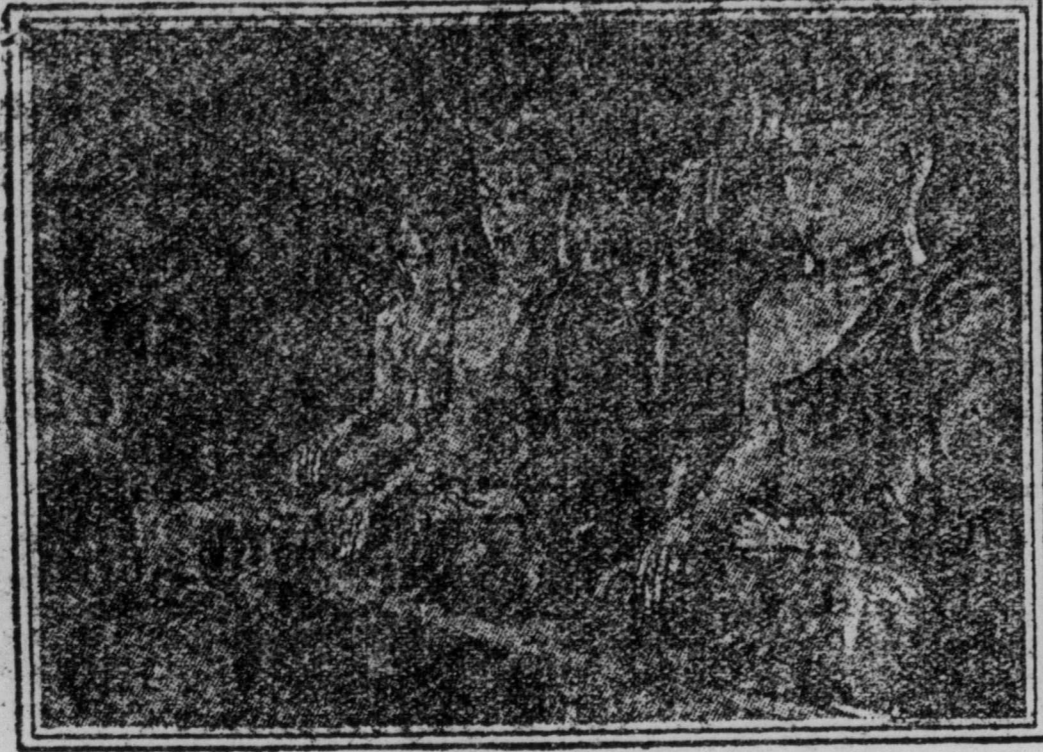


## Seeking Gautama's Favor

AND here, little one, are the durlans I promised thee." The young smiled broadly, as he saw the rapture with which little Nika accepted the capacious bag filled to its brim with the luscious durlans. "I thank thee, sir, for the fruit," he said, "I have Nika slammered, because, good friends though the two were, she could not entirely forget that he was no less a personage than chief of police, and that meant he had chief authority in the Burmese town of Moulmein. But the young's smile grew broader, and he tweaked her chin encouragingly. "What is it, little daughter?" he asked.

He moved his sturdy little legs with a vigor wonderful to behold. Up, up the hill they went, until, when they paused an instant for breath, they could see below them the town of Moulmein, stretching along the great Salween river, where the crests of many descriptions lay at anchor. Across the river, a little to the north, lay the town of Martaban, and the gulf of Martaban itself could be seen plainly in the distance. Nika drank in the beauty of it all as she took a firmer clutch on Little Brother's arm before continuing the ascent. Soon they found themselves among



"THE GREAT CAVE, WITH ITS IDOLS OF BUDDHA"

"I—I was about to say, sir," began Nika, "that Little Brother and I were just going for a picnic up in the hills yonder, and that they present will be very useful." "Useful, eh?" laughed the young. "Yes, I imagine you will find it useful." He nodded again in his friendly fashion as he turned away. Grasping the bag of fruit in one hand and with the other taking firm hold of Little Brother's arm, Nika turned from the main street, which ran all of four miles parallel with the river, and plodded up a byway leading to the hills beyond. Very pleasant it was this morning. The odor of fruit and flower came to her from the gardens placed before the palm-thatched houses of bamboo, which seemed possessed of great stillness, as they stood upon piles that raised them at least ten feet from the ground. In front of these cottages grew coconuts and betel palms, the giant bamboo, tamarind, mango and jack trees. Nor did Little Brother complain this morning that Big Sister walked too fast. You see, he was anxious to reach the hills, where he could taste of the durlans, and so no pace was too swift for him.

the groves of teak and bamboo and oil trees. Immediately they began to search for a place in which to hold their picnic. All at once Nika paused. "It's too early to lunch," said she. "Suppose we visit the Pangoon Caves and look upon the divine Buddha." Little Brother protested, as he gazed longingly upon the bag of tempting fruit, but Nika was determined, and they entered the great cave, with its idols of Buddha, or Gautama, as he is known in Burma. Formerly the cave was used as a temple of worship. Even now the Burmese (especially women) visit it to worship the idols of Buddha. So Nika knelt before Gautama and besought his favor. As she was about to leave, she murmured to Little Brother: "I do wish I had a present for the great Gautama." And then she thought of the durlans. It was the work of an instant to place the fruit at the feet of an idol. Afterward she led away the sorrowful Little Brother, who was disappointed now that he could not lunch off the fruit. You see, he was much too small to understand why sacrifices should be made in order to merit a god's favor.



LASOING A PONY AT THE ROUND-UP

**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS**  
HOWARD RUTHERFORD is visiting his Cousin Jim, who lives at Pleasant Point, on the coast of Nova Scotia. He is about to write a letter to his father, asking permission to buy a pony, such as his cousin owns, when Jim induces him to go for a sail with Captain Barnaby in the fishing smack Saucy Minerva. The boys, together with Sim, a sailor, are out in a small boat traveling over the Bable Island bank, when a storm overtakes them and casts them upon Bable Island. Here they are discovered by a mounted patrolman, who leads them to the home for shipwrecked sailors. Later they pay a visit to the superintendent of the life-saving station, George Freeman, a patrolman, takes the boys with him when he rides on a circuit about the island next morning. They observe the seals along the beach, inspect an outlook station, and then continue their ride.

### CHAPTER III (Continued) THE WRECK

FROM time to time, as they centered over the smooth beach sands, George would point out blackened timbers and parts of old hulls of vessels. Portions of wrecks, he said, were buried in ever so many places. Each storm would cover some of these ghastly relics, exposing others.

The winds blew so furiously that frequently the sides of hills facing the sea were worn into tall cliffs; sand would be scooped up also and thrown into hills, 110 feet above high-water mark. Now they left the seashore and rode toward the interior. The coarse grass which their ponies trampled rose to a height of two feet. Four or five different kinds of edible berries and flowers and shrubs grew in abundance. "The groves of trees you see," George explained, "were planted by the Canadian government in 1901, both to bind the soil more firmly and for the purpose of making the island more easily seen from the ocean. We have a grant of \$400 a year, you know. But we make some slight return by the sale of cranberries and wild ponies, of which, no doubt, you'll see a herd before very long; and by salvage from wrecked vessels."

quarters, listening to a round of tales. "The packet boat arrives tomorrow, by the way, and we'll have to rope some of the ponies."

Again Howard and Jim were going to ask about the wild ponies. As George had told them that they would learn everything on the morrow, however, they decided to postpone their questions, especially as it was bedtime.

### CHAPTER IV HOWARD BECOMES OWNER OF "SABLE"

BRIGHT and early next morning preparations were made to surround the wild ponies, to drive them into a central pound. Howard and Jim were attached to George's party, which had to go to the south of Lake Wallace. "There are only about 200 ponies now," commented George as they rode along. "At one time I believe the herds numbered as many as 600. But each winter some of them die, and the frightful hurricanes cause a further decrease." "How did the ponies get upon the island in the first place?" asked Howard. "Probably from some Spanish wreck early in the sixteenth century," replied George; "although it is possible that when the French tried to colonize the island in 1618 and 1617 they may have left the ancestors of the ponies."

They observed the ponies closely. Great shaggy manes covered their big heads; an immense bushy tail waved behind. Strong limbed, with large shoulders, they indeed looked the sturdy animals George declared them to be. Most were of chestnut color, although there seemed to be many bays and browns. In the meantime other parties of guardsmen had been rounding up the rest of the ponies, until all the animals were surrounded in one big pound. Now began the most thrilling part of the performance. Into the kicking snorting mass of terrified horses a guardsman would ride. When he had selected his victim, a lasso would drift uncoil itself from his hand. In almost every case the horse would be roped. Afterward it would be thrown, bound, laid upon a handbarrow and trundled down to the shore, where it was placed in the surf boat and rowed off to the packet, now lying at a certain distance from shore. Howard was admiring a handsome white pony, which had been thrown after a hard fight, when the superintendent approached. "White ponies are mighty uncommon," said he, "and that's a fine fellow." "How would you like to own him?" asked he suddenly. "How would I?" exclaimed Howard. "Best thing in the world!" returned the superintendent with a smile. "I could not believe his ears. Recovering from his astonishment, he thanked the superintendent again and again. Here was just such a pony as he had been longing for—seven times as good as any other he had seen. Indeed, it was too good to be true. But it WAS true, and back Nova Scotia in the packet ship along with the boys, who were welcomed by their anxious relatives as those returned from the dead. People wondered at the name 'Sable,' which Howard gave to his pony. "I thought a pony should be a shiny black in color," said a man in a black and his pony was just as white as a pony could be. But after Howard told the story of how he came to own 'Sable'—and he never tired of relating it—they all agreed that the name was appropriate.

## The Awkward Boy who became Famous

TURNING his head neither to right nor left, the roughly clad boy made his way up the path leading to the house of Wylam's schoolmaster. Wylam at this time was a little village near Newcastle, in Northumberland, England. And the home at which the lad of 13 knocked was a very simple one. "Well, what do you want?" asked the schoolmaster, as he shaded his eyes from the light carried in his hand. He did not altogether like having his studies interrupted in such fashion.

lad called on the schoolmaster he was plugman of a pumping engine, every detail of which he had studied so carefully that he could with ease have taken it apart and put it together again. With eagerness the boy plunged into his studies. Acting as fireman and brakeman at the colliery during the day, he attended school in the evening, and even found time to earn money by repairing clocks. So diligently did he apply himself to learning, that in two years he knew all the schoolmaster

fourteen miles an hour. People marveled; they laughed no longer. And when, in 1829, he so improved the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, it had a view from every side, they said, "thirty miles an hour, thereby winning a prize of £500, he found himself famous. He was consulted upon all railroad projects, and grew very wealthy. But he still was simple in his manner. In spite of the honors heaped upon him, his king wished to make him a knight, but he insisted upon remaining plain George Stephenson.



"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"I want to learn to read and write, sir," the boy replied. For a moment the schoolmaster looked scornfully upon the homely face and poor clothing of the lad. Then he said scornfully: "Very well, you may attend; but an awkward, bare-legged laddie like you had better be doing something else than learning his letters." Thereupon he slammed the door in the boy's face. But the lad was not discouraged. At last he saw a chance for the fulfillment of his ambition. While the years were passing, his desire for learning had been growing. Up until now his father had been too poor to send him to school. Born in 1781 in a very hovel, with a clay floor, mud walls and bare rafters, at the age of 8 he began to work for his living, herding cows in the daytime and barring up the gates at night. Later he picked stones from coal, and afterward drove a horse which drew coal from the pit. He was it when he became assistant to his father, the foreman of a colliery in Wylam. When the

### He Dreamed, Too

TWO little youngsters shambled penitently into the classroom long after the school had opened for the morning session. "Boys, come to my desk immediately," said the teacher, "two meek little lads walked to the teacher's desk and stood looking helplessly at their feet. "Tommy, why are you late this morning?" asked the teacher. "I overslept myself, ma'am," began Tommy. "You see, teacher, I dreamed I was going to take a railroad trip. I just got to the station when I woke up and found it was long past schooltime." "Freddy, why are you late?" inquired the teacher, turning to the other boy. "Please, ma'am," replied the trembling Freddy. "I went to the station to see Tommy off."

### More Wonderful Still

ONCE upon a time an inspector was examining a very youthful class of Scotch boys, and among other subjects he requested the teacher to ask her pupils a few questions in nature knowledge. Desiring her class to do her honor, she decided upon the simple subject, "Chickens." "Now, children," she said, "I want you to tell me something very wonderful about chickens." "How they get out of their shells," promptly responded one little fellow. "Well," said the teacher, "that is, of course, wonderful; but I mean something more wonderful still." There was a silence for a few seconds. Then up spoke little Johnny. "Please, ma'am, it's marvellous how they ever get inside their shells!"

### A MISTAKE

Husband—"Only think, my colleague Cohen, whom we had to dinner last Sunday, has died suddenly." Wife—"How I wish we had invited him for next Sunday!"

### PLANT WITH A BRAIN.

Captain S. Musgrave, who was in charge of Lord Robert's armored train in South Africa during the Boer War, has returned to England after a twenty months' mile trip through Colombia. Besides numerous specimens of plants, insects, and skins of animals the captain brought home a live ant-eater, which during the voyage to England was fed on bananas, rice, and milk. Captain Musgrave says that he had been on a zoological expedition, and had been successful in getting several fine specimens. He had, he said, discovered a specimen of a carnivorous plant which had a brain, digestive organs, and a nervous system like a human being.

### Realistic

A LITTLE boy sat in Sunday school watching a lesson on the poet. The superintendent drew one straight line, the path to heaven, and started the figure of a man on it. When he had reached the top of heaven, he was too high to enter. Turning to his audience of eager children, the superintendent said, in a powerful tone: "You see, he is so high up with sin that he cannot enter in." "Try him sideways!" "Try him sideways!" shrieked the little boy.

### Wanted Temptation Removed

Laura was very much interested in the lesson. She read and heard all her parents to help her very hard that the little finally made this addition to usual evening prayers: "Please, please help me save my money, please don't let the ice cream come down the street!" "Hateful thing," she cried in the midst of their little quarrel was a silly goose when I made you." "Perhaps so," replied great brute. "At any rate were no chicken."

## Baby's Dream Canoe

May I go aboating too, Baby dear, tonight with you?

May I go aboating too, In your little dream canoe?

We will hang a light star Where the danger places are Anchored on the Slumber Street We will fish—and catch a dream