

How Paul Became a Soldier



AT THE smithy, in the glare of a blazing forge, Paul wrestled with a troublesome problem. Where did they go? Closely his eye would follow the comet flight of his golden sparks, created in myriads with each rhythmic descent of the ponderous hammer. Darting from the glowing metal like tiny stars, they would hang suspended in the air. All e-glittering and a-shimmering they would be, until a fairy breath would blow them out. Then gone would be sputter and shimmer and star. And little Paul would rub his eyes and wonder and wonder just **WHITHER** they had vanished.

But Paul was not so much absorbed in this problem as to be indifferent to happenings out of doors. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Oh, father, there's a man coming down the road and he has a gun and wears soldier clothes!"

Shading his eyes with his hand, the blacksmith gazed from the doorway along the one, straggling thoroughfare of the village. An instant later he belated:

"I'm my word, it's not Remsen—young Dick Remsen! Well, well, Dick, you're home again!"

The wayfarer was easily within range of the smith's powerful voice, and he shouted lustily in return, "Right you are, John!"

Having cordially shaken hands, the two engaged in animated conversation. It seemed that Lord Howe's troops had sailed for Halifax, and Dick, a private in the Continental Army, was home from Boston on a short furlough.

"Before long," commented John Elliott, "we'll see a British fleet riding here in the sound; mark my words."

"Then they'll go as did the other fleet!" fiercely responded Dick, shouldering his musket with an eager movement. Turning to go, he observed little Paul.

"Have you no greeting for me, lad—no greeting for your old father?"

Paul came forward shyly. Of course, he always had a welcome for Dick, but this wasn't the same Dick to whom he had been accustomed. His Dick wore no uniform of buff and blue; nor was

the Dick he remembered went to carry a big, heavy musket. During the men's conversation he had watched Dick with the wide-open eyes of astonishment, clutching a corner of his father's leather apron the while.

This fear soon passed away, however, and so much did Paul learn from "Private Dick" about the soldiers that he longed for the time when he himself could carry a big, heavy gun and march away to fight.

Several weeks passed. In the meantime John Elliott enlisted in the army. Mrs. Elliott, Aunt Harriet and Paul were left by themselves in the little house—and the village of Bueschwicke was without a blacksmith.

One peaceful summer's day, still in the year 1776, John Elliott's prediction was fulfilled. Into Long Island sound sailed a British fleet; therefrom swarmed an army of red-coated soldiers. Lord Howe had come from Halifax. With him in the encampment on Staten Island were troops of 30,000 well-trained men.

Scarcely two months later there was borne to the ears of those who remained in Bueschwicke the sound of strenuous conflict. The rattle of musketry could be distinguished clearly, together with the persistent boom of cannon. Paul huddled close to his mother as she and Aunt Harriet sat in pale-faced anxiety. At last the firing ceased; silence again reigned over the hamlet. Wishing to escape from the stifling air of the closed room Paul took advantage of a favorable opportunity to steal away to the red barn. High up in the hayloft he secreted his small person. Certainly no redcoat could find him there! At once the boy was startled to hear a rumbling at the door latch. The door swung open and a soldier in the Continental uniform staggered in. After a momentary indecision he desperately climbed to the hayloft, flinging himself down, exhausted, near the lad's hiding place.

Impulse was to bury himself deeper in the hay. Then, although his heart

went thump, thump, thump! he found courage to peer through the hay screening him into the wounded man's dust-begrimed face.

"Private Dick!" he gasped, thrusting aside the hay.

"Lieutenant Dick," corrected the man as he feebly smiled.

Again there came a noise at the door. Lieutenant Dick motioned the boy to be silent. The next instant there entered four British troopers. Reasoning from the quantity of provisions carried, their foraging for food had not been unsuccessful.

The troopers had jested for a while about the Americans' defeat, when one of them, busily occupied in cutting immense chunks from a ham with his claspknife, remarked:

"I believe about 3000 of the rebels got away by the ferry. Lord Howe's orderly says we're going to clean them out tomorrow before daybreak—least, so he heard the general say."

Shortly afterward the soldiers in

high humor tramped from the barn. "Going to attack the fort tonight! I must warn our men! I've simply got to do it!" Dick, with an effort, raised himself to his elbow; then he collapsed.

"Confound this leg!" he moaned, his features working with anger and pain.

For a minute he lay quiet, his eyes closed. Suddenly he looked up at Paul.

"Lad," said he, "your father told me he would turn Dobbin into the woods. Is the horse still there?"

"Yes, father took Jupiter away with him," replied Paul, "but Dobbin is in the woods; the British haven't found him."

Dick murmured, reflectively, looking straight into Paul's eyes, he said:

"Lad, I taught you to ride. Are you willing to catch old Dobbin, and ride to the ferry with the message I will give you? Will you do this—for me, and for your country?"

Paul drew himself up to his full height, and clenched his sturdy little fists tightly. "Yes, Lieutenant Dick."

As though in afterthought, the lieutenant scribbled another little note. Both pieces of paper he rolled into tiny pellets. He handed them to Paul, saying:

"Take this first piece of paper and give it to the soldiers at the fort—that is, if you can. Should British men stop you, destroy the paper (swallow it, if you have to), tell them you have just come from the fort, but have lost your way, and show them this other pellet. Now, lad, you'd best be off. May God bless you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Caliph-Merchant

"YOUR MAJESTY, there remains not a coin in the treasury. What shall we do to defray the expenses of our household?"

"Do as you have done in the past," returned the caliph, with a scowl; "tax the people."

The grand vizier shook his head doubtfully. "They are already on the point of revolting because of their heavy taxes," said he, "nor do I think they will submit to a further imposition."

"Go!" cried the caliph, "you weary me. Why, after my having appointed you to look after my affairs, do you come to me with your troubles? Have



"SELLS THE GOODS"

you not sufficient brains to plan? Leave me. I shall think of a way out of the difficulty."

And when the caliph had smoked seventeen narghilees—which, as you know, are a sort of water pipe—he hit upon a scheme.

The next day it was announced throughout Bagdad that the caliph himself was about to sell merchandise upon the main street.

Of course the whole population of the city flocked to where the caliph sat under his tent, erected on the sidewalk and surrounded with bales of costly fabrics. The caliph had but to fix his own prices—you may be sure that he made them high enough and the people bought and bought until he had disposed of all his wares.

Nor was it long before the caliph made such vast sums in the way of profit that his treasury was again filled, whereupon he promptly retired from "business." The very first thing he did after resuming his throne was to order the grand vizier put to death, because of his lack of cleverness. So, you see, the caliph couldn't have been a very good man, even though he had much brains.

A Mouse in Armor

PERHAPS some of you may remember how little Elsie was imprisoned in the immense clock which stood in the hallway of grandpa's house. She had always supposed a big giant lived there, you know, and that it was he who boomed forth solemnly the half hours and the hours. And when she saw the door ajar and no one within she felt tempted to hide there, just to see how it felt. Then the door swung to and she was held fast inside. Grandpa had rescued her, so that really no harm was done; but ever afterward as she passed along that hall, by the old clock, she couldn't help shuddering.

Months after this adventure happened, she paid another visit to grandpa and grandma, accompanied by her father and mother. As was her custom, she had run out to the barn as soon as she had greeted every one at the house, and there saw her friends among the animals.

When she had satisfied herself that not one of her old pets had been neglected, and when she had said "Good afternoon" even to the geese, she made her way back to the house. Running up the steps, across the porch and then through the great oaken doors, soon she found herself in the hall. Timorously she tiptoed along. She had almost reached the



REMOVED THE CASQUE

stairs leading to the sitting room on the floor above when suddenly she heard a funny creaking noise. Elsie quickly turned her head. What a sight met her eyes!

Right behind her stood a complete suit of armor, worn by one of Elsie's ancestors far back in the Middle Ages. And now it seemed that this suit of mail was turning its headpiece toward her, while it squeaked and creaked as though striving to speak.

One moment the little girl looked, spellbound; then she darted upstairs with a shriek.

"Grandpa! Grandpa! the armor has come to life!" she cried.

Of course, all the folk descended to the hall at once. And when father removed the casque of the figure what do you think he found? Nothing but a little mouse, which leaped to the floor and darted through the hall. This little mischief-maker, it seems, built his nest in the armor, and he it was who moved the head and made the mysterious squeaks.

APPEALING TO HER WEAKNESS

Geraldine—No, I cannot marry you.

Gerald—But I know a minister who will perform the ceremony for \$4.09.

Geraldine—I am yours.

Pedlar—"I've got some signs that I'm selling to shopkeepers like wildfire. Everybody buys 'em. Here's one. If you don't see what you want, ask for it." Country Shopkeeper—"Think I want to be bothered with people asking for things I ain't got? Give me one readin'." "If you don't see what you want, ask for something else."

SANDY'S FLITTING DAY

HOW SCOTLAND CELEBRATES MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH.

The "Guid' Wife" Takes Great Pride in Showing Her Household Possessions.

Scotland celebrates not a few particularly national events. What true-born Scot, for instance, would ever dream of working on the First of January? What day is more sacred to the Caledonian abroad than St. Andrew's Day! And then picture the wild enthusiasm of the Scot, either at home or abroad, when the day of, rather, the "nicht" for toasting the "Immortal Memory" of Burns comes round! But the Scot has still another event on his calendar, which gives us an ever more subtle insight into his character. That day is May 28th, the day on which he removes to a new abode, or flits, says Pearson's Weekly.

Why the Scot should annually change his residence in a mystery. Theorists ascribe his wandering proclivities to the supposition that he is the lineal descendant of the lost tribes of Israel. Other and more practical minds hold that his migratory habits are due to the manner in which houses in the north are rented on yearly tenancies from Whitsunday to Whitsunday.

HER TWENTY-FIRST "HOOSE."

Be that as it may, the fact remains that the Scot is the slave of the flitting or removal habit, and were you in Glasgow, Dundee, or Aberdeen on May 28th, you would be astonished to find every lorry or dray laden like brokers' vans with furniture of a more or less valuable nature, while every second person you would meet would be wrestling with a kitchen clock, umbrella stand, or other household article more or less useful and ornamental.

So deeply ingrained into his nature is the flitting habit, that Sandy takes it as a matter of course, and so does his good lady. One worthy matron amazed that the custom should be cause for astonishment, said:

"Me and John's been mairrit since aichty-seven and this is oor twentieth hoose!"

By noon the outgoing tenant must vacate the house and hand over the key to the landlord, or factor, as the house agent is called.

It may happen that the Scot gets possession of the new house a day or two before the 28th. In that event he is able to conduct his "flitting" in a more leisurely fashion; but, if not, then out into the streets must his household gods and goods be deposited, to await the arrival of the vehicles, which are to convey them to the new habitation.

This proceeding, it may be whispered, is not unpleasant to the wife of the Scot, and she is, indeed, a

Whercin the Monkey's Guests Do Harm

NOT that the monkey was an ungracious host—no, indeed, he was anything but that. When the tortoise arrived at his house on the evening before, he had made the old fellow welcome, saying:

"Come in, Mr. Tortoise, and I shall make you as comfortable as I can."

And when the rabbit came wearily to a halt before the monkey's door, he begged the favor of a glass of beer, the monkey straightway pulled him into the house and declared that he should lodge there for the rest of the night.

So, too, the kangaroo was forced to become the guest of the kind Mr. Monkey.

But it was for the very reason that the monkey so heartily refused payment that the three wayfarers wished to return his kindness in some fitting way. Had he not something to do with work of some sort—worth which they might aid him?

No, said the monkey at first, and then he bethought himself that it was high time his wheat were sown. Did the tortoise, the rabbit and the kangaroo wish to help him? It would not take so very long.

Of course the three would help. And they straightway slung the bags of grain about their shoulders. Over the field they went, sowing the grain industriously. So hard did they work that by noon the task was finished. Thereupon the monkey invited them to dinner, after which he speeded them upon their way.

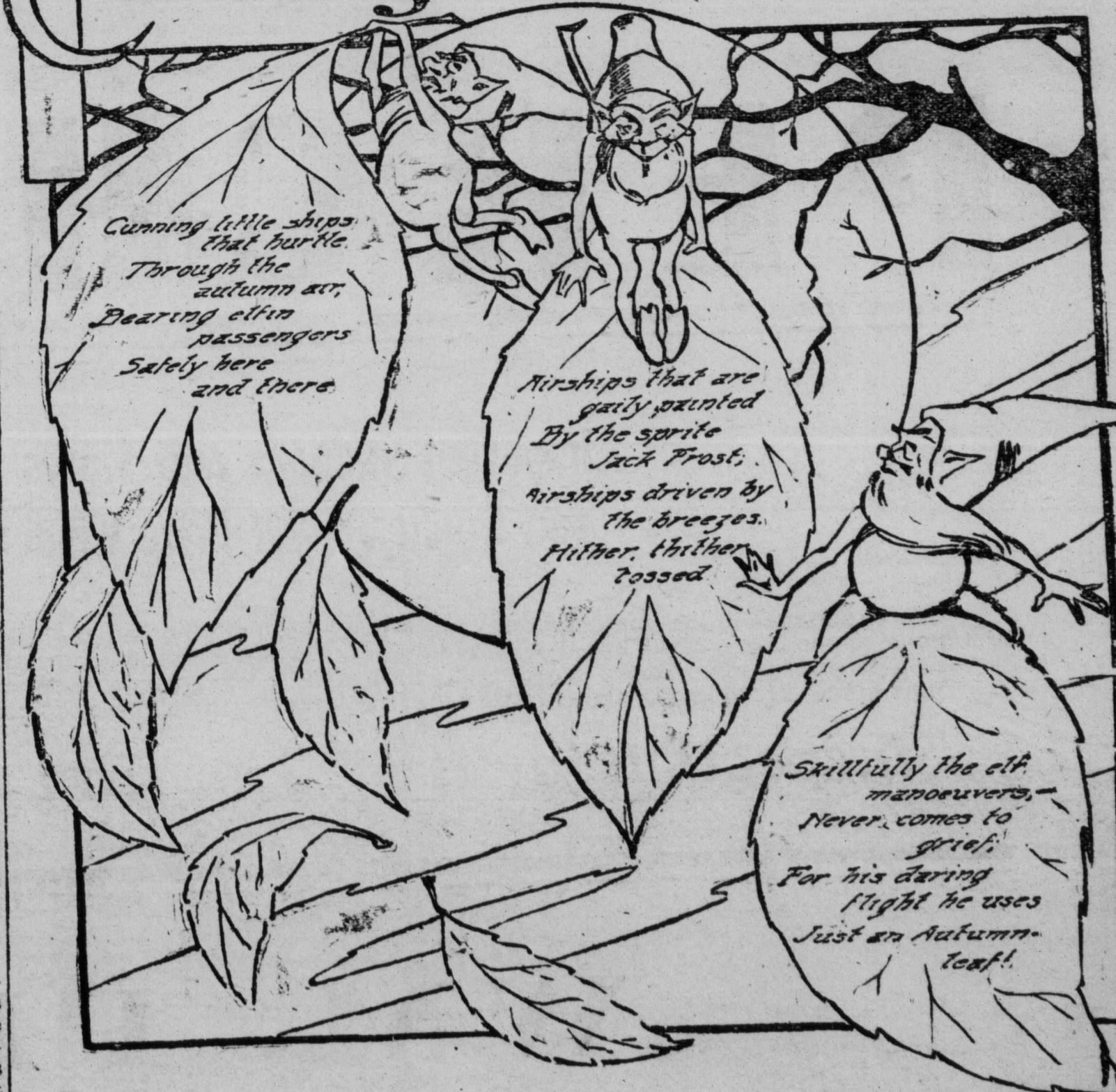
The monkey had almost forgotten about his three guests when the shoots of the young wheat began to appear above the ground. Out to his field he trudged the monkey to examine its growth. But when there he stared aghast. How did it happen that the wheat grew in such peculiar fashion? Then the solution of the problem presented itself to him.

The tortoise, in sowing, made such slow progress that the grains were

dropped very close together—so close that when they grew up they would make it difficult for the monkey to pass through the waving tops. And the rabbit ran so swiftly that the wheat was distributed over a vast tract of ground, only a grain or two appearing in any one place. While the kangaroo deposited a handful of wheat at each hop, so that the wheat grew up in widely separated clumps.

And the monkey found that the tortoise, the rabbit and the kangaroo had unintentionally made him the laughing stock of every one thereabouts. People came from far and near to view this strange-looking field of grain, and poked all manner of fun at the monkey.

Cunning Elfin Airships



In German towns, householders must separate house refuse into three kinds—ashes and sweepings, cooking refuse, and rags and paper, use the various kinds of waste.

Failures are the rounds of the ladder reaching to success. The greatness of any occasion depends on the man more than on the moment.

The fireman is sure of a warm reception when he goes to work. There is nothing so amusing as a fool who doesn't tread on your corns.