

Stories of
Great Lives

STORY HOUR SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Stories of Great Lives

Selected Authors

FORGOTTEN CLASSICS FAMILY LIBRARY
Libraries of Hope

Stories of Great Lives

Copyright © 2016 by Libraries of Hope, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission of the publisher. International rights and foreign translations available only through permission of the publisher.

Compiled From:

Boy and Girl Heroes, by Frances Farmer, New York: The Macmillan Company, (1912).

The Book of Brave Adventurers, by Dorothy Calhoun, New York: The Macmillan Company, (1915).

Tales from Near and Far, by Guy Arthur Terry, Chicago: Row, Peterson & Co., (1915).

Fifty Famous Stories Retold, by James Baldwin, New York: American Book Co., (1896).

A Book of the Great Old Stories, by Frederick Hopper, Philadelphia: David McKay Co., (1931).

Thirty More Stories Retold, by James Baldwin, New York: American Book Co., (1905).

Fifty Famous People, by James Baldwin, New York: American Book Co., (1907).

Copyright Continued

An American Book of Golden Deeds, by James Baldwin, New York: American Book Co., (1896).

Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522

Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email support@librariesofhope.com

Printed in the United States of America

Table of Contents

A Boy Who Spent Three Years in a Palace 1

The Girl Who Built Castles in the Air 6

A Boy like Other Boys in Many Ways 14

A Boy Who Was Not like Other Boys in Many Ways 18

The Boy Who Was His Own Teacher 24

A Girl Who Had Animal Friends That You and I May See ... 29

A Girl Whose Two Hands Did Wonderful Things for Her 37

A Girl Who Liked to Have Fun 43

A Girl Who Liked to Read Stories and Write Them 47

A Little Boy with a Long Name 52

A Kind Nurse 56

A Poor Boy and What Became of Him 60

A Rich Boy and What Became of Him 68

A Brave Boy Who Did Not Want to Be a Soldier 72

A Fighting Boy 83

Robert and the Spy 88

Roland and the Jewel 93

The Drummer Boy 97

David, the Brave Shepherd Boy 102

Betty Zane 109

The Young Hannibal 113

King Alfred 117

Noel Duval **121**
An American Army of Two **126**
King Alfred and the Cakes. **130**
King Alfred and the Beggar **132**
King Canute on the Seashore **135**
The Sons of William the Conqueror. **137**
The White Ship. **141**
King John and the Abbot **145**
Bruce and the Spider. **150**
The Miller of the Dee. **152**
Sir Philip Sidney **154**
The Ungrateful Soldier **156**
Grace Darling **158**
Arnold Winkelried **161**
The Story of Cincinnatus **163**
Diogenes the Wise Man **167**
The King and His Hawk **169**
Doctor Goldsmith **173**
The Kingdoms **175**
The Young Cupbearer **178**
"Little Brothers of the Air" **182**
A Clever Slave **184**
The King and the Page **187**
Heroic Madelon **190**
Partners **200**

Table of Contents Continued

Are You There, My Lad? **205**
Sir Walter Scott **209**
Alfred Tennyson **223**
William Makepeace Thackeray **230**
Jean-François Millet **243**
The Little Corporal **251**

A Boy Who Spent Three Years in a Palace

When Michael Angelo was a little boy he thought more about drawing than of any other thing in all the world. His father sent him to school but Michael Angelo did not like books and would not study hard. He drew pictures on his books, instead. "I want to learn to draw," he would say to his father.

His father was angry at this. "I do not want you to be an artist, my son," he said. "Artists cannot earn much money and I do not want you to become one."

Poor little Michael Angelo did not want much money. He only wanted to learn to draw well, and he could not get the idea out of his head.

"I would rather do this than any other thing," he told his father.

Michael Angelo's best friend knew a great artist. Often the great artist would let the two boys watch him draw. This made Michael Angelo more eager than ever.

One day the artist went to Michael Angelo's father. "I will pay you for the boy's work if you will let him study with me," he said.

The father was willing to do this, and Michael Angelo studied with the artist for three years.

At that time there lived a prince who loved beautiful statues. He liked them so well he sent all over the world to get the very best there were. This prince was a kind man. He thought it would be well if others could enjoy his fine statues.

He said to the drawing teachers of the city in which he lived, "Choose your two best pupils. Send them to study my fine statues. I will get a teacher to help them."

All the drawing pupils in the city of Florence wanted to see the prince's statues. But only two could be chosen from each class.

One teacher had two bright pupils. They were great friends and both could draw well. It was not hard for this teacher to make his choice. Michael Angelo and his friend were the lucky ones.

You may be sure there were some happy boys in Florence, that day. And Michael Angelo was the happiest of them all. He was always glad to see beautiful things and to learn about them.

While visiting the kind prince, Michael Angelo first spent his time in drawing. Then one day he saw a young man modeling in clay. Michael Angelo thought that he would like this work even better than drawing, and it was not long before he was working in clay, also.

One day, Michael Angelo was making a faun's head. The prince came along and saw him at work. "That is a

fine head," the prince said. "But you have made one mistake. The faun should have one tooth missing."

Michael Angelo did not say much. When the prince came around a second time the faun had one tooth less than it had had before. Michael Angelo had changed the head to make it just as it should be.

The prince was much pleased. "My boy," he said. "I see that you are willing to learn. You may come and live with me in my palace. I will get you a teacher and you shall study with my three sons."

Again Michael Angelo was a happy boy, and for three years he worked in the palace, with princes for friends. He spent most of his time carving in marble, now, and his work was becoming more and more beautiful. Indeed, many people said, "Some day Michael Angelo will be a great sculptor."

After Michael Angelo had lived at the palace for three years, the kind prince died. Michael Angelo had lost a friend but he had not lost his love for the work. He kept on and on, until he became one of the greatest sculptors that has ever lived.

The people of Florence, Italy, had a huge block of marble. One man had tried to carve a giant out of it, but had failed. The people asked Michael Angelo to do something with it.

"I will see what I can do," Michael Angelo promised them. Then he carved and carved, for eighteen months.

When he had finished, you could see that a wonderful sculptor had done the work. The huge block was changed into a young man with a sling-shot thrown over his shoulder. He was going forth to fight a giant. It was David, the shepherd boy. Forty men worked four days to move it, and it is a wonder that it did not take longer. It weighed eighteen thousand pounds, or just nine tons!

Someone said, "What a beautiful piece of sculpture it is! Let us put it at the gate of our city. It will help to keep watch over our people."

This is what the people of Florence did, and for many years David the shepherd boy looked quietly upon all who entered the gates of the city.

At another time Michael Angelo carved the statue of Moses. This statue is in Rome. It looks so real it almost seems to speak, as you stand before it.

Michael Angelo carved many more statues also. One is called THE THINKER, and is in Florence, Italy. Another is called DAY AND NIGHT, and still another TWILIGHT AND DAWNING.

Michael Angelo did not spend all of his time as a sculptor. Once in a while he stopped to paint a few beautiful pictures.

In Rome, there is a large church named St. Peter. This church has many parts, one of which is called The Sistine Chapel. The ceiling of this chapel is covered with many pictures. Each picture tells some story about the Bible.

If you have ever watched anyone paint the ceiling in your home, you know how hard it is. Painting walls is a much easier task. Only a very great artist could make the pictures look so real and so beautiful.

If you are ever in Rome or Florence, try to see the wonderful work of Michael Angelo.

The Girl Who Built Castles in the Air

What would you think if you had a baby sister who could sing the tune of MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE or THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER before she was two years old? Perhaps you would think that she was the smartest sister in the whole country, and this is what she might be.

When little Jenny Lind was only twenty months old she could sing tunes that were just as hard as MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE or THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER. She lived in Sweden and the songs that she sang were the Swedish native airs. Baby Jenny thought that they were very pretty songs. She liked the tunes even though she was too young to say the words that went with them.

After a while little Jenny grew old enough to sing the words as well as the tunes. Then she would sing and sing. You would have liked to hear little Jenny's songs. Her voice was as clear and as sweet as the voice of any child you have ever heard.

When Jenny was three years old she was very happy because some soldiers marched by the house every day. Some children would have looked at the soldiers because they liked to see their suits or watch them go LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT. It was not so with little Jenny Lind. She liked the soldiers because some of them blew

such pretty tunes on their bugles. One tune they blew more than any other and it was not long before little Jenny had learned to sing it.

One day when she thought that she was all alone in the house she crept up to the big piano and played one of the soldier's tunes. She had never played the piano before but she had watched her half-sister do so. She found it very easy to pick out the tune with one finger, singing as she played.

Little Jenny thought that she was alone in the house. She did not know that her grandmother was at home until she heard a voice that called out the name of Jenny's half-sister. Then little Jenny was frightened because she thought that her grandmother might be angry. Little Jenny was so young that she had never been allowed to play on the piano and she did not know what her grandmother would think of it. So she hid underneath the big piano and kept very, very still. If little Jenny had been older she would have known that it does not take very sharp eyes to find someone hidden under a piano. The grandmother came into the room and saw little Jenny at once. She said to her, "Child, was that you singing and playing the pretty tune?" Little Jenny had tears in her eyes as she answered that she was the one. She was surprised to see that her grandmother was pleased and not angry.

The grandmother took Jenny from her hiding place, and when the mother came home the grandmother told

her that some day she would have a great singer for a daughter. "Mark my words," she said. "Some day this child will bring you help." By this she meant that Jenny might be a great singer and earn a good deal of money.

When Jenny was six years old her father and mother became very poor. Jenny's mother had to spend so much of her time earning money that little Jenny was sent away to the home of a man and his wife who had no children and wanted some little girl to live with them.

Jenny's new home was on a busy street and many people passed by the house each day. But there were no children in the house and little Jenny would have been very lonesome if it had not been for one thing. Jenny liked to sing so well that she could not be lonesome. No matter how dark the day might be, there was always a sunny spot around where little Jenny was.

When she was nine years old someone gave her a beautiful cat with a blue ribbon around its neck. Little Jenny thought that her cat was the finest cat in all the world. She would often sit in the window looking out upon the busy street. In her arms she would hold the pet cat while she sang her sweetest songs to him. The cat seemed to like the singing for he would purr and purr. Sometimes he would curl up into a ball and have a good nap.

One day the maid who worked for a Swedish actress passed by the window where little Jenny sat singing to her

cat. The maid heard the singing and looked up. She had never heard such a beautiful song on a busy street and it brought tears to her eyes. When the maid found that the song had come from a little nine-year-old girl singing to her cat she hurried home to tell her mistress about it.

The actress found out where little Jenny's mother lived. She asked the mother to bring little Jenny to her. When the actress had heard Jenny sing she was delighted. "A girl with such a voice should be taught to sing on the stage where many people can hear her," she said to Jenny's mother. Then she asked Jenny's mother if she would allow the little girl to study for the stage if someone would give her lessons without charging for the work. The mother did not like to do this at first, but at last she gave her consent and the actress told her to bring Jenny back the next day.

It was then that little Jenny Lind began to build her air castles. How she wished that someone would be good enough to be her teacher! Little Jenny wanted to learn to sing so well that everyone in the town who heard her would be made happier.

The actress took Jenny to an old music teacher where she sang one of her prettiest songs. The old music teacher was much pleased and would have liked to have taken the little girl for a pupil but he thought that it would be better for her to study with the manager of a theatre. In those days some of the theatres had training schools where children learned how to act, play the piano, or sing pretty

songs for the stage. The manager of the theatre had charge of the training school and this was why the old music teacher wanted Jenny to go to him.

Jenny was very much frightened when she found herself before the manager of the theatre. She hoped that he would like her so that he would let her study at his school without paying for it.

The manager was surprised when he saw Jenny. She was a pale, shy looking little girl. He did not think that she could sing well. "You ask a foolish thing," he said to the music master. "Surely this child cannot sing!"

Little Jenny spoke up at once. "May I sing for you?" she asked the manager. The manager said that she might do so and Jenny sang for him the pretty song that she had also sung for the old music master. When the manager had heard the song he was sorry that he had spoken so rudely. "I will take the child," he said. "She may come into my training school and I will teach her how to sing for the stage."

Little Jenny went to the school a few days later. She had not been there long before she began to feel that she was learning how to sing well enough to make many people of her city happy. Whenever she sang in the school concerts the people always clapped and clapped because her voice was so sweet and so beautiful. This pleased little Jenny but she was not satisfied. She kept on building air

castles, wishing that some day she might sing well enough to please the people of even larger cities.

Just as Jenny Lind was wishing this, a sad thing happened. It seems hard to believe, but it is true. Jenny Lind's beautiful voice disappeared one day. No one knew just how it happened. No one knew just how long it would stay away, but her beautiful voice was surely gone! Some people said that she had sung too much for a little girl and that this was why her voice had lost its strength.

Poor Jenny! How sad she was! She could not take singing lessons any more. The teachers told her that she must give her voice a rest if she wished it to come back again.

Then little Jenny went to work to learn to play the piano. She was not sad long because of a voice within her that seemed to say that in time things would come out all right and she would be able to sing again.

For four years Jenny Lind staid at the school taking piano lessons. Then something happened to make Jenny Lind believe that the voice within her had told the truth. She was asked to sing a short solo in a play because no one else wanted to sing it. The manager did not think that Jenny would be able to sing it well, and Jenny Lind, herself, did not think so. But when she tried the song, Oh! Oh! How happy she was! She found that her voice had come back again! It had returned as quickly as it had once

disappeared. After waiting four years Jenny Lind found that she could at last sing again!

Jenny's old teacher began at once to give her lessons and she went to work as hard as ever.

After a while she began to feel that it might be well for her to study in another city, and her teacher told her that she should go to the big city of Paris. Jenny was very glad to do this. She worked for many months giving concerts so that she might earn enough money to study in Paris where many of the best teachers in the world lived.

Again Jenny Lind built air castles. This time she wished that her voice might grow to be so sweet that everyone who heard her in the big city of Paris would be pleased.

Jenny Lind went to study in Paris but her wishes did not come true at once. Another sad thing happened. Once more she lost her voice and had to stop singing for six months, to rest it.

Many people would have surely given up, but it was not so with Jenny Lind. She rested her voice and then went to work again.

And from this time on Jenny Lind had many happy days. Her voice never disappeared again but grew sweeter and stronger and better every day. It grew to be so beautiful that when she sang you would think that a bird was in the room. She could sing as high as any girl in your school and seven or eight notes higher. If there is a piano

in your school ask your teacher to play notes above high G and then you will know just how far Jenny Lind could go with her beautiful voice that sounded like that of a bird.

Not only the people of Paris but also the people of Berlin and London, and even the people of America were made very happy when Jenny Lind sang for them. Everyone thought that she was the most beautiful singer in the whole world.

With all this, Jenny Lind was not satisfied until she had taken a great deal of the money that she had earned and given it away to people who needed it. After she had been singing for awhile she began the new plan of giving away a part of the money that she earned, in every place she visited.

When she visited London, she left a large sum of money for one of its hospitals. In America she gave concerts for poor people and would not take any money for them. At one time she helped many of the poor people of Sweden.

Jenny Lind worked hard to make her own wishes come true. But she did not forget the wishes of others.

A Boy like Other Boys in Many Ways

It is easy to guess what Henry did that most boys like to do. He played ball and flew a kite. Sometimes he went swimming or hunting with his big brother. When the circus came to town, Henry was there. After it was over, there was a good deal of circus at home. His sisters looked on and clapped their hands. They saw such wonderful sights!

Once the circus-rider got hurt. He was riding the wooden horse on the back porch. His sisters must have shouted "Three cheers for the rider! Keep it up! Ride fast!" at any rate, the young rider was making his horse go! Back and forth went the wooden rocking-horse.

Then there was a CRASH! and over went the circus-rider and horse.

The girls cried, "Oh! Oh! Is anyone hurt?"

"Only a neck broken," replied Henry. Of course the horse was the unlucky one with the broken neck.

In winter there was coasting, skating and riding on sleds. Perhaps someone got hit with a snowball when this boy was around.

On week days there was school. At night he and his sisters sat around the sitting-room table to study. It was so quiet that you could hear the clock tick. When they were through, Hooray! There was a good time until bed-time.

On Sunday Henry went to church, twice. Everyone in the family went unless there was sickness. In those days the churches were not heated well. Henry carried a foot-stove heated with live coals. This was passed along so that everyone could have a turn.

On Sunday afternoons there were Bible stories at home. Henry liked these very well. When there were pictures to go with them, he liked them very, very well.

When Henry was thirteen years old, one thing happened to show that he was not like other boys in every way. Henry heard about a fight between a man and an Indian. It was on the shores of a body of water. Henry wrote a poem about it and called the poem THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND.

Henry did not want any one to know that he had written the poem. He would not tell any one but his sister. "I will tell you if you will promise not to tell," he told his sister.

Henry mailed the poem to a newspaper of the city in which he lived. When the paper came out, Henry and his sister looked for the poem. How happy they were to find that it had been printed!

After this Henry wrote more poems. He worked so hard that in a few years he became a great poet.

Now I will tell you what this poet wrote and then you will know his last name. He wrote HIAWATHA and THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Now you surely know what his name is. Yes, it is LONGFELLOW.

Once someone wrote a funny poem for a joke. They said that it was Henry W. Longfellow's first poem. Henry W. Longfellow did not write funny poems and he did not write this one. You may like to read it, just for fun. This is it:—

Mr. Finney had a turnip and it grew behind the barn.
It grew and it grew, and the turnip did no harm.
It grew and it grew until it could grow no taller,
When Mr. Finney took it and put into the cellar.
There it lay, there it lay, until it began to rot,
When his daughter Susie washed it and put it into the pot.
Then she boiled it and she boiled it, as long as she was able,
When his daughter Lizzie took and put it on the table.
Mr. Finney and his wife both sat down to sup;
They ate and they ate, until they ate the turnip up.

Henry W. Longfellow's poems are better than this one. After you have read about Mr. Finney and his turnip, a few times you are tired of it. Mr. Longfellow's poems are so beautiful, you will like them better the more you read them.

Ask your teacher to read THE CHILDREN'S HOUR or HIAWATHA.

Some children like to learn this part of Hiawatha:—

"Then the little Hiawatha learned of every bird its
language,

Learned their names and all their secrets;
Where they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter;
Talked with them, whene'er he met them;
Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.'"

A Boy Who Was Not like Other Boys in Many Ways

When Thomas Edison was a very little fellow he was missing one morning. His mother could not find him although she had looked almost everywhere about the house and garden. At last she thought of the barn and went to look for Thomas there.

What do you think she saw when she reached the barn? She saw her son sitting on a nest of goose eggs because he thought that he could hatch them out more quickly than the goose mother.

Now you know what happened to the eggs. Almost every shell broke and not one egg turned into a little goose. Thomas was sorry to think that Mrs. Goose could do so much better than he, but he was glad that he had learned something new about hatching.

That was the way it was with Thomas. He was always trying to do hard things that most of the boys would not think of trying to do.

Most of the boys went to school to learn to read and write. Thomas could go to school but two or three months in his life, but he learned to read and write as well as any of the boys. This is because he taught himself, with the help of his good mother.

One time he read fifteen feet of books in the Public Library of Detroit, Michigan. He began at the bottom

shelf and read every book. Then he read the books on the next shelf. When he had read fifteen feet of books someone stopped him. Perhaps he would have read every book in the Library if he had been allowed to go on.

Thomas Edison was a poor boy and had to earn money as soon as he was old enough to do so. When he was twelve years old he became a train boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad. His work was to sell books, papers, candy and fruit. Thomas did his work well but he did not care to spend all of his time in this way. Someone gave Thomas some old type and a printing-press. He set up a work-shop in one corner of the baggage-car, and went to work to print a newspaper.

You will wonder what kind of a newspaper a little fellow like Thomas could print, so I will tell you. He found out all about what was happening on the Grand Trunk Railroad. Then he printed the news in his little paper. Thomas Edison's paper was no larger than the top of your school desk, but it contained interesting news and the passengers liked to buy it. Thomas charged but three cents for his paper, and printed one each week. It was the only paper that told about the news of a railroad, and Thomas soon found that the people were well pleased with it. He soon found that he was earning a good many pennies each week, also.

But one day a sad thing happened! Thomas set fire to the baggage-car!

The conductor was a quick-tempered man who did not spend much time in saying or doing kind things. He ran into the baggage-car and put out the fire. Then he had the engineer stop the train at the next station, and in less time than it takes to tell about it, Thomas found himself on the station platform. And about his ears came his type, his press, and all that he had had in his workshop.

The train started up at once while Thomas stood alone on the platform. Thomas watched the train as it grew smaller and smaller in the distance and he was a sad young fellow. "I will have to start all over, now," he said, as he gathered up the things that lay scattered about on the platform.

Thomas Edison went home where his father let him set up a work-shop in the cellar.

Besides printing, Thomas Edison liked to study about electricity. He had been in many depots and had often heard the ticking noise in the offices of the depot-agents. He knew that this ticking noise meant that someone was sending a message by electricity, and Thomas wanted to learn all about it. He got a good book which he studied every day. The book was called Telegraphy, which is a very hard name, but Thomas Edison did not care about this. He knew that the long word was only another way of saying that messages could be sent by electricity.

Thomas thought that it would be great fun to send messages to his friend who lived near by. One day he

found a stove-pipe wire, a few old bottles and several other things that would be needed in order to send a message. "Now all I need is the electricity and I can send messages to my friend," he said.

Thomas was thinking about it when he saw old Tabby the cat coming along "Oh! I know where I can get the electricity!" cried Thomas. "I have often seen sparks coming from old Tabby's back. There will be enough electricity to send many messages."

Thomas caught Tabby and rubbed the poor old cat's back the wrong way to make sparks. I need not tell you what happened when Thomas did this because you know what your old cat would do if you were to rub his fur the wrong way. I need only tell you that Thomas could not get his electricity from old Tabby the cat. Nor could Thomas send messages to his friend along the stove-pipe wire.

But Thomas Edison did not give up when things would not go his way. "Some day when I know more about electricity I will find out how to send messages to my friend," he said.

In the meantime Thomas Edison worked harder than ever and learned many things that a young boy does not often know. He even found out what it means to be a hero as you will see.

Thomas had just stepped on to the platform in front of a depot one day when he saw a big heavy freight-car coming along the railroad track. On the same track not far

from the moving car sat little Jimmie the station master's two-year-old boy. Jimmie was playing with some of the pebbles that lay about him. He thought it great fun to throw the pebbles over his shoulders.

Thomas saw the moving car and he saw little Jimmie. He threw away the bundle that he was carrying under his arm and dashed on to the railroad track. He seized Jimmie and carried him off the track a moment before the freight train reached the spot where Jimmie had been sitting at play.

If Thomas had been one second later he would have lost his life for the car touched the heel of his shoe just as he and Jimmie fell on to the next track.

Thomas was scratched but little Jimmie was not hurt at all. Oh how glad the station master was when he saw this!

Jimmie's father the station master knew a great deal about the hard study called Telegraphy that Thomas Edison liked so well. He told Thomas that he would teach him how to use a telegraph machine because of what he had done for his son Jimmie.

Then it was Thomas's turn to be happy! How pleased he was! And how eagerly he listened to all that the station master told him!

It was not long before Thomas Edison knew what the station master knew and many other things as well. He kept on working with electricity, and by the time he was

twenty-one years of age he had become known as an inventor.

Thomas Edison gave up telegraphy and spent all of his time working at inventions until there were hundreds of them. No doubt your father or mother or teacher can name many of these. Some of them have been very very useful.

Thomas Edison learned how to send messages to his friend and he learned many other things that were much harder.

If you have electricity in your houses you may think of Thomas Edison because it was he who worked many months in order that he might find a good way to use electricity in lighting houses.

When you listen to a phonograph you may think of Thomas Edison because he was its inventor also.

And when you are looking at moving pictures you may think of Thomas Edison for he was the inventor of the wonderful machine that makes the wonderful moving picture.

The Boy Who Was His Own Teacher

It was this way. There were sixteen children in the family. All of these children needed clothes. They needed food. Other things they would have to have. Mr. Franklin, their father, had very little money. So he took Benjamin out of school.

Benjamin was only ten years old but he was a bright boy. Mr. Franklin said, "Benjamin can teach himself. He is a smart little fellow. He can help me make candles, too."

Mr. Franklin was a candle-maker. He needed someone to twist the wicks and fill the candle-molds with melted tallow.

Benjamin staid home from school to help his father. Once in a while his father gave him pennies to spend. The pennies jingled in Benjamin's pocket, one morning, and Benjamin was very happy.

Down the street came another little fellow. He, too, was happy and well he might be. He had a bright tin whistle which Benjamin heard when he was afar off.

"What a fine whistle you have," Benjamin said to the little boy.

"Yes, I bought it at the store over there," said the boy.

Jingle, jingle went the pennies in Benjamin's pocket. Away went the owner of the pennies.

"Any whistles today?" asked Benjamin of the store-keeper.

"Yes, good ones," said the store-keeper. "How much do you want to pay?"

"I will give you all I have," said Benjamin, and jingle, jingle went the pennies again.

"Very well," answered the man. "Pick out any whistle you want."

It did not take Benjamin long to choose. His eye had been on the bright tin whistle from the very first.

"I will take this one," said Benjamin. Then he gave the store-keeper the pennies that had been jingling in his pocket.

Benjamin took the whistle home. He showed it to his brothers. His brothers laughed. They knew how much the whistle was worth. "You should not have given the man all your pennies," they said. "You have paid too much for your whistle."

Benjamin Franklin often thought of this. He did not waste his time nor do things that would cost him dearly. "Don't pay too much for your whistle," he would say to himself.

Benjamin did not like the work in the candle-shop. He thought that he could make more money at something else.

Benjamin's brother was a printer. "You can help me for awhile. I will pay your board," the brother said.

Benjamin went into his brother's shop where he learned a great deal about printing. Sometimes he wrote articles and put them under his brother's door. His brother thought that they were good and printed them. Benjamin did not tell who wrote the articles.

After awhile Benjamin said to his brother. "If you will pay me what my board costs I will buy my own food."

The brother said, "I will do that if you wish."

Benjamin bought food. It did not take all the money that his brother gave him. With the rest Benjamin bought books. These he read at night after his day's work was done. He learned many useful things from them.

But it was not long before Benjamin wished to earn more money. He had heard of the large city of Philadelphia, and he made up his mind that he would go to it.

Benjamin reached Philadelphia early one morning. He was very hungry. A man came along and told him where to find a baker's shop.

Benjamin did not waste much time in getting to that baker's shop. He went as fast as he could and came out with three big rolls. One he ate as he went along. The other two he kept. There was one roll under each arm, and Benjamin looked very funny.

Benjamin did not think of that. I suppose he thought, "My, but this roll tastes good."

There was a very pretty girl standing in a doorway. Benjamin stopped eating long enough to look at her. He would have dropped all the rolls if he had known who she was to be. She was to be his own wife when they both grew up. They often laughed when they thought of the funny picture Benjamin had made with his three rolls.

Benjamin had not been in Philadelphia long before he became a good printer. After awhile he became the publisher of a newspaper. He published an almanac that people liked to read, too. He called it Poor Richard's Almanac.

Benjamin Franklin kept on studying all the time. He began to be looked upon as a very wise young fellow.

In those days people did not know much about electricity. Now we light our houses with it.

We use it in many ways. Benjamin Franklin saw the lightning in the sky. He said, "I believe that the lightning can be made of use in the world. I will see if I can bring it down in a safe way."

Then Benjamin Franklin made a kite at the top of which he put a wire. This was to draw the lightning into the kite. The kite was fastened to a string at the end of which was a key. The end of the string held in Benjamin's hand was a silk ribbon.

When a storm came up Benjamin went out and flew his kite. The lightning flashed! Benjamin Franklin was not at all afraid. He hit the key a little and tiny sparks came from it. How glad he was! He knew then, that the lightning could be brought down from the sky.

Benjamin Franklin kept on making the lightning do new things. At last he learned how to carry it into a house on rods and wires. Then he made it ring bells and do many things.

The people thought this very wonderful. "How much Benjamin Franklin has done for us," they said.

The people were right. Benjamin Franklin taught himself useful things. Then he taught them to others.

A Girl Who Had Animal Friends That You and I May See

Some people think that poor children cannot have any fun, but you and I know that this is not true at all. No doubt, you could name many poor children who are happy most of the time. This is because there are so many fine things in the world that do not have to be paid for with money. Some children know how to make use of these fine things.

That is the way it was with Rosa Bonheur the little French girl.

Rosa Bonheur lived in a city called Bordeaux, for awhile. Her father was an artist and the people of Bordeaux did not have enough money to buy many of his pictures. For this reason Rosa's father was very poor and Rosa did not have many of the toys that other girls had.

But Rosa did not care about this, for she had many good times. She was happy when she could play in the woods or meadows where she gathered beautiful flowers. And she always had some pet animal at home, whom she loved as dearly as any child ever loved a toy. Sometimes it was a rabbit, other times it was a squirrel, or a stray kitten that had come to her back door. There was always some animal in Rosa's garden, and she could not feel poor with so many friends about her.

Rosa made good use of her animal pets, too. She liked to make pictures of her animal friends. When she was only four years old she would take her father's brush and make daubs with it. If you were to have seen these daubs of paint you would not have known what they were meant to be, but Rosa knew. "A squirrel," she would say, or "A rabbit." These were Rosa's favorite pets at that time, and Rosa liked to think that she had made pictures of them.

Rosa and her three brothers were very happy in Bordeaux, but the time came when Rosa's father had to move the whole family to Paris. This was because Paris was a larger city and Mr. Bonheur thought that he might be able to sell more pictures there.

The Bonheurs did not have a fine home in Paris. There was no garden and there were no fields about the house. Their home was up six flights of stairs and was not large nor even cozy. Some children would have been unhappy in such a poor home, and Rosa was a little unhappy at first, but this did not last long. Rosa had not been in Paris many weeks before someone gave her a beautiful sheep with long silky wool.

It may be that Rosa's father and mother did not want their little girl to keep the pet because there was so little room for it. But they gave their consent at last, for the woolly sheep spent two years with Rosa.

It must have seemed strange to the woolly sheep to have to lie on the floor of a house. Perhaps he would not

have liked it very well if Rosa had made him lie there all the time. Rosa knew that the sheep liked to be near the ground where he could smell the sweet grass and nibble a bit now and then. Rosa could not carry him down the six flights of stairs herself, so she got her kindest brother to do so. There was a little grass in the back yard which the sheep nibbled with great pleasure until night came. Then Rosa's kindest brother always carried him back into the house again.

After awhile Rosa had other pets also. She had a pair of quails that walked about her bedroom, and she had some canary birds that had as pretty yellow feathers as you have ever seen.

Rosa did not like to see her beautiful birds shut up in a cage all the time so she got her kindest brother to help her out again. This time he made a net which he fastened to the outer side of the window so that the birds could be safely let out of their cages.

Rosa loved her animal friends so dearly that she made up her mind to buy a farm when she grew up. On this farm she said she would have one of every kind of animal in the world.

Her father laughed at these plans, but Rosa did not laugh. She was only sorry that she could not buy the farm and the animals that very day.

Before Rosa was twelve years old, her mother died, and the three youngest children were sent to live with some cousins. Rosa was sent to a boarding-school.

Here Rosa did not do very well. She was growing to be so fond of drawing her pets that she could think of nothing else. Like Michael Angelo, she drew pictures on her books instead of studying them. Her Arithmetic papers were never 100, and her Spelling papers were very poor. But her Drawing lessons were very good indeed, and when there were prizes for good drawings they always went to Rosa.

In a short time Rosa's father took her out of school and sent her to a seamstress to learn how to sew. Rosa's father would never have done this if he had known how unhappy it was going to make his little girl.

Rosa did not like to sew at all, and she could not draw because she had a needle in her hand instead of a pencil. She kept thinking of her pets at home and wishing that she were there to draw their pictures.

Poor little Rosa! She pricked her fingers at almost every stitch and she became pale and sad.

At last Rosa's father came to visit his little girl, and Rosa threw her arms about his neck and begged him to take her home with him.

Rosa's father saw that she was beginning to look pale. He took Rosa home again and left her in his studio while he went about the city giving drawing lessons.

Oh how happy Rosa was now! She would take her father's brush and try to paint the things that he had painted. Sometimes she drew with a pencil or a piece of charcoal, or modelled the figure of an animal out of clay. From morning until night she drew and modelled.

Mr. Bonheur began at once to teach Rosa, and each day he became more and more amazed at her beautiful work.

If Rosa had been like her father she would have painted many different kinds of objects, but Rosa did not do this. Rosa liked to paint and draw animals best of all and spent most of her time with them.

One time she drew her pet goat and her father was so pleased with it he hardly knew what to say. Mr. Bonheur thought that this was the best drawing that his daughter had made, and told her about it.

Rosa was so glad to know that the picture of the pet she loved so well had pleased her father. She set to work at once to draw other pets until she had many good pictures.

One time Rosa Bonheur drew a picture of two rabbits eating carrots, and this was so good that some people asked her to let them hang it in the gallery where fine pictures were often hung.

Many people stopped to look at the picture of the rabbits while it hung in the gallery. If it had hung near enough to the floor the children would have surely tried to stroke the white coats of the pet rabbits for they looked

so soft and furry. Many people were pleased to see so good a picture.

But Rosa Bonheur wanted to paint still better pictures so she kept on working harder and harder.

Rosa was too poor to pay for models. After she had painted all of her own pets she had to walk many miles into the country each day until she found an animal that she thought people would like to see in a picture.

There were some oxen plowing a field on the side of a hill, one Spring morning. Rosa thought that they would make a very pretty picture, so she drew them.

You should have seen how real they looked in the picture! Some of the oxen were pulling harder than others. The ones that were nearest the plow were doing the most work, while the ones that were the farthest away, were not doing much at all.

Rosa noticed this at once, and did not forget to tell about it in her picture.

Another time Rosa found an ass that had pulled a heavy load and had then been turned out into a field to rest awhile, and to eat some fresh grass.

Rosa painted the picture of this ass, and she made him look just as tired as he looked while standing in the grassy field. He looked stubborn, too. You would have a hard time getting him to work any more until he had rested.

One day, when Rosa Bonheur had grown to be a young woman, she made up her mind that she would try to paint a good horse picture. She set to work to study horses, and for eighteen months Rosa Bonheur visited horse fairs and horse markets. She studied her own horses, too, as well as those of her friends.

When she had finished studying, she could draw horses that surprised even the people who owned them and she knew a great deal about them. She could draw a horse that would prance about in such a way that you would almost want to step out of its path, for fear of being trodden upon. And when she drew a horse that was standing still, you would think that someone had just said "Whoa" to it.

When Rosa Bonheur had studied horses until she could draw them as well as this, she made a picture of a group of them. She called the picture THE HORSE FAIR and she made it two-thirds as large as real horses should be. It was so large that she had to stand on a step-ladder while painting some parts of it.

Oh how hard Rosa worked on this picture, and what a wonderful picture it was! It was the best work that Rosa Bonheur had ever done, and people came from all over the country, to see it. Some men thought it so good that they offered to pay thousands of dollars for it!

This made Rosa Bonheur very happy indeed. But she was even more pleased to know that she could make

pictures that looked just like the animals she loved so dearly.

A Girl Whose Two Hands Did Wonderful Things for Her

What would you say if someone were to ask you to tell the most wonderful thing that you could do with one or both of your two hands?

Perhaps you would tell about being able to build a toy airship or run an automobile. Perhaps you would say that you could play well on the violin or piano. It might be hard to name the most wonderful thing that your two busy hands could do with their ten busy fingers.

When Helen Keller was a little girl it would have been very hard for her to have answered the question. This is because Helen Keller was blind, deaf, and dumb, and her hands were very wonderful indeed. They did the work of both eyes and ears, and it would have been hard to tell which work was the greater. Just how the little girl used her hands for eyes and ears you will know before you have finished this story.

Helen Keller was not always deaf and dumb and blind. When she was a tiny baby she could see and hear just as well as any child of her age. She could talk, too, in baby fashion. At the age of six months she said, "How d'ye?" and "Tea, tea, tea." A little later she learned to say the hard word, "Water."

I suppose she laughed when her mother played "Peek-a-boo," or when her father let her play "Ride-a-cock-

horse." When she was tired her mother rocked her to sleep with soft lullabies that all babies like to hear on their way to Sleepy Town.

When Helen was one year old she took her first steps. Her mother had just taken her out of the bath-tub, and Helen was looking about with her bright little eyes. Suddenly she saw the shadows of some leaves dancing in the sunlight on the bath-room floor. Helen forgot that she was a baby just one year old. She left her mother's arms and almost ran to the place where the shadows were dancing. Then she must have become frightened, for she fell, and her mother picked her up at once. After that, Helen learned to walk quickly, for she had taken the first steps which are the hardest, as you know.

Little Helen might have gone on learning new things each day had not a sad thing happened. She became very ill when she was nineteen months old. For a long time everyone thought that she would not get well at all. At last she grew better, but the sickness had left the clear little baby blind and deaf, as well as dumb.

You will not want to hear about the many sad days that followed. Little Helen went about most of the day clinging to her mother's skirts and making signs to tell what she wanted.

Helen's father and mother were very kind and did what they could to make their daughter happy, but it seemed of no use. Helen wanted to talk, and to hear others

talk to her. She wanted to know what was going on in the world, too.

Helen grew sadder every day until her only happiness seemed to be her father's beautiful garden. Helen lived in a little town in Alabama. Her house was covered with beautiful climbing vines and there were roses, honeysuckles, and many other sweet smelling flowers about the garden.

Helen could smell sweet odors as well as any child. She could feel things with her ten little fingers also. She was always glad to go into the garden when the flowers were in blossom. She would smell of them and touch their dainty petals. But for a long time she did not know the names of the flowers nor could she tell any of her friends about them. How she wished that she might talk to her friends in some way, or know what they wished to say to her!

One day Helen's father heard of a deaf and blind girl who had learned to read, and to talk with others by the use of her two hands. Helen's father made up his mind to get a teacher for his little girl, if it could be done.

In order to do this, he had to visit a distant city and a few months later, a kind teacher went to live at Helen's house.

Then Helen Keller's happy days began. The kind teacher knew that her pupil's hands could be taught to do great things, and she did not waste any time in beginning the work of training them.

Very soon after she had come, the teacher gave Helen a beautiful doll. In the palm of Helen's hand she wrote the letters "d-o-l-l." She did this until Helen had learned to know the word.

After awhile Helen was taught to write the word "doll" in her teacher's hand. How happy she was then! She ran to her mother and wrote the word again and again. It was a new way of talking with people, and this is what Helen had always wanted to do.

In a short time Helen knew the words "pin," "hat," "cup," "sit," "stand," and "walk." Before long she learned that every object has a name. When she gathered daisies or buttercups she was taught to spell the words that stand for these beautiful flowers. If a little girl visited her, she at once learned the word "girl." If someone gave her an apple, Helen was taught to spell the word that stands for this good-tasting fruit. You see the kind teacher was helping Helen train her hands to take the place of eyes and ears, and the little girl found the task more pleasant every day.

After Helen Keller had learned to spell words, she was given slips of card-board on which were printed words in raised letters. These words made sentences which the little girl soon learned to read.

When she could read what was printed on the slips she was given a printed book with raised letters. Can you imagine how delighted she must have been with her first

book? Most children are well pleased when they have finished reading from the blackboard at school, and are given a primer. Helen was even more pleased than this, as you may suppose.

Reading was not all that Helen could do. When she was ten years of age she began to learn how to talk. She would place her fingers lightly upon the throat or lips of the person who was speaking. This she did in order that she might find out what movement there was. Then she would try to make the same movement with her throat or lips. This was no easy task, but Helen would not give up until she had learned to speak. She could not talk just like other children because she could not hear whether or not she was using the right tone. But she was very glad to be able to say anything at all. She liked to talk so well that when there were no people about, she would talk to her toys, to the stones that lay upon the ground, or to the beautiful trees that grew about her pleasant home.

Helen Keller grew happier each day, for she was learning to do many useful things. The time came when she could even read books like "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Robinson Crusoe," "Little Women," or "The Arabian Nights."

When she had been studying a number of years, she made up her mind that she would go to college. And you may be surprised to hear that Heller Keller did this very thing. She went to college and worked at hard studies like

Physical Geography, French, German, and Greek History. When she was not studying she would draw, embroider, row a boat, ride a tandem bicycle, or play chess.

After a time Helen Keller was through college. Then she wrote interesting books that many people have been glad to read.

All this could be done by a blind and deaf girl because her two hands did such great things to help her.

A Girl Who Liked to Have Fun

It was a beautiful day and Louise Alcott did not want to stay at home. Away she ran, down the road, far from her father's house. Soon she saw some children playing in a yard. Louise always liked strange children. "Hello," she said. "Hello," the children said. "Come in and play."

Louise liked to have fun. She went to play with her new friends.

The children had a good time all afternoon. After awhile it began to grow dark. The friends went into their house. They did not ask Louise to go with them. She was left all alone.

The lamp-lighter came along and lighted the street lamps. Louise wanted to go home but she did not know the way. She walked up and down the street. "Oh dear! Oh dear!" she cried. "I wish that I could go home."

Soon she saw a dog on a door-step. She sat down next to him. It seemed so good to have found a friend. Before long the dog went to sleep. Louise went to sleep, too. Louise rested her head on the dog's back.

By and bye the little girl was awakened by a loud bell. A man called out, "LOST———A LITTLE GIRL SIX YEARS OLD. WEARS A PINK DRESS AND NEW GREEN SHOES."

"Why, that means me," said Louise, getting up at once.

The man heard the voice. He was the town crier. Louise's father had sent him to look for the little girl.

How happy Louise was! How happy the town crier was to have found her! How very happy the father and mother were when they saw her!

Louise's father had a library. Louise liked books. She would go into the library and take down the biggest books. Then she would build houses and bridges. Sometimes she built walls and towers.

One time Louise's baby sister was playing on the floor. Louise built a wall around her. Then someone must have called, "Come out and play, Louise," for off she went. She left the baby sister inside of the high wall.

Little Lizzie was asleep when her mother found her. She was a new kind of prisoner.

Sometimes Louise and her friends played fairy stories. Once they played Jack and the Beanstalk. They had a squash-vine for the beanstalk. One of the boys was the Giant. Someone cut the stalk and down fell the Giant. He had a good bump, that time.

Sometimes Louise and her friends played Pilgrim. They took sticks for staffs and walked over the hill.

Louise liked to play with dolls, too. She could make pretty clothes for them. When she was twelve years old she hung a sign in her window. It read:

DOLL DRESSMAKER
LOUISE M. ALCOTT

In the window Louise also put some pretty dresses and hats that she had made. The children liked the hats the best. Some of them would ask Louise to make hats for their dolls. Louise was very glad to do this. She would say, "What kind of a hat shall I make?"

Most of the children would say, "The ones in the window are the best kind. The feathers are so pretty."

"Very well," Louise would answer. Then away she would go for the feathers. Her father's chickens could have told us more about that.

Louise earned a good many pennies making hats. She thought it great fun to earn the pennies. She would say, "Some day I shall make a great deal of money."

Louise thought it fun to tell stories, too. She would tell them to her sisters after they were all in bed. Sometimes they would get frightened. Then they would hide under the covers. Louise would hide too. She would forget that the stories were not true.

When Louise Alcott grew up she wrote many long stories. She earned the money she had said that she would earn. One story was called "LITTLE WOMEN." The little women were her sisters and herself. You will like to read other stories that she wrote too. Here are some of them:

LITTLE MEN
ROSE IN BLOOM
AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL
JACK AND JILL
UNDER THE LILACS.
MY GIRLS
EIGHT COUSINS
MY BOYS
LULU'S LIBRARY

A Girl Who Liked to Read Stories and Write Them

It was story night at the school. The best pupils had been asked to write stories. These the teacher read to all the people.

Each time the teacher read a story, the people clapped their hands. For some stories they clapped louder than for others. When one story was read the clapping was the loudest of all.

People began to talk. "What a fine story!" they said. "Can a pupil have written it?" Everyone wanted to know who had done such good work.

At last Mr. Beecher called out, "Please tell us who wrote that story. It is such a good one."

"Your daughter Harriet wrote it," answered the teacher.

When Mr. Beecher heard this he was very much surprised. How pleased he was! And how glad Harriet was to see her father so well pleased!

Harriet made her father happy in many ways. Before she was six years old she had learned twenty-seven hymns. Besides this, she could repeat two long chapters of the Bible.

Mr. Beecher was a minister and liked to have his daughter learn verses from the Bible. He liked to have her write stories also.

Harriet did not read and write stories all the time. She liked to play too. You should have seen her doll. It was made of wood and had glass eyes that stared at you in a funny way. The paint was washed off its cheeks and its hair was badly out of curl.

Harriet thought that it was a very fine doll for it was one of her best friends. When she went to the woods the doll went also. When she wrote stories the doll sat beside her and kept very very still. When she gathered nuts or berries the doll was the first one to taste of the good things. At night the doll was tucked up in bed with its little mother.

Near Harriet's home there were fields, ponds and even woods, so that Harriet had many a good time out-of-doors. She liked to gather the wild flowers that grew in the fields. She liked to help her brothers sail their boats on the ponds. In the Fall she gathered chestnuts and walnuts in the beautiful woods.

On Sunday Harriet and her brothers went to church where their father, Mr. Beecher preached. They all rode in a big wagon with a skin thrown over the seat. The skin took the place of a cushion.

The two dogs went to church too. They tried to be quiet as all church-going dogs should be. One of the dogs

did very well. Now and then he would snap a few flies but this did not happen often. He would curl up on the rug near the door and take a long nap.

The other dog did not do so well. Sometimes he walked down the aisle and looked at all the people. Then he would yawn out loud so that it was hard for Harriet to keep from laughing. The sermons in those days were long and the dog got tired. Once in awhile he would fall asleep and have a bad dream. When all was quiet, "Bow-wow, bow-wow," would come from the back of the church. Everyone would look around. One little girl always giggled. At last Harriet had to leave the dogs at home. You see, barking dogs do not make good church-goers.

On Sunday afternoons Harriet read Bible stories. She liked these very well but she also liked the books that she read on week days. THE ARABIAN NIGHTS was her best friend. She had found it in the attic while looking over some barrels of old papers. This fine story book was at the bottom of one of the barrels.

Harriet's father, as we have told you, was a minister, and wrote many sermons. In the attic he had several barrels of old sermons and pamphlets. Harriet liked to upset these barrels. Then the old sermons and pamphlets would fall out and Harriet could read the titles. Some of these were very queer and Harriet did not always understand them. Now and then she found something that she could understand, and this brought her great joy.

When she found THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, one rainy day, you may know she was very very happy.

There were times when Harriet's brothers did not care to take Harriet with them when they went on their fishing trips or when they played games that boys liked to play. Then Harriet always got out her dear friend THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. She never got lonesome when she had this good story-book to read.

If you have ever curled up in a big chair with a good story-book, you will know why Harriet did not get lonesome when her brothers left her at home.

Sometimes Harriet took her friend THE ARABIAN NIGHTS upstairs into her father's study room. Here it was very quiet because Harriet's father went to the study room to write his sermons. Harriet's father always sat in his study chair and rested his elbows on a big table.

Harriet liked to sit in the big arm-chair that stood in one corner of the room. She kept very very still as she sat there. Sometimes she looked around at the rows of books that stood on shelves all about the walls of the room, from floor to ceiling. She tried to read the titles of the books that were nearest her. Most of the time Harriet had her friend THE ARABIAN NIGHTS with her. Then she read with great delight while her father wrote busily on a sermon.

One happy day Harriet's father brought home a new book of stories about Harriet's own country THE

UNITED STATES, and Harriet loved her country more and more as she read about it.

Harriet's uncle was a sea-captain. When he came to visit, he often brought new books with him. These he read aloud to Harriet and the rest of the family. Harriet's Aunt Mary read some of the books aloud, also.

Harriet grew fast just as most boys and girls do. When she had grown to be a young woman she married a man whose name was Mr. Stowe. She called herself Harriet Beecher Stowe.

After this, Harriet Beecher Stowe was very busy indeed, for it was not long before she had little children of her own. But she always found time to read good stories and even write them.

One day Harriet Beecher Stowe began to write a story. She wrote busily for many days until it was finished. It was such a long story it made a book, and Harriet Beecher Stowe called the book UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. It was about a negro named Uncle Tom, and was the best story that Harriet Beecher Stowe had ever written. All over the world people wanted to buy the book. People felt more friendly toward the negroes after they had read it.

Before many years had passed all the slaves were set free.

The story of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN had helped to free them.

A Little Boy with a Long Name

A notice was once posted up in the big city of London. The notice was printed in big letters. It said that a little boy was coming to play the clavier for the people of London. The clavier was the kind of piano that was used then.

The boy was eight years old. His name was Wolfgang Mozart. At least, this was a part of his name.

Wolfgang lived at a time when few children could play on the clavier. He had come many miles to play for the people of this big city. He wanted to earn money for his father who was very poor.

The people said "What! Can such a little boy make good music? It can't be true! We will go and see."

Then they went to hear little Wolfgang Mozart play. The hall was filled with people. Everyone looked to catch sight of the boy who was so young to play.

At last he came in. What a dear little fellow he was! He had such a beautiful face and his eyes shone with joy.

While he played, some cried, others smiled. It was the most beautiful music that many had ever heard.

A great many of the people gave the little boy beautiful presents. Wolfgang had so many things he could have started a shop. There were toys, candies, books and even laces and shawls.

A few of the people could not believe that such a little boy could play so well. They thought that there must be some trick about it. They invited Mr. Mozart and his son to visit them. They found some music that the child had never seen. This they asked him to play. He did so well they were ashamed. He even let them cover the keys of the clavier with a cloth. Then he played without being able to see any notes. After that, he made up pieces.

The people did not know what to think of it. The boy's father was pleased. He said, "My little boy could play when he was but three years old."

Mr. Mozart spoke the truth. When the boy was only three, he could play little tunes. At four, he could learn a short piece in half an hour. When he didn't have any more music, he would make up some.

When Wolfgang Mozart was four years old, his father gave a party. Many friends came. One of these friends saw a piece of music on the clavier. The friend played the piece. Everyone listened. How very beautiful it was!

Mr. Mozart said, "I never heard that piece. Who wrote it?"

His friend said, "I found it on your clavier."

Mr. Mozart called his daughter. He said, "Did you write that piece of music?"

"No, father," she answered. "I did not write it."

Then Mr. Mozart thought of Wolfgang. "Surely my little boy did not write it," he said. "He could not write such a beautiful piece, for he is too young."

"Ask him," one of the friends said.

Mr. Mozart called the child. "What do you know about that piece of music over there?" he asked. As he spoke, he pointed to the clavier.

"I will show you," replied the boy.

Wolfgang sat down and played the music for Mr. Mozart and his friends. They all clapped their hands. Wolfgang was the one who had written the music!

In a few years the King asked Wolfgang to play for him. The little fellow pleased the King very much. The King's daughter was also pleased. The little boy would jump up into the lap of the princess and kiss her. He thought that she was a fine lady, for she was very good to him.

Wolfgang liked the princess very much indeed, but he liked his father the best of all. He would say, "Next to God comes papa."

Wolfgang Mozart went to play in London. We have told you about that. After awhile he left London. He went to other cities. Everyone was glad to hear him.

At one time Wolfgang was taken ill and had to stay in bed for a long time. "I will do as you wish," he said to the people who took care of him. "Will you do something for

me? Get me a piece of paper, a pencil and a board. You can lay the board across the bed."

The little fellow's wishes were granted, and on the paper Wolfgang wrote beautiful music.

This was not the last time that Wolfgang wrote music. When he was well enough to be about again he kept on writing beautiful pieces. He wrote and wrote for many years. When he had grown to be a man someone counted his pieces. There were more than six hundred of them. Wolfgang Mozart had worked very hard, for he was only a young man when he died.

Now it is your turn to work hard, also. Wolfgang had a long name and you will want to learn to read it. This is the long name: JOHANNES CHRYSOSTOMUS WOLFGANG THEOPHILUS SIGISMUNDUS MOZART.

A Kind Nurse

They named her Florence because she was born in Florence, Italy. Her last name was Nightingale.

Florence Nightingale lived in Italy, for awhile. Then her parents moved to England. They had a beautiful home. This time it was in the country.

Florence was a very happy little girl. She had many toys. Some people said that she could have as many dolls as she wanted.

Florence did not sew for her dolls nor did she go visiting with them. She liked to play that they were sick. Then she would care for them. Sometimes she tied up their legs or arms when they were broken.

There were many animals about Florence's home. When they were sick she cared for them, too.

In the woods near by, was a cottage. In the cottage lived a shepherd with a dog named Cap. The shepherd had no family. Cap the dog was all the family he had. Cap was a very fine dog. He never let anyone harm the sheep. He was fond of his master and tried hard to please him.

Florence was out riding with a friend, one day. They saw the shepherd in the field, but Cap was not there.

"Where's Cap?" they asked of the shepherd.

"Poor dog. I fear that I shall have to kill him," the shepherd said.

"Kill poor Cap!" cried Florence. "Why do you wish to do that?"

"Oh," answered the shepherd. "His leg is broken. Some bad boys hit him with a stone." The shepherd looked very sad. With Cap gone he would have no family at all.

"I am very sorry for you," said Florence. "At my home are many animals. When they are sick, I care for them. May I see your dog?"

The shepherd told Florence and her friend to follow him. He led them up to the cottage where the dog was.

Florence got some water and bathed Cap's leg gently. She found that it was not broken after all. It was only badly bruised. Florence cared for the dog until it was well enough to tend the sheep again. The shepherd was glad that he would not have to lose his family.

Florence had many animal friends. Behind her house was a board walk on either side of which were tall trees. When Florence dropped nuts the squirrels would run down the trees and help themselves to a feast. Florence did not frighten the animals at all.

Peggy was a little gray pony. She, too, was one of Florence's friends. When Florence went into the pasture Peggy would run to meet her. She would put her nose into Florence's dress pocket and pick out an apple or a piece of bread. Florence did not often forget to put an apple into her pocket for Peggy.

When Florence was a little girl she liked to care for her dolls and animals. But as she grew older she cared still more about being kind to sick people. She wanted to learn all about nursing so she read many books that told about it. After awhile she went to a nursing school where she learned useful things that a good nurse should know.

She went back to her father's home, and when she heard of sick people who were poor, she cared for them without pay. "I do not need any money," she said. Florence's father had plenty of money, and this was why Florence would not take any from the poor people.

Then Florence Nightingale visited hospitals in other countries. When she got back she tried to make the hospitals of England as good as the ones she had visited.

Finally a great war broke out, many miles from home. The winter was a cold one, and the soldiers were having hard times. Many were sick and without nurses. No one wanted to go.

At last Florence Nightingale made up her mind. "I will go to nurse the soldiers," she said.

After many days she reached the far-away country. The soldiers were glad to see her. Florence was glad that she had come. Soon she had other nurses to help her.

Florence Nightingale helped to save many lives that cold winter. She was a kind nurse to the sick men. Many would have died if she had not taken care of them.

When Florence Nightingale went back to her home in England the people gave her a large sum of money because she had done so much for the soldiers. Florence Nightingale did not keep the money. She used it to pay for a training school where other girls might learn how to become good nurses also.

After awhile she wrote a book that told all about what to do for sick people.

A Poor Boy and What Became of Him

There once lived a very poor little boy named Abraham Lincoln. He did not live in a house like yours. His first home was a log cabin.

The cabin had but one window which had no glass in it at all. In winter the window was covered with wood. In summer it was left open. Inside the cabin were three-legged stools, a table, and a few dishes. In the winter the cold came through the cracks of the cabin.

There were wild animals living in the woods about Abraham Lincoln's home. Bears, wolves and panthers ran about from place to place. There were raccoons, and even fierce wildcats and timid deer lived in the forest. Abraham was glad that there were so many animals about. His father hunted them, his mother broiled or roasted them for supper, and Abraham helped to eat them. In the winter when the cold winds swept through the forest, broiled or roasted meat tasted good to the Lincoln family.

Abraham's mother made corn cakes too. These were baked in the ashes and Abraham thought that they were very fine cakes.

It is no wonder that the fresh meat and cakes tasted good to Abraham, for he was such a hard worker. He was up with the birds in the summer, and up before the birds were awake, in the winter. All day long he worked as hard as he could. His father cut down the trees, his mother cut

off the branches, and Abraham and his sister Sarah piled the brush into big heaps. Sometimes Abraham went hunting with his father, or fishing in the cool streams. He had to fetch the water for the family to drink, and help plant and care for the corn in the garden.

Abraham worked hard but he was out-of-doors most of the time, and the things that he did proved to be good for him. He grew tall and strong, and when he was seven years old, you would have thought that he was a boy of nine or even ten years.

When Abraham was eight years old his father moved the family to a new home in Indiana. This home was also in the midst of the woods and Abraham's father had to clear a place for his camp.

Mr. Lincoln built a half-faced camp. It was made of logs and was open on one side. On this side a log fire was kept burning night and day.

If you were to have lived in this house in the summer time you might have thought it very fine, but I am sure that you would not have liked it in the winter. Sometimes the wind blew so hard that the smoke from the fire blew right into the house, and the family had to go out-of-doors into the cold, to get away from the smoke. At other times the snow came in, and Abraham and his sister had to pull their deer-skin clothes tightly about them to keep warm and dry.

Abraham was busy here, just as he had been in his first home. He was learning to be a better hunter every day, and a better farmer, too. He was a great help to his father, and at the end of the first year Mr. Lincoln had time to build a new home that was better than the half-faced camp with its three sides.

Abraham's new home was not a cozy one for it had only the earth for a floor and a hole for a door, in which was hung an untanned deer's hide. The winds came through the cracks of this cabin, also, but it was better than the old one, and the Lincoln family was glad to have it.

Abraham's mother made good clothes for her husband and children, and these helped to keep them warm in spite of their cold house.

Abraham wore moccasins of deer-skin. His shirt was made of wool and cotton that his mother had woven and colored with a dye made of roots and bark. He had deer-skin breeches and a deer-skin hunting coat. On his head was a raccoon skin cap with a tail that hung down the back of his neck.

Abraham's clothes were warm but rough looking. They made Abraham look rather queer for he had "grown like a weed" and was tall and awkward.

But Abraham did not think about his rude clothes. He was growing to be a fine young fellow, always eager to learn new things.

There was no school to attend every day. Now and then a teacher passed through that part of the country and held school for a few weeks, and then Abraham and his sister were to be found among the pupils. One time they walked five miles to attend one of these schools.

Abraham and Sarah did not mind this. They would have been glad if the school had lasted longer than a few weeks, but it never did. When I tell you that Abraham went to school but four months in his life you will know that the teachers did not care to stay long in that rough wooded country.

Abraham would not give up trying to learn, just because there was no school. He wanted to learn to write well but he had no paper, for he was too poor to buy any. So he wrote on a shovel and for a pencil he used charcoal. When the shovel was covered he rubbed off the charcoal.

Abraham liked to read but he had only a few books, and there were no libraries. Abraham had to borrow books from people who had more than he. These he read at night by the light of the fire. When he was through, he put the books into his book-case. The cracks between the logs he used for a book-case.

After Abraham had put the books away he would go to sleep on his bed of dry leaves.

One night there was a heavy rain. It got into Abraham's book-case. One of the borrowed books got very wet.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried the poor boy when he saw what had happened. "I cannot pay for the book for I have no money, but I am strong and I can work hard. I will work to pay for it."

Abraham went to the man who owned the book. "I am very sorry," he said. "The rain got into my book-case and almost ruined your book. I wish, that I could pay for it but I cannot. I am too poor to do that. I will work for it. I will work as long as you wish."

The man said, "Very well, you may work three days."

Then Abraham worked for three days pulling corn. He was glad that the man would let him do something to pay for the book.

The Lincolns had not lived in their new home long before other settlers began to come. In a few years there was a store and a blacksmith shop. Once in a while Abraham had a chance to read a newspaper, too. This he enjoyed very much. He was getting the idea that there was much to learn outside of the small part of the country in which he lived.

For this reason Abraham was glad when a friend took him to New Orleans on a flat-boat. The boat was loaded with bacon, potatoes and other country produce which was exchanged for cotton, tobacco and sugar. Lincoln learned many things while on this trip and received eight dollars a month and his board.

A short time after this, Abraham's father moved to Illinois and Abraham worked at odd jobs on the farms about his home. The people liked to have Abraham work for them because he did his work well and was so very honest. He had strong muscles, too, and could work a long time without getting tired.

When Abraham was twenty-two years of age he was asked to go to New Orleans on a flat-boat again. Abraham was only too glad to make a second trip to New Orleans and he made good use of his time while on the way.

Abraham was beginning to feel that it would be better for him to go out and see more of the world, now that he was old enough to do so. When he returned to his father's home he told of his plans, and before many weeks had passed he had found a position in a country store.

Here he again won many friends by his honest habits.

One day a woman came into the store to buy some tea. Abraham made a mistake and gave the woman less tea than she had paid for.

He did not notice the mistake until the woman had left the store and gone to her home.

"Oh my!" he said when he found what he had done. "I have given the woman too little tea. She is poor and will need all the tea that she paid for. I will take it to her."

Abraham walked two miles into the country to give the woman the tea. It is not strange that the woman thought Abraham an honest lad.

Abraham had a chance to show that he was patriotic as well as honest. An Indian War called The Black Hawk War broke out, and Abraham Lincoln left at once to join the army. Some of the soldiers left at the end of the first term and returned to their homes. Abraham would not return until the war was over.

When he at last went back to the town in which he had kept the store, he found that everyone had heard about his good work in the war. Abraham had been made a Captain and this was one reason why his work was so well known.

Abraham did not think much about what the people said. He was so very busy trying to decide what he should do to earn a living. The man who had owned the country store had failed, and Abraham had to find other work.

Abraham wanted to become a lawyer and a kind friend agreed to let him read his law books. Abraham was glad to do this. He studied so hard that he soon knew as much as many young fellows who had gone to school to study law.

At last Abraham Lincoln was elected a member of The Illinois State Legislature.

From this time on, he had better chances in the world, but he kept on working as hard as ever.

When he left the Legislature he went on with the law work in Springfield, Illinois, and after a few years he

became a member of The House of Congress at Washington.

All of this time Abraham Lincoln had been thinking a great deal about the negro slaves. While on his second trip to New Orleans he had seen people buying and selling slaves and he thought it very unjust and cruel. He made up his mind that he would always fight for their freedom.

When he became a member of Congress he did all that he could, but at that time he could not do much except make speeches about them.

Finally, Abraham Lincoln was made President of the United States and he then had a chance to do great things for the negro.

In less than five years every slave in the country was a free man!

And this was because there had once lived the poor boy named Abraham Lincoln.

A Rich Boy and What Became of Him

There once lived a rich little boy named George Washington. He did not live in a log cabin. He lived in a big house that was very cozy.

George's mother owned many things that were worth a great deal of money. One of these was a sorrel colt. It was a beautiful animal, but such a wild one! No one could ride it. When the colt grew up it would have little colts and they, too, would be worth a great deal. This is one reason why it had not been sold.

Mrs. Washington's son George was a brave boy and a good rider, as well. He wanted to learn to ride his mother's colt.

One day George was out in the pasture with the boys. "Boys," he said. "If you will help me get the bridle on to the colt, I will ride it."

"Oh George," the boys answered. "You will be hurt. Do not try to ride such a wild animal."

"Please help me, boys," replied George. "I am not afraid. It is a shame that such a beautiful animal cannot be broken."

The boys helped to put on the bridle and George leaped up on to the colt's back.

Oh! Oh! How the colt jumped! How she plunged and reared! The rider held on more tightly but it was the end.

Down fell colt, rider and all. The sudden leap had killed the beautiful colt that Mrs. Washington liked so well.

Mrs. Washington knew that George had been in the pasture. When he got into the house she said, "How are my fine colts this morning, George?"

Then George told what had happened. "Mother," he said. "I am very sorry. Your best colt is dead and I am to blame for it."

Mrs. Washington was angry at first, but she soon forgot her anger and did not punish George at all.

"I am sorry to lose such a fine animal. I wish that it had not been my favorite horse," she said. "But I am very glad that you have told me everything. It pleases me to have a son who is truthful."

George was glad to know that his mother was pleased with him. He was glad when he found that his brother Lawerence was pleased, also.

George liked his big brother Lawerence very much. Lawerence Washington was a soldier and could tell good stories about brave men. George said that these were the best stories that he had ever heard. While his brother talked George wished. He had a soldier for a brother and a soldier for a grandfather. It is no wonder that George wished that he might be a soldier too. He thought that brave men were the best men in all the world.

There were years before George would be old enough to become a real soldier. So he got his friends together and they had a few play battles. The cornstalks that they used for guns did not shoot very well. It was hard to make a loud noise on the gourds that they used for drums. In spite of this, the soldiers fought bravely, and many battles were won.

George was a strong boy. He could throw a stone higher than some men. There was a bridge made of rocks near his home. This bridge was more than a hundred feet high. George threw a stone over this high bridge, one day. Then he climbed the rocks and wrote his name up on top.

George liked to have fun out-of-doors but he liked to go to school too. He went to a country school where he learned Reading, Writing and Arithmetic. George Washington did not have to write on a shovel with charcoal. He had pencils and a copy-book. George liked to write in this book, and he took great care to keep it as neat as he could.

After George had learned Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, he learned how to measure land. This is called surveying, and in George Washington's time a good surveyor could earn as much as ten dollars a day because there were not many who could do the work well.

George liked to survey land, even though there were times when he had to go out into the wilderness. Here his only food was the deer, wild turkey, or other animals that

he could shoot. At night he wrapped himself in a blanket and lay down upon the ground to sleep.

At first George was not used to this because he had always slept in a cozy house. But he soon got used to the rough life and grew sturdier and stronger each day.

After a few years War broke out, and there was great need of brave strong men. Then George Washington the play soldier was ready to become a real one. He was even made a Captain, too. The wish that he had made when a little boy had come true.

At last a good President of the United States was needed, and George Washington was the first one chosen.

As you know, it is no easy thing to go to War. Nor is it an easy thing to be a President. It took a brave man like George Washington to do the work well.

The people of the United States are glad that there was such a good man to be their first President.

They are glad that there once lived the rich little boy named George Washington.

A Brave Boy Who Did Not Want to Be a Soldier

There was great happiness, one day, in the little cabin in Ohio where Mr. Jesse Grant lived with his young wife. A baby boy had come to live with them, a baby as chubby and healthy as you could expect one of his age to be. He was good, too, and only cried when he was hungry, tired or thirsty.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant thought their baby a fine little fellow. The good mother fed him with great care, and watched over him as only a mother knows how to do. The good father went about his work more busily than ever because he was so glad to think that there was one more in the family.

The child had been in the world but a short time when the father and mother began to think about giving him a name. Then there was trouble, for the mother wanted one name, and the father wanted another. The names that the mother liked did not suit the father, and the names that the father thought most fitting did not please the mother. Things went on in this way for some time, and the little child had no name at all except just "Baby."

At last the parents took the little boy to visit his two aunts and his grandfather and grandmother, who were surprised to hear that the baby had been given no name.

"Let us each write a name on a slip of paper and put the slips into a hat," someone said. "The name that is drawn from the hat first, will be the child's first one. We can choose his middle name in the same way."

The rest thought this a good plan, and the names were quickly written and put into the hat. Then the baby's mother drew one of the slips of paper from the hat. She opened the paper which had been folded, and read aloud the name "HIRAM," which was the name the grandfather had chosen. The baby's mother drew another slip from the hat and found that it had the name "ULYSSES" written upon it.

The grandmother was much delighted when she heard this, because it was the name that she herself had chosen. "That was the name I wanted my little grandchild to have," she said. "It was the name of the great Greek warrior who was brave but also gentle. I do hope that our little Ulysses will be as gentle and as brave as his great namesake."

Hiram Ulysses only went on sleeping when his grandmother said this. At that time he thought more about sleeping and drinking milk than about deeds of bravery.

But the baby grew and grew. It was not long before he showed signs of becoming the brave boy his good grandmother had hoped that he would be. And for some

reason people forgot that the first name was HIRAM and called the boy ULYSSES, or sometimes 'LYS for short.

Ulysses' father moved to a little village in Ohio, where he made skins into leather and also owned a good deal of land that had to be tilled. There were always horses about the place and little Ulysses played with them when he was scarcely old enough to walk. Sometimes he would hang on to their tails or manes. At other times he would try to get on to their backs. He was so short he had to stand on a box, and even then he was not high enough to climb easily. You would think that such a little fellow would be afraid of the big horses, but Ulysses was not at all afraid.

When Ulysses was six years old his father let him ride on the back of one of the horses whenever it was led to the trough to get water. In this way Ulysses learned to ride well, and was not afraid to ride the biggest horse that his father owned. The horses seemed to feel that a brave rider had them in charge. They soon learned to love his gentleness and firmness, and did not often try to disobey.

By the time Ulysses was seven years old he had learned to harness a horse. He had to stand on a half-bushel measure that had been turned upside down, and little Ulysses was only too glad that he could make himself taller in this way.

When Ulysses was eight years old he bought a colt of his own, and from that time he was never without a horse of some kind. He kept on learning so much about horses

that his father let him do as he pleased with them. Ulysses fed and watered his horses each day, and was often allowed to buy or sell one if he wished to do so.

When Ulysses was eleven years of age he had driven about most of the country as far as forty miles away, and a little later he had driven as far as seventy miles.

This does not seem to be a very brave act to the boys who live in Ohio, today. The state is now built up well, and there are many good roads. But when Ulysses Grant lived in Ohio, the country was wild, and the roads were as dark as pitch, by night. Most of them were rough, and ran through dense forests that were very lonely. And one could never be sure there was not an Indian standing behind a tree, getting ready to shoot with his bow and arrow. It took a brave boy to ride alone any great distance in such a country.

Ulysses was not afraid to risk his life on these journeys. Sometimes he carried leather to a distant city for his father. At other times he carried passengers from one place to another. There were mishaps at times, but Ulysses was never afraid to try the journey again.

One time Ulysses and a neighbor visited a place called Flat Rock where they met a man who owned a beautiful horse. Ulysses liked the horse so much he asked the man if he would trade it for the one that Ulysses had, if the man were paid a little extra money. The man needed the money and the bargain was made.

The horse had never pulled a wagon, but he seemed to be a gentle animal. Ulysses wanted to take the horse home at once, so decided to hitch him to the wagon which the old horse had drawn.

Ulysses and the neighbor who had made the journey with him, got into the wagon. All went well until they were about half-way home. Then all of a sudden a fierce dog came running out of one of the farm-yards, and snapped at the new horse's heels. In an instant the animal was kicking, and running as fast as he could. Ulysses cried, "Whoa! Whoa!" and held on to the reins tightly, but the horse would not stop. On he ran, straight toward a cross-road that had a twenty-foot ditch on the farther side. Ulysses' neighbor screamed and screamed, but Ulysses did not lose his nerve at all. He only pulled on the reins with all his strength and at last stopped the unruly horse at the very edge of the deep deep ditch.

The ride had been a little too swift to suit the neighbor of Ulysses. As soon as the horse had stopped the neighbor climbed out of the wagon, saying that he would try to get a ride on a wagon that went more slowly.

Ulysses said, "Very well. I will go on alone."

Then he tied his big handkerchief over the horse's eyes to keep him from seeing things that might frighten him. When he had done this, Ulysses drove on again. By this time the unruly horse must have learned that he had a firm driver for he did not run away again. When the neighbor

reached home he was surprised to hear that Ulysses was safe in his own home and that he had not received so much as a scratch.

Ulysses often surprised his friends with the many daring things that he could do with horses. When he was twelve years old he could ride a horse at full speed, standing upon its back and holding on to the bridle. Sometimes he stood on but one foot, and this was even more daring.

Some children will think that the father of Ulysses was very good to let his son do as he wished with the horses. Mr. Grant was a good father, but Ulysses was also a good son. He did all the outside work that had to be done for his father's tannery business. Ulysses did not like to work inside the tannery but he was willing to haul leather to market, take care of the horses and cows, plough the land so that corn and potatoes could be planted, bring in the crops when harvested, and haul all the wood that was used about the house and tannery. All of this Ulysses did for his father, besides attending school, where he never missed a quarter.

The father of Ulysses was a well-to-do man for that day, but it was hard for him to get good hired men because there were so few people living in that part of the country. Mr. Grant was glad that he had a son who was willing to help so much. The father was also glad when he saw his

son having good times, because he knew that they had been earned.

In summer Ulysses liked to go swimming and diving. In winter he skated and coasted with the other boys. There were a few good hills near the Grants' home, and Ulysses was always a daring coaster.

Some boys are brave, but they are also quarrelsome, and like to fight because they think that they can win. Ulysses was not this way. He tried to get out of a fight whenever he could. It is said that as a boy he entered into but one fight. This was when his cousin John made an unkind remark about George Washington whom Ulysses Grant had always loved and honored.

The cousin lived in Canada and liked the Kings of England just as boys who live in the United States like their Presidents. This would have been very well had not the cousin John said to Ulysses, "Your George Washington was a traitor when he fought the good King George."

Ulysses could not bear to have his hero called a traitor. "Say that again and I'll thrash you," he cried.

"I DO say it again," the cousin answered.

"Then I DO THRASH YOU," replied Ulysses.

What followed, you can well imagine. But after the fight was over the cousin never tried to say unkind things about George Washington or about any other hero that

Ulysses loved. This was the last time that Ulysses ever fought with any other boy, also.

Most brave boys like to play soldier and try to beat the enemy. This was what George Washington always liked to do. You remember how he would gather his friends together and fight make-believe battles with some of them, using cornstalks for guns, and gourds for drums.

Ulysses Grant did not play soldier and he did not care to be one when he grew up. He did not even care to hear stories about the brave deeds that soldiers had done. Many of his father's and also his mother's people had been soldiers, and the father and mother could have told many stories about them.

When Ulysses was seventeen years old his father told him that he had been chosen to go to West Point where boys were trained to become soldiers. This was a great surprise to Ulysses and he did not like it at all. He wanted to get a good education and then take up farming for his work as a man. He did not wish to learn to be a soldier.

Mr. Grant would not take "No" for an answer. "My son," he said, "West Point is a good school and you can study there, even though you may not become a soldier later. Do this to please me, will you not, my boy?"

Ulysses loved his father and had always done what he could to please him. Besides this, Ulysses knew that he could visit several new cities on his way to West Point, and he had always enjoyed travelling about from place to

place. With these things in mind, Ulysses said that he would study at West Point. "I will study there for awhile," he thought. "Then I will come home again and take up farming or some other work."

Ulysses had never been a bright boy although he had been a brave one. Some people were surprised when they heard that he had been admitted to the military school at West Point. Ulysses himself was surprised at this, but he entered the school with his mind set upon becoming a credit to his town and to his family.

At West Point Ulysses studied hard subjects like History, French, and Mathematics. He also learned how to march, to drill, and to do other things that all good soldiers must know. Ulysses did not like any of the studies except Mathematics. This study he liked very well. As time went on he changed his mind about wanting to become a farmer. He thought that it would be much better to become a teacher of mathematics.

In marching and drilling Ulysses was a good pupil, but when it came to working with horses Ulysses was the best pupil in the whole school. Ulysses always chose the wildest horse and took great pleasure in taming it. One of these was a horse named "Old York" which most of the boys were afraid to ride. Ulysses learned to ride the horse, and taught it to jump five and a half feet.

Ulysses learned to like West Point better than he thought that he would like it, but he was glad when he was

at last through and could go back to his father's home. Ulysses planned to stay here until he could begin his work of teaching mathematics, but things did not turn out as he had planned.

Ulysses had been home but a short time when war broke out in Mexico, and the United States needed brave men to help win a victory. Ulysses did not like a soldier's life even after studying to be one. But when he found that his country really needed him, Ulysses made up his mind to join the army that was going to Mexico.

And then do you know what happened? I will tell you. Ulysses Grant went to war to fight for his country. He fought so bravely that he was made a lieutenant.

After awhile the Mexican War was over, and in a few more years the Civil War broke out. Again Ulysses Grant joined the army, and fought so well that he was made a Colonel. And before the Civil War had gone on for a very long time, Ulysses Grant was made the General of the whole Northern army, with more than 70,000 men under him!

If you were to have watched Ulysses Grant in some of the battles that he fought you would never have thought that he had not always wanted to be a soldier. You would only have thought, "How brave he is!" And you would have been right, for Ulysses Grant was one of the best soldiers that the United States ever had. He led his men into many battles, and helped to win a great victory.

When bullets were flying about him thick and fast, Ulysses Grant was just as calm as he had been when he was a boy riding along lonely roads at night, or mounted on a wild horse that no other boy would ride.

A few years after the Civil War was over, the people of the United States needed a new president. Then they chose Ulysses Grant, who became as good a president as he had been a general.

I wonder what the grandmother would have thought if she had been living at that time? Do you think she would have been sorry that she had named the baby boy ULYSSES?

A Fighting Boy

To begin with, Theodore Roosevelt was not strong but he made up his mind that he would do what he could to make himself as healthy as other boys. This was his first fight.

His father gave him the use of the wide back porch of his New York home and Theodore started in to learn to climb a pole for exercise. Try this sometime. You will see that it is not easily done at first. Theodore had to try it many times before he could climb without slipping. In this out-of-door gymnasium we can imagine a punching bag too. Theodore must have felt as if he had been running a mile a minute when he first tried to punch the bag.

Theodore Roosevelt's father was a well-to-do man. Besides his home in the city he owned a summer home three miles from the town of Oyster Bay where he and his family spent their vacation months. Here Theodore learned to swim, ride and row. Here he first learned to love the wild flowers and birds and to be eager to know their secrets. If a pair of robins built their disorderly mud-lined nest near the house, Theodore was not content with merely looking at the nest. He would watch the father and mother birds feeding the babies many many times each day and then he would find a book that told all about the robins. This he would read with great interest. Perhaps you have heard how a father robin carries fourteen feet of

worms to his babies each day. After reading things like this, Theodore would watch the robins with greater interest than before. No doubt he admired the robin parents for their kindness. Perhaps he decided that he would be that kind of a father some day. At any rate, that is the kind he turned out to be. When he grew up he had five children of his own just like some of the father robins, and there were many people who admired him for the good care he gave his children.

Strange to say, not only living things interested Theodore Roosevelt. He learned about even the stones and rocks which he found in the places he visited. One time his parents took him to Europe. When they were getting ready to return home they found that Theodore had so many stones in his trunk there was hardly any room for his clothes at all. His mother decided that after all Theodore would be better off with a trunk full of warm underwear, clean stockings and other necessary articles of clothing. She threw the stones out of the trunk, whereupon Theodore filled his pockets. With his bulging pockets he looked for all the world like a boy just coming from an apple orchard.

1. When Theodore had grown to be a tall boy his father sent him to a wild place in Maine called Island Falls. At this place there lived a born woodsman named Bill Sewall who knew the wilderness and promised to take good care of Theodore. The old guide must have done this

work well for Theodore never forgot the good times he had tramping and camping with the old woodsman. When Theodore grew to be a little older, he too, moved to a wild country. This country was in the far West and it was here that Theodore Roosevelt became a ranchman and hunter.

2. By this time Theodore Roosevelt had won his fight for good health. His face was tanned with the sun and wind and his muscles were strong and firm. Theodore had become a cowboy and he looked a great deal like the cowboys whose pictures you have seen. He wore leathern overalls and had a revolver fastened to his belt. Around his neck was a brightly colored handkerchief and on his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat which was of much use when he rode over the sunny plains.

Out in the wilderness Theodore Roosevelt built a log house in which he spent the night but he did not use this much in the daytime. From early morning until night he was busy out-of-doors raising vegetables, shooting game or animals for meat, cutting firewood, and even digging coal from his ranch to burn in the winter. Besides all this, he kept hundreds of cows which he had marked with a maltese cross. Like other ranchmen, Theodore Roosevelt had no fences for his cows. The cattle roamed around wherever they pleased, eating grass. Sometimes they wandered for hundreds of miles and would not be

captured for months. You can plainly see why each one would have to be marked in some way. Twice a year Theodore Roosevelt would round up all the maltese cross herds. Then he would mark all the new calves and would send some of the fattest calves to market. The wagons which carried food would move to a new part of the country each day. Theodore Roosevelt and the other cowboys who helped him would drive in all the cattle they could find. This often meant a ride of over fifty miles in the morning. In the round-up Theodore Roosevelt would often have to sleep out in the snow, wrapped in blankets and tarpaulins, but with no tent to shield him from the freezing cold. This shows how well Theodore Roosevelt had won his fight to become strong and healthy.

Perhaps it was because he had won this fight so well that Theodore Roosevelt was encouraged to fight for other things. The people of New York elected him Police Commissioner which meant Head Policeman. Theodore Roosevelt had a chance to fight for millions of people then. He wanted the city of New York to become a safer and better place, and he put up a good fight to bring this about.

People heard about the good work he had done in New York, and they made him the President of the United States. Then once more, Theodore Roosevelt had many people to work for, and battles to fight.

To be sure, Theodore Roosevelt was no longer a boy, as far as age goes. He had become a man. But folks who knew him best said that he always remained a boy at heart. Perhaps this was because he played with his own boys so much and was so full of fun. Theodore Roosevelt taught them to box, swim, row and ride. He gave them animals and pets of many kinds. Before the boys grew up they had had a live bear, a lion, a hyena, a wild cat, a coyote, two parrots, an eagle, a barn owl, several snakes, a lizard, a zebra, a kangaroo, flying squirrels, rabbits, guinea pigs, as well as dogs of many kinds.

With four lively boys and so many interesting pets it was no wonder that Theodore Roosevelt could not feel "grown up." He was still a boy—a fighting boy, as he had always been.

Robert and the Spy

"I wish I were a hero," sighed eight-year-old Robert. "I wish I were grown up and could go to war."

Robert's father was a soldier and was away from home fighting for his country. The little boy had heard many tales of heroes. He longed to do some brave deed such as those heroes had done, but he lived a very quiet life and never seemed to have a chance to be a hero.

"Never mind, my son," said his mother. "There are many heroes who never go to war. You may have a chance some day to be a hero right here in your own home."

Scarcely had she spoken when they heard a noise at the door. It sounded as if some one had fallen on their little porch.

The mother hurried to the door to see what the noise could be.

There on the doorstep lay a soldier. His eyes were closed and his face was pale. He looked as if he were dying.

He wore an enemy's uniform, but Robert's mother could not let even an enemy die for the want of a little help.

"Come, Robert," she said, "we must get him into the house. But first go and get a glass of water."

As Robert ran for the water, the soldier opened his eyes.

"Help me," he whispered. "I am not a British soldier. I am an American spy. The British are after me. Help me to hide."

Then the eyes closed again. The sick man had fainted.

The sound of galloping horses was heard far away. The woman saw two horsemen coming over the hill. There was not a minute to lose!

Seizing him by the shoulders, she and Robert dragged the wounded man into the house and locked him in a secret closet.

When the two horsemen stopped at the door the woman was busy in the kitchen, while Robert was playing with the cat on the porch. But he was pale, and his hands trembled.

One of the men noticed how white and scared he looked. So, seizing him roughly by the arm, he shouted, "Where is the spy who came down this way a little while ago? Tell us quickly!"

Poor little Robert! He trembled so, he could not have answered if he had tried.

"The boy knows something," said one man to the other. "We can soon frighten him into telling what he knows."

"No, you can't," cried Robert, who had at last found his voice. "I shall never tell you where he is."

The poor child was brave, but he was not very wise.

"You won't tell?" shouted the man. "Then you will go with us. We will shut you up in a big, dark prison until you will tell."

He caught hold of Robert and, jumping upon his horse, galloped away with the boy before him on the saddle.

"Robert, Robert," screamed his mother; but the man rode on, taking no notice of her cries.

Across the fields, over the hills, and through the woods they galloped. At length they came to the headquarters of the British army.

"Will you tell us now?" asked the man.

"No," sobbed Robert, his lips trembling so that he could scarcely speak. "No, I will never tell you."

"Waste no more time on him," said another man. "Come, we must be off. Lock the boy in the cellar."

A soldier picked up the little fellow and carried him away, while the two men rode off.

Robert cried and struggled, but it was of no use. He was thrown roughly down on the cellar floor. Then in a moment he heard the great iron door slammed and locked. For hours and hours he lay where he had been thrown. He cried until he could cry no more.

It grew darker and darker. It was night. Would no one come to him? Must he stay here and starve to death? He had heard stories of such things.

Suddenly there was a sound. He sat up and listened. It was a key turning in the rusty lock!

There was a flash of light, then a whisper: "Are you here, little boy? Where are you?"

Robert sprang to his feet and gazed in wonder. He rubbed his eyes to see if he were awake. Surely this beautiful lady, all dressed in white, must be an angel!

"Hush," she whispered, laying her fingers on his lips. "Do not speak, but come with me. You need not be afraid. I will do you no harm. I will take you home to your mother."

She hurried him up the narrow stairs, through a dark hall, and out into the open air.

A little way down the road stood a beautiful white horse. This the lady mounted. She drew Robert up in front of her. Then away they rode.

By and by the lady stopped.

"You are near your home now," she said.

"I must hurry back. Run to your mother as fast as you can!"

Putting Robert down from the horse, she turned and rode away, before the grateful child could speak a word.

It was near morning, and across the field Robert could see his home among the trees. How he did run!

"Oh, mother," he shouted, bursting in at the door, "I didn't tell! I didn't tell!"

"My brave boy! My little hero!" sobbed the mother.

"Was I a hero? I am so glad," murmured Robert.

In another minute he was fast asleep, held close in his mother's arms.

Roland and the Jewel

The King called all his knights before him.

"Sir Knights," said he, "I have been told of a wonderful jewel. It is the largest and most beautiful in the world. It belongs to the Robber Knight. He wears it in his shield. Now let all my knights ride forth and search for this jewel. To him who brings it to me I will give whatever he may ask."

Sir Milon greatly longed to win the prize. He took his young son Roland as his page and set out to seek the Robber Knight. For many days he searched in the forest where the robber lived. But his search was vain.

One day, tired and discouraged, he took off his heavy armor and lay down under a tree to rest.

Young Roland sat beside him for a time. Soon, seeing that his father was asleep, he looked about for something to do.

By and by he arose. Softly he put on his father's armor. Then he sprang upon the war horse and rode into the forest. There whom should he meet but the Robber Knight! He knew him at once by the wonderful jewel that glittered in the middle of his shield.

Roland was too brave to run away, although the knight was much taller and stronger than he.

So he said to himself, "I will fight him and get the jewel. Then perhaps the King will let me go to his castle and become a knight."

With a shout, he drew his father's sword and rushed upon the foe.

Fierce and terrible was the fight that followed. Though the knight was the stronger, the boy was the quicker. At length Roland killed the Robber Knight and tore the jewel from his shield. He hid it under his cloak and rode back to the tree where his father was sleeping.

He put the armor where he had found it and tied the horse just as his father had done. Then he lay down to rest and wait for his father to awake. He thought it would be best not to tell of his fight with the robber, nor of the jewel hidden in his cloak.

"I want to give it to the King myself," he thought.

By and by his father awoke and put on his armor. Mounting his horse, he once more began his search in the forest. Soon he came to the spot where the Robber Knight lay.

"Some one has been before me," exclaimed Sir Milon. "I had hoped to gain the prize."

Sadly he turned and rode back to the castle.

On the day set, all the knights came before the King. They were followed by their pages carrying their shields.

Each knight told of finding the body of the robber in the forest. Each told of the many signs of a terrible battle.

Last of all came Sir Milon, looking sad and disappointed. He was closely followed by Roland, who held a shield before him. And lo! there in the shield shone the beautiful, long-sought jewel!

At the sight the people set up a shout of joy.

The King called out, "Sir Milon has won the prize! Step forward, Sir Milon, and name the reward you wish. Whatever it is, it is granted to you!"

"But I have not won it," cried the bewildered knight. "I, like the others, found only the dead body of the robber. His shield had been wrenched apart and the jewel was gone."

Great was Sir Milon's surprise when he saw the jewel in his own shield, carried by his son.

The knights all crowded around Roland. Then he told how he had met the robber and killed him.

"The prize is for Roland," cried the King. "What will you have for your reward?"

"My one desire," replied the boy, "is to live in the castle and become one of the King's knights. For they go everywhere with the King and fight always by his side."

The King was greatly pleased with this answer. He gave orders at once that the boy should stay in the castle and be trained to be a knight.

So Roland was taught the first duties of the true knight,—to reverence God and honor the King; to speak the truth at all times; to deal justly with both friend and foe; to be courteous and obliging to his equals, and above all, to help the needy, to protect the weak, and to respect the ladies.

Roland became the bravest and most famous of all the knights of the royal court. And every one praised and loved him, for he was indeed a knight without fear and without blame.

The Drummer Boy

Davy was an orphan. When his father was killed by the Indians, the boy was but nine years old. He then went to live with the wife of a soldier who was very kind to him.

Davy was small for his age, but he was so quick and so willing to please that he soon made friends with all the men in the settlement.

There were very few white people living in that part of the country, but there were a great many Indians, who killed the white people whenever they had a chance. It was a time of war with England, and the British hired the Indians to kill the settlers.

Colonel Clark thought that if he could drive the British out, he could stop the terrible murder done by the Indians. So he set out to capture the British forts in that part of the country. He called for all the Americans living near to come to his aid.

Davy's friends were among the first to join Colonel Clark, and Davy begged for leave to go. So they took him with them.

Now the colonel wanted men able and willing to fight and to take long, hard, marches. He was angry when they brought little Davy before him.

"This is no place for a child," he said.

"We brought him for a drummer boy," said one of the men.

"He's so little, he'll be no trouble," said another. "We shall have no luck without him, Colonel."

"I'll carry him, if he gets tired on the march," said a third.

Colonel Clark laughed.

"Well, boys," he said, "if you must have him, you must. I have no orders about taking a drummer boy into the army, but we'll take him."

Then, laying his hand upon the little fellow's shoulder, he said kindly, "You will have a hard time, Davy. You will need to be strong and brave."

That night the men were resting around a big camp fire. Suddenly a man ran out of the woods, carrying something on his head that looked like a kettle. He was one of Davy's special friends and had been away from the camp since early in the afternoon.

The kettle proved to be a drum on which the man began to beat with his hands for drumsticks.

"It's for Davy," he cried, setting it down in front of the boy. "I've the King's own drum for you, Davy."

And sure enough, it had been taken from a British regiment and bore on its head the royal arms of England.

They flung the string about Davy's neck. Drumsticks were quickly made, and the boy took his first lesson in drumming.

The next day, when the little army drew up for parade, Davy was at the head of the line, prouder than any man in the ranks. From that day the little drummer boy was the pet and plaything of the whole army.

The British heard that Clark had taken some of their forts, but they thought that they could easily get them back again.

It was winter. The rivers had overflowed their banks, and it was hard to march from one place to another. So they decided to wait until spring. Then they thought it would be easy to take Clark and his men.

But Clark would not wait to be taken. He thought that if he could manage to get to the largest British fort in winter, when he was not expected, he could capture it.

At first the journey was easy enough. They passed across the snow-covered prairies and through great stretches of woods. They killed buffaloes and deer for food, so there was plenty to eat. At night they built huge fires and slept around them.

In the middle of February they reached the lowlands. The ice in the rivers had just broken. All day long the men waded in icy water. At night they had to lie on wet snow and ice. They found very little wood for fires and had scarcely anything to eat.

It was Colonel Clark and Davy who kept the men cheerful through all these hardships. The colonel taught Davy gay songs which the boy sang at night, when they lay around their camp fires. The soldiers would join in the chorus and, for a time, forget their troubles.

Clark was afraid that the men would want to give up the journey. He knew that if they could hold out a little longer, they would be at the fort.

At last the little army came to a river, wide, though shallow. It was covered with thin ice, and there was no way of getting over but by wading. At this, the worn-out, half-frozen men rebelled. Clark urged them in vain.

"If we can get to those hills across the river, our troubles will be ended," he said.

But the men would go no farther.

Then Clark thought of Davy. He might save the day.

Calling the tallest man in the army to him, he said, "When I give the word, you take Davy, with his drum, on your shoulders and follow me. Davy, do you think you could give us that song you sang last night?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" answered Davy, his teeth chattering with the cold.

The colonel raised his sword high in the air, shouted an Indian war whoop, and plunged into the water. The tall soldier swung Davy to his shoulders and followed the colonel. Davy beat the charge with all his might, though

his hands were so numb that he could scarcely hold the sticks.

There was a shout, and the men went plunging after.

"Now sing, Davy!" called the colonel.

Davy sang at the top of his voice. It was a favorite song of the men. They joined in the chorus and forgot the cold and the hardships they were suffering.

When the song was ended, they had reached the other side of the river and were at last on dry land. It was not long before they were in sight of the fort.

Clark marched his little army around and around in such a way as to make it seem that he had many men with him. He wrote a commanding letter to the British and behaved like a general with a large army.

It was just as Clark had expected. His coming in midwinter was a great surprise to the British. They were having a party that night and were not prepared for fighting. They thought that a large, strong force was about to attack them and decided not to fight. So the American soldiers were soon making themselves comfortable in the fort.

The next day Davy, with his drum, led a parade in the square of the captured fort. Then Colonel Clark publicly thanked the little drummer boy who had drummed the American army to victory.

David, the Brave Shepherd Boy

King Saul was very rich, yet he was not happy. Sometimes he was so ill and unhappy that he was cruel even to his best friends. On some days he was so wild that nobody dared to go near him.

On those days music was the only thing that would soothe him. At the sound of the harp he would become quiet and gentle.

So the best musicians in the kingdom were ordered to bring their harps and play before the King.

After a time King Saul grew tired of these players and drove them all away from the palace.

"Bring me some one who can play well," he commanded. "Those men did not make music. They made only a loud noise. I want good music."

One of the noblemen said: "There is a shepherd boy in the South Valley, tending his father's sheep, who plays on the harp wonderfully. It is said that even the beasts will listen to his music."

"Send for him to come to the palace," said the King.

Messengers were sent down to the little village of Bethlehem for the shepherd boy who made such wonderful music with his harp. So David went to the palace of Saul, the King.

The King was much pleased when he saw the lad, for David was a handsome boy, tall and ruddy, and as straight as an arrow.

"Now play to me," said the King.

David took up his harp and played.

The King was cheered and soothed. He became so gentle and mild that all the people in the palace rejoiced.

David stayed at the palace and was the King's page. Every day he would play his sweet music to make the King happy. He was soon a favorite with all who knew him.

After a time a great war broke out. The King left his palace and rode forth at the head of his army to fight his enemies.

There was now no need of a page at the palace. So David took his harp on his shoulder and went back to his father's house. His three older brothers had joined Saul's army. David again went to the fields to help take care of the sheep.

The King led his army out to meet the enemy. The two armies pitched their tents, each on a mountain, Saul's on one side of the valley, the Philistines' on the other side. Each waited for the other to begin the fight.

Each was afraid of the other. They sent messages from one army to the other, making great boasts, but they did nothing more than that.

Now among the Philistines was a huge giant, named Goliath. He was more than ten feet tall. He wore a heavy armor of brass which weighed almost three hundred pounds. His staff was made of iron, with a long, sharp point at one end. It was so heavy that it took three strong men to lift it.

This giant went down into the valley half way between the two armies.

"What are you doing up there, you cowards?" he shouted. "Let one of your men come down and fight me. If he can kill me, then all my people shall become your slaves. But if I kill him, then you shall be our slaves and shall serve us."

When King Saul and his army heard this they were afraid, for they had no one among them as strong as Goliath. None dared to go down into the valley and meet the giant. So the two armies lay in camp, and no fighting was done.

Word came to Bethlehem that the army had not enough to eat.

David's father sent for the lad to leave his sheep in the fields with the men and to come home.

"I hear that the King's army is in want," he said. "You may go up to the camp and take this corn and these loaves of bread to your brothers. Take these cheeses, too, and give them to the captain. Find out if all is well at the camp, then come back to me."

David got up very early the next morning and started for the camp, taking with him a cart full of food. When he came to the camp, he found the two armies waiting to fight, just as they had been for many days. He left the cart of food with the driver and hurried to his brothers.

As he stood talking with them, the giant Goliath came down into the valley and shouted as he had done each day. The King's men ran back, afraid.

"Why does no one go down and kill the man?" asked David.

"We have no giant in our army," replied his brothers. "No one could go out alone to fight such a man as he is. See how big he is! The King has offered great riches to the man who will fight him. But no one dares!"

"I think I could kill him," said David.

This made the brothers angry.

"Go back and take care of your sheep," they said. "You know nothing about fighting, and this is no place for a boy."

But some of the soldiers heard what David said, and they ran to the King.

"The young shepherd boy who plays on the harp is here," they said. "He says that he could kill the giant. Would it not be well to let him try?"

The King sent word for David to come to him at once.

When David stood before the King, he looked so young and slight that the King said:

"You are not able to fight against this giant. You are but a boy, while this man has been trained to fight since his youth. You had much better return to your father."

Then David said: "Oh, King, I am very strong. Only the other day while I was tending my father's sheep, a bear came out of the woods and carried off one of the lambs from the flock. I ran after him, snatched the lamb from his mouth, and killed the bear."

"That was a brave thing to do," said the King, "but this giant is well armed and is stronger than a bear."

"I have killed a lion, too," said David. "He came down from the mountain and carried off one of the lambs. I was no more afraid of him than I was of the bear. I caught hold of him by the jaws and killed him. God has made me strong. Let me use my strength to aid my King."

Then Saul called to his men to arm David and make him ready to fight the giant. The King's son brought his own armor for the boy. A helmet of brass was put upon his head, and a bright new sword was given to him. But these were so heavy that the boy could scarcely move in them.

"I cannot fight in these," he said. "Let me make ready in my own way."

He took off the helmet and the armor and threw aside the sword. Then he went to the brook and chose five smooth, round stones. These he put into his shepherd's

bag, which he carried at his side. Then he took up his staff and his sling and went down into the valley to meet the giant.

When Goliath saw the boy coming toward him with only the shepherd's staff, he laughed.

"Am I a dog," he cried, "that you come against me armed with a stick? Come on, little fellow, and I will give your flesh to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air."

"You are strong," said David, "and you come in armor and with a sword, but I come to you in the name of our God. This day I will kill you and take your head to the King. All the world shall know that our God is the true God."

Then the giant was very angry and, raising his spear, he rushed toward David.

David put his hand into his bag and took out one of the smooth, round stones he had taken from the brook. He put the stone into his sling.

As the giant raised his spear to throw it, David sent the stone whizzing through the air. It struck the giant in the forehead so hard that it sank deep into his head. Then Goliath fell upon his face on the ground.

David ran to him and, drawing out the giant's own big sword, cut off his head.

When the army of the Philistines saw that Goliath was dead, they fled down the other side of the mountain. The

King's men ran after them and did not stop until they had driven them out of the country.

The King took David to his palace and made him a prince.

When David grew to be a man, he married the King's daughter, and when the King and his son were both killed in battle, the people chose David for their King.

Betty Zane

Fort Henry stood on a bluff above a wide river. From it one could see the country for many miles.

The fort was a hollow square with a fence around it, about twelve feet high. It was made of stout posts planted firmly in the ground, side by side, and sharpened at the top. Within this square was what is called a blockhouse. The thick walls had many portholes for the men to shoot through.

Besides the blockhouse, there were a number of cabins within the square. These were used as homes for the settlers in time of trouble with the Indians.

Many men of the fort had already been killed. Only about twelve were left to protect the women and children.

Suddenly one day a band of five hundred savages and British soldiers attacked the fort. The men in the fort, though few in number, were good shots, and many an Indian fell dead under their sure aim.

In the midst of the battle it was whispered that the powder was giving out. The people were in despair. To surrender meant death to every man, woman, and child in the fort. With only a few charges for their rifles and none for the cannon, how could they hope to hold out against the savages?

There was plenty of powder in the Zane cabin not sixty yards away. But that was outside the fort. How could they get it?

"If we had only one keg, we could hold out until relief comes," groaned the captain.

"I will go to the cabin and get it," cried a young man.

"You know it may mean death," said the captain.

"I know," replied the youth, "but we must have the powder. One of us must go for it. It may as well be I."

"But not one man can be spared," said Betty Zane. "I will go!"

"You shall not!" cried the men.

"Let me go, let me go," pleaded Betty. "It is the only chance. Let me take it. I would rather die that way than wait here for death."

"It isn't a bad plan," said the captain. "Betty can run like a deer, and as she is a girl they may let her get to the cabin without shooting. Let her go. If she gets back, she will save the fort. If she fails, she will at least be spared capture by the Indians. God bless you and keep you, Betty."

The captain drew the iron bar from before the gate, but held Betty back for one more word.

"When I let you out," he said, "run, but not too fast. Empty a keg of powder into this tablecloth. Throw it over

your shoulder and start back. Keep on running, if you do get hit. Now go!"

The huge gate creaked and swung open.

Betty ran out, looking neither to the right nor to the left. She had gone half the distance to the cabin before the Indians saw her. Not one shot did they fire. They did not seem to understand what it meant.

Betty obeyed the captain's orders. She ran easily and not too fast, and soon she bounded up the steps of the cabin and into the arms of her brother. He and two others had stayed in the cabin, and were fighting from there.

"Betty! What does this mean?" he cried.

"We are out of powder," she answered. "Empty a keg into this tablecloth. There is not a minute to lose."

With one blow of an ax, Zane smashed in the top of a keg of powder. Then he poured the precious stuff into the cloth. The corners were caught up and tied, and the bag of powder was thrown over Betty's shoulders.

"Brave girl," said Colonel Zane, holding open the door. "You can do it! I know you can do it. Now run as you never ran in all your life!"

Even then the Indians did not seem to understand what had happened.

On, on, Betty flew toward the fort. Not until she had nearly reached the gate, did the meaning of it dawn upon the savages.

Suddenly a shout went up.

"The girl has powder! Don't let her reach the gate!"

Then the bullets rained about her. They hissed close to her ears and cut the grass in front of her. But, still unharmed, the brave girl sped toward the fort.

She saw the big gate swing open. She saw the tall form of the captain. Another second and she stumbled; she felt herself caught by eager arms; she heard the gate slam, and the iron bar shoot into place; then she felt and heard no more. She had fainted.

A mighty cheer went up in the fort. The settlers, inspired by the heroism of a girl, fought as they had never fought before. Slowly the Indians gave way before the fire.

All at once the long, strange call of an Indian scout rang out. He had been sent to watch for the coming of a relief party. This call was a signal for retreat. Scarcely had it ceased, when the Indians moved rapidly away across the river.

Soon soldiers on horseback were seen galloping toward the fort. Relief had come! The fort was saved! And a girl had saved it!

The Young Hannibal

A golden chariot, drawn by four snow-white horses and surrounded by a gorgeous escort in golden armor, came dashing through the streets of Carthage.

In the glittering chariot stood President Hamilcar, who had returned as conqueror from a great war. He was a tall and noble-looking man. His splendid tunic of violet silk glittered with gold embroidery; his boots were of gilded leather; a collar of jewels was about his neck; large pearl pendants hung from his ears; a golden helmet covered his head; and his short bronze battle sword hung at his side.

With him in the chariot stood his dearly loved son, little ten-year-old Hannibal.

The boy held the ends of the reins that hung from the driver's hands. He was very proud and happy as the great city rang with shouts of praise for his father.

Suddenly some one from among the excited crowd threw a wreath of olive leaves over the boy's head.

All the people clapped their hands and shouted: "Hanna-Baal! Hanna-Baal!"

Now Baal was the great sun god of that country. Hanna-Baal meant the favorite of this most powerful god Baal. What wonder then that little Hannibal felt very proud and happy, as he received all this attention from the shouting crowd.

The palace of President Hamilcar was a splendid one and was richly furnished.

It was now the perfect season of the year. The pomegranate trees in the wonderful gardens were brilliant with crimson flowers. Roses and fig trees, cypresses and sycamores gave varied colors to the gorgeous scene.

While young Hannibal rode proudly at his father's side, a little slave girl, called Gyptis, played in the garden of the palace. Her fair face and golden hair, and her gentle, sweet manners had made her a pet among the people. She was treated with greater kindness than most of the slaves about the palace.

Little Gyptis became tired of her play and wandered into the private gardens of young Hannibal. There she saw a small tiger cub, which the boy had been training. She unchained it and was playing with it in the shade of the thick cypress.

Suddenly a long trumpet call rang out on the air. The gate was flung open, and into the garden dashed the golden chariot of the president.

Little Hannibal sprang lightly to the ground. There was no time for Gyptis to put back the pet tiger, so she tried to hide it behind her, hoping that Hannibal would not see it. But in vain. The boy ran toward the little slave with an angry word and raised his hand to strike her. But the voice of his father checked him.

"Stop, my son," said the president. "He who is the favorite of the great god Baal should not lift his hand against a slave. Only a coward would strike the helpless."

The boy understood his father's meaning, and with a flushed face he lowered his hand. Instead of striking the girl, he took the chain of flowers she had woven and threw it around the tiger's neck. Then together the boy and girl raced gayly away with the tiger cub between them.

The playful ways of the tame tiger were much like those of a dog or cat, and the three friends were soon having a glorious romp.

As they rolled in a heap together under a great cork tree, there came a rush of wings and a mighty vulture swooped down upon them. It twined its strong talons in the veil-like tunic of the slave girl.

The tiger, surprised and startled, ran away; the girl screamed in terror; but young Hannibal tore off his short purple mantle and threw it over the bird's white head. Then he flung his arms about its body and tried to tear it away from the struggling girl.

The vulture, blinded and attacked, beat about with its wings and tried to release its head. But, though bruised by the vulture's wings, young Hannibal held his ground.

At length poor Gyptis was freed from the vulture's talons. Then the boy seized the great bird more firmly in his clutch and pressed it against his chest so tight that he

strangled the vulture to death in his strong grasp. Then both fell to the ground.

There was a cry of delight from the avenue of the palm trees. President Hamilcar came under the cork tree's shade. He caught the boy in his arms.

"He who can stay his hand from striking a helpless slave," he said, "and yet can crush the vulture in his strong young arms; he who can hold the tiger in leash and guide his father's war steeds, while yet a boy like you, is one whom the republic may hope either to exalt to honor or to mourn gloriously."

King Alfred

The palace in which King Alfred the Great was born was hardly what we should call a palace in these days. It was a long, low, wooden house that looked like a group of little houses joined together. Whenever more room was needed, a new building was put up and joined to the old ones wherever it seemed most convenient. There had to be room for a large family, for many of the King's advisers and noblemen lived with him.

All around the palace were many smaller houses for the fighting and working men. It was like a little village, for almost everything that was needed had to be made on the place. Besides the farmers, millers, weavers, and shoemakers, there were blacksmiths, who not only made the simple tools needed on the farm, but who must be skillful enough to make and repair the metal network of the coats of mail, and to keep the soldiers well supplied with spears, swords, and battle-axes.

Alfred was the youngest child of King Ethelwolf. Every one loved the young prince, and every one was eager to do something for him. People never came near the palace without bringing him nuts, grapes, or apples. When he was only five years old, the blacksmith had made him a tiny coat of mail, a sword, and a spear, and he and the other children would play at war. The soldiers were all very proud of him.

Although he had reached the age of twelve before he learned to read, he was delighted with the songs and poems his mother used to read to him. In those days few people could read, and hardly any one could write. The greatest men in the land could not write their names, but made a cross upon papers which they wished to sign.

But Alfred was a bright and thoughtful boy. He looked with delight and longing at the books from which his mother read. The poems were ballads and tales of heroes and the adventures of wanderers of all kinds.

One day his mother was showing the boys a book of beautiful colored pictures and splendid print.

"I will give it to the one among you who first learns to read it," she said.

"Will you?" eagerly asked Alfred, although the youngest.

"Yes," said she, with a smile of pleasure.

The boy quickly took the book from her hands and ran to a priest. In a few days he brought back the book and read it aloud. So he won the precious book for his own.

Although Alfred knew little of books, he had learned how to hunt, how to catch birds in snares, and how to lie flat on the bottom of his boat, hidden under branches of trees, till he was near enough to the wild birds to shoot them with his bow and arrow. He had learned to wrestle and run and leap, and to use spear and shield and sword and battle-ax.

When he was nearly fourteen years old, the King allowed the young prince to go on his first boar hunt. Alfred was delighted, for ever since, as a little lad, he had one day ridden with his father on the front of his saddle, he had longed to go on a hunt.

The hunters met in the open space in front of the palace door. They were on horseback, and all carried spears. The dogs were leaping about them, eager to be off. The signal was given. Into the woods dashed the dogs.

The hunters blew their horns, the dogs bayed, and the horses sprang forward.

"They have found him!" was the shout, as the riders rushed on.

The excited young prince was soon far ahead of the others.

"The prince will be killed," shouted the man who had been intrusted with the care of Alfred. He urged on his horse.

Far ahead was a little open space, and there was the young prince, his cap fallen from his head, his long yellow hair tossing in the sunshine, and his face scarlet with excitement. He charged upon the boar again and again.

The furious beast dashed at the horse that bore the prince. The horse sprang to one side, the boy's spear fell from his hand, and he himself rose in his stirrups, and seemed about to fall.

The hunters pressed wildly on.

Suddenly there was a shout of applause. The fearless boy had swung himself lightly from his horse's back into the branches of a great tree.

"A spear! Give me a spear!" he cried.

The dogs were down below him. The boar was at bay, but was growing weaker. The hunters sprang forward with their spears ready to strike.

"Hold," shouted one. "Give the prince a spear. He shall kill the boar!"

In a few minutes the boy was standing flushed and happy, with his spear in his hand, and the great boar lay dead beside him.

There was much rejoicing when the tired, dusty company rode home, dragging the boar behind them.

The King gave a feast in honor of the prince's first hunt. There were beef and pork and mutton, but the great dish was the roasted flesh of the boar that Alfred had killed. When this was brought in and put at the head of the table, the harpers sang a song praising the deed of the little prince.

Noel Duval

It was a time of war, and there was great excitement among the people. The British troops were just across the border in Canada, and word came that they were getting ready to attack the Americans.

The farmers left their fields to drill and form companies. Even the boys became excited and were soon forming companies.

One afternoon Noel Duval walked out to the fields where the boys were drilling. He stood leaning on the fence, looking wistfully at the boys.

There were about twenty in the company. The captain had a real sword, but the other boys used sticks for muskets.

Noel was a thin, pale boy, about fifteen years old. One arm was stiff and almost useless. But that was not the reason he had not been asked to join the company.

His mother was an American. But his father had been a Canadian, and the boy had lived nearly all his life in Canada. He and his mother had been in America scarcely three months at this time.

One of the boys saw Noel watching them. "Captain," he said, "shall we let Noel Duval join the company? I know he wants to."

"We had better not," said the captain. "He may be a spy. We can't be too careful. Besides, he would be of no use with his stiff arm."

So the boys said nothing to Noel. But he lingered and hoped that he would be asked to join.

By and by it grew so dark that the boys had to stop. They were lying about on the ground near the woods, resting. There Noel joined them.

Suddenly a party of men came into sight. They were walking fast and keeping close to the woods.

The boys kept very still, and the men did not see them until they were close upon them.

"What's this?" exclaimed the leader. "Don't move, boys. Not a word—not a move, or we shoot!"

The boys were too frightened to either speak or move. From the uniforms of the men, the boys knew that they were British soldiers.

"You won't be hurt if you keep quiet," said the officer, "but you must stay here."

He told two of the men to stay and watch the boys.

"Do not let one of them escape," he said. "If one moves, shoot him. Forward, men!"

The two men left behind tied the wrists and ankles of each of the boys, so that they could not move. Then they stretched themselves on the grass and began talking. They talked in French, but Noel was from Canada, too, and

could talk French. He understood what they said, and he soon learned that the British were about to attack the village.

"I must get away from here and warn the people," he thought. "I will prove to them that I am no British spy."

He worked at the knots with his teeth and at length he untied first one and then another. He was close to the woods, and it needed only one spring to carry him into the underbrush. But the men had sharp eyes and they saw the boy's first movement. One of them was up and after Noel before he had reached the woods. A bullet whizzed so close to the boy's head that it almost stunned him.

Noel knew that there was no danger from bullets when in the woods, for it was too dark for the man to take a sure aim. He ran like a deer, but the man kept close behind him. On, on, they went, stumbling over the bushes and sometimes falling to the ground. But Noel still kept ahead.

Soon they came out of the woods into the fields. Here Noel stumbled over a cow that was just getting to her feet. She was frightened and ran on ahead. Noel ran a short distance, then turned in another direction. But the man followed the cow, thinking it was Noel.

Now Noel could see the lights of the village in the distance. He saw that he had been running away from the village instead of toward it. So he turned quickly and ran in the right direction.

He had three miles to go, and he was tired. But he kept on. He had gone about half the distance, when he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs. He hid in the shadow of some bushes and waited.

When the horse and its rider came into sight; Noel saw that it was the village doctor on his white pony. He stepped into the road.

"It is I, doctor, Noel Duval," he whispered. "Was everything quiet in the village when you left?"

"Quiet as usual," said the doctor. "What's the matter, lad? Why are you trembling and panting so?"

"The British are going to attack the village to-night," said Noel. "Let me have your pony, doctor. I must get to the village to warn them, and I am tired out."

The doctor looked sharply at the boy in the dim light. Then he jumped down from the pony.

"I'll take the risk," he said. "You look as if you knew what you are about. I'll follow you on foot. It will go hard with you, if you are deceiving me."

Noel sprang upon the pony and was out of hearing long before the doctor had finished speaking.

When he had almost reached the village, a man suddenly stepped out into the road.

"Halt!" he ordered.

It was a British soldier.

Noel bent low in the saddle and struck the pony with his whip.

A rifle blazed in his face. The pony was frightened but did not stop. It ran on faster than ever, and Noel held on for dear life. He felt a sharp pain where a bullet had gone through the flesh. He grew faint and had to clutch the saddle tightly with his knees to keep on. When he reached the village, he was so dizzy that he could scarcely see.

The sound of the galloping horse brought the men to their doors.

"The British are coming! They're close by!" gasped Noel, as he fell from the saddle.

There was shouting and hurrying to and fro. Then the beating of a drum and the ringing of the church bell were heard. Men came running from all parts of the village.

But Noel Duval heard nothing of all the noise. It was many days before he knew anything. Then he learned how the British had been defeated and driven back into Canada.

When Noel was well again, the village boys came to see him and asked him to join their company.

"We want you to be our captain," they said.

Later the story of how Noel Duval saved the village was told in Congress, and Congress voted him a hero and thanked him for his aid.

An American Army of Two

Once upon a time a child named Rebecca lived near a little town by the sea. Her father was a lighthouse keeper. He and his family lived in a tiny cottage near the lighthouse.

One day Rebecca and her friend Sarah were sitting on the rocks, playing with their dolls. The lighthouse keeper and his wife had rowed across the bay to the village. The children were alone.

Suddenly they saw a ship far away. They watched it. It seemed to be coming toward the harbor.

At that time the people feared every strange ship, for it was a time of war. British ships often sailed right into the harbors and sent their soldiers to the shore to attack the villages.

Rebecca and Sarah hurried to the tower of the lighthouse.

Then, scarcely breathing, they watched the ship. Back and forth, back and forth, it sailed, each time a little nearer, till at last it was close to the harbor.

"She is coming in here!" cried Rebecca. "See, she is going to anchor! The boats are being lowered! Oh, I wish father were here!"

The girls looked along the shore. No one was to be seen. What could they do? If they could only warn the

people! But they had no boat, and there would not be time to walk to the village, for it was a long walk around the bay.

"Oh, Sarah, what shall we do?" cried Rebecca. "Do you suppose we are the only ones who have seen the ship?"

"Perhaps the men are hiding until the British soldiers get close to shore," said Sarah. "Then we shall hear the shooting and the beating of the drum."

"The drum is here," said Rebecca. "Father brought it here the other day to mend it. Let's get it and beat it. Perhaps the people in the village will hear it and come down to the shore. Then they will see the ship."

"It may scare the British away," said Sarah. "Come, we'll try it. It will do no harm, at any rate. I'll take the fife. I can play it."

The two girls hurried down the winding staircase and out across the lawn to the house. There they got the drum and fife. Then they crept around behind the lighthouse and started for the point. They scrambled over the rocks and hid behind bushes, all the while beating the drum and playing the fife.

The British soldiers were now in the small boats rowing silently toward the shore.

Suddenly the order was given to halt! They listened. Surely that was a drum!

"What does it mean?" asked an officer.

"Troops, troops," cried the others. "The people have seen us coming. They are getting ready to attack us when we land. They are marching down to that point."

They listened and watched. Nothing could be seen, but there was no doubt that the drum and fife were drawing nearer and nearer.

"They are going to cut us off from the ship," said the soldiers. "We cannot land here!"

"Row back to the ship," ordered the captain. "The people must have been warned."

So up over the sides of the vessel climbed the frightened soldiers.

Soon the ship had turned about and was sailing out of the harbor. By the time the little band had reached the end of the point, the great vessel was speeding away. Rebecca and Sarah stood watching it, scarcely believing their eyes.

The people in the village were as much surprised as the British soldiers had been, when they heard the drum and fife.

"What can it be?" they asked one another.

"It must be troops from Boston," said some. "It cannot be the British, for they would come quietly."

So they all rushed down to the point to see the Boston troops land.

The drum and fife were silent now. When the people reached the point they found two little girls sitting on the

rocks watching a ship far away on the sea. A drum and fife were beside them.

"Do you think that we really scared them away?" asked the girls, when their story had been told.

"There is no doubt of it," said the people.

And after that day, the two girls were called by the village people the "American Army of Two."

King Alfred and the Cakes.

Many years ago there lived in England a wise and good king whose name was Alfred. No other man ever did so much for his country as he; and people now, all over the world, speak of him as Alfred the Great.

In those days a king did not have a very easy life. There was war almost all the time, and no one else could lead his army into battle so well as he. And so, between ruling and fighting, he had a busy time of it indeed.

A fierce, rude people, called the Danes, had come from over the sea, and were fighting the English. There were so many of them, and they were so bold and strong, that for a long time they gained every battle. If they kept on, they would soon be the masters of the whole country.

At last, after a great battle, the English army was broken up and scattered. Every man had to save himself in the best way he could. King Alfred fled alone, in great haste, through the woods and swamps.

Late in the day the king came to the hut of a wood-cutter. He was very tired and hungry, and he begged the wood-cutter's wife to give him something to eat and a place to sleep in her hut.

The woman was baking some cakes upon the hearth, and she looked with pity upon the poor, ragged fellow who seemed so hungry. She had no thought that he was the king.

"Yes," she said, "I will give you some supper if you will watch these cakes. I want to go out and milk the cow; and you must see that they do not burn while I am gone."

King Alfred was very willing to watch the cakes, but he had far greater things to think about. How was he going to get his army together again? And how was he going to drive the fierce Danes out of the land? He forgot his hunger; he forgot the cakes; he forgot that he was in the wood-cutter's hut. His mind was busy making plans for tomorrow.

In a little while the woman came back. The cakes were smoking on the hearth. They were burned to a crisp. Ah, how angry she was!

"You lazy fellow!" she cried. "See what you have done! You want something to eat, but you do not want to work!"

I have been told that she even struck the king with a stick; but I can hardly believe that she was so ill-natured.

The king must have laughed to himself at the thought of being scolded in this way; and he was so hungry that he did not mind the woman's angry words half so much as the loss of the cakes.

I do not know whether he had anything to eat that night, or whether he had to go to bed without his supper. But it was not many days until he had gathered his men together again, and had beaten the Danes in a great battle.

King Alfred and the Beggar

At one time the Danes drove King Alfred from his kingdom, and he had to lie hidden for a long time on a little island in a river.

One day, all who were on the island, except the king and queen and one servant, went out to fish. It was a very lonely place, and no one could get to it except by a boat. About noon a ragged beggar came to the king's door, and asked for food.

The king called the servant, and asked, "How much food have we in the house?"

"My lord," said the servant, "we have only one loaf and a little wine."

Then the king gave thanks to God, and said, "Give half of the loaf and half of the wine to this poor man."

The servant did as he was bidden. The beggar thanked the king for his kindness, and went on his way.

In the afternoon the men who had gone out to fish came back. They had three boats full of fish, and they said, "We have caught more fish today than in all the other days that we have been on this island."

The king was glad, and he and his people were more hopeful than they had ever been before.

When night came, the king lay awake for a long time, and thought about the things that had happened that day.

At last he fancied that he saw a great light like the sun; and in the midst of the light there stood an old man with black hair, holding an open book in his hand.

It may all have been a dream, and yet to the king it seemed very real indeed. He looked and wondered, but was not afraid.

"Who are you?" he asked of the old man.

"Alfred, my son, be brave," said the man; "for I am the one to whom you gave this day the half of all the food that you had. Be strong and joyful of heart, and listen to what I say. Rise up early in the morning and blow your horn three times, so loudly that the Danes may hear it. By nine o'clock, five hundred men will be around you ready to be led into battle. Go forth bravely, and within seven days your enemies shall be beaten, and you shall go back to your kingdom to reign in peace."

Then the light went out, and the man was seen no more.

In the morning the king arose early, and crossed over to the mainland. Then he blew his horn three times very loudly; and when his friends heard it they were glad, but the Danes were filled with fear.

At nine o'clock, five hundred of his bravest soldiers stood around him ready for battle. He spoke, and told them what he had seen and heard in his dream; and when he had finished, they all cheered loudly, and said that they

would follow him and fight for him so long as they had strength.

So they went out bravely to battle; and they beat the Danes, and drove them back into their own place. And King Alfred ruled wisely and well over all his people for the rest of his days.

King Canute on the Seashore

A hundred years or more after the time of Alfred the Great there was a king of England named Canute. King Canute was a Dane; but the Danes were not so fierce and cruel then as they had been when they were at war with King Alfred.

The great men and officers who were around King Canute were always praising him.

"You are the greatest man that ever lived," one would say.

Then another would say, "O king! there can never be another man so mighty as you."

And another would say, "Great Canute, there is nothing in the world that dares to disobey you."

The king was a man of sense, and he grew very tired of hearing such foolish speeches.

One day he was by the seashore, and his officers were with him. They were praising him, as they were in the habit of doing. He thought that now he would teach them a lesson, and so he bade them set his chair on the beach close by the edge of the water.

"Am I the greatest man in the world?" he asked.

"O king!" they cried, "there is no one so mighty as you."

"Do all things obey me?" he asked.

"There is nothing that dares to disobey you, O king!" they said. "The world bows before you, and gives you honor."

"Will the sea obey me?" he asked; and he looked down at the little waves which were lapping the sand at his feet.

The foolish officers were puzzled, but they did not dare to say "No."

"Command it, O king! and it will obey," said one.

"Sea," cried Canute, "I command you to come no farther! Waves, stop your rolling, and do not dare to touch my feet!"

But the tide came in, just as it always did. The water rose higher and higher. It came up around the king's chair, and wet not only his feet, but also his robe. His officers stood about him, alarmed, and wondering whether he was not mad.

Then Canute took off his crown, and threw it down upon the sand.

"I shall never wear it again," he said. "And do you, my men, learn a lesson from what you have seen. There is only one King who is all-powerful; and it is he who rules the sea, and holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand. It is he whom you ought to praise and serve above all others."

The Sons of William the Conqueror.

There was once a great king of England who was called William the Conqueror, and he had three sons.

One day King William seemed to be thinking of something that made him feel very sad; and the wise men who were about him asked him what was the matter.

"I am thinking," he said, "of what my sons may do after I am dead. For, unless they are wise and strong, they cannot keep the kingdom which I have won for them. Indeed, I am at a loss to know which one of the three ought to be the king when I am gone."

"O king!" said the wise men, "if we only knew what things your sons admire the most, we might then be able to tell what kind of men they will be. Perhaps, by asking each one of them a few questions, we can find out which one of them will be best fitted to rule in your place."

"The plan is well worth trying, at least," said the king. "Have the boys come before you, and then ask them what you please."

The wise men talked with one another for a little while, and then agreed that the young princes should be brought in, one at a time, and that the same questions should be put to each.

The first who came into the room was Robert. He was a tall, willful lad, and was nick-named Short Stocking.

"Fair sir," said one of the men, "answer me this question: If, instead of being a boy, it had pleased God that you should be a bird, what kind of a bird would you rather be?"

"A hawk," answered Robert. "I would rather be a hawk, for no other bird reminds one so much of a bold and gallant knight."

The next who came was young William, his father's namesake and pet. His face was jolly and round, and because he had red hair he was nicknamed Rufus, or the Red.

"Fair sir," said the wise man, "answer me this question: If, instead of being a boy, it had pleased God that you should be a bird, what kind of a bird would you rather be?"

"An eagle," answered William. "I would rather be an eagle, because it is strong and brave. It is feared by all other birds, and is therefore the king of them all."

Lastly came the youngest brother, Henry, with quiet steps and a sober, thoughtful look. He had been taught to read and write, and for that reason he was nicknamed Beau-clerc, or the Handsome Scholar.

"Fair sir," said the wise man, "answer me this question: If, instead of being a boy, it had pleased God that you should be a bird, what kind of a bird would you rather be?"

"A starling," said Henry. "I would rather be a starling, because it is good-mannered and kind and a joy to every

one who sees it, and it never tries to rob or abuse its neighbor."

Then the wise men talked with one another for a little while, and when they had agreed among themselves, they spoke to the king.

"We find," said they, "that your eldest son, Robert, will be bold and gallant. He will do some great deeds, and make a name for himself; but in the end he will be overcome by his foes, and will die in prison.

"The second son, William, will be as brave and strong as the eagle; but he will be feared and hated for his cruel deeds. He will lead a wicked life, and will die a shameful death.

"The youngest son, Henry, will be wise and prudent and peaceful. He will go to war only when he is forced to do so by his enemies, he will be loved at home, and respected abroad; and he will die in peace after having gained great possessions."

Years passed by, and the three boys had grown up to be men. King William lay upon his deathbed, and again he thought of what would become of his sons when he was gone. Then he remembered what the wise men had told him; and so he declared that Robert should have the lands which he held in France, that William should be the King of England, and that Henry should have no land at all, but only a chest of gold.

So it happened in the end very much as the wise men had foretold. Robert, the Short Stocking, was bold and reckless, like the hawk which he so much admired. He lost all the lands that his father had left him, and was at last shut up in prison, where he was kept until he died.

William Rufus was so overbearing and cruel that he was feared and hated by all his people. He led a wicked life, and was killed by one of his own men while hunting in the forest.

And Henry, the Handsome Scholar, had not only the chest of gold for his own, but he became by and by the King of England and the ruler of all the lands that his father had had in France.

The White Ship.

King Henry, the Handsome Scholar, had one son, named William, whom he dearly loved. The young man was noble and brave, and everybody hoped that he would some day be the King of England.

One summer Prince William went with his father across the sea to look after their lands in France.

They were welcomed with joy by all their people there, and the young prince was so gallant and kind, that he won the love of all who saw him.

But at last the time came for them to go back to England. The king, with his wise men and brave knights, set sail early in the day; but Prince William with his younger friends waited a little while. They had had so joyous a time in France that they were in no great haste to tear themselves away.

Then they went on board of the ship which was waiting to carry them home. It was a beautiful ship with white sails and white masts, and it had been fitted up on purpose for this voyage.

The sea was smooth, the winds were fair, and no one thought of danger. On the ship, everything had been arranged to make the trip a pleasant one. There was music and dancings and everybody was merry and glad.

The sun had gone down before the white-winged vessel was fairly out of the bay. But what of that? The

moon was at its full, and it would give light enough; and before the dawn of the morrow, the narrow sea would be crossed. And so the prince, and the young people who were with him, gave themselves up to merriment and feasting and joy. The earlier hours of the night passed by; and then there was a cry of alarm on deck. A moment afterward there was a great crash. The ship had struck upon a rock. The water rushed in. She was sinking. Ah, where now were those who had lately been so heart-free and glad?

Every heart was full of fear. No one knew what to do. A small boat was quickly launched, and the prince with a few of his bravest friends leaped into it. They pushed off just as the ship was beginning to settle beneath the waves. Would they be saved?

They had rowed hardly ten yards from the ship, when there was a cry from among those that were left behind.

"Row back!" cried the prince. "It is my little sister. She must be saved!"

The men did not dare to disobey. The boat was again brought alongside of the sinking vessel. The prince stood up, and held out his arms for his sister. At that moment the ship gave a great lurch forward into the waves. One shriek of terror was heard, and then all was still save the sound of the moaning waters.

Ship and boat, prince and princess, and all the gay company that had set sail from France, went down to the

bottom together. One man clung to a floating plank, and was saved the next day. He was the only person left alive to tell the sad story.

When King Henry heard of the death of his son, his grief was more than he could bear. His heart was broken. He had no more joy in life; and men say that no one ever saw him smile again.

Here is a poem about him that your teacher may read to you, and perhaps, after a while, you may learn it by heart.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

The bark that held the prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived, for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow breaks its chain:
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
He never smiled again.

There stood proud forms before his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But who could fill the place of one,—
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again.

He sat where festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amid the knightly ring.
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again.

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves which true love had bathed with tears
Were left to heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again!

Mrs. Hemans.

King John and the Abbot

I. The Three Questions.

There was once a king of England whose name was John. He was a bad king; for he was harsh and cruel to his people, and so long as he could have his own way, he did not care what became of other folks. He was the worst king that England ever had.

Now, there was in the town of Canterbury a rich old abbot who lived in grand style in a great house called the Abbey. Every day a hundred noble men sat down with him to dine; and fifty brave knights in fine velvet coats and gold chains, waited upon him at his table.

When King John heard of the way in which the abbot lived, he made up his mind to put a stop to it. So he sent for the old man to come and see him.

"How now, my good abbot?" he said. "I hear that you keep a far better house than I. How dare you do such a thing? Don't you know that no man in the land ought to live better than the king? And I tell you that no man shall."

"O king!" said the abbot, "I beg to say that I am spending nothing but what is my own. I hope that you will not think ill of me for making things pleasant for my friends and the brave knights who are with me."

"Think ill of you?" said the king. "How can I help but think ill of you? All that there is in this broad land is mine

by right; and how do you dare to put me to shame by living in grander style than I? One would think that you were trying to be king in my place."

"Oh, do not say so!" said the abbot. "For I"—

"Not another word!" cried the king. "Your fault is plain, and unless you can answer me three questions, your head shall be cut off, and all your riches shall be mine."

"I will try to answer them, O king!" said the abbot.

"Well, then," said King John, "as I sit here with my crown of gold on my head, you must tell me to within a day just how long I shall live. Secondly, you must tell me how soon I shall ride round the whole world; and lastly, you shall tell me what I think."

"O king!" said the abbot, "these are deep, hard questions, and I cannot answer them just now. But if you will give me two weeks to think about them, I will do the best that I can."

"Two weeks you shall have," said the king; "but if then you fail to answer me, you shall lose your head, and all your lands shall be mine."

The abbot went away very sad and in great fear. He first rode to Oxford. Here was a great school, called a university, and he wanted to see if any of the wise professors could help him. But they shook their heads, and said that there was nothing about King John in any of their books.

Then the abbot rode down to Cambridge, where there was another university. But not one of the teachers in that great school could help him.

At last, sad and sorrowful, he rode toward home to bid his friends and his brave knights goodby. For now he had not a week to live.

II. The Three Answers.

As the abbot was riding up the lane which led to his grand house, he met his shepherd going to the fields.

"Welcome home, good master!" cried the shepherd. "What news do you bring us from great King John?"

"Sad news, sad news," said the abbot; and then he told him all that had happened.

"Cheer up, cheer up, good master," said the shepherd. "Have you never yet heard that a fool may teach a wise man wit? I think I can help you out of your trouble."

"You help me!" cried the abbot. "How? how?"

"Well," answered the shepherd, "you know that everybody says that I look just like you, and that I have sometimes been mistaken for you. So, lend me your servants and your horse and your gown, and I will go up to London and see the king. If nothing else can be done, I can at least die in your place."

"My good shepherd," said the abbot, "you are very, very kind; and I have a mind to let you try your plan. But

if the worst comes to the worst, you shall not die for me. I will die for myself."

So the shepherd got ready to go at once. He dressed himself with great care. Over his shepherd's coat he threw the abbot's long gown, and he borrowed the abbot's cap and golden staff. When all was ready, no one in the world would have thought that he was not the great man himself. Then he mounted his horse, and with a great train of servants set out for London.

Of course the king did not know him.

"Welcome, Sir Abbot!" he said. "It is a good thing that you have come back. But, prompt as you are, if you fail to answer my three questions, you shall lose your head."

"I am ready to answer them, O king!" said the shepherd.

"Indeed, indeed!" said the king, and he laughed to himself. "Well, then, answer my first question: How long shall I live? Come, you must tell me to the very day."

"You shall live," said the shepherd, "until the day that you die, and not one day longer. And you shall die when you take your last breath, and not one moment before."

The king laughed.

"You are witty, I see," he said. "But we will let that pass, and say that your answer is right. And now tell me how soon I may ride round the world."

"You must rise with the sun," said the shepherd, "and you must ride with the sun until it rises again the next morning. As soon as you do that, you will find that you have ridden round the world in twenty-four hours."

The king laughed again. "Indeed," he said, "I did not think that it could be done so soon. You are not only witty, but you are wise, and we will let this answer pass. And now comes my third and last question: What do I think?"

"That is an easy question," said the shepherd. "You think that I am the Abbot of Canterbury. But, to tell you the truth, I am only his poor shepherd, and I have come to beg your pardon for him and for me." And with that, he threw off his long gown.

The king laughed loud and long.

"A merry fellow you are," said he, "and you shall be the Abbot of Canterbury in your master's place."

"O king! that cannot be," said the shepherd; "for I can neither read nor write."

"Very well, then," said the king, "I will give you something else to pay you for this merry joke. I will give you four pieces of silver every week as long as you live. And when you get home, you may tell the old abbot that you have brought him a free pardon from King John."

Bruce and the Spider.

There was once a king of Scotland whose name was Robert Bruce. He had need to be both brave and wise, for the times in which he lived were wild and rude. The King of England was at war with him, and had led a great army into Scotland to drive him out of the land.

Battle after battle had been fought. Six times had Bruce led his brave little army against his foes; and six times had his men been beaten, and driven into flight. At last his army was scattered, and he was forced to hide himself in the woods and in lonely places among the mountains.

One rainy day, Bruce lay on the ground under a rude shed, listening to the patter of the drops on the roof above him. He was tired and sick at heart, and ready to give up all hope. It seemed to him that there was no use for him to try to do anything more.

As he lay thinking, he saw a spider over his head, making ready to weave her web. He watched her as she toiled slowly and with great care. Six times she tried to throw her frail thread from one beam to another, and six times it fell short.

"Poor thing!" said Bruce: "you, too, know what it is to fail."

But the spider did not lose hope with the sixth failure. With still more care, she made ready to try for the seventh

time. Bruce almost forgot his own troubles as he watched her swing herself out upon the slender line. Would she fail again? No! The thread was carried safely to the beam, and fastened there.

"I, too, will try a seventh time!" cried Bruce.

He arose and called his men together. He told them of his plans, and sent them out with messages of cheer to his disheartened people. Soon there was an army of brave Scotchmen around him. Another battle was fought, and the King of England was glad to go back into his own country. I have heard it said, that, after that day, no one by the name of Bruce would ever hurt a spider. The lesson which the little creature had taught the king was never forgotten.

The Miller of the Dee.

Once upon a time there lived on the banks of the River Dee a miller, who was the happiest man in England. He was always busy from morning till night, and he was always singing as merrily as any lark. He was so cheerful that he made everybody else cheerful; and people all over the land liked to talk about his pleasant ways. At last the king heard about him.

"I will go down and talk with this wonderful miller," he said. "Perhaps he can tell me how to be happy."

As soon as he stepped inside of the mill, he heard the miller singing:—

"I envy nobody—no, not I!—
For I am as happy as I can be;
And nobody envies me."

"You're wrong, my friend," said the king. "You're wrong as wrong can be. I envy you; and I would gladly change places with you, if I could only be as light-hearted as you are."

The miller smiled, and bowed to the king.

"I am sure I could not think of changing places with you, sir," he said.

"Now tell me," said the king, "what makes you so cheerful and glad here in your dusty mill, while I, who am king, am sad and in trouble every day."

The miller smiled again, and said, "I do not know why you are sad, but I can easily tell why I am glad. I earn my own bread; I love my wife and my children; I love my friends, and they love me; and I owe not a penny to any man. Why should I not be happy? For here is the River Dee, and every day it turns my mill; and the mill grinds the corn that feeds my wife, my babes, and me."

"Say no more," said the king. "Stay where you are, and be happy still. But I envy you. Your dusty cap is worth more than my golden crown. Your mill does more for you than my kingdom can do for me. If there were more such men as you, what a good place this world would be! Goodby, my friend!"

The king turned about, and walked sadly away; and the miller went back to his work, singing:—

"Oh, I'm as happy as happy can be,
For I live by the side of the River Dee!"

Sir Philip Sidney

A cruel battle was being fought. The ground was covered with dead and dying men. The air was hot and stifling. The sun shone down without pity on the wounded soldiers lying in the blood and dust.

One of these soldiers was a nobleman, whom everybody loved for his gentleness and kindness. Yet now he was no better off than the poorest man in the field. He had been wounded, and would die; and he was suffering much with pain and thirst.

When the battle was over, his friends hurried to his aid. A soldier came running with a cup in his hand.

"Here, Sir Philip," he said, "I have brought you some clear, cool water from the brook. I will raise your head so that you can drink."

The cup was placed to Sir Philip's lips. How thankfully he looked at the man who had brought it! Then his eyes met those of a dying soldier who was lying on the ground close by. The wistful look in the poor man's face spoke plainer than words.

"Give the water to that man," said Sir Philip quickly; and then, pushing the cup toward him, he said, "Here, my comrade, take this. Thy need is greater than mine."

What a brave, noble man he was! The name of Sir Philip Sidney will never be forgotten; for it was the name of a Christian gentleman who always had the good of

others in his mind. Was it any wonder that every body wept when it was heard that he was dead?

It is said, that, on the day when he was carried to the grave, every eye in the land was filled with tears. Rich and poor, high and low, all felt that they had lost a friend; all mourned the death of the kindest, gentlest man that they had ever known.

The Ungrateful Soldier

Here is another story of the battlefield, and it is much like the one which I have just told you.

Not quite a hundred years after the time of Sir Philip Sidney there was a war between the Swedes and the Danes. One day a great battle was fought, and the Swedes were beaten, and driven from the field. A soldier of the Danes who had been slightly wounded was sitting on the ground. He was about to take a drink from a flask. All at once he heard some one say,—

"O sir! give me a drink, for I am dying."

It was a wounded Swede who spoke. He was lying on the ground only a little way off. The Dane went to him at once. He knelt down by the side of his fallen foe, and pressed the flask to his lips.

"Drink," said he, "for thy need is greater than mine."

Hardly had he spoken these words, when the Swede raised himself on his elbow. He pulled a pistol from his pocket, and shot at the man who would have befriended him. The bullet grazed the Dane's shoulder, but did not do him much harm.

"Ah, you rascal!" he cried. "I was going to befriend you, and you repay me by trying to kill me. Now I will punish you. I would have given you all the water, but now you shall have only half." And with that he drank the half of it, and then gave the rest to the Swede.

When the King of the Danes heard about this, he sent for the soldier and had him tell the story just as it was.

"Why did you spare the life of the Swede after he had tried to kill you?" asked the king.

"Because, sir," said the soldier, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Then you deserve to be a nobleman," said the king. And he rewarded him by making him a knight, and giving him a noble title.

Grace Darling

It was a dark September morning. There was a storm at sea. A ship had been driven on a low rock off the shores of the Farne Islands. It had been broken in two by the waves, and half of it had been washed away. The other half lay yet on the rock, and those of the crew who were still alive were clinging to it. But the waves were dashing over it, and in a little while it too would be carried to the bottom.

Could any one save the poor, half-drowned men who were there?

On one of the islands was a lighthouse; and there, all through that stormy night, Grace Darling had listened to the storm.

Grace was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper, and she had lived by the sea as long as she could remember.

In the darkness of the night, above the noise of the winds and waves, she heard screams and wild cries. When daylight came, she could see the wreck, a mile away, with the angry waters all around it. She could see the men clinging to the masts.

"We must try to save them!" she cried. "Let us go out in the boat at once!"

"It is of no use, Grace," said her father. "We cannot reach them."

He was an old man, and he knew the force of the mighty waves.

"We cannot stay here and see them die," said Grace. "We must at least try to save them."

Her father could not say, "No."

In a few minutes they were ready. They set off in the heavy lighthouse boat. Grace pulled one oar, and her father the other, and they made straight toward the wreck. But it was hard rowing against such a sea, and it seemed as though they would never reach the place.

At last they were close to the rock, and now they were in greater danger than before. The fierce waves broke against the boat, and it would have been dashed in pieces, had it not been for the strength and skill of the brave girl.

But after many trials, Grace's father climbed upon the wreck, while Grace herself held the boat. Then one by one the worn-out crew were helped on board. It was all that the girl could do to keep the frail boat from being drifted away, or broken upon the sharp edges of the rock.

Then her father clambered back into his place. Strong hands grasped the oars, and by and by all were safe in the lighthouse. There Grace proved to be no less tender as a nurse than she had been brave as a sailor. She cared most kindly for the shipwrecked men until the storm had died away and they were strong enough to go to their own homes.

All this happened a long time ago, but the name of Grace Darling will never be forgotten. She lies buried now in a little church-yard by the sea, not far from her old home. Every year many people go there to see her grave; and there a monument has been placed in honor of the brave girl. It is not a large monument, but it is one that speaks of the noble deed which made Grace Darling famous. It is a figure carved in stone of a woman lying at rest, with a boat's oar held fast in her right hand.

Arnold Winkelried

A great army was marching into Switzerland. If it should go much farther, there would be no driving it out again. The soldiers would burn the towns, they would rob the farmers of their grain and sheep, they would make slaves of the people.

The men of Switzerland knew all this. They knew that they must fight for their homes and their lives. And so they came from the mountains and valleys to try what they could do to save their land. Some came with bows and arrows, some with scythes and pitch-forks, and some with only sticks and clubs.

But their foes kept in line as they marched along the road. Every soldier was fully armed. As they moved and kept close together, nothing could be seen of them but their spears and shields and shining armor. What could the poor country people do against such foes as these?

"We must break their lines," cried their leader; "for we cannot harm them while they keep together."

The bowmen shot their arrows, but they glanced off from the soldiers' shields. Others tried clubs and stones, but with no better luck. The lines were still unbroken. The soldiers moved steadily onward; their shields lapped over one another; their thousand spears looked like so many long bristles in the sunlight. What cared they for sticks and stones and huntsmen's arrows?

"If we cannot break their ranks," said the Swiss, "we have no chance for fight, and our country will be lost!"

Then a poor man, whose name was Arnold Winkelried, stepped out.

"On the side of yonder mountain," said he, "I have a happy home. There my wife and children wait for my return. But they will not see me again, for this day I will give my life for my country. And do you, my friends, do your duty, and Switzerland shall be free."

With these words he ran forward. "Follow me!" he cried to his friends. "I will break the lines, and then let every man fight as bravely as he can."

He had nothing in his hands, neither club nor stone nor other weapon. But he ran straight onward to the place where the spears were thickest.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried, as he dashed right into the lines.

A hundred spears were turned to catch him upon their points. The soldiers forgot to stay in their places. The lines were broken. Arnold's friends rushed bravely after him. They fought with whatever they had in hand. They snatched spears and shields from their foes. They had no thought of fear. They only thought of their homes and their dear native land. And they won at last.

Such a battle no one ever knew before. But Switzerland was saved, and Arnold Winkelried did not die in vain.

The Story of Cincinnatus

There was a man named Cincinnatus who lived on a little farm not far from the city of Rome. He had once been rich, and had held the highest office in the land; but in one way or another he had lost all his wealth. He was now so poor that he had to do all the work on his farm with his own hands. But in those days it was thought to be a noble thing to till the soil.

Cincinnatus was so wise and just that everybody trusted him, and asked his advice; and when any one was in trouble, and did not know what to do, his neighbors would say,—

"Go and tell Cincinnatus. He will help you."

Now there lived among the mountains, not far away, a tribe of fierce, half-wild men, who were at war with the Roman people. They persuaded another tribe of bold warriors to help them, and then marched toward the city, plundering and robbing as they came. They boasted that they would tear down the walls of Rome, and burn the houses, and kill all the men, and make slaves of the women and children.

At first the Romans, who were very proud and brave, did not think there was much danger. Every man in Rome was a soldier, and the army which went out to fight the robbers was the finest in the world. No one staid at home with the women and children and boys but the white-

haired "Fathers," as they were called, who made the laws for the city, and a small company of men who guarded the walls. Everybody thought that it would be an easy thing to drive the men of the mountains back to the place where they belonged.

But one morning five horsemen came riding down the road from the mountains. They rode with great speed; and both men and horses were covered with dust and blood. The watchman at the gate knew them, and shouted to them as they galloped in. Why did they ride thus? and what had happened to the Roman army?

They did not answer him, but rode into the city and along the quiet streets; and everybody ran after them, eager to find out what was the matter. Rome was not a large city at that time; and soon they reached the market place where the white-haired Fathers were sitting. Then they leaped from their horses, and told their story.

"Only yesterday," they said, "our army was marching through a narrow valley between two steep mountains. All at once a thousand savage men sprang out from among the rocks before us and above us. They had blocked up the way; and the pass was so narrow that we could not fight. We tried to come back; but they had blocked up the way on this side of us too. The fierce men of the mountains were before us and behind us, and they were throwing rocks down upon us from above. We had been caught in a trap. Then ten of us set spurs to our horses; and five of us

forced our way through, but the other five fell before the spears of the mountain men. And now, O Roman Fathers! send help to our army at once, or every man will be slain, and our city will be taken."

"What shall we do?" said the white-haired Fathers. "Whom can we send but the guards and the boys? and who is wise enough to lead them, and thus save Rome?"

All shook their heads and were very grave; for it seemed as if there was no hope. Then one said, "Send for Cincinnatus. He will help us."

Cincinnatus was in the field plowing when the men who had been sent to him came in great haste. He stopped and greeted them kindly, and waited for them to speak.

"Put on your cloak, Cincinnatus," they said, "and hear the words of the Roman people."

Then Cincinnatus wondered what they could mean. "Is all well with Rome?" he asked; and he called to his wife to bring him his cloak.

She brought the cloak; and Cincinnatus wiped the dust from his hands and arms, and threw it over his shoulders. Then the men told their errand.

They told him how the army with all the noblest men of Rome had been entrapped in the mountain pass. They told him about the great danger the city was in. Then they said, "The people of Rome make you their ruler and the ruler of their city, to do with everything as you choose; and

the Fathers bid you come at once and go out against our enemies, the fierce men of the mountains."

So Cincinnatus left his plow standing where it was, and hurried to the city. When he passed through the streets, and gave orders as to what should be done, some of the people were afraid, for they knew that he had all power in Rome to do what he pleased. But he armed the guards and the boys, and went out at their head to fight the fierce mountain men, and free the Roman army from the trap into which it had fallen.

A few days afterward there was great joy in Rome. There was good news from Cincinnatus. The men of the mountains had been beaten with great loss. They had been driven back into their own place.

And now the Roman army, with the boys and the guards, was coming home with banners flying, and shouts of victory; and at their head rode Cincinnatus. He had saved Rome.

Cincinnatus might then have made himself king; for his word was law, and no man dared lift a finger against him. But, before the people could thank him enough for what he had done, he gave back the power to the white-haired Roman Fathers, and went again to his little farm and his plow.

He had been the ruler of Rome for sixteen days.

Diogenes the Wise Man

At Corinth, in Greece, there lived a very wise man whose name was Diogenes. Men came from all parts of the land to see him and hear him talk.

But wise as he was, he had some very queer ways. He did not believe that any man ought to have more things than he really needed; and he said that no man needed much. And so he did not live in a house, but slept in a tub or barrel, which he rolled about from place to place. He spent his days sitting in the sun, and saying wise things to those who were around him.

At noon one day, Diogenes was seen walking through the streets with a lighted lantern, and looking all around as if in search of something.

"Why do you carry a lantern when the sun is shining?" some one said.

"I am looking for an honest man," answered Diogenes.

When Alexander the Great went to Corinth, all the fore-most men in the city came out to see him and to praise him. But Diogenes did not come; and he was the only man for whose opinions Alexander cared.

And so, since the wise man would not come to see the king, the king went to see the wise man. He found Diogenes in an out-of-the-way place, lying on the ground by his tub. He was enjoying the heat and the light of the sun.

When he saw the king and a great many people coming, he sat up and looked at Alexander. Alexander greeted him and said,—

"Diogenes, I have heard a great deal about your wisdom. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Yes," said Diogenes. "You can stand a little on one side, so as not to keep the sunshine from me."

This answer was so different from what he expected, that the king was much surprised. But it did not make him angry; it only made him admire the strange man all the more. When he turned to ride back, he said to his officers,—

"Say what you will; if I were not Alexander, I would like to be Diogenes."

The King and His Hawk

Genghis Khan was a great king and warrior.

He led his army into China and Persia, and he conquered many lands. In every country, men told about his daring deeds; and they said that since Alexander the Great there had been no king like him.

One morning when he was home from the wars, he rode out into the woods to have a day's sport. Many of his friends were with him. They rode out gayly, carrying their bows and arrows. Behind them came the servants with the hounds.

It was a merry hunting party. The woods rang with their shouts and laughter. They expected to carry much game home in the evening.

On the king's wrist sat his favorite hawk; for in those days hawks were trained to hunt. At a word from their masters they would fly high up into the air, and look around for prey. If they chanced to see a deer or a rabbit, they would swoop down upon it swift as any arrow.

All day long Genghis Khan and his huntsmen rode through the woods. But they did not find as much game as they expected.

Toward evening they started for home. The king had often ridden through the woods, and he knew all the paths. So while the rest of the party took the nearest way,

he went by a longer road through a valley between two mountains.

The day had been warm, and the king was very thirsty. His pet hawk had left his wrist and flown away. It would be sure to find its way home.

The king rode slowly along. He had once seen a spring of clear water near this pathway. If he could only find it now! But the hot days of summer had dried up all the mountain brooks.

At last, to his joy, he saw some water trickling down over the edge of a rock. He knew that there was a spring farther up. In the wet season, a swift stream of water always poured down here; but now it came only one drop at a time.

The king leaped from his horse. He took a little silver cup from his hunting bag. He held it so as to catch the slowly falling drops.

It took a long time to fill the cup; and the king was so thirsty that he could hardly wait. At last it was nearly full. He put the cup to his lips, and was about to drink.

All at once there was a whirring sound in the air, and the cup was knocked from his hands. The water was all spilled upon the ground.

The king looked up to see who had done this thing. It was his pet hawk.

The hawk flew back and forth a few times, and then alighted among the rocks by the spring.

The king picked up the cup, and again held it to catch the trickling drops.

This time he did not wait so long. When the cup was half full, he lifted it toward his mouth. But before it had touched his lips, the hawk swooped down again, and knocked it from his hands.

And now the king began to grow angry. He tried again; and for the third time the hawk kept him from drinking.

The king was now very angry indeed. "How do you dare to act so?" he cried. "If I had you in my hands, I would wring your neck!"

Then he filled the cup again. But before he tried to drink, he drew his sword.

"Now, Sir Hawk," he said, "this is the last time."

He had hardly spoken, before the hawk swooped down and knocked the cup from, his hand. But the king was looking for this. With a quick sweep of the sword he struck the bird as it passed.

The next moment the poor hawk lay bleeding and dying at its master's feet.

"That is what you get for your pains," said Genghis Khan.

But when he looked for his cup, he found that it had fallen between two rocks, where he could not reach it.

"At any rate, I will have a drink from that spring," he said to himself.

With that he began to climb the steep bank to the place from which the water trickled. It was hard work, and the higher he climbed, the thirstier he became.

At last he reached the place. There indeed was a pool of water; but what was that lying in the pool, and almost filling it? It was a huge, dead snake of most poisonous kind.

The king stopped. He forgot his thirst. He thought only of the poor dead bird lying on the ground below him.

"The hawk saved my life!" he cried; "and how did I repay him? He was my best friend, and I have killed him."

He clambered down the bank. He took the bird up gently, and laid it in his hunting bag. Then he mounted his horse and rode swiftly home. He said to himself,—

"I have learned a sad lesson today; and that is, never to do anything in anger."

Doctor Goldsmith

There was once a kind man whose name was Oliver Goldsmith. He wrote many delightful books, some of which you will read when you are older.

He had a gentle heart. He was always ready to help others and to share with them anything that he had. He gave away so much to the poor that he was always poor himself.

He was sometimes called Doctor Goldsmith; for he had studied to be a physician.

One day a poor woman asked Doctor Goldsmith to go and see her husband, who was sick and could not eat.

Goldsmith did so. He found that the family was in great need. The man had not had work for a long time. He was not sick, but in distress; and, as for eating, there was no food in the house.

"Call at my room this evening," said Goldsmith to the woman, "and I will give you some medicine for your husband."

In the evening the woman called. Goldsmith gave her a little paper box that was very heavy. "Here is the medicine," he said. "Use it faithfully, and I think it will do your husband a great deal of good. But don't open the box until you reach home."

"What are the directions for taking it?" asked the woman.

"You will find them inside of the box," he answered.

When the woman reached her home, she sat down by her husband's side, and they opened the box. What do you think they found in it?

It was full of pieces of money. And on the top were the directions:—

"TO BE TAKEN AS OFTEN AS NECESSITY REQUIRES."

Goldsmith had given them all the ready money that he had.

The Kingdoms

There was once a king of Prussia whose name was Frederick William.

On a fine morning in June he went out alone to walk in the green woods. He was tired of the noise of the city, and he was glad to get away from it.

So, as he walked among the trees, he often stopped to listen to the singing birds, or to look at the wild flowers that grew on every side. Now and then he stooped to pluck a violet, or a primrose, or a yellow buttercup. Soon his hands were full of pretty blossoms.

After a while he came to a little meadow in the midst of the wood. Some children were playing there. They were running here and there, and gathering the cow-slips that were blooming among the grass.

It made the king glad to see the happy children, and hear their merry voices. He stood still for some time, and watched them as they played.

Then he called them around him, and all sat down together in the pleasant shade. The children did not know who the strange gentleman was; but they liked his kind face and gentle manners.

"Now, my little folks," said the king, "I want to ask you some questions, and the child who gives the best answer shall have a prize."

Then he held up an orange so that all the children could see.

"You know that we all live in the kingdom of Prussia," he said; "but tell me, to what kingdom does this orange belong?"

The children were puzzled. They looked at one another, and sat very still for a little while. Then a brave, bright boy spoke up and said,—

"It belongs to the vegetable kingdom, sir."

"Why so, my lad?" asked the king.

"It is the fruit of a plant, and all plants belong to that kingdom," said the boy.

The king was pleased. "You are quite right," he said; "and you shall have the orange for your prize."

He tossed it gayly to the boy. "Catch it if you can!" he said.

Then he took a yellow gold piece from his pocket, and held it up so that it glittered in the sunlight.

"Now to what kingdom does this belong?" he asked.

Another bright boy answered quickly, "To the mineral kingdom, sir! All metals belong to that kingdom."

"That is a good answer," said the king. "The gold piece is your prize."

The children were delighted. With eager faces they waited to hear what the stranger would say next.

"I will ask you only one more question," said the king, "and it is an easy one." Then he stood up, and said, "Tell me, my little folks, to what kingdom do I belong?"

The bright boys were puzzled now. Some thought of saying, "To the kingdom of Prussia." Some wanted to say, "To the animal kingdom." But they were a little afraid, and all kept still.

At last a tiny blue-eyed child looked up into the king's smiling face, and said in her simple way,—

"I think to the kingdom of heaven."

King Frederick William stooped down and lifted the little maiden in his arms. Tears were in his eyes as he kissed her, and said, "So be it, my child! So be it."

The Young Cupbearer

I

Long, long ago, there lived in Persia a little prince whose name was Cyrus.

He was not petted and spoiled like many other princes. Although his father was a king, Cyrus was brought up like the son of a common man.

He knew how to work with his hands. He ate only the plainest food. He slept on a hard bed. He learned to endure hunger and cold.

When Cyrus was twelve years old he went with his mother to Media to visit his grandfather. His grand father, whose name was Astyages, was king of Media, and very rich and powerful.

Cyrus was so tall and strong and handsome that his grandfather was very proud of him. He wished the lad to stay with him in Media. He therefore gave him many beautiful gifts and everything that could please a prince.

One day King Astyages planned to make a great feast for the lad. The tables were to be laden with all kinds of food. There was to be music and dancing; and Cyrus was to invite as many guests as he chose.

The hour for the feast came. Everything was ready. The servants were there, dressed in fine uniforms. The

musicians and dancers were in their places. But no guests came.

"How is this, my dear boy?" asked the king. "The feast is ready, but no one has come to partake of it."

"That is because I have not invited any one," said Cyrus. "In Persia we do not have such feasts. If any one is hungry, he eats some bread and meat, with perhaps a few cresses, and that is the end of it. We never go to all this trouble and expense of making a fine dinner in order that our friends may eat what is not good for them."

King Astyages did not know whether to be pleased or displeased.

"Well," said he, "all these rich foods that were prepared for the feast are yours. What will you do with them?"

"I think I will give them to our friends," said Cyrus.

So he gave one portion to the king's officer who had taught him to ride. Another portion he gave to an old servant who waited upon his grandfather. And the rest he divided among the young women who took care of his mother.

II

The king's cupbearer, Sarcas, was very much offended because he was not given a share of the feast. The king also wondered why this man, who was his favorite, should be so slighted.

"Why didn't you give something to Sarcas?" he asked.

"Well, truly," said Cyrus, "I do not like him. He is proud and overbearing. He thinks that he makes a fine figure when he waits on you."

"And so he does," said the king. "He is very skillful as a cupbearer."

"That may be so," answered Cyrus, "but if you will let me be your cupbearer tomorrow, I think I can serve you quite as well."

King Astyages smiled. He saw that Cyrus had a will of his own, and this pleased him very much.

"I shall be glad to see what you can do," he said. "Tomorrow, you shall be the king's cupbearer."

III

You would hardly have known the young prince when the time came for him to appear before his grandfather. He was dressed in the rich uniform of the cupbearer, and he came forward with much dignity and grace.

He carried a white napkin upon his arm, and held the cup of wine very daintily with three of his fingers.

His manners were perfect. Sarcas himself could not have served the king half so well.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried his mother, her eyes sparkling with pride.

"You have done well," said his grandfather. "But you neglected one important thing. It is the rule and custom of

the cupbearer to pour out a little of the wine and taste it before handing the cup to me. This you forgot to do."

"Indeed, grandfather, I did not forget it," answered Cyrus.

"Then why didn't you do it?" asked his mother.

"Because I believed there was poison in the wine."

"Poison, my boy!" cried King Astyages, much alarmed. "Poison! poison!"

"Yes, grandfather, poison. For the other day, when you sat at dinner with your officers, I noticed that the wine made you act queerly. After the guests had drunk quite a little of it, they began to talk foolishly and sing loudly; and some of them went to sleep. And you, grandfather, were as bad as the rest. You forgot that you were king. You forgot all your good manners. You tried to dance and fell upon the floor. I am afraid to drink anything that makes men act in that way."

"Didn't you ever see your father behave so?" asked the king.

"No, never," said Cyrus. "He does not drink merely to be drinking. He drinks to quench his thirst, and that is all."

When Cyrus became a man, he succeeded his father as king of Persia; he also succeeded his grandfather Astyages as king of Media. He was a very wise and powerful ruler, and he made his country the greatest of any that was then known. In history he is commonly called Cyrus the Great.

"Little Brothers of the Air"

The man of whom I am now going to tell you was famous, not for his wealth or his power or his deeds in war, but for his great gentleness. He lived more than seven hundred years ago in a quaint little town of Italy. His name was Francis, and because of his goodness, all men now call him St. Francis.

Very kind and loving was St. Francis—kind and loving not only to men but to all living things. He spoke of the birds as his little brothers of the air, and he could never bear to see them harmed.

At Christmas time he scattered crumbs of bread under the trees, so that the tiny creatures could feast and be happy.

Once when a boy gave him a pair of doves which he had snared, St. Francis had a nest made for them, and the mother bird laid her eggs in it.

By and by, the eggs hatched, and a nestful of young doves grew up. They were so tame that they sat on the shoulders of St. Francis and ate from his hand.

And many other stories are told of this man's great love and pity for the timid creatures which lived in the fields and woods.

One day as he was walking among the trees the birds saw him and flew down to greet him. They sang their sweetest songs to show how much they loved him. Then,

when they saw that he was about to speak, they nestled softly in the grass and listened.

"O little birds," he said, "I love you, for you are my brothers and sisters of the air. Let me tell you something, my little brothers, my little sisters: You ought always to love God and praise Him.

"For think what He has given you. He has given you wings with which to fly through the air. He has given you clothing both warm and beautiful. He has given you the air in which to move and have homes.

"And think of this, little brothers: you sow not, neither do you reap, for God feeds you. He gives you the rivers and the brooks from which to drink. He gives you the mountains and the valleys where you may rest. He gives you the trees in which to build your nests.

"You toil not, neither do you spin, yet God takes care of you and your little ones. It must be, then, that He loves you. So, do not be ungrateful, but sing His praises and thank Him for his goodness toward you."

Then the saint stopped speaking and looked around him. All the birds sprang up joyfully. They spread their wings and opened their mouths to show that they understood his words.

And when he had blessed them, all began to sing; and the whole forest was filled with sweetness and joy because of their wonderful melodies.

A Clever Slave

A long time ago there lived a poor slave whose name was Æsop. He was a small man with a large head and long arms. His face was white, but very homely. His large eyes were bright and snappy.

When Æsop was about twenty years old his master lost a great deal of money and was obliged to sell his slaves. To do this, he had to take them to a large city where there was a slave market.

The city was far away, and the slaves must walk the whole distance. A number of bundles were made up for them to carry. Some of these bundles contained the things they would need on the road; some contained clothing; and some contained goods which the master would sell in the city.

"Choose your bundles, boys," said the master. "There is one for each of you."

Æsop at once chose the largest one. The other slaves laughed and said he was foolish. But he threw it upon his shoulders and seemed well satisfied.

The next day, the laugh was the other way. For the bundle which he had chosen had contained the food for the whole party. After all had eaten three meals from it, it was very much lighter. And before the end of the journey Æsop had nothing to carry, while the other slaves were groaning under their heavy loads.

"Æsop is a wise fellow," said his master. "The man who buys him must pay a high price."

A very rich man, whose name was Xanthus, came to the slave market to buy a servant. As the slaves stood before him he asked each one to tell what kind of work he could do. All were eager to be bought by Xanthus because they knew he would be a kind master. So each one boasted of his skill in doing some sort of labor.

One was a fine gardener; another could take care of horses; a third was a good cook; a fourth could manage a household.

"And what can you do, Æsop?" asked Xanthus.

"Nothing," he answered.

"Nothing? How is that?"

"Because, since these other slaves do everything, there is nothing left for me to perform," said Æsop.

This answer pleased the rich man so well that he bought Æsop at once, and took him to his home on the island of Samos.

In Samos the little slave soon became known for his wisdom and courage. He often amused his master and his master's friends by telling droll fables about birds and beasts that could talk. They saw that all these fables taught some great truth, and they wondered how Æsop could have thought of them.

Many other stories are told of this wonderful slave. His master was so much pleased with him that he gave him his freedom. Many great men were glad to call him their friend, and even kings asked his advice and were amused by his fables.

One of Æsop's Fables

An old Cat was in a fair way to kill all the Mice in the barn.

One day the Mice met to talk about the great harm that she was doing them. Each one told of some plan by which to keep out of her way.

"Do as I say," said an old gray Mouse that was thought to be very wise. "Do as I say. Hang a bell to the Cat's neck. Then, when we hear it ring, we shall know that she is coming, and can scamper out of her way."

"Good! good!" said all the other Mice; and one ran to get the bell.

"Now which of you will hang this bell on the Cat's neck?" said the old gray Mouse.

"Not I! not I!" said all the Mice together. And they scampered away to their holes.

The King and the Page

Many years ago there was a king of Prussia, whose name was Frederick; and because he was very wise and very brave, people called him Frederick the Great. Like other kings, he lived in a beautiful palace and had many officers and servants to wait upon him.

Among the servants there was a little page whose name was Carl. It was Carl's duty to sit outside of the king's bedroom and be ready to serve him at any time.

One night the king sat up very late, writing letters and sending messages; and the little page was kept busy running on errands until past midnight.

The next morning the king wished to send him on another errand. He rang the little bell which was used to call the page, but no page answered.

"I wonder what can have happened to the boy," he said; and he opened the door and looked out.

There, sitting in his chair, was Carl, fast asleep. The poor child was so tired after his night's work that he could not keep awake.

The king was about to waken him roughly, when he saw a piece of paper on the floor beside him. He picked it up and read it.

It was a letter from the page's mother:—

Dearest Carl: You are a good boy to send me all your wages, for now I can pay the rent and buy some warm clothing for your little sister. I thank you for it, and pray that God will bless you. Be faithful to the king and do your duty.

The king went back to the room on tiptoe. He took ten gold pieces from his table and wrapped them in the little letter. Then he went out again, very quietly, and slipped them all into the boy's pocket.

After a while he rang the bell again, very loudly.

Carl awoke with a start, and came quickly to answer the call.

"I think you have been asleep," said the king.

The boy stammered and did not know what to say. He was frightened and ready to cry.

He put his hand in his pocket, and was surprised to find the gold pieces wrapped in his mother's letter.

Then his eyes overflowed with tears, and he fell on his knees before the king.

"What is the matter?" asked Frederick.

"Oh, your Majesty!" cried Carl. "Have mercy on me. It is true that I have been asleep, but I know nothing about this money. Some one is trying to ruin me."

"Have courage, my boy," said the king. "I know how you must have been overwearied with long hours of watching. And people say that fortune comes to us in our sleep. You may send the gold pieces to your mother with

my compliments; and tell her that the king will take care of both her and you."

Heroic Madelon

On the St. Lawrence River, about twenty miles from Montreal, there is a pleasant French village called Verchères. You will see it as you sail down the river. You will think it very pretty with its small, old-fashioned houses nestling among the trees, its old French windmill, and the white spire of its little church towering above its quiet street and blooming gardens.

Two hundred and twenty years ago there was no village there. A short distance from the river's bank, however, there was a log fort with palisades around it. The palisades were made of the trunks of trees set upright in the ground and so close together that nothing could pass between. They formed, in fact, a wooden wall a foot in thickness and ten or twelve feet high. It was the kind of wall which the early settlers built to protect themselves from the Indians.

In front of the fort, and joined to it by a covered way, was a strong blockhouse built also of logs. There the guns were kept, and the powder and balls.

The commander of this fort, and indeed the owner of it and of all the lands around it, was a French gentleman whose name was M. de Verchères. He had come to this place, in the heart of the wild Canadian woods, to found a new home for himself and his family. Here he lived during the greater part of each year with his wife and his daughter

Madelon, aged fourteen years, and his two little sons, Louis and Alexander. There were also in the household several servants; and two soldiers had been brought from Quebec to man the fort.

One day, in early autumn, M. de Verchères was called to Quebec on business. His wife was visiting friends in Montreal. The young girl Madelon was left at home with her little brothers and the servants.

"Madelon," said her father, "I leave everything in your care. Keep the fort well while I am gone."

"You may trust me, father," said the child. "But what if the Iroquois should come?"

"Nonsense, Madelon. The Iroquois will not dare to show themselves this side of Montreal. Still it will be well for you to be watchful."

"And watchful I will be, father. Goodby till your return,"

The boat pushed out into the stream, and Madelon was left sole mistress of the lonely fort in the midst of the savage wilderness.

A week, two weeks, three weeks, passed by, and all went as happily as when the master was at home. The days were growing shorter, the nights were chilly with now and then a white frost, the leaves were falling from the trees. The men were all busy getting ready for winter,—hauling in the hay, cutting wood, and putting things in order

against the coming of the deep snows. Scarcely a thought was given to the Iroquois, although it was known that they were on the warpath.

One day Madelon, as was her habit, went down to the landing place by the river. It was not more than a hundred yards from the gate of the fort. A hired man whose name was Laviolette had just come to shore with a string of fish. All the rest of the men, except the soldiers and a grandfather of eighty, were at work in a field behind the fort.

As Madelon was admiring the fish the sharp crack of guns was heard in the field.

"The Iroquois!" she cried.

"Yes, yes! Run, Mademoiselle," shouted Laviolette.

She was not a moment too quick. As she ran she saw a number of painted warriors hurrying to get between her and the fort. But she was as fleet-footed as a deer and had the start of them all. The Indians shot at her. The bullets whizzed close by her ears. How long that hundred yards seemed!

"To arms! to arms!" she screamed to those in the fort, hoping that the soldiers would come out and help.

But it was of no use. The two fellows were so badly frightened that they had run and hidden themselves in the blockhouse.

Two women met Madelon at the gate, crying, "Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do? They've killed all the men, and we are lost!"

"Go back into the fort, you sillies," said Madelon, angrily and out of breath. She pushed them back with her hands. Then she shut the heavy gate and bolted it.

All was confusion inside. The women and children were running hither and thither and screaming with all their might. The old grandfather crouched trembling in a corner. All seemed to have lost their senses.

"Here, Alexander! Here, Louis! Follow me," cried Madelon. On one side of the fort several of the palisades had been blown down by a wind. There were gaps in the wall through which an enemy could shoot, even if he could not enter.

"Come, every one of you, and help close up these gaps," said Madelon.

With her own hands she helped to raise the heavy logs to their places. She told the old man and the boys how to make them firm. "Be quick and do your work well," she said. Laviolette soon joined her, and the weak places were quickly mended.

The women were still screaming and weeping and running wildly about. Madelon stopped to quiet them.

"Hush your noise this moment, or we shall all be lost," she said. "Will your crying and moaning do any good? Hush, I command you."

She spoke so firmly that every one obeyed. She ordered each of the women to some place of duty. One was to care for the children in the kitchen, one was to watch from this corner of the fort, one was to stand guard at that.

Having thus put matters to rights in the main building she ran to the blockhouse. There she found Pierre and Jean, the two soldiers. Pierre was hiding behind some barrels in a corner. Jean was holding a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that match?" asked Madelon.

"Light the powder and blow us all up," answered Jean, trembling from head to foot.

"You miserable coward! Get out of here this instant." She spoke so firmly that the wretched fellow obeyed at once.

Madelon threw off her bonnet. She put a man's hat on her head. She took a gun in her hands. She called her brothers to the blockhouse.

"Here, Louis! Here, Alexander!" she said. "You are but children ten and twelve years of age, but you can be brave. Let us fight to the death. Remember what our father has

taught you, that a gentleman is born to shed his blood in the service of God and the king."

With that the two lads seized some guns and began to fire from the loopholes.

The Indians had gathered at some distance from the gate, and were afraid to come within closer range of the rifles. The firing was so sharp that they withdrew still farther away.

The two soldiers, grown ashamed of their cowardice, came back and began also to shoot from the loopholes.

There was a single small cannon in the blockhouse. Madelon ordered it to be fired.

"But we cannot bring it in range of the Indians," said Pierre.

"Fire it in any case," she said. "It will make them more afraid of us. It will also be a warning to any of our friends who may be within hearing distance."

About the middle of the afternoon a canoe was seen coming toward the landing place.

"It is Fontaine, the settler whose hut is a mile below us," said little Louis.

"Yes," said Madelon, "and I see his wife and children with him. They are coming to the fort to find safety from the Iroquois."

"But they will never get here," said Laviolette. "The moment they touch the landing, the savages will be upon them."

"We must save them," said Madelon. "I myself will go out and meet them."

It was no use to dissuade the girl. She was the commander in that fort, and everybody knew it. She thought not of her own safety but of the welfare of others.

She ordered Laviolette to open the gate and stand by it until she returned. Then she walked boldly out in full view of the savages. They supposed that it was a trick to draw them nearer to the fort, where they would be within range of the guns. They were afraid, therefore, to make any movement toward her.

She went fearlessly down to the landing just as Fontaine's canoe was coming in. The family were safely brought to shore. In a few words, Madelon told them of their danger. She made them march in good order before her, showing no signs of fear. The Indians looked on and kept their distance. They might easily have captured or killed the whole party, but they were afraid of falling into some kind of trap.

Night came on and with it a storm of hail and snow. The wind blew fiercely. It was just such a night as the savages would wish for their work of destruction and slaughter.

But Madelon was undismayed. She called her garrison before her. There were six of them.

"God has saved us from our enemies today," she said; "but we must take care not to fall into their hands tonight. As for me, I am not afraid."

Then she sent each one to his post. She ordered Fontaine and the two soldiers to keep the blockhouse. "Take the women and children there, for that is the safest place. No matter what may happen to me, don't surrender. The savages cannot get to you in the blockhouse."

Then with Laviolette, the old grandfather, and her little brothers, she undertook the defense of the rest of the fort. Laviolette guarded the gate, while each of the others stood sentinel at some other allotted post.

All night long, through the snow and the hail and the wind, the cry of "All's well!" rang out from each corner of the fort and was answered by "All's well!" from the blockhouse. The Indians heard and thought that the place was full of soldiers. They held a council, and decided that it would be unwise to try to surprise a place that was so well guarded.

It was some time after midnight when the watcher at the gate called softly to Madelon, "Mademoiselle, I hear something outside."

She went and peered through a hole in the wall. In the darkness she saw what she felt sure were cattle huddling

close up to the gate while the snow was beating down upon them.

"I think they are our cows," she said, "or at least such of them as the Iroquois have not stolen. Poor things, they are needing shelter this fearful night."

"Let us open the gate and call them in," said Laviolette.

"God forbid," said Madelon. "The savages are good at tricks. Who knows that they are not among these cattle, wrapped up in skins and ready to rush into the fort as soon as the gate is opened?"

For some time everything was quiet. Then it was decided to open the gate a little and let the cattle slip in, one at a time. They entered very quietly, while Louis and Alexander stood on each side with their guns cocked and ready for any event.

At last the long night was ended. Morning came, and everybody felt braver and stronger. But all day long the watch was kept up in fort and blockhouse; and all day long brave Madelon went hither and thither, commanding, encouraging, directing. Who could be afraid in the presence of her cheerful and smiling face? There was not one of her little company who would not have died for her.

For forty-eight hours she neither ate nor slept. For a whole week the savages lurked within sight of the fort. Courage and watchfulness were necessary every hour.

At last help came at night. A young lieutenant with forty soldiers landed silently and went cautiously toward

the fort, fearing that it was in the hands of the Indians. One of the sentinels heard them.

"Who goes there?" he cried.

Madelon was sitting at a table, asleep with her gun across her arms. The words aroused her.

"Mademoiselle," said the sentinel, "I heard a voice at the landing."

Then Madelon herself, in louder tones, demanded, "Who goes there?"

"We are Frenchmen," was the answer, "and we bring you help."

Madelon hastened to the gate. When she saw the lieutenant at the head of his company, she said, "Monsieur, I surrender my arms to you."

The lieutenant answered, "Mademoiselle, they are already in good hands."

"Better than you think," said the brave child.

The men entered the fort and looked around. Everything was in its place. The sentinels were at their posts.

"Monsieur," said Madelon, "these watchers have been on guard every hour for a week. Is it not time to relieve them?"

Partners

Little Mackie, as his friends called him, was an inmate of the Hospital for Crippled Children. He was a small boy and his years were few, yet his face was already drawn and seamed with lines of suffering. One of his feet was twisted and the other almost useless; yet he could hobble around very nimbly on his crutches, and he took great pleasure in helping other boys who were worse off than himself.

His particular friend and crony was Dannie O'Connell, whose cot adjoined his own. Dannie was a helpless little fellow, with legs that were no better than none and a back so weak that he could not sit up without props. Many were the hours which little Mackie spent at Dannie's bedside, and many were the words of encouragement and hope that he poured into the ears of the helpless child.

"We're partners, Dannie," he would say. "When I get bigger I'll be a bootblack down on the Square, and you and me'll go halvers in the profits."

"But what could I do?" queried Dannie. "I couldn't help with the business. Why, I can't even hold myself up."

"Oh, you'll be lots better by that time," answered the ever hopeful Mackie. "I'll get you a high chair with wheels under it, so that I can trundle you around. And I'll get a little candy stand at the corner for you to 'tend to. I'll shine 'em up for the fine gentlemen that come that way, and

you'll sell candy to the ladies. They'll all want to trade with you when they see you sitting there in your high chair."

"I think it will be very nice," sighed Dannie; and he lay gazing up toward the ceiling and trying to forget his troubles.

"Of course it will be nice," said Mackie; "and don't you forget that we'll be partners."

One night when all the children were in their cots an alarm was sounded. What could it mean? Soon the cry of fire was heard, and then a great rushing and hurrying in the halls and on the stair ways. Little Mackie jumped up and seized his crutches, and all the other boys in the ward began to cry out in alarm. But their nurse soothed them and told them that they need not be afraid, for she was quite sure that the fire was in a distant part of the building, and would soon be put out.

Little Mackie lay down again, but he kept his eyes wide open. "Hey, Dannie, partner," he whispered, very softly, "don't be scared. I'm watching out for you, and nurse says there's no danger."

The noise outside grew louder, and there was more of it. Mackie could hear the people running. He could hear the children screaming in the other wards. Soon he saw the red light of the flames shining through the narrow window above the door. Then he smelled the smoke and saw it coming into the room through every crevice and

crack. The nurse turned pale with fear and did not seem to know what to do.

Then three men rushed in—firemen with big hats on their heads and waterproof capes on their shoulders. Each took two children in his arms and with the fainting nurse hurried away through the strangling smoke.

"Be brave! We'll be back for you in a minute," said one of them as he ran past Dannie and Mackie.

The two "partners" were left alone in the room. Mackie could hear the crackling and roaring of the flames. He could even see them creeping along the floor and licking up the carpet in the lower hallway. He could feel their hot breath. In another minute they would reach the wooden stairs, and then how could any one ever come up to save the children that were still in the wards?

"Run, Mackie!" cried Dannie, trying in vain to sit up. "I guess they forgot to come back. Run, Mackie, and don't wait for me."

"No, I don't run, so long as you're my partner," said Mackie.

He was leaning on his crutches by the side of Dannie's cot.

"Put your arms round my neck, Dannie. That's how. Now hold on, tight! Snuggle your face down over my shoulder. That's right; now we'll go. Hold fast, and don't swallow any more smoke than you can help, Dannie."

Clack! clack! clack! Through the smothering smoke the little crutches clattered out of the room and into the burning hallway. And Dannie, with his arms clasped around his partner's neck, and his shriveled legs dangling helplessly behind, was borne half-fainting through the fearful din.

Clack! clack! clack! Mackie was so short and his head was so near to the floor that he escaped the thickest part of the smoke, which rolled in clouds toward the ceiling. He hurried to the stairway, keeping his face bent downward and his eyes half closed. He did not dare to speak to Dannie, for he had no breath to spare.

Outside of the building there were many busy hands and many anxious faces.

"Have all the children been saved?" asked one of the managers of the hospital.

"Oh, sir, not all," was the sad answer. "There were a few in the upper wards who could not be saved, the fire spread so rapidly. And there are still two little boys in the lower ward whom it is impossible to reach."

"Surely these boys ought to be rescued," cried the manager. "Won't some one try to reach them?"

"Sir," answered a helper who had already carried ten children out of the flaming building, "it is too late. The stairways are all blazing, and the ward itself is full of fire."

In fact, the flames could now be seen bursting out of every window.

Clack! clack! clack!

What sound was that on the marble steps before the smoke-filled door of the doomed hospital? It was not a loud noise, but those who stood nearest heard it quite plainly amid all the other sounds, the snapping of the burning wood, the roaring of the flames, the falling of heavy timbers.

Then right out from beneath the cloud of smoke came little Mackie, bearing Dannie upon his shoulders. Helping hands were stretched forth to receive him, and the brave lad fell fainting in the arms of a big policeman.

Dannie was scarcely harmed at all, though dreadfully frightened. But Mackie's poor hands were badly scorched and his eyebrows were singed off. His nightshirt was burned through in a dozen places. His bare, crippled feet were blistered by the fallen coals he had stepped upon. His little body was full of hurts and burns. Kind arms carried him to a place of safety; but for a long time he lay senseless to all that was happening around him.

When at last he awoke to consciousness his first thought was to inquire for Dannie. Then, as he turned painfully in the little bed where they had laid him, he closed his eyes again and said, "Me and Dannie are partners, don't you know?"

Are You There, My Lad?

Here is an old and oft-told story; but it is well worthy of repetition.

John Maynard was a pilot on board of one of the largest steamers on the Great Lakes. Time after time he had guided the monster vessel safely from port to port. He knew all the landmarks and lights; he knew the best channels; even in the most terrific storms he never lost his reckoning. Whether the water was rough or smooth, whether the air was calm, or whether the wind blew fiercely, he was always at his post. The lives of hundreds of men, women, and children depended upon his watchfulness and care. And yet, how few of the passengers in the comfortable cabin, or in their cozy berths at night, ever gave one thought to the pilot in his lonely watchtower above them!

The steamer was making its one hundred and twentieth trip between two busy ports on Lake Erie. It was midsummer, and the weather was fair. The passengers had had a delightful day, and no one dreamed of disaster. At midnight all on board were asleep, save the faithful pilot, the engineer, and those of the crew who were on duty.

"I think we shall have rain before morning," said John Maynard. For, indeed, the sky was no longer clear. Dark clouds were rolling up from the west, and only now and then could a star be seen peeping through the gathering

mists. The nearest shore was miles away, and not a light was in sight. There was no sound save the dull thud of the great engine and the regular splashing of the paddle wheels in the water.

But what was that? John Maynard, with his hand on the wheel, listened intently. It was the cry of "Fire!" far down in the hold. In a moment there was a great stir on board. The captain rushed out upon the deck, giving hurried orders to his men. The passengers, awakened from their sleep, ran hither and thither in wild confusion.

Then dense clouds of smoke poured forth, wrapping the vessel as in a cloak of darkness. From the portholes below, red tongues of flame began to shoot out. Women and children, and even strong men, were overcome with terror. John Maynard stood at the wheel, steering the vessel steadily shoreward.

"Pilot, how far are we from land?"

"It is a matter of three miles, perhaps," was the answer.

The forward part of the vessel had been the first to take fire. The flames were slowly eating their way backward. Twice the roof of the pilot house had been ablaze, and twice the crew had saved it by turning the hose upon it. But now the hose had burst, the flames had increased, and there seemed to be no hope.

"Are you there, my lad?" called the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the quick answer.

"Can you hold on till we reach land?"

"I'll try, sir!"

Through perilous waters the blazing ship sped swiftly toward the land. And John Maynard, amid smoke and flames, still held the wheel.

The captain had ordered the lifeboats to be launched. But they had lain so long in the dry midsummer air that their seams had opened and they would not float. And now the terror of the passengers was greater than before. Some fainted upon the deck, some tried to cast themselves overboard; all were hopeless.

"Listen!" cried the captain. "In two minutes we shall reach land. If our pilot can hold out, the boat will be beached and all will be saved."

But now the pilot house appeared to be wrapped in a sheet of flame.

"Are you there, my lad?" again called the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" feebly answered the pilot.

"Can you hold out one minute longer?"

"With—God's—help," was the gasping reply.

The boat was at the beach. Her bottom was grazing the sand. Soon the passengers and crew were safe on dry land.

"Where is the pilot?" cried one.

The pilot house was all ablaze. The pilot's hand was still upon the wheel; but the life had fled from his heroic body.

When the roll of the world's heroes is called, shall any name of warrior or of king stand higher than that of John Maynard?

"Are you there, my lad?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Sir Walter Scott

In the heart of the old grey capital of the North lies a pleasant square, with tall, rather gloomy houses surrounding it on every side, shutting out the poorer streets in one direction and the quiet green meadows on the other. This was considered a much healthier place for children than the College Wynd where Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, had lived with his wife and family for some years. One by one their children had faded and died, leaving but six little mounds in the churchyard and six locks of sunny hair for their mother to cherish. So it was a happy day for her when there was a flitting from the old house in College Wynd to the pleasant open spaces of George Square, where it was hoped that the last baby, Walter, and his two elder brothers would grow up strong healthy children.

There certainly seemed no cause for anxiety about the baby, for he was as well and happy as a child should be, and by the time he was eighteen months old he could run about by himself, and run swiftly too, when he did not wish to be caught. There was one night when his nurse must have lost all patience with her "laddie." He did not want to go to bed, and whenever she tried to catch him he danced out of her reach, wild with delight and merriment. The child was surely bewitched or "fey," as the Scotch tongue called it, and she shook her head over this wild mood of his, as she at last caught him and put him to bed.

The next day there was no more running about, for the baby lay moaning and ill with a teething fever, and when that left him they found, when they were bathing him, that one of his little legs hung limp and useless, with no life or power of movement in it.

Doctors were called in and everything possible was done, but still the leg remained weak and useless, and it seemed as if the child would be a cripple. Then Dr. Rutherford, his grandfather, advised that he should be sent away to the country, where he could be a great deal in the open air, and where perhaps the weak leg might grow strong again.

So it came to pass that little Walter was sent to live with his other grandfather, Robert Scott of Sandyknowe, and the child's first memories were of the Borderlands of Scotland, the Tweed and the Teviot, and the old castle of Smailholm.

Every possible cure was tried for that poor little lame leg, and some of the remedies were very curious ones. Whenever a sheep was killed on the farm, Walter, stripped of his clothes, was wrapped in the warm newly-flayed skin and laid on the floor to crawl about like a veritable Baby Bunting. The old white-haired grandfather watched him anxiously and tried to tempt the funny little figure, wrapped in its sheep's clothing, to move about and use the weak leg, and Walter also remembered an old colonel in a cocked hat and scarlet waistcoat, kneeling down and

drawing a watch across the carpet before the creeping child.

But perhaps the best cure of all was the strong, fresh country air, and the days spent out of doors, when auld Sandy the "cow-bailie" carried Walter about on his back, or set him down to crawl on the thymey grass among the sheep and lambs.

"He was very gleg at the uptake, and soon kenned every sheep and lamb by headmark as well as any of them," said an old servant, Tibby, long afterwards, with great pride.

Lying out there among the grassy knolls, he was content to watch the sheep and the distant hills, to crawl after wild flowers and the "velvet tufts of loveliest green," and he never needed other amusements.

There was one day when a thunderstorm came up suddenly and Miss Janet Scott, his aunt, remembered where he was, and set off in haste to bring him home, for she was afraid he might be lonely and frightened. She need not have been anxious, for Walter was enjoying himself greatly. There he lay on his back watching the sky, clapping his hands at every flash of lightning and shouting, "Bonny! Bonny!"

Everything about the countryside was "bonny" in the child's eyes, and as he grew older he thought it more beautiful still, when he heard the wonderful tales of the Borderland, "where every field has its battle and every

rivulet its song." Auld Sandy would look across to the distant Cheviots and tell of raiders and famous battles, or pointing nearer still to where the Eildons stood, "three crests against the saffron sky," he whispered tales of the Faerie Queen and Thomas the Rhymer, while stories even more wonderful and interesting gathered round the old ruin of Smailholm Tower which stood sentinel on the crags above. Many a tale did Walter hear, too, of his own ancestors, of John the Lamiter; of William the Boltfoot, who, in spite of his lameness, grew up to be one of the boldest knights of all the country-side; of auld Watt of Harden, who swept over the Border with his gallant raiders, and returned with goodly herds of English cattle; of "Beardie," his great-grandfather, who fought for the Stuarts, and refused to cut off his beard since they were banished.

Every kind of tale was a delight to the child, and he was never tired of listening to anyone that would tell him a story, whether he was riding on auld Sandy's back out on the hills or lying on the floor at his grandmother's feet as she sat spinning by the fire. His grandmother's tales, indeed, were as exciting as any history of Robin Hood, and much more interesting, for some of the heroes of whom she told were old family connections, raiders and freebooters though they were, and the stories about their bold deeds were endless. Then, too, there were a few books lying on the window-seat of the little parlor, which

Aunt Janet read aloud over and over again until Walter almost knew them by heart.

The Ballad of Hardyknute was the first he learned to repeat, and repeat it he did on every possible occasion, greatly to the annoyance of the parish minister when he called for a quiet chat.

"One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is," he remarked grimly, sitting up, tall and thin, and regarding the shouting child with great disfavour. But they grew to be good friends afterwards, the grave old minister and the little lame ballad-lover.

Walter was four years old when it was decided that he should try what the waters of Bath would do for his lameness, and so with his good Aunt Janet he went up to London by sea, and after seeing some of the sights there, journeyed on to Bath. He must have had a wonderful memory for so small a child, for although he did not again see the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey for twenty-five years, he was astonished as a grown-up man to find how accurate were his recollections of them both.

The next year was spent in Bath, and although it must have been a great change from Sandyknowe, there were other joys to make up for the loss of the green meadows and his friend the shepherd. Chiefest joy of all was the arrival of an uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who was a delightful playfellow and a wonderful person for providing treats and amusements. He even took Walter to the

theatre to see As You Like It, and that was something Walter never forgot. He was so much excited and interested that he could not keep still, and when the quarrel between Orlando and his brother began, the audience must have been amused to hear a little voice cry out in shocked accents, "A'n't they brothers?"

Having lived the life of an only child at Sandyknowe, he did not realize that it was possible for brothers to quarrel, but the knowledge came afterwards when he lived amongst his own brothers in George Square.

The waters of Bath were given a fair trial with but poor results, and then Aunt Janet brought little Walter home again, first to Edinburgh and then back to Sandyknowe.

"The making of him" had begun long ago, when he first began to crawl about the grassy slopes of the old farm, when his eyes first learned to love the beautiful things he saw, and his ears to listen eagerly to the old tales and ballads, and now before he was six years old there was much that was already made of the man to come.

He could ride fearlessly on his little Shetland pony, and he rode well. He loved all out-of-door things, birds, beasts, flowers, hills, dales, and rivers. All things connected with the past were interesting in his eyes, and he was a firm believer in the divine right of Prince Charlie. Above all he loved with all his heart old tales, old songs and ballads of every sort.

"He is born to be a strolling pedlar," was his father's verdict.

"I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him," was his own opinion of himself.

There is yet another opinion of him contained in a letter written about this time by the authoress of "The Flowers of the Forest."

She writes, "I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes! they will all perish!'" The lady goes on to tell how she asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, and was amazed with his answers.

"Pray what age do you suppose this boy to be?" she asks; "name it now before I tell you."

"Why, twelve or fourteen."

"No such thing; he is not quite six years old. He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic."

Two more years were spent at Sandyknowe, and then he was taken for a while again by Aunt Janet to Prestonpans, to try what sea-bathing would do for him. There he made another friend and heard more of his beloved old tales from an old military captain called Dalgetty, who had never before found such an eager listener as the little lame boy.

But now that Walter was eight years old and was growing so much stronger, his father began to think it was high time that his regular education should begin, and so the pleasant life at Sandyknowe came to an end and Walter went home to George Square, and after a little private teaching was entered at the High School.

Perhaps he had been rather spoilt at Sandyknowe where he was an only child and a favourite with everybody, where his gentle old grandmother ruled with a kindly hand, and where he was the joy of Aunt Janet's heart, strict though she might be. At any rate it was a trying change to find himself of much less importance in a big household, where he had to learn to give and take with other children, and where he could not expect to have his own way or to domineer over the others.

But his mother understood all about it, as mothers do, and helped him to be patient and unselfish. Perhaps the little lame son whom she had been obliged to part from for so many years had a special place nearer her heart than the others, or perhaps she understood him better, for she

loved many of the things he did, and Walter soon found that she was always ready to listen to his favourite stories and ballads, and his happiest times were when he was reading to her or reciting long passages which he had learned, sure of her sympathy.

It was no wonder that life was not only more difficult but more stirring and noisy than in the old farm, for in the George Square home there were two brothers older than Walter, two that were younger, and one little sister, Anne. One or other of them was always getting into mischief or hurting himself, but perhaps the most unfortunate of all was little Anne.

When the wind banged the iron gate of the area shut, it was Anne's hand that was caught in the hasp and cruelly crushed. When the children were playing round the old quarry-hole on the south side of the Square, it was Anne who fell in and was nearly drowned. But the worst accident of all was the burning of her little cap when she was alone in the room one day, for her head was terribly hurt, and she was never quite strong and well again.

"Careful comforts" those children must have been to the anxious mother, and she rather dreaded the time when her lame boy must go to school and be knocked about by the rough strong boys. But she need not have been anxious about that. Walter was quite able to hold his own, and he was absolutely fearless. He might be lame, but he

was a "bonny fechter," as the other boys very soon found out.

The first day that Walter appeared in the High School playground, or "the yards" as it was called, a dispute arose between him and another boy.

"It's no use to hargle-bargle with a cripple," said the boy contemptuously.

"I'll fight anyone my own size, if I may fight mounted," said Walter. Whereupon one of the elder boys in great delight arranged that the "two little tinklers" should be lashed to a bench and fight the quarrel out; and Walter gave a good account of himself, and carried the respect and admiration of his school- fellows.

He was more of a success in the yards than in the schoolroom at first, for the class in which he was placed was rather too advanced for him, and he got into the habit of sitting comfortably at the bottom or middle of the class. It was a place which chanced to be near the fire, and that made him the more contented with it.

But although he was rather idle and careless about learning his lessons, he was very quick with his answers, and had a wonderful memory which sometimes stood him in such good stead that he easily mounted to the top of the class, and then just as easily went down again.

"What part of speech is *with*?" asked the Rector one day.

"A substantive," mumbled the dunce of the class.

"Is *with* ever a substantive?" demanded the Rector of the head boy.

There was no answer; the next boy was also silent, and the question passed down the class until it reached Walter very near the bottom.

"Yes," came the quick answer from him, and he quoted solemnly, "'And Samson said unto Delilah, If they bind me with seven green withs, that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and as another man.'"

And of course up he went to the top of the class.

Many and ingenious were his ways of winning a higher place, and the story of one successful plan he told himself many years after.

"There was a boy," he said, "in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I, with all my efforts, supplant him. Day came after day and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes, and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place, nor did he

ever recover it; or even I believe suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation: but it ended in good resolutions."

The masters might shake their heads over your Walter Scott's idleness and "fooling," but they always found him most interesting, while among the boys he was a decided favourite. It was not only that they admired his pluck and courage and the way he faced up to the great drawback of his lameness, though that alone would have appealed to any boy, for he was such a thorough sportsman, but he had besides a magic gift, as full of enchantment as any wizard's wand, and as compelling as any fairy flute possessed by the Pied Piper of Hamelin fame.

When winter came round and play hours were dark and dreary, and outside games at a standstill, when the boys gathered round "Lucky Brown's" fireside, then began Walter Scott's hour. There was no one that could tell tales as he could. The boys were spellbound as they listened, and they crowded round nearer and nearer not to lose a word, for the magic worked then even as it did in later years, when it earned for him the title of "the Wizard of the North."

Dr. Adam, the Rector, caught a glimpse now and then of what was in the boy, and began to take a greater interest in him, and when Walter saw that more was expected of

him, he made it a point of honour to come up to his master's expectations, and so erelong he easily worked his way up to the first form. Neither did his lame leg prevent him winning honours in the playground, and outside the playground as well, for he could climb "the kittle nine stanes" above the precipice of the Castle rock as boldly as anyone, and when the boys sallied out with snowballs to harass the town guard, he was one of the most valiant dread-noughts in spite of his limp. He was a keen fighter, too, in the street fights or "bickers" as they were called, battles between the boys living in different parts of the city, which were carried on with great good-will and energy.

But Walter's fighting days came to an end just then, and his High School days too. He had been growing too quickly, and again his health broke down.

Aunt Janet lived at Kelso now, and she was only too glad to have her boy with her once more, so there Walter spent a quiet holiday time, and in the pleasant garden running down to the Tweed read his beloved books in peace and quietness, in the midst of his beloved "land of romance."

For a short time each day he went to the village grammar school, and there again the boys came under the magic of his spell.

"He was certainly the best storyteller I had ever heard, either then or since," says one of the boys, James

Ballantyne, who was afterwards to be the printer of all Sir Walter Scott's works. "He soon discovered that I was as fond of listening as he himself was of relating; and I remember it was a thing of daily occurrence, that after he had made himself master of his own lessons, I, alas, being still sadly to seek in mine, he used to whisper to me, 'Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story.'"

Three generations have grown up since the voice that told those tales was silent, but the magic of his gift still holds men spellbound, and the golden key he placed in their hands has opened the gate of a world of Romance in which he himself used to dwell. The little lame storyteller is gone but his magic lives on, and any child who cares to listen may still hear the invitation, "Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story."

Alfred Tennyson

On the pleasant slopes of a Lincolnshire wold, there nestles the little village of Somersby, and here in the rectory, on a summer evening of 1809, Alfred Tennyson was born. Outside the moors were purple with heather, the woodbine peeped through the nursery window, the roses and lilies in the rectory garden, thick with buds and blossoms, whispered to each other in the summer breeze, the tall hollyhocks and sunflowers kept guard behind them, and the air was sweet with the scent of lavender. Down by the brook which ran at the foot of the field beyond the garden there were "brambley wildernesses," and "sweet forget-me-nots" spread like a sheet of blue. It seemed a fitting world to welcome the coming of a poet.

The baby that had just opened its eyes upon this flowery summer world was a very strong, sturdy boy.

"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says the doctor; and he would be bound,
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

He was only two days old when he was baptized by his father, Dr. Tennyson, the rector of Somersby, who gave him the name of Alfred, almost before the baby's eyes were accustomed to the light.

There were three older children in the rectory, and this new baby soon became the old one, for brothers and sisters followed fast on each other's heels, until at last

there were twelve of them, eight boys and four girls, like little steps and stairs one above another. It was just as well, perhaps, that the rectory was not a small one, so that the rector could write his sermons in peace, undisturbed in his library by the children's noise. Not that he was easily disturbed when once he was among his beloved books, for then he seemed to live in a world apart and forgot that the nursery and schoolroom were echoing with the sound of twelve little voices.

Later on, as the children grew older, they often found their way into their father's library, and he taught them to love his books, and showed them the way into a new world of delight.

How the children loved their home! There was the dining-room, with its stained-glass windows that threw coloured lights upon the walls where the sun shone, "Butterfly souls" as someone called them; there was the sunny drawing-room lined with bookshelves, its yellow-curtained windows looking out on to the smooth green lawn and garden beyond; there, too, was the cheerful bow-windowed nursery, but best of all they loved their mother's room. It was always a paradise to them, for to be with their beautiful mother meant having the best and merriest of times.

The children all took after their mother in their love for animals, and she taught them from their infancy to be kind and pitiful towards "all wounded things." It was so

well known in the village that Mrs. Tennyson could not bear to see an animal ill-treated, that it became a favourite plan of the boys to drag their dogs close to her window and then begin to beat them, hoping that she would bribe them to leave off or even perhaps buy the dog to save it from ill-usage.

Perhaps of all the children it was Alfred who was most keen on watching the habits of birds and beasts and creeping things, and in the woods close by he was a continual trial to the gamekeepers. No sooner had they set a snare than "Master Alfred" would be sure to come along and spring it.

"If ever we catch that there young gentleman who is for ever springing the gins, we'll duck him in the pond," they wrathfully exclaimed.

The rectory children were all clever and fond of reading, and were never tired of making up stories and inventing new games. It was just the kind of family to play delightful games, for there were plenty of children to play them, but these special children possessed a special gift of inventing new plays, and that made it still more delightful.

There was the game of battles, when each side planted a willow wand upright in the ground for a king, and stuck firmer sticks around him for a guard. Then the enemy advanced with stones, which they hurled at the willow kings until one or other was laid low. There were mimic tournaments, and gallant defences of stone heaps which

they pretended were ancient castles, and the boys were very fond of climbing on to the roof of an old farmhouse near their garden, and making believe they were watching for advancing invaders from the battlements.

But perhaps what they loved to do best of all was to write stories, and these they would sometimes hide under the vegetable dishes at dinner, and when dinner was over bring them out and read them aloud. The stories were all wonderfully good, but there was no doubt that the boy who made the best stories and invented the most thrilling games was Alfred. Knights and ladies, wizards, enchantresses, dragons, demons, and witches came trooping forth at his word of command. He loved the sound of words and the musical rhythm of poetry, and even before he could read he had a way of stringing words together just for the sake of the music in them.

Running outside on a stormy day while yet still a baby, the wind tossing his dark hair and whistling in his ears, he would spread out his arms wide in delight and chant aloud: "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind." Long afterwards he tells how the words "far, far away" always acted upon him like a charm. As he grew bigger his lines grew longer, and he had a song for everything he saw. He would begin:

"When winds are east and violets blow,
And slowly stalks the parson crow,"

making up hundreds of lines as he went along.

When Alfred was seven years old he had to decide whether he would go to sea or go to school. He loved the sea with all his heart, but then again he had an idea that school was a palace of delight, and so when the question was put, "Will you go to sea or to school?" he answered promptly, "To school."

Alas! the palace of delight soon proved to be but a dream, and the stern reality had no delight about it whatever. The master of the Louth Grammar School, to which he was sent, was one of the old-fashioned kind who believed in much flogging, and of course there were boys ready to bully and ill-use all small new boys, and Alfred came in for his share.

The romance he had woven around the idea of school life very soon faded when he found himself sitting shivering with cold on the stone steps of the school-house, holding his poor aching little head, which had just been well punched to remind him that he was a new boy. It was not a pleasant thing to learn lessons when his head ached and his fingers were too frozen to hold a pen, and Alfred hated that school.

There was an old wall covered with wild weeds opposite the school windows, and the sight of the waving grasses and cushions of moss was like the friendly greeting of old friends to the lonely child, and this was the only pleasant memory that he carried away from school. How overjoyed he was when the happy day came for him to

return to the rectory and do his lessons with his father! His father was stern perhaps, but lessons were a different thing with him. Years afterwards, when Tennyson was telling his own son about these lessons and how much he hated Horace because he was the author so "thoroughly drummed" into him, he went on to say sadly:

"And now they use me as a lesson-book at schools, and they will call me 'that horrible Tennyson.'"

It was good to leave the hated school and to be back at the rectory, in his own particular little attic-room, where from the window he could watch the stars and smell again the scent of the roses and lilies, and dream his dreams and make words into music. Flowers, birds, and beasts were all his friends, and he knew their ways and their language in a wonderful way. One night, leaning out of his attic window, he heard the cry of a baby owl, and when he answered it, the tiny fluffy ball of feathers came flying in, and nestling close to him, ate its supper from his hand and after that took up its abode at the rectory.

Very often, too, at night he would steal out into the darkness through the garden where "the lilies and roses were all awake," out on to the moors, to watch the sheep with the shepherd, and to lie on the heather looking up at "the great star-patches" until the dawn came up.

Perhaps it was then that "the gleam" first floated dimly before his eyes, and the voice came which bade him follow

the highest and do his best to ennoble the world with the gift which God had given him.

"Great the master
And sweet the magic;
In early summers
Over the mountain
On human faces
And all around me
Moving to melody
Floated the gleam."

So the boy lying there under the stars saw the vision and heard the message which was to rule his life.

William Makepeace Thackeray

Looking back on the days of childhood, so much is wrapped in the mist of forgetfulness that it is often difficult to know what is fact and what is fancy. But here and there in most of our memories the mist is suddenly torn apart and some special thing stands out as clear and distinct as all the rest is dim and blurred.

Little William Makepeace Thackeray had but misty recollections of the first five years of his life spent in India. There was a confused remembrance of dark faces, a pleasant river, many servants to do his bidding, and a busy kindly father. Then from the midst of the shifting memories there sprang out clear and distinct a scene which he never forgot.

Two little boys were walking down a ghaut, or river stair, to where a boat was waiting to carry them to a big ship which would soon set sail for England. They had said goodbye to their mothers, and the mothers were left behind. That was the misery which tore away the kindly mist of forgetfulness which never again closed round the remembrance of that parting.

The two little boys who climbed down those steps were William Thackeray and his cousin Richmond Shakespeare.

William was five years old, and India was not a healthy place for children of that age. Five years ago, in 1811, he

had been born at Alipur, at the official residence of his father, who had held a high post in the Indian Civil Service, but who had died when his little son was only four years old. William did not remember his father, it was his young beautiful mother that he clung to with all the love of his childish heart.

Of course it was very exciting to live on a ship where everything was strange and new, and where he and his cousin could enjoy all kinds of adventures and games, but nothing made him forget that he had said goodbye to his mother, and that he was going further and further away from her. Other faces faded from his memory, but no mist of forgetfulness ever blotted out his mother's face.

However, days are long and time moves slowly when one is only five years old, and although William did not forget, he soon learned to be happy on board ship. The days were so much alike that nothing stood out very clearly in his memory until they reached the island of St. Helena, when his black servant took him ashore, and he went a long long walk across the island. The next thing he remembered was that they came to a garden, where a lonely man walked to and fro, his head bowed and one hand thrust into his bosom. The servant bade William look well at him.

"That is he," he whispered, "that is Bonaparte. He eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on."

William shuddered. That must be an ogre indeed! It was enough to terrify any little boy, although the ogre really did not look so very large or fierce. Still, if he could eat three sheep and a child or two for dessert he must be a terrible ogre indeed, and William was not at all sorry when the ship set sail and the island and the terror were left behind.

Poor ogre, walking there in his loneliness and despair! He had frightened half the world, and now in his prison garden he could still strike terror to the heart of one small boy.

Arrived in England, William was given over into the charge of his great-uncle, Peter Moore, of the Manse of Hadley, where there was quite a little colony of Thackeray relations. Everything was very grand and stately in his uncle's house, but it was very different when he went to stay with his mother's grandfather and aunt at Fareham in Hampshire. There everything was very simple, and yet William was as happy in one place as the other, and it was only when his schooldays began that all the sunshine seemed to fade out of his life.

The small school to which he and his cousin Richmond were sent was supposed to be a very good one, and the parents in India were quite satisfied that it was all that they could wish, but the fact was the master was a "horrible tyrant," who made the children utterly wretched.

William was "a tender little thing, just put into short clothes" (that is to say, short jackets), and he felt the cold of the English winter bitterly, and still missed his mother and the sunshine of India. It was so very cold at school. His poor little fingers and toes ached with chilblains, and he was even cold inside, because he had so little to eat, and the kind of food was so nasty. Every night he knelt by the side of his bed the bed that was so hard and uncomfortable and, in trembling fear of being bullied and laughed at, he could only sob out a very short prayer. "Pray God I may dream of my mother." But even if the dreams came, the next morning came too, so there was another long miserable day to be faced. "What a dreadful place that private school was; cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and caning awful."

It was a happy day for William when he left that school, but the happiness did not last long, for his next school at Chiswick was almost as bad. Not that William ever dreamed of complaining, he accepted it all as inevitable, and his aunt could have known but little of his sufferings. It was by her dictation that he wrote to his mother in India to tell her how happy he was, because he had "so many good little boys to play with." Then having written and posted the glowing account of his happiness, William made up his mind that he could stand his misery no longer and that he would run away from school.

It was an easy matter to slip past the front door and through the fine iron gates of Walpole House, and William

managed to run as far as the end of Chiswick Lane, but there the road to Hammersmith looked so wide and so frightening that his heart sank and he turned and ran back again. It was a lucky thing for him that he was able to slip back into his place before he was missed, or there would certainly have been an exhibition of "caning awful."

In after years Thackeray, in one of his great novels, draws a picture of this school of his and calls it "Miss Pinkerton's Academy" and describes the departure of one of the pupils and how she flings a copy of Johnson's Dictionary out of the carriage window and exclaims, "So much for the Dixonary. Thank God I'm out of Chiswick."

That most likely was exactly what Thackeray himself felt when he said goodbye to Walpole House, and at the age of ten and a half was entered as a scholar at Charterhouse.

Life looked much brighter then. His mother and his stepfather had come home from India, and that alone was enough to line every cloud with silver. Through all his life, Thackeray's love for his beautiful mother was so strong and filled his heart so entirely that for her sake he was always gentle and courteous to every woman, and it taught him, too, to have a special tenderness for children and all who were weak or helpless, or who needed a helping hand. It was like a golden thread running through all his life.

School was still a trial and a horror to him, but now there were always the holidays to look forward to, and so

it was possible to endure. Every week he secretly took out the pocket-book which his mother had given him and marked off, from the calendar, another seven days from the black list that stretched itself out before "that blessed day," the reddest of red-letter days, when the holidays would begin.

Dr. Russell, the head-master of Charterhouse, was not the sort of man to help and encourage a sensitive and rather timid boy such as Thackeray was at ten years old. He was like a "hungry lion," and his roar alone struck terror to the hearts of the small boys when they were first presented to him at school.

It is always a dreadful experience to be a new boy, and Thackeray shook in his shoes when his turn came to be interviewed by the master.

"Take that boy and his box to the matron," thundered Dr. Russell in his most terrific voice, pointing at Thackeray as if he were a criminal about to be executed, "and make my compliments to the junior master and tell him the boy knows nothing and will just do for the lowest form."

The poor little culprit slunk out after the janitor and felt this was not a very cheerful beginning at the new school, but he soon learnt to know that the head master's bark was worse than his bite, and that although he was stern and unsympathetic and "a beast," he was "a just beast."

The junior master in whose care he was placed at first did not help to make things more comfortable, and the boys at his house were obliged to rough it in many ways. There were fifty boys in the house, and they had all to wash "in a leaden trough, under a cistern, with lumps of fat, yellow soap floating about in the ice and water."

Thackeray never enjoyed his schooldays. He did not shine either in games or in lessons, and he made but few friends, although he was a great favourite with those who really learned to know him. The lessons he was obliged to learn, especially Greek and Latin, he hated with all his heart.

"When I think of that Latin grammar," he writes in after years, "and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth, upon my conscience, I am surprised that we ever survived it. When we think of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! What a pitiful chorus those poor little creatures send up!" And then he adds, "I have the same recollection of Greek in youth that I have of castor oil."

At first when, through carelessness or backwardness, Thackeray blundered in his lessons, it was torture to him to be held up to ridicule by the head-master, and he could only just manage to keep back the tears as the reproof was thundered out.

"Your idleness is incorrigible, and your stupidity beyond example. You are a disgrace to your school and to

your family, and I have no doubt will prove so in after life to your country," roared the "hungry lion." "A boy, sir, who does not learn his Greek play, cheats the parent who spends money for his education. A boy who cheats his parent is not very far from robbing or forging upon his neighbour. A man who forges on his neighbour pays the penalty of his crime on the gallows. And it is not such a one that I pity (for he will be deservedly cut off), but his maddened and heart-broken parents, who are driven to a premature grave by his crimes, or if they live, drag on a wretched and dis-honoured old age. Go on, sir, and I warn you that the very next mistake you make shall subject you to the punishment of the rod."

But erelong all these terrible threats fell flat, and Thackeray went his own way undisturbed by thoughts of future disgrace.

"I was not a brilliant boy at school," he tells us; "the only prize I ever remember to have got was in a kind of lottery in which I was obliged to subscribe with seventeen other competitors, and of which the prize was a flogging. That I won. But I don't think I carried off any other. Possibly from laziness, or if you please from incapacity, but I certainly was rather inclined to be on the side of the dunces."

Thackeray was always rather inclined to be on the side of the dunces. They were such pleasant companions, and so much more desirable than the learned prigs who could

"turn off Latin hexameters by the yard and construe Greek quite glibly." He was quite sure that in the long run the dunces never turned out to be half such dull men as the prigs.

Now although Thackeray called himself a dunce and hated his lessons, there was nothing he cared for so much as books, only the books must be the ones he chose for himself and not lesson-books.

He had as great an appetite for storybooks, especially those full of "fighting, escaping, robbing and receiving," as he had for the raspberry open jam-tarts which were the most delicious delicacy on earth to the Charterhouse boys. In and out of school hours he had always a book handy. He was whipped and he learned his lessons, but neither whippings nor lessons did him much good. It was from the books which he read with such delight that he learned most of what was worth knowing. Kenilworth, Waverley, the Pirate, all the magical stories of the Wizard of the North were the real teachers of Thackeray, and it has been said that Sir Walter Scott and not Dr. Russell was his head-master.

The desk in front of him would be piled up with large, serious-looking books, Latin and Greek and dictionaries, and it would seem as if he were studying diligently. "Yes, but behind the great books which he pretends to read, there is a little one with pictures, which he is really reading. He, of course, is so much engrossed that he does not

notice one of the masters stealing up behind and looking over his shoulder, with a book in each hand, and the first thing he knows is that his head is laid against one book and smacked with the other, to teach him not to study the Waverley Novels in lesson-time."

With the exception of Horace, Thackeray never came to love any of the Greek or Latin authors, but he delighted in Fielding, Steele, Goldsmith, and Sterne.

The other boys looked askance at him at first, for they rather mistrusted anyone who loved reading, but when they found out that the stories he read were the kind of tales that could be told over again in the dormitories at night, they began to regard him with respect. He could also draw most delightful caricatures, and that helped to make him still more popular.

Like most schoolboys, Thackeray was fond of "tuck" and had an extremely healthy appetite for unwholesome dainties. Of pasty "I have often eaten half-a-crown's worth (including, I trust, ginger-beer) at our school pastry-cook's," he tells us.

But money was not always plentiful, and once he spent a most miserable term all for the want of three and sixpence. He had bought a pencil-case from a companion (a young Shylock of the school), hoping to pay for it out of some expected tips, but the tips never came, and the debt hung like a millstone about his neck. The owner of the pencil dunned him for the money from May till

August, when the holidays began, and then Thackeray most thankfully paid him out of the five shillings which his tutor gave him to pay expenses on his homeward journey. That only left him one and six, but his tutor had also entrusted to his care one pound five shillings which he was to carry home to his parents, the last school account having been overpaid.

The coach started for Tunbridge Wells from Fleet Street at seven o'clock in the morning, and Thackeray was so afraid of being too late that he arrived at six, without having had any breakfast.

One shilling had gone to pay his cab, and the last sixpence he had bestowed on the porter, so he had not a penny of his own to spend, and he began to be exceedingly hungry. A schoolfellow was enjoying a delicious-looking breakfast in the inn coffee-room, but Thackeray sat outside growing more and more hungry every minute. There was, of course, the one pound five shillings which had been entrusted to his care, but he was quite sure it would be most dishonest to touch that.

Presently, as he gazed mournfully around, his eyes caught sight of a placard hanging in a little shop window close by, on which was printed, "Coffee twopence, round of buttered toast twopence."

Hunger suggested that fourpence was a very small sum to appropriate, and the voice of hunger was so loud that it quite drowned the voice of conscience, which scarce

spoke above a whisper when it murmured that the money was not his to spend.

That cup of coffee, "muddy and not sweet enough," and that round of toast, "rancid and not buttered enough," was the most delicious breakfast Thackeray had ever eaten, but when every crumb and all the coffee-grounds were finished and hunger was satisfied, conscience began to make itself most disagreeable.

All the way home Thackeray could think of nothing but that fourpence which he had had no right to spend. Every milestone he passed (milestones which he had always before greeted with such wild delight on his way home) were like fingers of reproof pointing at him. The moment he arrived and saw his parents he began at once to confess.

"Bless the boy, how hungry he must be," was all his mother said; and his stepfather told him cheerily that he ought to have gone in and had a proper breakfast at the inn. They laughed together over the boy's distress and the fatal fourpence, but the story shows us what an upright, conscientious boy young Thackeray was.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of such times, when tips were scarce, that made Thackeray afterwards so fond of tipping every boy he knew. He never saw a boy without wanting to tip him, and when people shook their heads and said it was unwise, he had no patience with them.

"It is all very well, my dear sir, to say that boys contract habits of expecting tips from their parents' friends, that they become avaricious and so forth. Avaricious! fudge! Boys contract habits of tart and toffee eating which they do not carry into after life. . . . No, if you have any little friends at school, out with your half-crowns, my friend, and impart to those little ones the fleeting joys of their age."

So the days at Charterhouse went by and Thackeray began to leave his childhood behind him. He carried away little love for his schooldays at Charterhouse, but without the remembrance of those days he could never have written some of the best chapters of his immortal novels. It was the hours spent there with his beloved story-books which made him long to write stories himself, and his great ambition was to write a book which boys would enjoy.

"If the gods would give me the desire of my heart I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen centuries," he said.

We all build our castles in the air, and have our great ambitions, but only to a very few do the gods grant the fulfilment of a wish, such as was granted to William Makepeace Thackeray.

Jean-François Millet

Among the great geniuses of the world we would write in golden letters the name of Jean-François Millet, adding, still with the golden pencil, the words "peasant and painter."

All know the painter from his wonderful pictures, almost every child has seen at least a copy of his "Gleaners" or "The Angelus," but the peasant is not so well known, and the story of his childhood is the key to much of the beauty which lies hidden in the great painter's work.

Listen then to the story of the childhood of Jean-François Millet, peasant and painter.

On the coast of Normandy, high up on one of those frowning granite cliffs which overhang the sea, the little town of Gruchy is perched like a sea-bird's nest among the grey rocks. It has one long straggling street leading downwards to the shore, for here the cliffs have parted to fold in their cleft a little green valley, where the sheep can be led out to find pasture, and a possible path be found to the beach, where the harvest of seaweed is gathered and drawn up to enrich the fields above.

Looking outwards to the sea, through a vista of frowning rocks, there is a gloomy grandeur about the view in front of the town which seems to hold only sad memories of storm and shipwreck, danger and death; but on the other side are pleasant green fields and sunny

orchards, which give a homely, happy air of peaceful content to the place where the hard-working people of Gruchy earn their daily bread.

In one of the strongly-built, well-thatched houses of the little town there lived, about a hundred years ago, a peasant farmer called Jean-Louis Millet. Like his father and grandfather before him, he worked in the fields all day and returned at night to the same comfortable old house which was large enough to shelter the three generations which now gathered under its roof. There was the grandmother, who looked after the household and took care of the children, there was Jean-Louis himself, his wife and eight children. The mothers of Gruchy had little time to look after their children, for, like the men, they were busy at work in the fields all day, and so it was in the house of Jean-Louis Millet that the old grandmother was left in charge of the children and had most to do with their bringing up. She loved them all and cared tenderly for each one of them, but it was the eldest boy she loved best of all. It was in her arms the boy had first been laid, and she it was who carried him to the little grey church and gave him the name of Jean-François; Jean after his father, and François after the saint of Assisi, who is the special protector of those who know poverty and who, working under the open sky, learn to know and love God's creatures and all the wonderful works of His hands.

The stories of saints were all well known to the old grandmother, and indeed she followed not afar off in their

footsteps, living her honest, simple, upright life, and teaching little François to see God's hand in all the wonderful things around him, the golden glory of the gorse, the purple of the heather among the grey rocks, the mighty cliffs, the thundering waves that broke on the shore, as well as the piping notes of his "little sisters the birds." And she taught him, too, to dread a wrong action more than death.

"Wake up, my little François," she would say in the early mornings, bending over his bed and waking him gently. "Thou knowest not how long the birds have been singing the glory of God."

There was another inmate of the old house who had a special love for the boy, and that was his great-uncle the Abbe Charles Millet, a priest who suffered much persecution at the time of the Revolution, but who was now the parish priest of Gruchy. It was a thrilling tale which François was never tired of hearing, how when the soldiers were hunting him down, this great-uncle had contrived a hiding-place close to his bed, and when the soldiers came unexpectedly one day, he had only just time to disappear before they burst in. The bed he had been sleeping in was still warm, and this the soldiers noticed at once.

"Yes, yes, he is here!" they cried, "the bed is still warm."

But search as they might they could find no other trace of him, although he heard every word they were saying,

and knew in his hiding-place that they were turning the house upside down in their search.

This old man was no idler, and he worked as hard as any other labourer in the fields, stowing away his breviary in his pocket and tucking up his cassock before he set to work. Wherever he went little François trotted by his side, for the old man could not bear the child out of his sight and was never tired of teaching and training him.

There was one day which François never forgot. He had wandered away from his uncle and had climbed down to the seashore, and was enjoying all the delights of fishing for tadpoles when he heard his name called and saw his great-uncle furiously waving to him from the cliff. He obeyed the call at once and climbed up, but the old man had been badly frightened, and as soon as he had the child safe and sound by his side again, his anxiety suddenly turned to anger. He took off his large three-cornered hat and beat François with it soundly and then drove him up to the house, still beating him with the hat as he went.

"Ah! I'll help thee to get home," he cried with each napping whack, and as François's legs were short and fat they did not carry him very swiftly, and he spent some painful moments before he reached home.

After that François always regarded the three-cornered hat with distrust, for, as he said years afterwards, "I was not of an age to understand a tenderness which showed itself by blows from a hat."

This great-uncle died when François was only seven, but by that time the boy was learning his lessons at school, which he had entered with flying colours some months before. He was a big boy for his age and strongly built, and had been already taught his lessons at home, so that the elder children were rather proud of him when they took him for the first time to school. They boasted themselves of his strength and cleverness, and declared that he would be able to beat any boy of his own age or even older. So of course the first thing they did was to arrange a fight.

There was no boy quite so young as François in the school, but they picked out one a little older, the strongest and most promising they could find, and proceeded to arrange the quarrel. A chip of wood was laid on one boy's shoulder and the other was told, "I bet you don't dare knock that chip off."

Of course no one but a coward could refuse, and equally of course the other boy could not endure such an insult, so as soon as the chip was knocked off the battle began. In this fight François covered himself with glory, to the pride and delight of his supporters, who declared joyfully, "Millet is only six and a half, and he has beaten a boy more than seven years old."

But when it came to lessons François was not quite such a success. He never could learn things by heart, and he was hopelessly dull at sums. Then, too, he had a bad habit of drawing capital letters in his copy-book when he

ought to have been learning his lessons, and yet when asked any question he always answered well and sensibly. He was twelve years old when he went to church at Greville to be confirmed, and the priest there was so much impressed by his intelligent answers that he asked him if he would like to be taught Latin.

"With Latin, my boy," said the priest, "you can become a priest or a doctor."

"No," said François, "I don't wish to be either; I wish to stay with my parents."

"Come all the same," said the priest, "you will learn."

So François learned to read the Bible and Virgil in Latin, and read them over and over again until he knew each word. But there was little time now to give to books, for he was old enough to help his father in the fields, and it was time he learnt to mow the grass, make hay, bind the sheaves, thresh and winnow, plough and sow.

So the father and son worked together at the daily common tasks of the ordinary labourer, but they saw in their work things which few ordinary labourers see. They both loved everything that was beautiful either in form or colour, and nothing to them was commonplace. Years before, when François was a little boy, trotting along by his father's side, his father would stoop and pick a blade of grass and bid his little son look at it.

"See," he said, "how fine that is."

Or he would point to some tree they were passing and say, "Look at that tree, how large and beautiful it is, as beautiful as a flower."

One day they had stood together on the cliffs to watch the sunset, and the wonderful pageant of the crimson sky, and the golden glory of the shining sea made François exclaim with delight. But his father stood still and reverently bared his head. "My son, it is God," he said, and François never forgot those words.

It was not until some years afterwards that the boy began to try and draw pictures of the things he loved to look at, and it was the old engravings in the Bible that suggested the idea. He had little time for anything but the farm work, and he was quite content to do that thoroughly, to drive his furrow straight and clean, to work with a will in the fields he loved. But at the noonday rest, when the other workers lay sleeping, he took his pencil and made careful drawings of all that he saw from the window, the garden, the trees, and the rocks, and later on the figures he had seen at work or walking down the village street. The wonder and terror of the sea, the tall poplars round the grey church tower, the bent forms of old men, the women at their work, all these things filled his head, and the longing to draw them began to fill his heart.

So it was that Jean-François, the peasant, brought all the wealth of his heart, his love of God and of nature, to the making of Millet the painter, and it was from the

golden mine in the heart of the peasant that the painter drew all that was best and most beautiful in his art.

The Little Corporal

During a terrible winter, a group of boys in a military school at the French town of Brienne were wandering up and down their long hall and looking out at the snowdrifts. There was nothing they wanted to do indoors, and outdoors it stormed furiously. At last a short, rather quiet boy spoke up:—

"Why not get some shovels and make passages through the snow and build some forts? Then we can divide ourselves into companies and have a battle. I choose to be captain of the attacking party!"

A shout of joy went up from the boys, and in a few moments they were tumbling over one another in the drifts, hard at work making snow forts. For fifteen days, in their play hours, they waged a mock battle. We do not know whether the young Napoleon Bonaparte, for that was the name of the boy who started the game, gained the victory or not, but he was such a wonderful soldier in later years that we think he must have won this first play battle, too.

When Napoleon grew older and left the school for the army, he soon found his way to Paris. At this time the National Convention was split up into several sections, and Napoleon sided with those who wished to form a more stable government, to be called the Directory. The opposing sections, among whom were many Royalists,

started to resist by force. Napoleon was placed in command by the Directory, and quickly and wisely went to work. He placed his cannon along the sides of the streets and bridges, so that it was impossible for the rebellious sections to make an attack without being swept down by the shot. The revolt lasted only a few hours. The Directory saw that the young general was a genius in war, and sent him to Italy at the head of their army. When Napoleon took command of his troops, whom he found poor and half starved, he said:—

"Soldiers, you are hungry and naked. The Republic owes you much, but she has no money to pay you. I am come to lead you down to the richest towns and most fertile fields under the sun. All shall be yours. Soldiers, will you come?"

These words aroused the troops and they all shouted:—

"Yes! Yes!"

Then Napoleon, began his campaign. His method was to make exceedingly rapid marches, so as to come upon the enemy unawares. He led his men over the Alps so fast that they had to leave tents and baggage behind, and sleep at night either on the cold ground or in dirt hovels. But Napoleon slept on the ground too; walked by their side as they marched, tending the sick and cheering them on with fresh courage, so that his army was devoted to him.

Down through Italy the French marched, fighting a dozen battles, and at the end of the year they had conquered five armies, each one larger than their own. The Italians begged for peace. Napoleon granted it; but made them send many of their most beautiful pictures and statues to Paris and pay a large sum of money. At Venice he even took away the beautiful gilded bronze horses that stand guard above the great door of Saint Mark's Cathedral.

Napoleon returned to Paris a great conqueror. The people all came out to meet him and hailed him as their hero. But the Directory was jealous of his popularity and put him at the head of another army so that he should leave Paris. They had a great scheme for conquering England, but decided that they would seize her rich province of India first. Napoleon, with thirty-six thousand picked men, sailed for Egypt, thinking that the nearest route to India, and made a long march across the desert. At last they met the Egyptian army, not far from the pyramids.

"Soldiers," cried Napoleon, "from yonder pyramids forty centuries are watching you!"

The Egyptians rode fiercely down on Napoleon's foot soldiers, but the French charged again and again until they won a complete victory. The Egyptians always called Napoleon, "the lord of fire," because of the terrible charges he made; but Napoleon's men had long ago given

him the name of "The Little Corporal," an affectionate title which clung to him even after he had become a great general.

After many more battles Napoleon and his men returned to France. He found the leaders of the Directory quarreling among themselves and unpopular with the people. When he entered the council hall at Saint Cloud he was greeted with the cries:—

"Down with the dictator! Death to the tyrant."

Some of the members of the Directory feared that Napoleon, glorying in his victories, would want to rule France, hence they wished him put to death. But Napoleon had his soldiers with him, and, at his word, they entered the hall with their bayonets fixed for a charge.

The Directory was now abolished and three consuls chosen to govern the country. You will not be surprised to hear that Napoleon was the First Consul. He now gave up war and went to live in the old royal palace of the Tuileries and had about him all the state and dignity of a court. He had married a very beautiful woman named Josephine, who did much to gain him friends.

"I win provinces," said Napoleon, "but Josephine wins hearts."