

JACK THE CONQUEROR; Or, Difficulties Overcome.

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(From *Children's Friend*.)

CHAP. XII—(Continued.)

Still, in spite of all these troubles, Jack kept up a courageous heart. He could study his lessons whilst he wove his baskets. He continued to practise his writing at odd moments, and was constantly commended for his industry by Mr. Hartley, who was greatly pleased with his new scholar, in whom he saw the germs of no ordinary powers of application. He only regretted that he should lose him after a time when he went to day labor.

He was not lost sight of by the family at the Hall. More than once Miss Sutton and her father called at the school-house and made enquiries about him of Mr. Hartley, who always spoke of the boy in the highest terms. Miss Sutton bought his baskets, having no idea that the money would be instantly appropriated by his aunt, and not in any way expended on Jack.

At length the winter drew to its close, and symptoms of spring were approaching. Jack was beginning to wonder whether his aunt intended to forbid his going to school any more at the end of the six months, when she was suddenly summoned hence by an attack of paralysis.

She died unregretted by all except Jack, who had a kindly feeling for her, notwithstanding the neglect and unkindness she had too often shown him. But her house had been a home for him: now he had none; and it was with a feeling of desolation he had never experienced before, that he turned away from her grave, wondering what was to be his destination in future.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Keep up a good heart, dearie," said Jenny.

"God knows all about it, and He will find you a home, even if it should be no better a one than mine."

Jack was sitting with her the day after the funeral. There was a strong affection between them.

"I must try and get work in the quarries at once, Jenny; there are some boys not much bigger than I am, who are put to wheel stones."

"Well, dear, if nothing else turns up, you must."

"And good-bye to school for always."

A tap at the door was followed by Mary Naylor running in hastily.

"The Squire is at our house, and wants to see you, Jack. I knew you were here, so I ran over. Come quick!"

Mr. Sutton and his daughter were in Mrs. Naylor's cottage.

"We have come to see after you, Jack," said the Squire. "We must settle what is to be done with you. What would you like yourself?"

"I must go to the quarries, sir."

"You wish to?"

"I shall not like it," replied Jack; "but that makes no difference. I'll go and do my best."

"I have another plan for you, which I think will be a better one. I know you like your lessons; and it is a pity they should cease. I propose to board you here with Mrs. Naylor, who is willing to receive you for three years. I will pay for your board, and you shall continue to go on paying for your schooling. It will depend on yourself what becomes of you at the end of the three years. If Mr. Hartley's expectations come true, you will be quite a scholar by that time."

It seemed to Jack as if one of the great stones from the quarry had just been lifted off his heart, or as though he had been groping his way through a mist, not knowing whither he was going, or whether he should ever find the path he was seeking; but that now suddenly the sun had

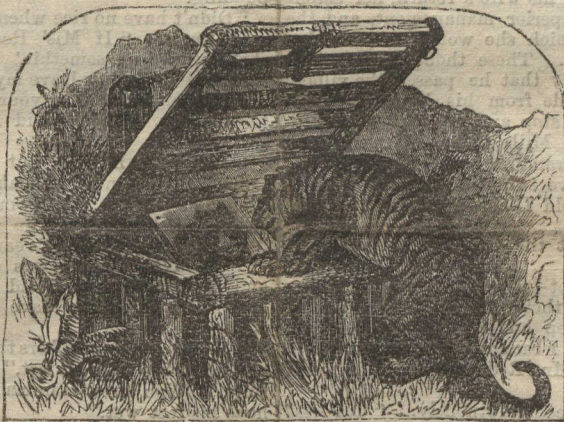
follow our young hero through his National school career during the three years following his aunt's death, it must suffice to say that his progress exceeded Mr. Hartley's most sanguine expectations, and made the Squire more than ever his friend.

He never failed in paying his own way as far as going to school was concerned, always doing so by means of his industry in one way or another.

Mr. Sutton had intended to place him in some office at the age of fourteen; but when that time arrived, it appeared both to him and to Mr. Hartley as if the boy possessed abilities which might possibly enable him to take a high stand some day as a scholar. It was not only because he had considerable natural talent that they were led to this conclusion, but because he had from so early an age acquired the power and habit of overcoming difficulties as they arose in his path.

"He has both determination and perseverance," said Mr. Hartley, "to an extent I never met with before."

Mr. Sutton pondered the matter over. At length he sent for Jack,



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shone forth, the mist had vanished, and his road lay straight and clear before him. He longed to express his grateful thanks in words, but something rose up in his throat and made him feel afraid he should cry if he opened his lips. He could only bow, and look up in the kind-hearted Squire's face with a countenance which told all he wished to say.

Mr. Sutton understood him well. He would rather have had that look than the most eloquent words, and, patting Jack's head kindly, he said—

"A boy who can help himself as you have done deserves to be helped, Jack. You must be as busy as ever; for, mind, your school payment is still to be your own affair."

And so Jack went to live with Mrs. Naylor, where for a time all his difficulties seemed to have vanished, except such as Mr. Hartley gave him to conquer daily with his book or his slate.

CHAPTER XIV.

As it would be lengthening our story too much if we were to

His kind friends at the Hall took care to equip him respectably as a school-boy about to commence his new life at Stedwell Grammar School. His neighbors at Bushgrove all wished him well, and congratulated him on having such a friend in the Squire. When he went about to say good-bye the morning he left, Mr. Hartley shook hands cordially with him.

"Go on as you have hitherto done, Jack," said he. "Work steadily at Stedwell as you have here. You will find that there is much for you to accomplish in order to win the scholarship. Earnest application, and a resolve not to relax in your efforts, however great they may have to be, is indispensable. Having chosen the path of learning, go boldly forward in it; let no difficulties daunt you, no idleness ever overcome you, and then I shall be surprised if you do not come off victorious."

(To be Continued.)

CATCHING THE TIGER.

There are many ways of catching tigers. The subjoined picture shows one way: it is with a looking-glass trap. I will tell you a still more ingenious plan for catching the noble beast. It is practiced in Oude, and in some of the other provinces, where they manufacture a very sticky kind of bird-lime.

The first thing is to find out the tiger's lair. This discovered, a few hundred broad tropical leaves, covered on both sides with the bird-lime, are spread about. The hunters then retire to a safe distance to await the appearance of the tiger. By and by he comes sauntering along to where the bird-lime is strewn, and presently a big leaf sticks to his paw. When a vigorous shake will not release it of the clammy thing, he tries what a whisk at the side of his head will do, and succeeds in smearing an eye. By this time each paw is furnished with an unwelcome slipper, and perhaps his tail is festooned with several likewise. He now loses his temper, becomes furious, bites at the limed leaves, and rolls among them till both eyes are blinded, and his body covered with a network of leaves—a leafy coat-of-mail, not weapon proof. At the sound of his terrible roars the trappers rush up, and dispatch him with a shower of bullets.

Now is not the fate of the tiger very much like the consequence of a lie? For just as the first leaf sticking to the tiger was followed by another and another, till he was covered with them, and fell helplessly into the hands of his entrappers; so the first lie is followed by another and another till the poor victim falls completely into the power of Satan, the liar-in-wait for souls.—*Selected.*