mutton-chops to-day. Here's something I'm sure you'll like, madame."

"You'll want some fruit with it all," interrupted another. "I'll take it right to your carriage for you, or deliver it at the house."

Now, Miss Gladys, though very young, had a thinking-cap that she could put on, when occasion served. She knew that she was probably a good way from home, and had been told that children were sometimes "stolen," if they ventured too far away from their friends. She made up her mind not to be purloined if she could help it, and to get home by the very best method that presented itself—no matter what it cost her father. She knew that he would willingly pay a great many dollars rather than not take her on his knee when he came home at night, and tell her what he had seen during the day, and hear her observations concerning the same.

She straightened herself up, stepped back a bit, and assumed a little attitude of dignity that she had seen her mother use, upon certain occasions.

"I do not want to buy anything except some apples," she said, as quietly as she could, with her heart beating so wildly. "Nothing but some apples. If you will wheel these to No. 125 —th avenue, I will take them all."

"That's quite a ways," said the fellow who presided over the destinies of the push-cart.

"I'm afraid it is," faltered Gladys, "but I don't see how I can carry more than one or two of them, and I want them all."

"How do I know you'll pay for 'em when I get 'em there?" asked the man, doubtingly.

"Because I tell you I will," replied the little girl.

"Can't you give me somethin' for security?" said the fellow.

"Here is my watch," replied Gladys, with a new lump in her throat. It was a pretty little timepiece that her father had given her on her sixth birthday.

"I'll just go around the corner, and see if it's a good one"—said the fellow.

"No, you don't," broke in a still rougher-looking man, who had heard the whole conversation. "You give that watch back to the little girl, and wheel the apples where she tells you, or I'll upset your apple-cart, in more ways than one. I've got a girl or two of my own, whether you have or not. Now start along."

The two men scowled at each other a minute or two, and a crowd gathered about; but the fellow with the cart finally decided that it was best to obey orders.

"I'll go along to see that you don't go around any wrong corners," growled the other.

The strange little procession had not moved many blocks when it was met by a man whose face was wonderfully familiar to Gladys. She rushed into his arms, and could not speak for sobbing.

"What does this all mean?" inquired the little girl's father.

She told him the whole story, as well as she could, between her sobs of fear and delight.

Gladys' father was a man with a sense of humour, as well as of justice. He laughed, but with a kind of anxious cadence in the laugh; he kissed the little girl repeatedly; he paid the man for his fruit, dumped it among a lot of street arabs who had gathered around, and laughed to see them scrambling for it; and he paid twice as much as he did for the fruit to the man who had compelled the other one to come.

"And now, Miss Gladys," he remarked, "you have been to market, and done very well, for the first time. We'd better get home before your mother worries too much about you. Which way shall we go—you had rather, I should say? All right, come on."

And, tucking her under his arm, he walked away.

**A SINGING "BEAST."**

A Chinaman lately visited Europe, where he saw many strange things. Like other travellers, he took pleasure in describing to his friends, when he returned, all that seemed to him strange or wonderful. Among the things he had never seen before were pianos, and this is what he said about them:

"The Europeans keep a four-legged beast which they make sing at will. A man, or more frequently a woman, or even a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal and steps on its tail, at the same time striking its white teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than that of a bird, is pleasant to listen to. The beast does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up."