

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906.

Pete the Peddler or A Boy's Start in Life



CHAPTER VII.

Pete found the jail a vile and unclean place. Most county jails are. The tramp prisoners had been arrested for tramping, begging and stealing, and they were a hard lot. They were all in one big room together, and they played cards or other games all day long, and their talk was such as no boy should hear. One of the prisoners, and one who was swearing the loudest, saw the look of disgust on the boy's face on the next day after he had been locked up, and beckoning him into a corner said:

"We are a tough crowd in here, wommy, and I'm sorry you are with us. That fool of a constable ought to be kicked for having you locked up. Of course, you were never in jail before?"

"I never hardly heard of one," replied Pete.

"It's little good they are. As for us tramps, we had rather be here than not. I have been tramping for the last three months, and the same are sore and I need a rest. Two or

drinking habit gets fastened on a man he's bound to go to the dogs. I hate myself for it, but I can't quit. I shall be sober as long as I am here, because no drink is allowed in jail, but the day I get out I shall fill up at the first saloon. Let the whole thing alone, boy. Don't even touch beer."

"I never shall."

"Drink has made a fool of me a hundred times over, and three or four times it has nearly cost me my life. Let me tell you what happened to me about two years ago, and it wasn't so far away from this spot. A farmer named Cummerford hired me to build the brick walls of a smoke house. He was to give me three dollars a day and board."

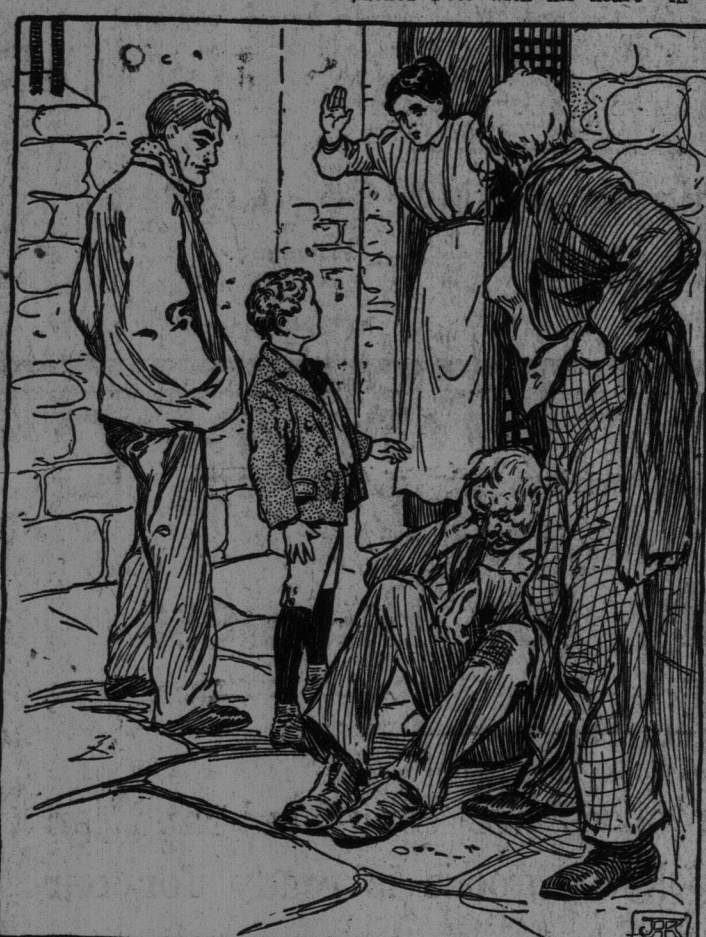
"Was it James Cummerford?" asked Pete.

"Yes, that's the man. Have you been to his house?"

"I was there a day or two ago. The farmer has been dead some time, but I talked with his widow."

"Well," said the tramp, "I worked two days and then a tramp came along and gave me a drink of whiskey from his bottle. It must have been pretty hard stuff, for it took my senses away and I acted like a fool. There was an old hair trunk in the barn and I remember of putting a lot of eggs into it and setting off down the road with it on my shoulder. About a mile away I had to cross the railroad tracks, and just as I hot there a train came along. I remember of yelling at it and telling it to stop, and the next thing I knew I woke up in a fence-corner with a broken leg and three broken ribs. The locomotive had struck me and knocked me a hundred feet. A farmer found me and brought me into this town, and here I lay for three months. When they arrested me the other day for tramping I thought they'd sure remember my face, but they didn't."

"And what became of the trunk?" asked Pete with his heart in his



"BOY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN JAIL."

three weeks in here will do me good. It's a sort of holiday for all of us, but I can see what you feel ashamed of being here. Tell me your story."

Pete was glad to find some one to talk to. He told his story from the beginning, but he left out that part of it about the trunk. He said that Miser Mims had helped him because he had taken a liking to him. When he had finished the tramp said:

"You may be rather young to take the road as a peddler, but let me tell you that many a rich man has got his start in life that way. You get to know the value of money; you are buying and selling, and you learn all about goods; you travel around and you get to know human nature. I think it is a good thing for you, boy, and if you use the old man back of you all right he will see that you make a success of it. I was not always a tramp, and the same can be said of all the others you see around you. I have earned my four and five dollars a day as a brick-layer, and I'd be doing it now if it wasn't for whiskey."

"Why don't you let it alone?" asked Pete.

"I might as well ask you why you don't stop breathing. When the

MISS BIRD'S JOKE



The tramp told Pete several other stories and some of the others sat down and related their histories, and thus the day passed. As evening came the jailer's wife looked in on the prisoners through a small wicket. Her eyes lighted on Pete at once and five minutes later she unlocked a door and walked in and said to him:

"Boy, what are you doing here in jail?"

"Please, ma'am. Constable Lukens brought me here yesterday. He'd bring in a baby six weeks old! Come out here and tell me who you are and all about yourself. My husband has no business to put you in here."

(To be Continued.)

WHY SHOULD THEY?

A king who began on his reign Exclaimed with a feeling of poign, "Though I'm legally heir No one seems to care That I haven't been born with a crown."

A Trip to the Moon

BY STELLA G. FLORENCE.

Hey, diddle, diddle!—the Cat and the Fiddle,
Went up in an air balloon,
With Little Bo-Peep (who had lost her sheep),
To visit the Man in the Moon.

The Great Bear growled, and the Little Bear howled,
As the novel affair went by:
While the Old Woman wept o'er the cobwebs unswept
From millions of miles of sky.

Up, up through the stars—and the warrior Mars
Laughed loud and long at the sight;
While the Heavenly Twins, thinking over their sins,
Ran away in a terrible fright.

"Hurrah," cried Bo-Peep. Struck all to his dying day,
The Waterman dropped his pen—
Flung the Belt of Orion right over the Lion,
And tied him fast to the Scales.

"Dear me!" wailed Venus; "won't somebody screen us,
From these horrible meteor things?"
"Stop grumbling," quoth Saturn;
"For that neat pattern I'd swap the lot of my rings."

"Hello!" yelled Boreas, "who's that come to see us,
In a brand new automobile?"
Pray, what would you do, sir, if I never blew,
Since you haven't the ghost of a wheel?"

"Indeed, sir, that's slightly perplexing," politely,
The Cat said, by way of replying:
"Though I'm rather inclined to think we should find
Some method or other of flying."

Up, higher and higher! Sol paused to admire,
While Mercury followed their trail;
And the Comet declared that she felt
She shook to the tip of her tail.

"Let's have a drink," said the Cat, with a wink,
As the Dipper before them lay;
So they drank all they could (and voted it good),
Of cream from the Milky Way.

Now 'twas growing dark, and the Dogstar's bark
Was the only audible sound—
When whom should they meet, on a Nightmare deck,
But the Sandman, earthward bound.

"What, riding on that!" exclaimed the Cat;
"You must be insane," said Bo-Peep.
But the Sandman said—"I'll be late," he said,
"For questions will have to keep."

Now the journey's done—hurrah,
We're fast asleep!
"Ho, ho!" cried the Man in the Moon,
"You've brought the fiddle!—then strike up your merriest tune."

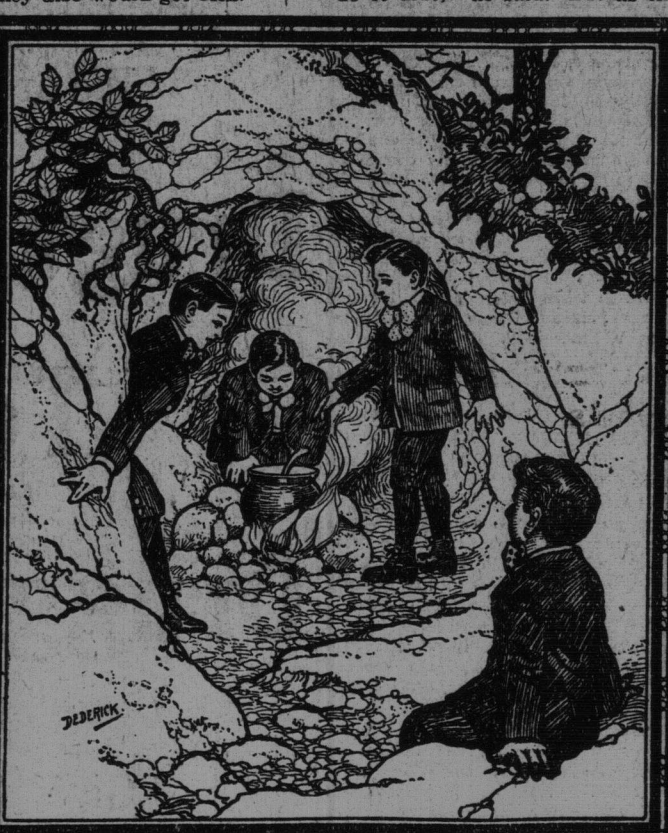
THE "RED GULLY" COUNTERFEITERS.

To imitate anything in spurious materials, you know, is counterfeiting; and when it is money you are imitating you are committing a crime against the Government of the land. And this crime is punishable with imprisonment.

Louis and Ernest were Southern boys who had read some thrilling stories of money counterfeiters, and at last they got the idea that if they could make five and ten cent pieces, too, they also would get rich.

cause each boy was to bring a family spoon to be melted up and poured into the molds the two captains of the band had made, with genuine coins for the print.

But after a week nobody had the courage to steal a dear family spoon for this wicked purpose. Indeed, it looked as if the business of counterfeiting would be a failure for want of the proper amount of badness to carry it through, when one of the captains had a brilliant idea. "Let's draw straws to see who'll do it first," he said. But as ill luck



A BRISK FIRE WAS SOON CRACKLING UNDER THE SMELTING POT, AND INTO THIS THE HOLY SOUP LADLE WAS DROPPED

If they had been older they would have known better. But they were only ten years old, and up to this time they had read the wrong sort of books. So now they thought it would really be a glorious thing to start a band of illicit money makers, and choosing a little cave, in a huge crevice of red clay, as the proper place for such an enterprise, they time they had read themselves the Red Gully Counterfeiters.

In a day or two two other boys joined the band, whose password was to be Silver Spoons. This was be-

the Polly Cranford ladle. It was a holy family heritage, descending from a maiden grand-aunt of this name; and as Louis grabbed it from the sideboard and hid it under his coat, he felt as if his heart were breaking.

All the way back to the gully, too, he sighed as he thought of the dreadful crime he was committing, and it seemed to him surely that Aunt Polly's ghost would haunt him to his dying day.

But the other boys yelled joyously when they saw the huge ladle, and even Ernest, Louis' cousin, declared that he had made a good haul. A brisk fire was soon crackling under the smelting pot, which was rigged up in ways they had read about, and into this the holy soup ladle was at once dropped.

"Ti, yi, yi," shrieked the others of the band then; but the sad captain, who had contributed this precious metal to spurious coin, was sad and silent apart. "I just wish," he thought once, "the lightning would come and strike me all dead," for then it seemed to him that the Polly Cranford ladle would be saved.

Meanwhile a singular thing was happening. The fire burned briskly, but the smelting pot refused to get red hot as it should, and there sticking out the top of it, after the longest time, was the Polly Cranford ladle as safe and sound as Daniel's in the lion's den. It seemed almost, indeed, to Louis as if angels with flaming swords were guarding it.

"I don't believe God means for us to melt it up," he said tremulously at last.

And then a more extraordinary thing happened. There was a whoop, and two rapid gun shots, and into the cave darted two big bearded men with smoking rifles, who called out at once: "We arrest you in the name of the law!" For somebody had told on the Red Gully band, and the men, who were Secret Service detectives, had come expecting to unearth a gang of genuine desperadoes.

The boys were terribly frightened, of course, and declared that they had not yet made a single coin. But the bearded men, for reasons of their own, only went on gathering up their criminal outfit, and soon, crying very bitterly, they were all lined up before a county magistrate's desk on a charge of counterfeiting.

"Since you are all so young," said the magistrate, frowning darkly, "I will leave your punishment to your parents, and I trust that it will take the form of a good switching."

He then dwelt solemnly upon the wickedness of destroying things which were almost holy in a family, and most tenderly touched the Polly Cranford ladle, which, by some miracle, had not sustained the least hurt.

"By the mercy of Providence," he concluded, you boys have not been made criminals in this double sin. But I hope that this lesson and the danger you have been in will last you to the end of your lives."

A MARVELOUS PICTURE

BY SARAH NOBLE-IVES.

All the people in the little town of Nullepart were very industrious; they attended strictly to business and went about with their heads down, thinking what they were doing or what they were going to do next. They never had any time for foolishness, and even the love-making among the young people was brief and business-like.

One day a strange man came into the town and wished to hire a large loft over an Ironmonger's shop.

"What do you want it for?" said the Ironmonger.

"I wish it for a studio. I am an artist; my name is Faniente."

The Ironmonger thought a moment. The name had a nice foreign sound, and he might be a very famous man in his own country. Then, too, the use of the Ironmaster's loft would bring him something (provided the artist had any money), and people coming to buy pictures might want things out of the iron shop. It would bring trade.

So the Ironmonger drove a good bargain with the artist, and Faniente agreed that if he failed to pay the rent the picture he intended to paint would become the property of the Ironmonger.

The next day the artist arrived with his big easel, a roll of canvas and a stretcher, also some paints and brushes. Everything was taken into the loft, and Faniente locked the door so that no one should disturb him at his work. Sometimes the Ironmonger downstairs would hear him humming and hammering and sawing and driving nails, but no body ever got even the tiniest peep at the work that was going on.

"Seems to me you are making a great noise over your picture," said the Ironmonger, as the artist came out one afternoon.

Faniente smiled, a still smile: "I'm letting in a skylight to work by."

And he locked the door tightly—as he always did of the loft, where he was always at his work.

The days and weeks went on, and the hammering had ceased. Faniente was evidently hard at work on his picture. He came early; he stayed late. Finally one day an enormous gift frame arrived and Faniente took it up the stairs himself.

And all this time the Ironmonger

"You are all wrong, man," said a third. "That glow from the setting sun was superb. I wonder how he could ever paint that golden haze on the meadow."

Then a boy, who had been standing behind the others, whispered to the man next him:

"I have been every day to see it. It was never twice the same."

"What?" The people all crowded around the boy, with their eyes fairly bulging.

"It was different every day," repeated the boy. "One day it was gray, another day the sun shone in it, another day it was a storm scene. Always the same landscape, but with different weathers."

"It is not possible!" cried everybody.

"It is true," said the boy.

"He must paint it out every night."

"We will go and see the picture again," said they all.

So they crowded up again into the dim loft, as many as a time as could get into the rope-of-space. All day and all the next day they clambered up and down the narrow stairway. Even the busy citizens of the town found time to make a second trip. Money flowed again into Faniente's pockets, till he was obliged to put it into a large sack.

The next morning, after all had seen the picture a second time, the people met in the tavern to compare notes. Business was abandoned everywhere. Some had seen the same picture both times, but most of them had seen an entirely different one.

"We must be colorblind!" said some.

"It is a trick of the artist!" said others.

"A trick it is?" cried a big, red-haired man. "I'll teach any one to play tricks on me!"

This fired the crowd.

"Bring the artist! Bring Faniente here!" they shouted. "He shall explain this mystery. If he has tricked us we will hang him to the big oak tree in the square!"

They rushed to the door of the studio, but it was locked.

All together they pushed, and crash! went the door. The infuriated people jammed the stairway, they



"I HAVE BEEN EVERY DAY TO SEE IT. IT WAS NEVER TWICE THE SAME."

had received nothing for the rent.

"Well," he said to his foreman, "I get the picture anyway, and if it fits that big frame will just about cover one of the walls of my dining room. So he was very patient. Indeed he now began to think it would be better to have the picture than the rent.

At last the artist announced that his picture was finished and would be on exhibition. The price of admission was rather high, but the curiosity of the people was excited and they came in crowds—the townspeople first, then people from the country and from faraway cities, for the fame of the mysterious picture had traveled abroad.

The people crowded up the narrow stair and found a small space roped off—the what of the loft, where they must stand; the picture was hung at the farther end, with the big gift frame around it, and while all the rest of the loft was dim and obscure, the picture glowed with a wonderful light, and the people all said: "Oh! when they first looked upon it, and then they said nothing more. They just stared with their mouths open.

It was a landscape, and the curious beheld it first saw some distant mountains, with soft clouds flecking them with purple shadows. Then a stretch of meadow land, a gentle slope to the bank of a stream that wound and rippled its blue length through the meadow. In the foreground stood a grand old oak tree, and a red roof or two nestled behind it. The people stood spell-bound.

"He surely is a great artist!" they all said, and they bowed low to Faniente, who returned the salute, smiling his still smile.

"The clouds actually seem to move!" said one, "and when a bee passed in front of the canvas, I could almost have sworn that it was a bird flying in the distance."

When each had gazed his fill, he hustled back to his work, to make up the lost time.

Every day came crowds, and money flowed into the artist's pocket, but still the Ironmonger did not receive his rent. That did not trouble him, however, for a picture like that would bring trade and he already felt himself growing rich and prosperous.

The out-of-town people hung around the little tavern of Nullepart, and talked of nothing but the picture.

"Wonderful!" they exclaimed. "The light is marvellous."

"I thought his mountains a little too purple," said one.

"Purple?" said another; "they were almost black to me. It is a marvellous picture of a thunderstorm."

THE SEA URCHIN.

The Sea Urchin is a strange animal. It has four thousand spines, two thousand suckers and five hundred plates arranged in radiating zones so that every alternate plate is perforated for the passage of the suckers. It moves easily over the rocks, the stones acting like creepers on a wall.

The Sea Urchin has only five teeth supported by thirty-five muscles. When worn of they fall out, but grow rapidly again.

The mouth of the urchin is called Aristotle's Lantern.

The Sea Urchin lives in the sea near the rocky banks.

Once upon a time a large Sea Urchin got stuck on one of the ledges projecting from the rocky shore.

For many days the poor Urchin worked and struggled to dislodge himself, but without success. One day when almost exhausted he heard a strange noise, a scratching and rattling of plates, and he saw the Key Hole Urchin.

It was only a few moments before the poor prisoner was released from his perilous position.

The Key Hole Urchin had unlocked the spines that he came attached to the rocks. The monstrous Sea Urchin ever afterward remained devotedly united with his deliverer.