

Stories That Teach Values

STORY HOUR SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Stories That Teach Values

Selected Authors

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Stories That Teach Values

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World Stories Retold for Modern Boys and Girls, by William James Sly, Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press, (1914)

Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522

Website - www.librariesofhope.com
Email - support@librariesofhope.com
Printed in the United States of America

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Publisher's Note

In their book *Teaching Your Children Values*, Linda and Richard Eyre identified 12 universal values shared by families worldwide. We have organized the stories in this volume around these 12 values. For additional ideas on how you can instill these values in your children, we highly recommend visiting the Eyre's website at www.valuesparenting.com

Honesty

The Golden Pears[1]

There was once a poor peasant of Burs who had nothing in the world but three sons, and a pear-tree that grew in front of his cottage. But the pears were very fine, and the Kaiser was fond of the fruit, so he said to his sons, one day, that he would send the Kaiser a basket as a present. "Perhaps" said he, "if the fruit please him he may help me and mine."

He plaited a krattle, or basket, and lined it with fresh leaves. Then he gathered the finest pears from the tree, large ones as yellow as gold, and laid them on the green leaves.

"Take these to the Kaiser," said he to his eldest son, "and see that thou dost not let anyone rob thee of them by the way."

"Leave that to me, father," said the boy, "I know how to take care of my own. It isn't much anyone will get out of me by asking. I'll have my answer, I can tell you." So he closed up the mouth of the basket with fresh leaves and set out to take the pears to the Kaiser.

It was autumn and the sun struck hot all through the midday hours; so when the boy came at last to a wayside fountain he stopped to drink and to rest in its

coolness. A little doubled-up old woman was washing some rags at the fountain and singing a ditty all out of tune. "A witch, I'll be bound," said the boy to himself, "she'll be trying to get my pears, by hook or by crook, but I'll be up to her."

"A fair day, my lad," said the little old wife; "that's a weighty burden you have to carry. What may it be with which you are so heavily laden?"

"A load of sweepings from the road, to see whether I may turn a penny by it," answered the boy, shortly, to stop any further questioning.

"Road-sweepings," repeated the hag, as if she did not believe it. "Belike you don't mean that?"

"But I do mean it," retorted the boy.

"Oh, very well. You will find out when you get to your journey's end." And she went on washing and singing her ditty that was all out of tune.

"She means something," said the boy to himself, "that's clear. But at all events my basket is safe. I haven't even let her look at the fruit with her evil eye, so there's no harm done." But he felt uneasy, and as he could not rest, he got up and went on his way.

Soon he reached the palace, and on telling his errand was admitted.

"You have brought me some pears, have you, my boy?" said the Kaiser, well pleased; and his mouth began to water for the luscious fruit.

"Yes, your Majesty, some of the finest golden pears in your Majesty's whole empire," said the boy. The Kaiser was delighted to hear this and he himself removed the covering of leaves. But what was his anger to find under it nothing but ill-smelling sweepings from the road! The attendants, who stood by, were equally indignant at the insult offered to the emperor, and barely waited for his order to hustle the boy off to prison.

"It is all due to that old hag by the fountain," said he to himself; "I thought she meant mischief to me." This was what he said the first day and the second, but the quiet and solitude of the prison led him to think more closely and to remember the answer he had made to the old wife's question.

"I have often heard my father say," he thought, "how strong truth makes the tongue. Alas, that I did not use it as a weapon to take care of my own."

Meantime the father said to his two sons, "You see how well your elder brother has fared. He kept his eyes wide awake and carried the krattle of golden fruit in safety to the Kaiser, who was no doubt so well

pleased with it that he has kept the boy near his person and made him a rich man."

"I am as clever as he," said the second brother; "give me a krattle of the pears and let me take them to the Kaiser, and become a rich man too, only I won't keep it all for myself. I will send for you to share it with me."

"Well said, my son," answered the father; "I have worked hard for you all my life, and it is but meet that in my old age you should share your good fortune with me." And as the season for pears had just come around again, he plaited another krattle and lined it with fresh green leaves and laid in it a goodly heap of the golden fruit.

The second son took the basket and went his way, even in better spirits than his elder brother, for he had the supposed success of the first to give wings to his feet. The autumn sun was as hot through the midday as it had been the year before, so that when he had traveled three days and arrived at the wayside fountain, he too stopped to drink and rest in its coolness. The doubled-up old woman was washing her rags at the fountain and singing her ditty all out of tune. She stopped her croaking as before, to ask him the same question as she had asked his brother.

"It's pigs' wash," said he; "I am taking it to see whether I may turn a penny by it."

"Pigs' wash," repeated she, as if she did not believe it. "Belike you don't mean that?"

"But I do mean it," retorted he, rudely. And at this she made the same remark she had made his brother.

Sure enough, when the Kaiser removed the leaves, instead of golden pears there was a mess of pigs' wash. The attendants hurried the second boy off to the cell next his brother, and pitched him in with even less ceremony.

Meantime the year was passing away and bringing no tidings to the father of the good fortune promised him by his son. "The ingratitude of children is like a sharp sting," said he, in the bitterness of his grief and disappointment. He would often say to his third son, who was considered too stupid to be good for much, "What a pity it is that you are so dull-headed! If I only dared trust you I might send you to see what has befallen your brothers."

The lad was used to hear himself called a good-for-nothing, so he did not think for a long time that he might even attempt the task. But as the days went by and his father's distress grew more sore, his loving heart was moved, and one day he summoned courage to ask whether he might not try to find his brothers.

"Do you really think you can keep yourself out of harm's way?" exclaimed the father, glad to find the boy anxious to undertake the venture.

"I will do whatever you tell me," said the lad eagerly.

"Well, you shan't go empty-handed, at all events," said the father. And as the pears were just ripe again he laid the choicest of the year's stock in a krattle and sent him on his way.

The boy walked along, looking neither to right nor left, but with his heart beating, lest he should come across the "Harm" out of whose way he had promised to keep himself. All went well, however, except that the sun shone down on him fiercely, so that when he too reached the wayside fountain he was glad to stop to drink and rest in the coolness.

The old wife was washing her rags in the water, and as she patted the linen, singing a ditty all out of tune. "Here comes a third of those surly dogs, I declare," she said to herself, as she saw him arrive with another load of the magnificent pears. "I suppose he'll try to make game of me too as if I didn't know the sweet smell of ripe golden pears from road-sweepings or pigs' wash! a likely thing! But I'm ready for him."

"Good morning, little mother!" said the boy in his direct way, doffing his cap as he had been taught, although she was old and ugly.

"He's sweeter behaved than the other louts, for all he doesn't look so bright-faced," said the hag to herself; and she stopped her song out of tune to return his greeting.

"May I sit down here a bit, please, good mother?" asked the boy, for he was so simple that he thought the fountain must belong to her.

"That you may, and take a draught of the cool water, too," she answered, wondrously softened by his civil manners.

"And what may it be with which you are so laden, my pretty boy?" she asked. "It should be a precious burden to be worth carrying so far as you appear to have come. What have you in your krattle?"

"Precious indeed they are, I believe you," said the boy, "at least so you would think from the store my father sets by them. They are truly golden pears, and he says there are no finer grown in the whole kingdom. I am taking them to the Kaiser, who is fond of the fruit."

"Only ripe pears and yet so heavy," returned the old wife; "one would say it is something heavier than

pears. But you'll see when you come to your journey's end."

The boy assured her they were nothing but pears; and as one of his father's commands had been not to lose time by the way, he bade the old dame a courteous farewell and continued on his way.

When the servants saw another peasant boy from Burs come to the palace with the story that he had pears for the king, they said, "No, no! we've had enough of that! You may turn around and go back." But the poor boy was so disappointed that he could not carry out his task that he sank down on the step and sobbed bitterly, and there he remained sobbing till the Kaiser came out.

The Kaiser's little daughter was with her father. When she saw the boy sobbing, she asked what ailed him, and learned it was another boy from Burs come to insult the Kaiser with a basket of refuse. And the servants asked her whether they should not take the boy off to prison straightway. The Kaiser left the question to his daughter.

"But I have pears," sobbed the boy; "and my father says there are no finer in the empire."

"Yes, yes," jeered the servants, "we know that by heart;" and they attempted to drag him away.

"But won't you look at my pears first, fair princess? The pears that I have brought all this way for the Kaiser? My father will be so sorry."

The princess was struck with the earnestness with which he spoke, and decided to see the basket herself. The moment she said so the boy walked straight up to her with his krattle, so strong in the truth that he felt no fear of the whole troop of lackeys.

The princess removed the leaves and there indeed were golden pears, not merely yellow with ripeness, but really gold, each, large as it was, a shining pear of solid gold!

"These are pears fit for a king," she said, and presented them to her father. The Kaiser was greatly pleased. He ordered the gold fruit to be placed in his cabinet of treasures, and to the boy, as a reward, he promised whatever he should ask.

"All I wish is to find my two brothers, who hold some high office in your Majesty's court," said the boy.

"If those who came with pears before are your brothers, as I suspect, they hold office in prison," said the Kaiser, and commanded that they be brought. As soon as the two were led in, the third ran to them and embraced them. Then the Kaiser bade each tell his story.

"Strong indeed does truth make the tongue to keep its own," said the Kaiser, using almost the same words the boys had often heard their father speak. And they were truly sorry they had not kept his counsel.

The Kaiser sent for the father and gave him and his sons charge of the king's gardens. The father brought with him the pear-tree that, by the power of the truth told of it, had made golden fortune for them. And he and his sons had plenty ever after and were well content.

The Sweet Rice Porridge[2]

The Little Girl and Her Mother

There was once a little girl who was very, very poor. When noon came there was little dinner on the table for her, and at night the poor child went hungry to bed.

In the morning, when she awoke, she was still hungry. She went to the pantry, but there was nothing to eat in it. She went to the kitchen and found nothing there but empty pots and pans.

Then the little girl went to her mother. "O mother," she said, "I am so hungry." But the poor mother was sick in bed and could not get anything for herself or for her child.

When the mother was well she worked hard. She picked up wood in the forest. She washed clothes and scrubbed floors. With the money she earned she bought food for her little daughter and herself. But now the mother was sick. She lay in bed all day, and both she and her daughter were hungry.

Now, do you think the little girl fretted and cried? No, she did not, because she knew that if she cried her

sick mother would feel so sorry and sad that she would be worse. This little girl was patient and kind. She found at last one little piece of bread. She took it to her mother and said, "Here, dear mother, is a piece of bread for you. Eat it; it may make you stronger."

The Wonderful Pot

The little girl thought, "Is there not something I can do to help my sick mother?" She did not sit down with her hands in her lap and wait for something to eat to come to her. She said to herself, "I must work. What can I do? I am too small to wash clothes. I am too small to scrub floors. But I can go out into the woods. I will find herbs there and berries. I can gather them and sell them. Then I will buy bread, and we need not be hungry anymore."

So the little girl went out into the woods. There she found ripe berries. She began to pick them and put them into her little basket. An old, old woman saw her. She stood and watched the child. She saw her poor, thin little face, and that the child did not jump about and laugh and sing as other children did when they came to the woods. She saw, too, that this child did not eat even the smallest berry. As fast as she picked them she dropped them into her small basket.

The old woman's heart was full of pity for the poor little child. She said, "My child, I will help you." Then she gave her a little earthen pot. It seemed a queer thing to give to this child who had so many empty pots at home. But this was a wonderful pot. The old woman told the child all about it. She said, "My child, this little pot will cook very sweet and good rice porridge for you, and you need not put anything into it at all. Just say, "Little Pot, Cook!" and it will begin to cook the sweet rice porridge. When you have enough say, "Little Pot, Stop!" and it will stop. The little girl thanked the kind old woman and ran home with the wonderful pot.

The Mother Well Again

The little girl ran home as fast as she could run. "O dear mother," she said, "see what a good old woman gave me. It is such a wonderful pot. All we need do is to say, 'Little Pot, Cook!' and it will cook rice porridge for us. When we have enough, we must say, 'Little Pot, Stop!' and it will stop cooking."

Then the little girl set the pot on the hearthstone. The mother called out, "Little Pot, Cook!" Her voice was weak, but the little pot heard and began to cook. Soon it was full up to the very top with rice porridge.

Then the mother called out, "Little Pot, Stop!" and the wonderful little pot stopped. Oh, how quickly the little girl ran to the cupboard! She brought out plates and spoons, and soon she and the poor sick mother were eating sweet rice.

The Flood of Rice

The mother was soon so well and strong that she could go to her work again. Every day she and her daughter had rice porridge for breakfast. When they had eaten their breakfast the mother always put the pot away on a shelf and said, "Now, little daughter, be a good girl. Take care of the house and do not touch the little pot while I am gone. When I come home we shall have some more of the porridge you like so much."

And the little girl kissed her mother and promised to obey her. This happened for many days. But one day the little girl said to herself, "Dear me, I am very hungry. How good some of that rice porridge would taste. I am sure I wouldn't break the little pot. I would be so very careful."

She said this many times to herself. At last she stood upon a chair and reached up to the high shelf where her mother had put the little pot. She took it

down and set it on the hearthstone. Then she said, "Little Pot, Cook!" The little pot heard and began to cook. The little girl got a plate and spoon and taking some rice sat down to eat.

But she forgot all about speaking to the little pot and it went on cooking. The child was so busy eating that she never noticed what was happening. The wonderful pot was still cooking and the rice porridge began running over. When the little girl saw it, she called out, "Here, that is enough!" But the little pot did not stop and the rice porridge poured out over the floor.

The little girl was frightened. She called out very loud, "That is enough! Cook no more! Halt! Halt!" It was all of no use. She had forgotten the right words to say and the little pot kept on cooking. The rice porridge was still pouring out into the room. Soon the chairs and the table were standing in it. The little girl was more frightened than ever.

She opened the door and ran out into the yard and rice porridge came streaming out after her.

How the other children of the neighborhood laughed and shouted when they saw the stream of rice porridge! They came running with spoons in their hands and began to eat it. All the older people laughed and wondered, too. But soon the people became

anxious. They said, "This rice porridge will get into our houses and we shall all be drowned in it." So the people and their children ran into their houses and shut all the doors and windows to keep out the rice porridge. The streets were full of it. It rose up higher and higher. It covered up the windows so that their houses were as dark as night.

The Valley Filled Up

The little girl's home was down in a valley. High up on the mountain there stood a beautiful house. Rich persons lived there, and the little girl's mother often went to work for them. This very day, when the little girl had been so disobedient, her mother was working in the house away up on the mountain.

When the little girl saw the rice porridge streaming out into the streets and filling up the valley, she ran up the mountain's side as fast as she could to tell her mother all that had happened. As soon as she saw her mother, she called out, "O mother, I took down the little pot and told it to cook. When I wanted it to stop I forgot what to say. It won't stop cooking, and the whole valley is full of rice porridge."

The mother called out softly "Little Pot, Stop!" and the little pot heard her and stopped. But still the

whole valley was full of rice porridge. It covered the houses. It was up even to the church steeple.

When the milkmen came in the morning they saw it. They called out, "What is this?" The people shouted back, "It is rice porridge. If you want to come to us, you must dig your way through." And it was so. Whoever wanted to go into that valley had to dig his way through the sweet rice porridge that filled it.

For many days the people were busy eating rice porridge. As for the little girl who had caused all this trouble, she felt very sorry and ashamed, and I am sure was never disobedient again.

The Story of Regulus[3]

On the other side of the sea from Rome there was once a great city named Carthage. The Roman people were never very friendly to the people of Carthage, and at last a war began between them. For a long time it was hard to tell which would prove the stronger. First the Romans would gain a battle, and then the men of Carthage would gain a battle; and so the war went on for many years.

Among the Romans there was a brave general named Regulus, — a man of whom it was said that he never broke his word. It so happened after a while, that Regulus was taken prisoner and carried to Carthage. Ill and very lonely, he dreamed of his wife and little children so far away beyond the sea; and he had but little hope of ever seeing them again. He loved his home dearly, but he believed that his first duty was to his country; and so he had left all, to fight in this cruel war.

He had lost a battle, it is true, and had been taken prisoner. Yet he knew that the Romans were gaining ground, and the people of Carthage were afraid of being beaten in the end. They had sent into other

countries to hire soldiers to help them; but even with these they would not be able to fight much longer against Rome.

One day some of the rulers of Carthage came to the prison to talk with Regulus.

"We should like to make peace with the Roman people," they said, "and we are sure, that, if your rulers at home knew how the war is going, they would be glad to make peace with us. We will set you free and let you go home, if you will agree to do as we say."

"What is that?" asked Regulus.

"In the first place," they said, "you must tell the Romans about the battles which you have lost, and you must make it plain to them that they have not gained anything by the war. In the second place, you must promise us, that, if they will not make peace, you will come back to your prison."

"Very well," said Regulus, "I promise you, that, if they will not make peace, I will come back to prison."

And so they let him go; for they knew that a great Roman would keep his word.

When he came to Rome, all the people greeted him gladly. His wife and children were very happy, for they thought that now they would not be parted again. The white-haired Fathers who made the laws for the city came to see him. They asked him about the war.

"I was sent from Carthage to ask you to make peace," he said. "But it will not be wise to make peace. True, we have been beaten in a few battles, but our army is gaining ground every day. The people of Carthage are afraid, and well they may be. Keep on with the war a little while longer, and Carthage shall be yours. As for me, I have come to bid my wife and children and Rome farewell. Tomorrow I will start back to Carthage and to prison; for I have promised."

Then the Fathers tried to persuade him to stay.

"Let us send another man in your place," they said.

"Shall a Roman not keep his word?" answered Regulus. "I am ill, and at the best have not long to live. I will go back, as I promised."

His wife and little children wept, and his sons begged him not to leave them again.

"I have given my word," said Regulus. "The rest will be taken care of."

Then he bade them good-bye, and went bravely back to the prison and the cruel death which he expected.

This was the kind of courage that made Rome the greatest city in the world.

The Boy Who Could Not Be Bribed[4]

A Story about the Duke of Wellington

Men who hunt foxes often do great damage to the farmers' crops by riding over the fields on horseback. One day a farmer, who was at work in his field, saw a party of red-coated huntsmen, with their dogs, coming across one of his meadows toward a wheat field. As the wheat was just springing up, the farmer was anxious that it should not be trampled down.

Calling one of his plow boys, who was working close by, he told him to run quickly and shut the gate, and to make sure that none of the hunters went into the field.

The boy hurried away, and reached the field just in time to shut the gate as the first huntsman rode up.

"Open the gate at once, my boy," said the man, "we want to go through the field."

"I can't do it," answered the boy, "master has ordered me to let no one pass through, so I cannot open the gate myself, or allow you to do so."

By this time others of the hunting party had come up, and one was so angry with the boy that he

threatened to strike him with his whip if he did not open the gate. The lad replied that he was only obeying his master, and that it was his duty to do so.

Another gentleman offered to give the lad a sovereign if he would allow them to pass through. This was very tempting to the boy who had never had so much money; but he remembered his duty, and refused to disobey his master's orders.

This delay annoyed the hunting party very much, and at last a stately gentleman came up and said: "My boy, you do not know me, — I am the Duke of Wellington, — one not in the habit of being disobeyed; I command you to open the gate this moment that my friends and I may pass through."

The boy looked in wonder at the great soldier. He had heard of his many victories, and was proud to be talking to so great a man. He took off his hat, bowed to the great Duke, and replied:

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey my master's orders; I must keep this gate shut, and cannot let anyone pass without the farmer's permission."

The Duke was pleased with the boy's answer and, raising his hat, he said: "I can honor the boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into disobeying

orders. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer the world."

The hunting party now no longer tried to pass through the forbidden gate, but, turning their horses, rode in another direction. The boy ran toward his master, shouting:

"Hurrah! hurrah! for the Duke of Wellington!"

The farmer, who had watched the scene, was much concerned when he learned who it was that had been turned away, but he felt that he had found a boy whom he could trust.

The Honest Farmer[5]

There was a war in Germany long ago and thousands of soldiers were scattered over the country. A captain of cavalry, who had a great many men and horses to feed, was told by his colonel that he must get food from the farms nearby. The captain walked for some time through the lonely valley, and at last knocked at the door of a small cottage. The man who opened it looked old and lame. He leaned on a stick.

"Good-day, sir," said the captain. "Will you kindly show me a field where my soldiers can cut the grain and carry it off for our army?" The old man led the soldiers through the valley for about a mile, and in the distance they saw a field of barley waving in the breeze.

"This is just what we want. We'll stop here," exclaimed the captain.

"No, not yet," said the old man. "You must follow me a little further."

After another mile or two, they came to a second field of barley. The soldiers alighted, cut down the grain, tied it in sheaves, and rode away with it.

Then the captain said to the old farmer: "Why did you make us walk so far? The first field of barley was better than this one."

"That is true, sir," answered the honest old man; "but it was not mine."

Truth is Mighty and Will Prevail[6]

When Darius was crowned king of Persia, he made a great feast to all his subjects throughout one hundred and twenty-seven provinces.

When the celebration was over, Darius went to his palace and fell asleep, but was soon awakened by the conversation of three young men who were standing guard over his bedchamber.

They were disputing as to what was the strongest thing in the world; and, as they became excited, they talked so loud that they awakened their king. But he, instead of telling them to be quiet, listened to their argument. They were saying: "Let each of us write a sentence telling what we think is strongest, and put it under the king's pillow; then on the morrow he with the three princes of Persia will decide which is wisest. The winner then shall be given great gifts for his victory."

They did as they had agreed. The first wrote: "Wine is strongest."

The second wrote: "The king is strongest."

The third wrote: "Above all, truth beareth the victory."

These writings they placed under the king's pillow. The next day the king sat in his judgment hall with all the princes and governors of provinces around him, and ordered that the three young men should be called to justify their opinions.

The one who thought wine the strongest thing in the world arose, and said: "O men, how strong is wine! It makes fools of even the greatest men. The mightiest king and the most ignorant child are equal when under its power. The sad become merry because of it. It maketh all, even the poorest, feel rich. Their talk becomes inflated, their memories dulled, so that, whether they love or quarrel over their cups, it amounts to the same thing, because afterwards they forget all about it. If wine can do this, is it not the strongest thing in the world?"

Then the second defended his belief that the king was the strongest with these words:

"The king is mighty above all else. If he bids men go to war, they do it. They cross countries and mountains, tear down city walls and attack the towers, and, when they have conquered the country, they bring all the spoil to the king. In the same way, when the farmer tills his land and reaps again after his sowing, he pays a large share of it to the king as taxes. He is but a single man, but, when he orders a person

put to death, it is done. When he commands others to be spared, they are saved. So all his people obey him, and he does as he pleases. O judges, does not this prove that the king is mightiest?"

Then spake the third young man. Zorobabel was his name.

"O king, great is truth, and stronger than all things. Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, all the children of men are wicked, and they shall perish. But truth lasts forever. She is always strong, she never dies and is never defeated. With truth there is no respect of persons, and she cannot be bribed. She doeth the things that are just. She is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth." With these words he finished, and the people burst out in a great shout: "Great is truth, and mighty above all things."

Then the king said: "Ask of me whatever thou wilt. Thou art the wisest."

And the young man said: "Remember thy promise to build Jerusalem in the day when thou comest to thy kingdom. Behold thou hast vowed to rebuild our temple, and now, O king, I desire thee to keep close to truth, and fulfill the promise which thou hast made before the King of heaven."

Then the king kissed him, and sent him to Jerusalem, rejoicing. And the young man turned his face toward heaven, and prayed to Jehovah, saying: "From thee cometh victory, from thee cometh wisdom. Thine is the glory, and I am thy servant."

Thus by the wisdom of the young man Zorobabel, the king of Persia was persuaded to rebuild Jerusalem.

Hans the Shepherd Boy[7]

Hans was a little shepherd boy, who lived in Germany. One day he was keeping his sheep near a great wood when a hunter rode up to him.

"How far is it to the nearest village, my boy?" asked the hunter.

"It is six miles, sir," said Hans. "But the road is only a sheep track. You might easily miss your way."

"My boy," said the hunter, "if you will show me the way, I will pay you well."

Hans shook his head. "I cannot leave the sheep, sir," he said. "They would stray into the wood and the wolves might kill them."

"But if one or two sheep are eaten by the wolves, I will pay you for them. I will give you more than you can earn in a year."

"Sir, I cannot go," said Hans. "These sheep are my master's. If they are lost, I should be to blame."

"If you cannot show me the way, will you get me a guide? I will take care of your sheep while you are gone."

"No," said Hans, "I cannot do that. The sheep do not know your voice, and —" Then he stopped.

"Can't you trust me?" asked the hunter.

"No," said Hans. "You have tried to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed. "You are right," said he. "I wish I could trust my servants as your master can trust you. Show me the path. I will try to get to the village alone."

Just then several men rode out of the wood. They shouted for joy.

"Oh, sir!" cried one, "we thought you were lost."

Then Hans learned to his great surprise that the hunter was a Prince. He was afraid that the great man would be angry with him. But the Prince smiled and spoke in praise of him.

A few days later a servant came from the Prince and took Hans to the palace.

"Hans," said the Prince, "I want you to leave your sheep to come and serve me. I know you are a boy whom I can trust."

Hans was very happy over his good fortune. "If my master can find another boy to take my place, then I will come and serve you."

So Hans went back and tended the sheep until his master found another boy. After that he served the Prince many years.

Courage

The Girl Who Saved Her Father[8]

Prascovia was a little girl of Russia whose father was a captain of the army.

A wonderful life, a child of today thinks, must have been hers. We can shut our eyes and imagine we see her in her bright cap, furs, and high boots. Russia is a fairy-land for children in the winter with its ice carnivals, the dashing sleighs, and everyone full of happiness and laughter.

But Prascovia was not a fortunate child of Russia. For some unknown reason her father had been banished to black Siberia, and Prascovia and her mother went with him for they could not bear to think of his bearing his exile alone.

Siberia is a barren, terrible district of Russia. For weeks at a time there is no sunshine, and the winter lasts for nine months. Prascovia was cold and lonely and untaught, but she tried to be of as much comfort to her mother and father as she could. She helped to keep house in the bare little hut that was their only home, and when she was older she found employment in the village, going out to help in harvesting the rye, and receiving a bundle of the grain

once in a while as her wages. She was a merry little girl in spite of the hard work, her dreary home, the deep snow, and the iron frosts. She made the long darkness bright with her own sunshine, but each day she saw her father growing more and more sad. He had tried to serve his emperor truly and well. His banishment to Siberia was due to a mistake, but the Russian government was so despotic that he could not see his way to freedom.

Prascovia had not understood this when she was younger. When she was fifteen she saw that her father was growing bent and gray with his grief. Then a wonderful thought came to her. Although she had not been away from Siberia for years, she made up her mind that, now, she would go. She had decided to make the long journey to the capitol city of Russia, Saint Petersburg. Here she would beg the emperor of all Russia to pardon her father, Captain Loopolof.

Prascovia dreamed of her journey as she walked over the snow between the dark pine trees. When she asked her father and mother if she might go, it seemed as if they could not let her.

"You will not be able to obtain a passport," they said, "and without one you will be at once returned to Siberia."

"I will write to Saint Petersburg for one," she said.

And after a long wait of six months Prascovia received a passport from the capitol, so that she was able to begin preparation for the journey.

There was not much, though, that she could do to get ready. Very early in the morning she dressed in her poor, coarse clothes and slung a bag of food over her shoulder. They had one silver rouble, that was all; and her father begged her to take it. Some of the poorest exiles gave her what little money they had, too, a handful of copper kopeks. So Prascovia started away, alone, to find her emperor.

She had to walk, and it was very cold and lonely. She often lost her way in the long stretches of dark, silent forests. The winter began to come on, and with it an eight days' snow storm so that Prascovia was obliged to beg shelter in a peasant's hut until it was over. Robbers stole her money, and it seemed to the girl that there was no use in her starting on again.

There were no railways, even if Prascovia had been able to pay for a ticket on a train. Most of the traffic was carried on by means of sleds, and one day a convoy of these came to the post station near where the girl had been obliged to stop her journey.

They were going along the route toward Saint Petersburg, and when she found this out, Prascovia fell on her knees at the feet of the head trader.

"Take me with you!" she begged. "I must see my emperor and ask him to pardon my father. Oh, help me to find my emperor," she begged.

It was impossible to resist the girl's pleading. The traders were rough men but kind, and they let her jump into one of the sledges and cover herself with the wrapping of a bale of goods. So she took up the journey again.

Now, it was real winter. At night the sky was sown with glittering stars, and the sledges creaked as they slid over the thick ice crust of the snow. Prascovia's clothes were too thin for such weather; first she felt very cold, and then quite numb and sleepy.

"How quiet the child is," thought the sledge driver. When they drove to the next post station, they had to lift Prascovia from the sledge and carry her into the hut for she was almost frozen to death. They knew how to take care of her, though. They rubbed her hands and feet and her pale little face. They gave her hot drinks, and soon she opened her eyes and smiled at these kind friends. When they started again the drivers made Prascovia wear their sheepskin coats in turn, getting out the sledges and walking along beside the horses so that they, themselves, might not freeze.

Soon they came to the end of the sledge route. Saint Petersburg was nearer, but there was still a long

stretch of little villages and towns through which Prascovia must walk. It had been a hard winter, and the cold was not yet over. One day as Prascovia trudged along over the snow she suddenly fell. When she opened her eyes, she was tucked up in warm bed beside the wall of a little cottage. A kind face framed in a ruffled white cap looked down, smiling, at her. This good peasant woman had found Prascovia and brought her home. Prascovia stayed with her all the spring and the summer until the roads were again fit for sleighing.

It was hard for Prascovia to be patient all this time, but she was too weak to travel. She helped the woman to keep her cottage clean, the samovar shining, and the garden trim and neat. Everyone in the village grew to know the little girl with the long, dark braids, wistful brown eyes, and patient smile. They were poor people themselves, with very little money, but they brought her gifts. At the end of her first year away from her father and mother in Siberia, Prascovia started on again toward Saint Petersburg. Before long she reached the great city, all white and gold, and with its minarets and mosques shining in the sun.

It seemed to Prascovia that now her troubles were over, but this was not so. Everyone she met was richly dressed in velvet and furs and would not heed her. She

was pushed this way and that, and nearly trampled to death under the sleighs full of merry makers. For weeks she sat on the steps of the Senate house, asking for an audience with the emperor, but she was only pushed aside and laughed at. The greatest kindness she received was to have a kopek flung at her, for the people who passed her thought that she was a beggar girl.

Prascovia was very steadfast and patient, though. She told her story to a great many people, and after a while it came to the ears of the empress mother. She sent for the girl and was deeply touched by her love and devotion to her father. She gave Prascovia three hundred roubles. Best of all, she said that she would take Prascovia to the emperor.

It was like a fairy tale come true then. Prascovia was dressed in the beautiful, rich clothes that other Russian girls wear. Her hair, that floated over her shoulders like a long, dark veil, was fastened with a gold band. With the empress mother and ladies of state, she went to the great throne room of the palace.

The gold and jewels, the long flight of steps that led up to the glittering throne, the emperor in his dazzling crown and ermine robe looking down at her, almost blinded Prascovia. She did not know that the eyes of the court were wet with tears when they saw

her come in and kneel down at the throne steps. She could scarcely hear the emperor as he bade her rise and take from his hand her father's pardon.

Prascovia might have sent the pardon to Siberia and waited in Saint Petersburg, a happy guest of the empress mother, until her father and mother came for her. She did not want to do this. She wanted to put the pardon into her father's hands herself, so she took the long journey back home again.

It was quite like a triumph journey, though. Prascovia had money enough to travel all the way in comfort. Everyone wanted to help her, for all Russia knew of what she had done for her father. At the post stations children waited for her with gifts. She was like a little queen going home to her Kingdom.

It made Captain Loopolof young and joyful again to know that his emperor had pardoned him and reinstated him in the army. His greatest happiness, though, was in his daughter's devotion. She is the girl of all history who honored her father the most.

The Little Hero of Haarlem[9]

A long way off across the ocean there is a little country where the ground is lower than the level of the sea instead of higher, as it is here. Of course the water would run in and cover the land and the houses if something were not done to keep it out. But something is done. The people build great thick walls all round the country, and the walls keep the sea out. You see how much depends on these walls, — the good crops, the houses, and even the safety of the people. Even the small children in that country know that an accident to one of the walls is a terrible thing. These walls are really great banks as wide as roads and they are called dikes.

Once there was a little boy who lived in that country whose name was Hans. One day he took his little brother out along the dike to play. They went a long way out of the town, and came to where there were no houses, but ever so many flowers and green fields. By and by Hans climbed up on the dike and sat down; the little brother was playing about at the foot of the bank. Suddenly the little brother called out, "Oh! what a funny little hole! It bubbles."

"Hole! Where?" said Hans. "Here in the bank," said the little brother; "water's in it."

"What!" said Hans, and he slid down as fast as he could to where his brother was playing. There was the tiniest little hole in the bank, just an air-hole. A drop of water bubbled slowly through.

"It is a hole in the dike!" cried Hans. "What shall we do?"

He looked all round; not a person or a house in sight. He looked at the hole; the little drops oozed steadily through; he knew that the water would soon break a great gap because that tiny hole gave it a chance. The town was so far away — if they ran for help it would be too late; what should he do? Once more he looked. The hole was larger now and the water was trickling. Suddenly a thought came to Hans. He stuck his little forefinger right into the hole where it fitted tight, and he said to his little brother, "Run, Dietrieg! Go to the town and tell the men there's a hole in the dike. Tell them I will keep it stopped until they get here."

The little brother knew by Hans's face that something very serious was the matter, and he started for the town as fast as his legs could run. Hans, kneeling with his finger in the hole, watched him grow smaller and smaller as he got farther away. Pretty soon

he was as small as a chicken, then he was only a speck; then he was out of sight. Hans was all alone, squatted on the ground with his finger tight in the bank. He could hear the water slap, slap, slap, on the stones and deep down under the slapping was a gurgling, rumbling sound — it seemed very near.

Pretty soon his hand began to feel numb. He rubbed it with the other hand, but it got colder and more numb, colder and more numb every minute. He looked to see if the men were coming; the road was bare, as far as he could see. Then the cold began creeping, creeping up his arm; first his wrist, then his arm to the elbow, then his arm to the shoulder; how cold it was! And soon it began to ache. Ugly little cramp-pains streamed up his finger, up his palm, up his arm till it ached way into his shoulder and down the back of his neck. It seemed hours since the little brother went away. He felt lonely and the hurt in his arm grew and grew. He watched the road with all his eyes, but no one came in sight. Then he leaned his head against the dike to rest his shoulder.

As his ear touched the dike he heard the voice of the great sea murmuring. The sound seemed to say, "I am the great sea. No one can stand against me. What are you, a little child, that you try to keep me out? Beware, beware!"

Hans's heart beat in heavy knocks. Would they never come? He was frightened — and the water went on beating at the wall and murmuring, — "I will come through, I will come through, I will get you, I will get you. Run, run before I come through!"

Hans started to pull out his finger; he was so frightened that he felt as if he must run forever. But that minute he remembered how much depended on him; if he pulled out his finger, the water would surely make the hole bigger and at last break down the dike, and the sea would come in on all the land and houses. He set his teeth, and stuck his finger tighter than ever.

"You shall not come through!" he whispered. "I will not run!"

Just as he thought it, he heard a far-off shout. Far in the distance he saw a black something in the road and dust. The men were coming! At last they were coming. They came nearer, fast, and he could make out his own father and the neighbors. They had pickaxes and shovels and they were running — and as they ran they shouted: "We're coming; take heart, we're coming!"

The next minute it seemed they were there. And when they saw Hans with his pale face and his hand tight in the dike they gave a great cheer — just as people do for soldiers back from war; and they lifted

him up and rubbed his aching arm with tender hands, and they told him that he was a real hero and that he had saved the town.

When the men had mended the dike, they marched home like an army, and Hans was carried high on their shoulders because he was a hero. And to this day the people of Haarlem tell the story of how the little boy saved the dike.

Nathan Hale[10]

On the 6th of June, 1755, was born Nathan Hale; his father was a farmer and deacon of his church, who brought up his boys in true New England habits, hardy, self-reliant, honest and loyal. When Nathan was fifteen, he went to Yale College and after graduating there he became a school-teacher.

Two years later, on April 19, 1775, a messenger galloping from Boston brought the news of the battle of Lexington and the call to arms. Nathan Hale offered himself eagerly among the first. "Let us march immediately," he cried, "and never lay down our arms till we obtain our independence." He wrote to the managers of his school that he went to war because he could serve his country in its time of danger.

As the war went on, Hale began to show what a man he was. The army was short of clothes, food, ammunition, and pay. The soldiers grew discouraged, and wanted to go home. Hale, who was now a Captain, tried, as did the other officers, to persuade the soldiers not to go. Finally, he went to them, and dividing his own pay among them, managed thus to make them stay.

After the disastrous battle of Long Island, the Americans were in a worse state than ever. They had to guard long stretches of shore and could not tell at what point the British might land from Long Island and attack them. General Washington felt that he must know more about the British; he must have maps of their camp, lists of their regiments, and, if possible, some idea of their plans. To obtain this information, he must find an intelligent spy. A counsel of officers was called and a volunteer was asked for. No one would go. The risks were great: if the spy were caught, a dishonorable death; even if he was successful, little reward or honor. So the Council sat silent wondering what to do. Suddenly a clear voice spoke out: "I will go." It was Captain Nathan Hale. Truly loving his country, and willing to sacrifice his own ambitions, even his life for her, he was the only one ready to undertake the mission. His friends begged him not to go, but Hale answered with warmth: "I believe it is my duty to get this much-needed information for my country. I realize all the dangers of doing this, but I have been in the army a year and done no great service for my country. Now when my chance comes, I will take it."

Hale dressed himself in the plain brown dress and broad-brimmed hat of a schoolmaster, was rowed

across to Long Island, and somehow got into the British camp. He was there about two weeks, found out all he wanted to know, and was just safely out of the British lines and waiting on the shore to be rowed back when some British soldiers, led by a betrayer, fell upon him and captured him. He was searched; at first they discovered only his college diploma, but finally under the inner soles of his shoes they found thin pieces of paper, with plans, lists, and notes about the British army written in Latin. He was taken before General Howe and, as the proof was clear, was quickly sentenced to be hung the next morning. He showed no fear at the thought of death. He said that his only regret was that his efforts to help the American army were not successful.

Hale was put under guard of Provost-Marshal Cunningham, a brutal and cruel man. When Hale asked for a clergyman, he was refused; and when he begged for a Bible, that also was denied. Even when he asked for paper and pen, it was only through the kindness of a young lieutenant that he managed to get it. He wrote letters to his friends and family, but when his jailor read them, he was so furious at the noble sentiments he found that he tore them up, crying, "The rebels shall never know they had a man who could die with such firmness."

Next morning, Hale was led out to execution, friendless and brutally treated, but still as brave and loyal to his country as ever. His last words as he was about to die will never be forgotten. "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Perseverance Wins[11]

About thirty years ago I stepped into a book shop in Cincinnati. While there, a ragged little boy, not over twelve, came in to ask how much geographies cost.

"One dollar, my lad."

"I have only sixty-two cents," said the boy eagerly; "will you let me have the book, and wait awhile for the rest of the money?"

When the man refused his request, the lad seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes. He looked up at me with a poor attempt at a smile and left the store. I overtook him.

"What now? "I asked.

"I shall try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him and four times he was refused. "Will you try again?" I asked. "Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get the book."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

"Why do you want the book so much?" asked the proprietor.

"To study, sir; I cannot go to school, but when I have time I study at home. My father was a sailor and I want to know something about the places that he used to go to."

"Does he go to those places now?"

"He is dead," replied the boy softly. Then he added, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Well, my lad," said the proprietor, "I will let you have a geography that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and is it just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, it is as good as the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then; and I shall have twelve cents left towards buying some other book. I am glad that they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. When he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper with it. "A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that and you will make your mark," said the bookseller. "Thank you, sir; you are very good."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the shelves. I gave him a bank note. "May I buy what I want with it?" he said. I nodded. "Then I will buy a book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and someday I hope I can pay you." He asked my name and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him.

Last year I went to Europe; we had pleasant weather the greater part of the voyage; but toward the end there came a terrible storm. Every mast was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak was filling the vessel with water. After pumping for one whole night, with the water still gaining upon them, the sailors gave up in despair and prepared to take to the boats, but the captain, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post. It was surprising to see those men bow before his strong will and hurry back to the pumps.

As he passed me, I asked him whether there was any hope of saving the vessel. "Yes, sir," he answered, "so long as one inch of this deck remains above water, there is hope. When that fails, I shall abandon the vessel, not before, nor shall one of my crew. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board and we went to work again. "I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safe, but the vessel sunk soon after she was moored to the dock. I was the last to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand and said, "Judge Preston, do you recognize me?" I told him that I did not.

"Do you remember the boy who had so much difficulty in getting a geography? He owes a debt of gratitude for your encouragement and kindness to him."

"I remember him very well, sir. His name was William Hartley."

"I am he," said the captain. "God bless you!"

"And God bless you too, Captain Hartley," I said. "The perseverance that, thirty years ago, secured you that geography, has today saved our lives."

Jack Binns, the Hero of the Steamship Republic[12]

Several years ago occurred the most thrilling rescue at sea ever known in marine annals. It was at this time that the wireless telegraphy proved to the world its tremendous possibilities for service.

It was the 23d of January, 1909. The great White Star liner Republic with seven hundred souls on board was groping her way through a dense fog some twenty-six miles south of Nantucket. She had been enveloped in fog ever since leaving New York City some fifteen hours before. Suddenly out of the gloom appeared a huge steamer. Prow on, she dealt the Republic an over-whelming blow in the side, and then vanished into the fog.

The terrified passengers rushed on deck to find themselves in total darkness. From the moment of collision, all lights went out on the ship. Captain Sealby spoke to the people, reassuring them; and they bore themselves with great calmness and self-control. Even while the captain spoke, the wireless operator, John R. Binns, a young man of twenty-five years, was bending to his work.

The walls of his narrow room had been crushed and a portion of his apparatus wrecked. He could do nothing with his dynamos. But using his accumulators he began throwing messages over the sea. He told of the sad plight of the Republic and called for aid. There, in the darkness, with the ship still reeling from the shock, with the water pouring into the hold, with hundreds of human beings in terror of death on the deck hard by, Jack Binns sounded the distress call: "C.Q.D."; "C.Q.D."; "C.Q.D."

"C.Q.D." is the most important signal in the service. When that call is heard, all the stations drop their work and attend to it alone.

Siasconset, on Nantucket Island, the farthest seaward station on the American coast, heard the call and answered. Immediately she passed on the word to all ships on the sea equipped with the wireless telegraph within two hundred miles. She also informed all land stations within the same radius. In this way two steamships, the White Star liner Baltic and the French steamer La Lorraine, were turned from their course and directed toward their sister ship in her great peril. The Lucania also offered help.

The apparatus on the Republic was weak. Binns nursed his power against a time when he might need it more. His machine could send messages only a little

over sixty miles. Siasconset caught these messages and repeated them to the hastening ships and to the shore. From the harbors, revenue cutters sped towards Nantucket to see what aid they could offer. Within half an hour after the accident, thousands knew of what had occurred in the pall of fog out to sea and help was speeding toward the stricken vessel.

But the Florida, the steamship that had rammed the Republic, was nearest of all. She had sustained less injury than her victim. Accordingly, on Saturday morning, the passengers of the latter ship were transferred, for greater safety, to the Florida. The dangerous task lasted for several hours.

In the meanwhile, Binns still sat at his post directing, to the best of his ability, the steamers that were searching for the Republic in the midst of the enshrouding fog. This was not an easy task. "All the ships for a hundred miles around were inquiring, complaining, ordering, beseeching, bleating, like a flock of sheep. The electric snarl was complete for a time." The Baltic reached the neighborhood of the Republic at two o'clock on Saturday, but, owing to the fog, it was not until six o'clock that she succeeded in locating the Republic definitely.

Tattersall, the Marconi operator on the Baltic, "a little slim, red-whiskered Londoner, quick on his feet

and as lithe as a cat," said in regard to the search for the Republic: "It's the awful nervous strain of striving, always striving, to get the message right, when half a dozen monster batteries are jerking flashes to you at the same time, pounding in your ears, making sparks swarm before your eyes. That's what gets on a man's nerves; that's what makes you next to insane. I hardly knew what to do, with the Republic signaling me faintly, so faintly, that I couldn't make out whether they were saying, 'We are sinking,' or, 'All safe.'"

The batteries had given out on the Republic, and for some hours all signaling had been by means of submarine bells.

At six o'clock Saturday night, by orders of Captain Sealby, all the crew left the Republic, as it was feared that she might founder in the night. Binns joined Tattersall on the Baltic. Tattersall tells of their meeting as follows: "That chap Binns is a rare plucky one, he is. I know him pretty well, you know, but even so, I was astonished when he walked into my cabin Saturday night, after they had taken off the crew of the Republic.

"'Hullo!' he said, cool as you please; 'thought I'd see how you were, old chap. Had a brisk sort of a time, didn't we?'"

"He told me he never worried after the crash came. 'I worked,' he said, 'because it seemed the easiest thing to do.'"

The next morning Captain Sealby, with a volunteer crew of fifty men, boarded the Republic, which was still afloat. Binns obtained some new batteries and returned to his old post. He was there all Sunday. Three vessels undertook the towing of the Republic. It was thought she might be beached and so not be a total loss to her owners. But the hope proved vain.

In the early evening the captain ordered the brave volunteers to "abandon ship," and at eight o'clock the Republic sank. Binns had clung to his post till ordered off by the captain. One of his brave messages had said: "I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to the end." Binns kept his word, and his bearing throughout these terrible thirty-eight hours serves as a lofty precedent for all Marconi operators in the future. His "celerity, fidelity, and intelligence have made his name immortal."

A few days later M. Boutelle, of Illinois, paid in Congress a glowing tribute to Binns. He said in closing, "Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells unseen in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. It is

an inspiration to all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency and that in human life no danger is so great that some Jack Binns is not ready to face it."

The Greek Slave Who Won the Olive Crown[13]

The teeming life of the streets has vanished; the voices of the children have died away into silence; the artisan has dropped his tools, the artist has laid aside his brush, the sculptor his chisel. Night has spread her wings over the scene. The queen city of Greece is wrapped in slumber.

But, in the midst of that hushed life, there is one who sleeps not, a worshiper at the shrine of art, who feels neither fatigue nor hardship, and fears not death itself in the pursuit of his object. With the fire of genius burning in his dark eyes, a youth works with feverish haste on a group of wondrous beauty.

But why is this master artist at work, in secret, in a cellar where the sun never shone, the daylight never entered? I will tell you. Creon, the inspired worker, the son of genius, is a slave, and the penalty of pursuing his art is death.

When the Athenian law debarring all but free-men from the exercise of art was enacted, Creon was at work trying to realize in marble the vision his soul had created. The beautiful group was growing into life

under his magic touch when the cruel edict struck the chisel from his fingers.

"O ye gods!" groans the stricken youth, "why have ye deserted me, now, when my task is almost completed? I have thrown my soul, my very life, into this block of marble, and now — "

Cleone, the beautiful dark-haired sister of the sculptor, felt the blow as keenly as her brother, to whom she was utterly devoted. "O immortal Athene! my goddess, my patron, at whose shrine I have daily laid my offerings, be now my friend, the friend of my brother!" she prayed.

Then, with the light of a new-born resolve shining in her eyes, she turned to her brother, saying: —

"The thought of your brain shall live. Let us go to the cellar beneath our house. It is dark, but I will bring you light and food, and no one will discover our secret. You can there continue your work; the gods will be our allies."

It is the golden age of Pericles, the most brilliant epoch of Grecian art and dramatic literature.

The scene is one of the most memorable that has ever been enacted within the proud city of Athena

In the Agora, the public assembly or market place, are gathered together the wisdom and wit, the genius and beauty, the glory and power, of all Greece.

Enthroned in regal state sits Pericles, president of the assembly, soldier, statesman, orator, ruler, and "sole master of Athens." By his side sits his beautiful partner, the learned and queenly Aspasia. Phidias, one of the greatest sculptors, if not the greatest the world has known, who "formed a new style characterized by sublimity and ideal beauty," is there. Near him is Sophocles, the greatest of the tragic poets. Yonder we catch a glimpse of a face and form that offers the most striking contrast to the manly beauty of the poet, but whose wisdom and virtue have brought Athens to his feet. It is the "father of philosophy," Socrates. With his arm linked in that of the philosopher, we see — but why prolong the list? All Greece has been bidden to Athens to view the works of art.

The works of the great masters are there. On every side paintings and statues, marvelous in detail, exquisite in finish, challenge the admiration of the crowd and the criticism of the rival artists and connoisseurs who throng the place. But even in the midst of masterpieces, one group of statuary so far surpasses all the others that it rivets the attention of the vast assembly.

"Who is the sculptor of this group?" demands Pericles. Envious artists look from one to the other with questioning eyes, but the question remains

unanswered. No triumphant sculptor comes forward to claim the wondrous creation as the work of his brain and hand. Heralds, in thunder tones, repeat, "Who is the sculptor of this group?" No one can tell. It is a mystery. Is it the work of the gods? or — and, with bated breath, the question passes from lip to lip, "Can it have been fashioned by the hand of a slave?"

Suddenly a disturbance arises at the edge of the crowd. Loud voices are heard, and anon the trembling tones of a woman. Pushing their way through the concourse, two officers drag a shrinking girl, with dark, frightened eyes, to the feet of Pericles. "This woman," they cry, "knows the sculptor; we are sure of this; but she will not tell his name." Neither threats nor pleading can unlock the lips of the brave girl. Not even when informed that the penalty of her conduct was death would she divulge her secret. "The law," says Pericles, "is imperative. Take the maid to the dungeon."

Creon, who, with his sister, had been among the first to find his way to the Agora that morning, rushed forward, and, flinging himself at the ruler's feet, cried:

"O Pericles! forgive and save the maid. She is my sister. I am the culprit. The group is the work of my hands, the hands of a slave."

An intense silence fell upon the multitude, and then went up a mighty shout, — "To the dungeon, to the dungeon with the slave."

"As I live, no!" said Pericles, rising. "Not to the dungeon, but to my side bring the youth. The highest purpose of the law should be the development of the beautiful. The gods decide by that group that there is something higher in Greece than an unjust law. To the sculptor who fashioned it give the victor's crown."

And then, amid the applause of all the people, Aspasia placed the crown of olives on the youth's brow, and tenderly kissed the devoted sister who had been the right hand of genius.

"There is Room Enough at the Top"[14]

These words were uttered many years ago by a youth who had no other means by which to reach the top than work and will. They have since become the watchword of every poor boy whose ambition is backed by energy and a determination to make the most possible of himself.

The occasion on which Daniel Webster first said "There is room enough at the top," marked the turning point in his life. Had he not been animated at that time by an ambition to make the most of his talents, he might have remained forever in obscurity.

His father and other friends had secured for him the position of Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, of Hillsborough County, New Hampshire. Daniel was studying law in the office of Mr. Christopher Gore, a distinguished Boston lawyer, and was about ready for his admission to the bar. The position offered him was worth fifteen hundred dollars a year. This seemed a fortune to the struggling student. He lay awake the whole night following the day on which he had heard the good news, planning what he would do for his father and mother, his brother Ezekiel, and his sisters.

Next morning he hurried to the office to tell Mr. Gore of his good fortune.

"Well, my young friend," said the lawyer, when Daniel had told his story, "the gentlemen have been very kind to you; I am glad of it. You must thank them for it. You will write immediately, of course."

Webster explained that, since he must go to New Hampshire immediately, it would hardly be worthwhile to write. He could thank his good friends in person.

"Why," said Mr. Gore in great astonishment, "you don't mean to accept it, surely! "

The youth's high spirits were damped at once by his senior's manner. "The bare idea of not accepting it," he says, "so astounded me that I should have been glad to have found any hole to have hid myself in."

"Well," said Mr. Gore, seeing the disappointment his words had caused, "you must decide for yourself; but come, sit down and let us talk it over. The office is worth fifteen hundred a year, you say. Well, it never will be any more. Ten to one, if they find out it is so much, the fees will be reduced. You are appointed now by friends; others may fill their places who are of different opinions, and who have friends of their own to provide for. You will lose your place; or, supposing you to retain it, what are you but a clerk for life? And

your prospects as a lawyer are good enough to encourage you to go on. Go on, and finish your studies; you are poor enough, but there are greater evils than poverty; live on no man's favor; what bread you do eat, let it be the bread of independence; pursue your profession, make yourself useful to your friends and a little formidable to your enemies, and you have nothing to fear."

How fortunate Webster was to have at this point in his career so wise and far-seeing a friend! His father, who had made many sacrifices to educate his boys, saw in the proffered clerkship a great opening for his favorite, Daniel. He never dreamed of the future that was to make him one of America's greatest orators and statesmen. At first he could not believe that the position which he had worked so hard to obtain was to be rejected.

"Daniel, Daniel," he said sorrowfully, "don't you mean to take that office? "

"No, indeed, father," was the reply, "I hope I can do much better than that. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen; to be an actor, not a register of other men's acts. I hope yet, sir, to astonish your honor in your own court by my professional attainments." Judge Webster made no attempt to conceal his disappointment. He even tried to

discourage his son by reminding him that there were already more lawyers than the country needed.

It was in answer to this objection that Daniel used the famous and oft-quoted words, — "There is room enough at the top."

"Well, my son," said the fond but doubting father, "your mother has always said you would come to something or nothing. She was not sure which; I think you are now about settling that doubt for her."

It was very painful to Daniel to disappoint his father, but his purpose was fixed, and nothing now could change it. He knew he had turned his face in the right direction, and though when he commenced to practice law he earned only about five or six hundred dollars a year, he never regretted the decision he had made. He aimed high, and he had his reward.

It is true now and forever, as Lowell says, that —

"Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

The Red Thread of Courage[15]

This story which I am going to tell you is a true one. It happened while the English troops in India were fighting against some of the native tribes. The natives who were making trouble were people from the hill-country, called Hillsmen, and they were strong enemies. The English knew very little about them, except their courage, but they had noticed one peculiar custom, after certain battles, the Hillsmen had a way of marking the bodies of their greatest chiefs who were killed in battle by binding a red thread about the wrist; when a body was marked so, it meant the highest tribute of honor they could pay a hero. The English, however, found the common men of them quite enough to handle, for they had proved themselves good fighters and clever at ambushes.

One day, a small body of the English had marched a long way into the hill country, after the enemy, and in the afternoon they found themselves in a part of the country strange even to the guides. The men moved forward very slowly and cautiously, for fear of an ambush. The trail led into a narrow valley with very

steep, high, rocky sides, topped with woods in which the enemy might easily hide.

Here the soldiers were ordered to advance more quickly, though with caution, to get out of the dangerous place.

After a little, they came suddenly to a place where the passage was divided in two by a big three-cornered boulder which seemed to rise from the midst of the valley. The main line of men kept to the right; to save crowding the path, a sergeant and eleven men took the left, meaning to go round the rock and meet the rest beyond it.

They had been in the path only a few minutes when they saw that the rock was not a single boulder at all, but an arm of the left wall of the valley, and that they were marching into a deep ravine with no outlet except the way they came. Both sides were sheer rock, almost perpendicular, with thick trees at the top; in front of them the ground rose in a steep hill, bare of woods. As they looked up, they saw that the top was barricaded by the trunks of trees, and guarded by a strong body of Hillsmen. As the English hesitated, looking at this, a shower of spears fell from the wood's edge, aimed by hidden foes. The place was a death trap.

At this moment, their danger was seen by the officer in command of the main body, and he signaled to the sergeant to retreat.

By some terrible mischance, the signal was misunderstood. The men took it for the signal to charge. Without a moment's pause, straight up the slope, they charged on the run, cheering as they ran.

Some were killed by the spears that were thrown from the cliffs, before they had gone half way; some were stabbed as they reached the crest, and hurled backward from the precipice; two or three got to the top, and fought hand to hand with the Hillsmen. They were outnumbered, seven to one; but when the last of the English soldiers lay dead, twice their number of Hillsmen lay dead around them!

When the relief party reached the spot, later in the day, they found the bodies of their comrades, full of wounds, huddled over and in the barricade, or crushed on the rocks below. They were mutilated and battered, and bore every sign of the terrible struggle. But round both wrists of every British soldier was bound the red thread!

The Hillsmen had given their heroic foes the highest honor they paid their own brave dead.

Peaceability

The Golden Windows[16]

All day long the little boy worked hard, in field and barn and shed, for his people were poor farmers, and could not pay a workman; but at sunset there came an hour that was all his own, for his father had given it to him. Then the boy would go up to the top of a hill and look across at another hill that rose some miles away. On this far hill stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamonds. They shone and blazed so that it made the boy wink to look at them; but after a while the people in the house put up shutters, as it seemed, and then it looked like any common farmhouse. The boy supposed they did this because it was supper-time; and then he would go into the house and have his supper of bread and milk, and so to bed.

One day the boy's father called him and said: "You have been a good boy, and have earned a holiday. Take this day for your own; but remember that God gave it, and try to learn some good thing."

The boy thanked his father and kissed his mother; then he put a piece of bread in his pocket, and started off to find the house with the golden windows.

It was pleasant walking. His bare feet made marks in the white dust, and when he looked back, the footprints seemed to be following him, and making company for him. His shadow, too, kept beside him, and would dance or run with him as he pleased; so it was very cheerful.

By and by he felt hungry; and he sat down by a brown brook that ran through the alder hedge by the roadside, and ate his bread, and drank the clear water. Then he scattered the crumbs for the birds, as his mother had taught him to do, and went on his way.

After a long time he came to a high green hill; and when he had climbed the hill, there was the house on the top; but it seemed that the shutters were up, for he could not see the golden windows. He came up to the house, and then he could well have wept, for the windows were of clear glass, like any others, and there was no gold anywhere about them.

A woman came to the door, and looked kindly at the boy, and asked him what he wanted.

"I saw the golden windows from our hilltop," he said, "and I came to see them, but now they are only glass."

The woman shook her head and laughed.

"We are poor farming people," she said, "and are not likely to have gold about our windows; but glass is better to see through."

She bade the boy sit down on the broad stone step at the door, and brought him a cup of milk and a cake, and bade him rest; then she called her daughter, a child of his own age, and nodded kindly at the two, and went back to her work.

The little girl was barefooted like himself, and wore a brown cotton gown, but her hair was golden like the windows he had seen, and her eyes were blue like the sky at noon. She led the boy about the farm, and showed him her black calf with the white star on its forehead, and he told her about his own at home, which was red like a chestnut, with four white feet. Then when they had eaten an apple together, and so had become friends, the boy asked her about the golden windows. The little girl nodded, and said she knew all about them, only he had mistaken the house.

"You have come quite the wrong way!" she said. "Come with me, and I will show you the house with the golden windows, and then you will see for yourself."

They went to a knoll that rose behind the farmhouse, and as they went the little girl told him

that the golden windows could only be seen at a certain hour, about sunset.

"Yes, I know that!" said the boy.

When they reached the top of the knoll, the girl turned and pointed; and there on a hill far away stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamond, just, as he had seen them. And when they looked again, the boy saw that it was his own home.

Then he told the little girl that he must go; and he gave her his best pebble, the white one with the red hand, that he had carried for a year in his pocket; and she gave him three horse-chestnuts, one red like satin, one spotted, and one white like milk. He kissed her, and promised to come again, but he did not tell her what he had learned; and so he went back down the hill, and the little girl stood in the sunset light and watched him.

The way home was long, and it was dark before the boy reached his father's house; but the lamplight and firelight shone through the windows, making them almost as bright as he had seen them from the hilltop; and when he opened the door, his mother came to kiss him, and his little sister ran to throw her arms about his neck, and his father looked up and smiled from his seat by the fire.

"Have you had a good day?" asked his mother.

Yes, the boy had had a very good day.

"And have you learned anything?" asked his father.

"Yes!" said the boy. "I have learned that our house has windows of gold and diamond."

The Quails[17]

Ages ago a flock of more than a thousand quails lived together in a forest in India. They would have been happy, but that they were in great dread of their enemy, the quail-catcher. He used to imitate the call of the quail, and when they gathered together in answer to it, he threw a great net over them, stuffed them into his basket, and carried them away to be sold.

Now one of the quails was very wise, and he said: "Brothers! I've thought of a good plan. In future as soon as the fowler throws his net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh in the net and then all lift it up together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

All agreed to the plan, and next day when the fowler threw his net, the birds all lifted it together in the very way that the wise quail had told them, threw it on a thorn bush and escaped. While the fowler tried to free his net from the thorns, it grew dark, and he had to go home.

This happened many days, till at last the fowler's wife grew angry and asked her husband: "Why is it that you never catch any more quail?"

Then the fowler said: "The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them fast enough."

A few days later one of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers as they alighted on the feeding ground.

"Who trod on my head?" angrily inquired the quail who was hurt.

"Don't be angry, I didn't mean to tread on you," said the first quail. But the brother quail went on quarreling, and pretty soon he declared: "I lifted all the weight of the net; you didn't help at all." That made the first quail angry, and before long all were drawn into the dispute. Then the fowler saw his chance. He imitated the cry of the quail and cast his net over those who came together. They were still boasting and quarreling, and they did not help each other lift the net. So the hunter lifted the net himself and crammed them into his basket. But the wise quail gathered his friends together and flew far away, for he knew that quarrels are the root of misfortune.

The Discontented Pendulum[18]

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the Wheels remained motionless with surprise; the Weights hung speechless. Each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop, when Hands, Wheels, Weights with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard from the Pendulum, who thus spoke: —

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy Wire!" exclaimed the Dial-plate. "As to that," replied the Pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you,

Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness — you who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward year after year, as I do." "As to that," said the Dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"But what of that?" resumed the Pendulum. "Although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment.

"This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours — perhaps some of you above there can tell me the exact sum?" The Minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the Pendulum.

"Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at

the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thought I to myself, 'I'll stop!'"

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, Will it fatigue us to do? Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?" The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion fatiguing to you?" "Not in the least," replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but recollect that, although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum. "Then I hope," added the Dial-plate,

"we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the people will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the Weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

Evil Allures, But Good Endures[19]

There lived in olden times a good and kindly man. He had this world's goods in abundance, and many slaves to serve him. And the slaves prided themselves on their master, saying:

"There is no better lord than ours under the sun. He feeds and clothes us well, and gives us work suited to our strength. He bears no malice, and never speaks a harsh word to anyone. He is not like other masters, who treat their slaves worse than cattle: punishing them whether they deserve it or not, and never giving them a friendly word. He wishes us well, does good, and speaks kindly to us. We do not wish for a better life."

Thus the slaves praised their lord, and the Devil, seeing it, was vexed that slaves should live in such love and harmony with their master. So getting one of them, whose name was Aleb, into his power, the Devil ordered him to tempt the other slaves. And one day, when they were all sitting together, resting and talking of their master's goodness, Aleb raised his voice, and said:

"It is stupid to make so much of our master's goodness. The Devil himself would be kind to you, if you did what he wanted. We serve our master well, and humor him in all things. As soon as he thinks of anything, we do it, foreseeing all his wishes. What can he do but be kind to us? Just try how it will be if, instead of humoring him, we do him some harm instead. He will act like anyone else, and will repay evil for evil, as the worst of masters do."

The other slaves began denying what Aleb had said, and at last bet with him. Aleb undertook to make their master angry. If he failed, he was to lose his holiday garment; but if he succeeded, the other slaves were to give him theirs. Moreover, they promised to defend him against the master, and to set him free if he should be put in chains or imprisoned. Having arranged this bet, Aleb agreed to make his master angry next morning.

Aleb was a shepherd, and had in his charge a number of valuable, pure-bred sheep, of which his master was very fond. Next morning, when the master brought some visitors into the enclosure to show them the valuable sheep, Aleb winked at his companions, as if to say:

"See, now, how angry I will make him."

All the other slaves assembled, looking in at the gates or over the fence, and the Devil climbed a tree nearby to see how his servant would do his work. The master walked about the enclosure, showing his guests the ewes and lambs, and presently he wished to show them his finest ram.

"All the rams are valuable," said he, "but I have one with closely twisted horns, which is priceless. I prize him as the apple of my eye."

Startled by the strangers, the sheep rushed about the enclosure, so that the visitors could not get a good look at the ram. As soon as it stood still, Aleb startled the sheep as if by accident, and they all got mixed up again. The visitors could not make out which was the priceless ram. At last the master got tired of it.

"Aleb, dear friend," he said, "pray catch our best ram for me, the one with the tightly twisted horns. Catch him very carefully, and hold him still for a moment."

Scarcely had the master said this, when Aleb rushed in among the sheep like a lion, and clutched the priceless ram. Holding him fast by the wool, he seized the left hind leg with one hand, and, before his master's eyes, lifted it and jerked it so that it snapped like a dry branch. He had broken the ram's leg, and it fell bleating on to its knees. Then Aleb seized the right

hind leg, while the left twisted round and hung quite limp. The visitors and the slaves exclaimed in dismay. The master looked as black as thunder, frowned, bent his head, and did not say a word. The visitors and the slaves were silent too, waiting to see what would follow. After remaining silent for a while, the master shook himself as if to throw off some burden. Then he lifted his head, and raising his eyes heavenward, remained so for a short time. Presently the wrinkles passed from his face, and he looked down at Aleb with a smile, saying:

"Oh, Aleb, Aleb! Your master bade you anger me; but my master is stronger than yours. I am not angry with you, but I will make your master angry. You are afraid that I shall punish you, and you have been wishing for your freedom. Know, then, Aleb, that I shall not punish you; but, as you wish to be free, here, before my guests, I set you free. Go where you like, and take your holiday garment with you!"

And the kind master returned with his guests to the house; but the Devil, grinding his teeth, fell down from the tree, and sank through the ground.

Henry Fawcett, the Blind Postmaster General[20]

Born in England August 26, 1833; Died November 6, 1884

Henry Fawcett was not an easy boy to handle. His first teacher said she never had so troublesome a pupil. "Mrs. Harris says that if we go on we shall kill her," he told his mother, "and we do go on, but yet she does not die!" He loved fishing and sport, and it was not until he was about fourteen that he began to study hard. He saw then that without work nothing could be accomplished. He edited a school newspaper, became interested in chemistry and mathematics, and even wrote a lecture on the uses of steam. His father was so delighted with the lecture that he gave Henry a gold sovereign. When the boys talked about what the 7 would do when they were grown up, Henry said he would be a Member of Parliament, an idea that his comrades greeted with roars of laughter.

In the autumn of 1858, when he was twenty-five, Fawcett went out shooting with his father. They were crossing a turnip field, when up started some

partridges, who flew by into a field where the men had no right to shoot. Henry resolved that this should not happen again, and so he ran forward about thirty yards to frighten back any new covey. Soon another covey rose, and the father, who was near-sighted, forgot just where his son was, and fired at the birds. Several of the shots hit Henry, just entering his chest through his thick coat, but two of them hit his spectacles, making a clean hole through each glass and penetrating both eyes. He was instantly blinded for life. Fawcett's first thought was that he should never again see the wonderful view of river and hill before him. He kept steady all the time as he was carried home, and when his sister opened the door, he said quietly: "Maria, will you read the newspaper to me?" He knew that only by great cheerfulness could he help his broken-hearted father to bear the blow. Henry Fawcett said a few years later that in ten minutes he had decided that he would do just as far as possible what he had done before. He would keep happy and glean every bit of enjoyment there was for him. He took for his motto the verse from Shakespeare's Henry V —

> There is some soul of goodness in things evil
> Would men observingly distill it out.

And all the rest of his life he drew goodness from his misfortune as a flower draws nourishment from the dark soil.

He determined not to evade but to conquer his fate, to keep on in his old path and become a Member of Parliament, to keep up all the athletics possible to him — rowing, horseback riding, mountain walks, fishing and skating — and to become a student of all questions about government and the welfare of the people. He was a remarkable skater, and he had such strong nerve that even the first time that he skated with a friend after he had become blind, he easily led in the race.

Soon after his accident Fawcett returned to the University at Cambridge to study, and in a year or two he wrote a book on Political Economy, so clear and strong that in spite of his blindness he was elected Professor of Political Economy at the College. Even this did not satisfy his ambitions. He wanted to be elected into Parliament. He taught himself to make public speeches, to study political questions, to meet many people. At last he was nominated for office. He spoke every night; he challenged anyone to show that his blindness made him incapable of the best work. He told the audience his story.

"You do not know me now," he said, "but you shall know me in the course of a few moments."

He told them how he had been blinded by two stray shots from a companion's gun, and how the lovely landscape had been instantly blotted out.

"It was a blow," he said, "but I made up my mind to face the difficulty, and you must treat me as an equal."

After several defeats, Fawcett won an election, and at the age of thirty-two he became a Member of Parliament. He worked for the preservation of the forests, for savings banks, for education for everyone, for compulsory attendance at school, and year by year he won more friends to his cause.

At last, in 1880, he was asked by Gladstone to be postmaster general. That England has an excellent postal system carrying not only letters but large parcels, and that telegrams are sent so cheaply that even poor people can use them often, — these benefits are due to the forethought and the zeal of the blind postmaster general.

Even when he was busy with a mass of correspondence he never neglected to write once a week to his parents. One day he asked his sister: "What gives my father and mother most pleasure?"

"Your letters," she said. From that time on, though overwhelmed with official work, he wrote twice a week instead of once.

When Fawcett died, Mr. Gladstone said that no public man of the day was more loved by his countrymen. The workingmen especially loved him, and a group of them asked his wife if she would not let all the working people of England subscribe a penny each, so that she might live in comfort the rest of her life.

Fawcett was a master of his fate. He himself said: "The chief compensation, the silver lining to the dark cloud, is the wonderful and inexhaustible fund of human kindness to be found in this world, and the appreciation which blind people must have at every moment of their life of the cordial and ready willingness with which the services they need are generously offered to them."

The Hidden Treasure[21]

Long, long ago, in the shadowy past, Ali Hafed dwelt on the shores of the River Indus, in the ancient land of the Hindus. His beautiful cottage, set in the midst of fruit and flower gardens, looked from the mountain side on which it stood over the broad expanse of the noble river. Rich meadows, waving fields of grain, and the herds and flocks contentedly grazing on the pasture lands, testified to the thrift and prosperity of Ali Hafed. The love of a beautiful wife and a large family of light-hearted boys and girls made his home an earthly paradise. Healthy, wealthy, contented, rich in love and friendship, his cup of happiness seemed full to overflowing.

Happy and contented, as we have seen, was the good Ali Hafed, when one evening a learned priest of Buddha, journeying along the banks of the Indus, stopped for rest and refreshment at his home, where all wayfarers were hospitably welcomed and treated as honored guests.

After the evening meal, the farmer and his family, with the priest in their midst, gathered around the fireside, the chilly mountain air of the late autumn

making a fire desirable. The disciple of Buddha entertained his kind hosts with various legends and myths, and last of all with the story of the creation.

He told his wondering listeners how in the beginning the solid earth on which they lived was not solid at all, but a mere bank of fog. "The Great Spirit," said he, "thrust his finger into the bank of fog and began slowly describing a circle in its midst, increasing the speed gradually until the fog went whirling round his finger so rapidly that it was transformed into a glowing ball of fire. Then the Creative Spirit hurled the fiery ball from his hand, and it shot through the universe, burning its way through other banks of fog and condensing them into rain, which fell in great floods, cooling the surface of the immense ball. Flames then bursting from the interior through the cooled outer crust, threw up the hills and mountain ranges, and made the beautiful fertile valleys. In the flood of rain that followed this fiery upheaval, the substance that cooled very quickly formed granite, that which cooled less rapidly became copper, the next in degree cooled down into silver, and the last became gold. But the most beautiful substance of all, the diamond, was formed by the first beams of sunlight condensed on the earth's surface.

"A drop of sunlight the size of my thumb," said the priest, holding up his hand, "is worth more than mines of gold. With one such drop," he continued, turning to Ali Hafed, "you could buy many farms like yours; with a handful you could buy a province, and with a mine of diamonds you could purchase a whole kingdom."

The company parted for the night, and Ali Hafed went to bed, but not to sleep. All night long he tossed restlessly from side to side, thinking, planning, and scheming how he could secure some diamonds. The demon of discontent had entered his soul, and the blessings and advantages which he possessed in such abundance seemed as by some malicious magic to have utterly vanished. Although his wife and children loved him as before; although his farm, his orchards, his flocks, and herds were as real and prosperous as they had ever been, yet the last words of the priest, which kept ringing in his ears, turned his content into vague longings and blinded him to all that had hitherto made him happy.

Before dawn next morning the farmer, full of his purpose, was astir. Rousing the priest, he eagerly inquired if he could direct him to a mine of diamonds.

"A mine of diamonds!" echoed the astonished priest. "What do you, who already have so much to be grateful for, want with diamonds?"

"I wish to be rich and place my children on thrones."

"All you have to do, then," said the Buddhist, "is to go and search until you find them."

"But where shall I go?" questioned the infatuated man.

"Go anywhere," was the vague reply; "north, south, east, or west, — anywhere."

"But how shall I know the place?" asked the farmer.

"When you find a river running over white sands between high mountain ranges, in these white sands you will find diamonds. There are many such rivers and many mines of diamonds waiting to be discovered. All you have to do is to start out and go somewhere —" and he waved his hand — "away, away!"

Ali Hafed's mind was fully made up. "I will no longer," he thought, "remain on a wretched farm, toiling day in and day out for a mere subsistence, when acres of diamonds — untold wealth — may be had by him who is bold enough to seek them."

He sold his farm for less than half its value. Then, after putting his young family under the care of a neighbor, he set out on his quest with high hopes and the coveted diamond mines beckoning in the far distance, Ali Hafed began his wanderings. During the first few weeks his spirits did not flag, nor did his feet grow weary. On, and on, he tramped until he came to the Mountains of the Moon, beyond the bounds of Arabia. Weeks stretched into months, and the wanderer often looked regretfully in the direction of his once happy home. Still no gleam of waters glinting over white sands greeted his eyes. But on he went, into Egypt, through Palestine, and other eastern lands, always looking for the treasure he still hoped to find. At last, after years of fruitless search, during which he had wandered north and south, east and west, hope left him. All his money was spent. He was starving and almost naked, and the diamonds — which had lured him away from all that made life dear — where were they? Poor Ali Hafed never knew. He died by the wayside, never dreaming that the wealth for which he had sacrificed happiness and life might have been his had he remained at home.

"Here is a diamond! Here is a diamond! Has Ali Hafed returned?" shouted an excited voice.

The speaker, no other than our old acquaintance, the Buddhist priest, was standing in the same room where years before he had told poor Ali Hafed how the world was made, and where diamonds were to be found.

"No, Ali Hafed has not returned," quietly answered his successor. "Neither is that which you hold in your hand a diamond; it is but a pretty black pebble I picked up in my garden."

"I tell you," said the priest, excitedly, "this is a genuine diamond. I know one when I see it. Tell me how and where you found it?"

"One day," replied the farmer, slowly, "having led my camel into the garden to drink, I noticed, as he put his nose into the water, a sparkle of light coming from the white sand at the bottom of the clear stream. Stooping down, I picked up the black pebble you now hold, guided to it by that crystal eye in the center from which the light flashes so brilliantly."

"Why, thou simple one," cried the priest, "this is no common stone, but a gem of the purest water. Come, show me where thou didst find it."

Together they flew to the spot where the farmer had found the "pebble," and, turning over the white sands with eager fingers, they found, to their great delight, other stones even more valuable and beautiful

than the first. Then they extended their search, and, so the Oriental story goes, "every shovelful of the old farm, as acre after acre was sifted over, revealed gems with which to decorate the crowns of emperors and moguls."

The Little Loaf[22]

Many years ago, there was a great famine in Germany, and the poor people suffered from hunger. A rich man who loved children sent for twenty of them and said to them: "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you. Take it and come back again every day till the famine is over. I will give you a loaf each day."

The children were very hungry. They seized the basket and struggled to get at the largest loaf. They even forgot to thank the man who had been kind to them. After a few minutes of quarreling and snatching for bread, everyone ran away with his loaf except one little girl named Gretchen. She stood there alone at a little distance from the gentleman. Then, smiling, she took up the last loaf, the smallest of all, and thanked him with all her heart.

Next day the children came again, and they behaved as badly as ever. Gretchen, who would not push with the rest, received only a tiny loaf scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home and her mother began to cut the loaf, out dropped six shining coins of silver.

"Oh, Gretchen!" exclaimed her mother, "this must be a mistake. The money does not belong to us. Run as quick as you can and take it back to the gentleman."

So Gretchen carried it back, but when she gave the gentleman her mother's message, he said: "No, no, it was not a mistake. I had the silver baked into the smallest loaf in order to reward you. Remember that the person who is contented to have a small loaf rather than quarrel for a larger one will find blessings that are better than money baked in bread."

Self–Reliance and Potential

Lampblack[23]

A poor black paint lay very unhappy in its tube. It had tumbled out of an artist's color-box and had lain unnoticed for a year. "I am only Lampblack," he said to himself. "The master never looks at me; he says I am heavy, dull, lusterless, and useless. I wish I could cake and dry up and die, as poor Flakewhite did."

But Lampblack could not die; he could only lie in his tin tube and pine, like a silly, sorrowful thing as he was, in company with some broken bits of charcoal and a rusty palette-knife. The master never touched him; month after month passed by, and he was never thought of; the other paints had all their turn of fair fortune, and went out into the world to great halls and mighty palaces, transfigured and rejoicing in a thousand beautiful shapes and services. But Lampblack was always passed over as dull and coarse. Indeed he knew himself to be so, poor fellow, and this made it all the worse. "You are only a deposit!" said the other colors to him; and he felt that it was disgraceful to be a deposit, though he was not quite sure what it meant.

"If only I were happy like the others!" thought poor, sooty Lampblack, sorrowful in his corner. "There is Bistre, now, he is not so very much better-looking than I am, and yet they can do nothing without him, whether it is a girl's face or a wimple in a river!"

The others were all so happy in this beautiful bright studio, where the open casements were hung with green myrtle, and where the silence was filled with the singing of nightingales. Cobalt, with a touch or two, became the loveliness of summer skies at morning; the Lakes and Carmines bloomed in a thousand exquisite flowers and fancies; the Chromes and Ochres (mere dull earths) were allowed to spread themselves in sheets of gold that took the shine of the sun into the darkest places; Umber, a somber and gloomy thing, could lurk in a child's curls and laugh in a child's smiles; whilst all the families of the Vermilions, the Blues, the Greens, lived in a perpetual glory of sunset or sunrise, of ocean waves or autumn woods, of kingly pageant or of martial pomp.

It was very hard. Poor Lampblack felt as if his very heart would break, above all when he thought of pretty little Rose Madder, whom he loved dearly, and who never would even look at him, she was so proud, because she was always placed in nothing less than

rosy clouds, or the hearts of roses, or something as fair and spiritual.

"I am only a wretched deposit!" sighed Lampblack, and the rusty palette-knife grumbled back, "My own life has been ruined in cleaning dirty brushes!"

"But at least you were of use once; but I never am, never!" said Lampblack. And indeed he had been there so long that the spiders had spun their silver fleeces all about him, and he was growing as gray as an old bottle does in a dark cellar .

At that moment the door of the studio opened, and there came a flood of light, and the step of a man was heard; the hearts of all the colors jumped for joy. It was their magician, who out of mere common clays and ground ores could raise them at a touch into splendors immortal.

Only the heart of poor dusty Lampblack did not beat a throb the more, because he was always left alone and never was thought worthy of even a glance. But he could not believe his senses when the master crossed the floor to the dark corner where he lay under the spiders' webs. Lampblack felt sick and faint with rapture. Had his turn come at last?

The master took him up. "You will do for this work," he said; and Lampblack was borne trembling

to an easel. The colors, for once neglected, crowded together to watch, looking in their bright tin tubes like rows of little soldiers in armor.

"It is dull Old Deposit," they murmured to one another, and felt contemptuous, but curious, as scornful people often will be.

"I am going to be glorious and great," thought Lampblack, and his heart swelled high; for nevermore would they be able to hurl the name of Deposit at him, a name which hurt all the more because he did not know what it meant.

"You will do for this work," said the master, (and let Lampblack out of his metal prison-house into the light and touched him with the brush that was the wand of magic.)

"What am I going to be?" wondered Lampblack, as he felt himself taken on to a large piece of deal board, so large that he felt he must be going to make at the least the outline of an athlete or the shadows of a tempest.

He could not tell what he was becoming; but he was happy enough and grand enough only to be used. He began to dream a thousand things of all the scenes he would be in, and all the hues that he would wear, and all the praise that he would hear when he went out

into that wonderful world where his master was so much admired.

But he was harshly roused from his secret dreams; all the colors were laughing and tittering round him till the little tin helmets they wore shook with their merriment.

"Old Deposit is going to be a sign-post," they cried to one another so merrily that the spiders, who are not companionable creatures, came to the doors of their dens to chuckle too. A sign-post! Lampblack, stretched out in joy upon the board, roused himself and gazed at the change. He had been made into seven letters, thus:

BANDITA.

This word in the Italian country, where the English painter's studio was, means, Do not trespass, Do not shoot, Do not show yourself here; anything, indeed, that is uncivil to all comers. In these seven letters, outspread upon the board, was Lampblack disgraced!

Farewell, hopes and dreams! He had been employed to paint a sign-board, a thing stoned by the boys, blown on by the winds, gnawed by the rats, and drenched with the winter's rains. Better the dust and the cobwebs of his old corner than such shame as this!

But there was no help for it. He was dried with a drench of turpentine, hastily clothed in a coat of copal, and, ere he yet was fully aware of all his misery was being borne away upon the great board out of doors and handed to the gardener. It was the master himself who did this to him. As the door closed on him, he heard all the colors laughing, and the laugh of little Rose Madder was highest of all as she cried to Naples Yellow, who was a dandy and made court to her, "Poor old ugly Deposit! He will grumble to the owls and the bats now!"

The door shut him out forever from all the joyous company and the palace of beauty, and the rough hands of the gardener grasped him and carried him to the edge of the garden, where the wall overlooked the public road, and there fastened him up on high with a band of iron round the trunk of a tree.

That night it rained heavily, the north wind blew, and there was thunder. Lampblack, out in the storm without his tin house to shelter him, felt that of all creatures wretched on the face of the earth there was not one so miserable as he. A sign-board! Nothing but a sign-board!

A color, created for art and artists, could not feel more grievously disgraced. Oh, how he longed for his tin tube and the quiet nook with the charcoal and the

palette-knife! He had been unhappy there indeed, but he had had some sort of hope to comfort him, some chance still remaining that one day he might be allowed to be at least the shadow of some immortal work. Now nevermore could he be anything but what he was; change there could be none till weather and time should have done their work on him, and he be rotting on the wet earth, a shattered and worm-eaten wreck.

Day broke, a gloomy, misty morning.

From where he was disgraced upon the tree-trunk he could no longer even see his beloved home, the studio; he could see only a dusky, intricate tangle of branches all about him, and below the wall of flint, with the Banksia that grew on it, and the hard muddy highway, drenched with the storm of the night.

A man passed in a miller's cart, and stood up and scowled at him, because the people had liked to come and shoot and trap the birds of the master's wooded gardens, and they knew that they must not do it now. A slug crawled over him, and a snail also. A woodpecker hammered at him with its strong beak. A boy went by under the wall, and threw stones at him, and called him names. The rain poured down again heavily. He thought of the happy painting-room, where it had seemed always summer and always

sunshine, and where now in the forenoon all the colors were marshaling in the pageantry of the Arts, as he had seen them do hundreds of times from his lonely corner. All the misery of the past looked happiness now.

"If I were only dead, like Flakewhite," he thought; but the stones only bruised, they did not kill him; and the iron band only hurt, it did not stifle him. For whatever suffers very much, has much strength to continue to exist. His loyal heart almost hated the master who had brought him to such a fate as this.

The day grew apace, and noon went by, and with it the rain passed. The sun shone out once more, and Lampblack, even imprisoned and wretched as he was, could not but see how beautiful the wet leaves looked, and the gossamers all hung with raindrops, and the blue sky that shone through the boughs; for he had not lived with an artist all his days to be blind, even in pain, to the loveliness of nature. Some little brown birds tripped out too with the sun very simple and plain in their dress, but Lampblack knew they were the loves of the poets, for he had heard the master call them so many times in summer nights. The little brown birds came tripping and pecking about on the grass underneath his tree-trunk, and then flew on the top of the wall, which was covered with Banksia and

many other creepers. The brown birds sang a little song, for though they sing most in the moonlight they do sing by day too, and sometimes all day long. And what they sang was this:

"Oh, how happy we are, how happy!
No nets dare now be spread for us,
No cruel boys dare climb,
And no cruel shooters fire.
We are safe, quite safe,
And the sweet summer has begun!"

Lampblack listened, and even in his misery was soothed by the tender liquid sounds that these little throats poured out among the bloom of the Banksia flowers. And when one of the brown birds came and sat on a branch by him, swaying itself and drinking the rain-drops off a leaf, he ventured to ask, as well as he could for the iron that strangled him, why they were so safe, and what made them so happy.

The bird looked at him in surprise.

"Do you not know?" he said. "It is you!"

"I!" echoed Lampblack, and could say no more, for he feared that the bird was mocking him, a poor, silly, rusty black paint, only spread out to rot in fair weather and foul. What good could he do to any creature?

"You," repeated the nightingale. "Did you not see that man under the wall? He had a gun; we should have been dead but for you. We will come and sing to you all night long, as you like it; and when we go to bed at dawn, I will tell my cousins, the thrushes and merles, to take our places, so that you shall hear somebody singing near you all day long."

Lampblack was silent. His heart was too full to speak. Was it possible that he was of use, after all?

"Can it be true?" he said, timidly.

"Quite true," said the nightingale.

"Then the master knew best," thought Lampblack.

The colors in the studio had all the glories of the world, but he was of use in it, after all; he could save these little lives. He was poor and despised, bruised by stones and drenched by storms; yet was he content, for he had not been made quite in vain.

The sunset poured its red and golden splendors through the darkness of the boughs, and the birds sang all together, shouting for joy and praising God.

-LA RAME

The Boy Who Wanted to Be a Sculptor[24]

His name was Antonio Canova, and he lived over a hundred years ago in the little town of Asola in the hills of Italy.

As soon as Antonio had grown from a child to a little lad, he began to see the beautiful things in the world all about him. He loved to look at the colors in the church windows and at the strange shapes in the clouds that hung above him in the blue Italian sky. He begged his father to take him to see the statues that stood along the roadsides and in the gardens of the rich. He loved to pick up soft clay from the roadside and mold it into little figures with his clever hands.

Antonio's mother died when he was still only a little boy, and he went to live with his grandfather, who was a stonecutter. Everyone liked the motherless lad, and his grandfather taught him how to draw because he saw that he liked to use is hands in making beautiful things better than he did to play. Antonio watched his grandfather cut and clip the solid stone until it showed wonderful forms that one would have believed were hidden in it. When his grandfather gave him a set of tools, Antonio was but a little while

learning how to use them. He was only eight years old when he carved some pieces of marble so well that they were put into a church.

Antonio's grandfather could cook as well as carve. In the town where he lived, there lived also a very great and rich man who was a Senator. The Senator often gave great parties and then he would persuade the stonecutter to give up his work for a day and come to his castle to cook fine dinner.

One day Antonio went with his grandfather to the Senator's house, and they let him sit on one of the wooden benches in the kitchen while the food was being prepared. It seemed quite wonderful to Antonio; there were many rich fowls, artichokes and lentils, peas as green as emeralds, olives, oranges, dark chocolate and sweets of all kinds. Antonio wished that he might help, especially when he saw how cleverly the pastry was being moulded, but everyone laughed at the little boy when he asked this.

"You can't help with the Senator's dinner," they said, "a little lad like you!" Just then there came the sound of a terrible crash in the kitchen. It came from the direction of the great dining hall, and out ran a terrified servant, wringing his hands. He had tried to place a valuable marble statue in the center of the

table, and in doing so the statue had fallen and broken into hundreds of pieces.

"What shall I do?" he cried. He knew that the Senator would be disappointed and very angry.

Antonio felt like crying too. A marble statue seemed to him one of the most beautiful things in the world, and he could not bear to think of its having been destroyed "Perhaps I can make you a statue to take its place," he said. "Will you not let me try?"

"You; a little lad, make a statue fit to stand in the center of the Senator's table?" everyone cried. And Antonio, his eyes full of tears, went over to a corner of the kitchen where no one would see how badly he felt.

There was a huge piece of yellow butter there weighing many pounds, standing on the kitchen table. It was hard and firm and as yellow as gold. Antonio looked at for a moment. Then he had a strange thought. He took up a large knife and commenced to carve the butter.

It was easier to carve in butter than stone. As he cut and shaped, Antonio forgot where he was, but the servants left their work to watch him. They crowded about the lad, breathless, to see the wonder that he was working.

In place of the great square of butter there stood a splendid golden lion! Antonio had carved it. The

servant who had broken the Senator's statue was too happy for words. He placed the butter lion on a platter and carried it in to decorate the Senator's dinner table.

The Senator and his guests had never seen so beautiful and strange a statue. They could scarcely eat; they feasted their eyes instead on the statue and begged to know what great sculptor had sent it to the Senator.

"Who made the lion?" demanded the Senator of the servant who had brought it in.

"It was made by a little lad in the kitchen," the servant said, "Antonio, the grandson of the stonecutter."

The Senator could scarcely believe it.

"Bring the boy here," he demanded. "He shall be our guest of honor."

So Antonio, in his poor clothes and peasant's shoes, was brought in and sat beside the Senator at the head of the table. It was like a fairy tale come true to the little lad. The Senator asked Antonio to come and live with him, and he said that he should have the best teachers in Italy in drawing and sculpture. In two years he had learned a great deal. In only a few years more, he was known as one of the greatest sculptors in the world, and his statues stood in cathedrals, in castles, and in museums of art.

Doing his best in the kitchen had made Antonio Canova one of the great men of the world of art.

"The Mill Boy of the Slashes"[25]

A picturesque, as well as pathetic figure, was Henry Clay, the little "Mill Boy of the Slashes," as he rode along on the old family horse to Mrs. Darricott's mill. Blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and bare-footed, clothed in coarse shirt and trousers, and a time-worn straw hat, he sat erect on the bare back of the horse, holding, with firm hand, the rope which did duty as a bridle. In front of him lay the precious sack, containing the grist which was to be ground into meal or flour, to feed the hungry mouths of the seven little boys and girls who, with the widowed mother, made up the Clay family.

It required a good deal of grist to feed so large a family, especially when hoecake was the staple food, and it was because of his frequent trips to the mill, across the swampy region called the "Slashes," that Henry was dubbed by the neighbors "The Mill Boy of the Slashes."

The lad was ambitious, however, and, very early in life, made up his mind that he would win for himself a more imposing title. He never dreamed of winning world-wide renown as an orator, or of exchanging his

boyish sobriquet for "The Orator of Ashland." But he who forms high ideals in youth usually far outstrips his first ambition, and Henry had "hitched his wagon to a star."

This awkward country boy, who was so bashful, and so lacking in self-confidence that he hardly dared recite before his class in the log schoolhouse, determined to become an orator.

Henry Clay, the brilliant lawyer and statesman, the American Demosthenes who could sway multitudes by his matchless oratory, once said, "In order to succeed a man must have a purpose fixed, then let his motto be Victory or Death." When Henry Clay, the poor country boy, son of an unknown Baptist minister, made up his mind to become an orator, he acted on this principle. No discouragement or obstacle was allowed to swerve him from his purpose. Since the death of his father, when the boy was but five years old, he had carried grist to the mill, chopped wood, followed the plow barefooted, clerked in a country store, — did everything that a loving son and brother could do to help win a subsistence for the family.

In the midst of poverty, hard work, and the most pitilessly unfavorable conditions, the youth clung to his resolve. He learned what he could at the country

schoolhouse, during the time the duties of the farm permitted him to attend school. He committed speeches to memory, and recited them aloud, sometimes in the forest, sometimes while working in the cornfield, and frequently in a barn with a horse and an ox for his audience.

In his fifteenth year he left the grocery store where he had been clerking to take a position in the office of the clerk of the High Court of Chancery. There he became interested in law, and by reading and study began at once to supplement the scanty education of his childhood. To such good purpose did he use his opportunities that in 1797, when only twenty years old, he was licensed by the judges of the court of appeals to practice law.

When he moved from Richmond to Lexington, Kentucky, the same year to begin practice for himself, he had no influential friends, no patrons, and not even the means to pay his board. Referring to this time years afterward, he said, "I remember how comfortable I thought I should be if I could make one hundred pounds Virginia money (less than five hundred dollars) per year; and with what delight I received the first fifteen-shilling fee."

Contrary to his expectations, the young lawyer had "immediately rushed into a lucrative practice." At

the age of twenty-seven he was elected to the Kentucky legislature. Two years later he was sent to the United States Senate to fill out the remainder of the term of a senator who had withdrawn. In 1811 he was elected to Congress, and made Speaker of the national House of Representatives. He was afterward elected to the United States Senate in the regular way.

Both in Congress and in the Senate Clay always worked for what he believed to be the best interests of his country. Ambition, which so often causes men to turn aside from the paths of truth and honor, had no power to tempt him to do wrong. He was ambitious to be president, but would not sacrifice any of his convictions for the sake of being elected. Although he was nominated by his party three times, he never became president. It was when warned by a friend that if he persisted in a certain course of political conduct he would injure his prospects of being elected, that he made his famous statement, "I would rather be right than be president."

Clay has been described by one of his biographers as "a brilliant orator, an honest man, a charming gentleman, an ardent patriot, and a leader whose popularity was equaled only by that of Andrew Jackson."

Although born in a state in which wealth and ancient ancestry were highly rated, he was never ashamed of his birth or poverty. Once when taunted by the aristocratic John Randolph with his lowly origin, he proudly exclaimed, "I was born to no proud paternal estate. I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence." He was born in Hanover County, Virginia, on April 12, 1777, and died in Washington, June 29, 1852. With only the humble inheritance which he claimed — "infancy, ignorance, and indigence" — Henry Clay made himself a name that wealth and a long line of ancestry could never bestow.

The Lesson of the Teakettle[26]

The teakettle was singing merrily over the fire; the good aunt was bustling round, on housewifely cares intent, and her little nephew sat dreamily gazing into the glowing blaze on the kitchen hearth.

Presently the teakettle ceased singing, and a column of steam came rushing from its pipe. The boy started to his feet, raised the lid from the kettle, and peered in at the bubbling, boiling water, with a look of intense interest. Then he rushed off for a teacup, and, holding it over the steam, eagerly watched the latter as it condensed and formed into tiny drops of water on the inside of the cup.

Returning from an upper room, whither her duties had called her, the thrifty aunt was shocked to find her nephew engaged in so profitless an occupation, and soundly scolded him for what she called his trifling. The good lady little dreamed that James Watt was even then unconsciously studying the germ of the science by which he "transformed the steam engine from a mere toy into the most wonderful instrument which human industry has ever had at its command."

This studious little Scottish lad, who, because too frail to go to school, had been taught at home, was very different from other boys. When only six or seven years old, he would lie for hours on the hearth, in the little cottage at Greenock, near Glasgow, where he was born in 1736, drawing geometrical figures with pieces of colored chalk. He loved, too, to gaze at the stars, and longed to solve their mysteries. But his favorite pastime was to burrow among the ropes and sails and tackles in his father's store, trying to find out how they were made and what purposes they served.

In spite of his limited advantages and frail health, at fifteen he was the wonder of the public school, which he had attended for two years.

His favorite studies were mathematics and natural philosophy. He had also made good progress in chemistry, physiology, mineralogy, and botany, and, at the same time, had learned carpentry and acquired some skill as a worker in metals.

So studious and ambitious a youth scarcely needed the spur of poverty to induce him to make the most of his talents. The spur was there, however, and, at the age of eighteen, though delicate in health, he was obliged to go out and battle with the world.

Having first spent some time in Glasgow, learning how to make mathematical instruments, he

determined to go to London, there to perfect himself in his trade.

Working early and late, and suffering frequently from cold and hunger, he broke down under the unequal strain, and was obliged to return to his parents for a time until health was regained.

Always struggling against great odds, he returned to Glasgow when his trade was mastered, and began to make mathematical instruments, for which, however, he found little sale. Then, to help eke out a living, he began to make and mend other instruments, — fiddles, guitars, and flutes, — and finally built an organ, — a very superior one, too, — with several additions of his own invention.

A commonplace incident enough it seemed, in the routine of his daily occupation, when, one morning, a model of Newcomen's engine was brought to him for repair, yet it marked the turning point in his career, which ultimately led from poverty and struggle to fame and affluence.

Watt's practiced eye at once perceived the defects in the Newcomen engine, which, although the best then in existence, could not do much better or quicker work than horses. Filled with enthusiasm over the plans which he had conceived for the construction of a really powerful engine, he immediately set to work,

and spent two months in an old cellar, working on a model. "My whole thoughts are bent on this machine," he wrote to a friend. "I can think of nothing else."

So absorbed had he become in his new work that the old business of making and mending instruments had declined. This was all the more unfortunate as he was no longer struggling for himself alone. He had fallen in love with, and married, his cousin, Margaret Miller, who brought him the greatest happiness of his life. The neglect of the only practical means of support he had reduced Watt and his family to the direst poverty. More than once his health failed, and often the brave spirit was almost broken, as when he exclaimed in heaviness of heart, "Of all the things in the world, there is nothing so foolish as inventing."

Five years had passed since the model of the Newcomen engine had been sent to him for repair before he succeeded in securing a patent on his own invention. Yet five more long years of bitter drudgery, clutched in the grip of poverty, debt, and sickness, did the brave inventor, sustained by the love and help of his noble wife, toil through. On his thirty-fifth birthday he said, "Today I enter the thirty-fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly yet done thirty-five

pence worth of good in the world; but I cannot help it."

Poor Watt! He had traveled with bleeding feet along the same thorny path trod by the great inventors and benefactors of all ages. But, in spite of all obstacles, he persevered; and, after ten years of inconceivable labor and hardship, during which his beautiful wife died, he had a glorious triumph. His perfected steam engine was the wonder of the age. Sir James Mackintosh placed him "at the head of all inventors in all ages and nations." "I look upon him," said the poet Wordsworth, "considering both the magnitude and the universality of his genius, as, perhaps, the most extraordinary man that this country ever produced."

Wealthy beyond his desires, — for he cared not for wealth, — crowned with the laurel wreath of fame, honored by the civilized world as one of its greatest benefactors, the struggle over, the triumph achieved, on August 19, 1819, he lay down to rest.

The Uplift of a Slave Boy's Ideal[27]

Invincible determination, and a right nature, are the levers that move the world. — Porter

Born a slave, with the feelings and possibilities of a man, but with no rights above the beast of the field, Fred Douglass gave the world one of the most notable examples of man's power over circumstances.

He had no knowledge of his father, whom he had never seen. He had only a dim recollection of his mother, from whom he had been separated at birth. The poor slave mother used to walk twelve miles when her day's work was done, in order to get an occasional glimpse of her child. Then she had to walk back to the plantation on which she labored, so as to be in time to begin to work at dawn next morning.

Under the brutal discipline of the "Aunt Katy" who had charge of the slaves who were still too young to labor in the fields, he early began to realize the hardships of his lot, and to rebel against the state of bondage into which he had been born.

Often hungry, and clothed in hottest summer and coldest winter alike, in a coarse tow linen shirt,

scarcely reaching to the knees, without a bed to lie on or a blanket to cover him, his only protection, no matter how cold the night, was an old corn bag, into which he thrust himself, leaving his feet exposed at one end, and his head at the other.

When about seven years old, he was transferred to new owners in Baltimore, where his kind-hearted mistress, who did not know that in doing so she was breaking the law, taught him the alphabet. He thus got possession of the key which was to unlock his bonds, and, young as he was, he knew it.

It did not matter that his master, when he learned what had been done, forbade his wife to give the boy further instructions. He had already tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. The prohibition was useless. Neither threats nor stripes nor chains could hold the awakened soul in bondage.

With infinite pains and patience, and by stealth, he enlarged upon his knowledge of the alphabet. An old copy of "Webster's Spelling Book," cast aside by his young master, was his greatest treasure. With the aid of a few good-natured white boys, who sometimes played with him in the streets, he quickly mastered its contents. Then he cast about for further means to satisfy his mental craving. How difficult it was for the poor, despised slave to do this, we learn from his own

pathetic words. "I have gathered," he says, "scattered pages of the Bible from the filthy street gutters, and washed and dried them, that, in moments of leisure, I might get a word or two of wisdom from them."

Think of that, boys and girls of the twentieth century, with your day schools and evening schools, libraries, colleges, and universities, — picking reading material from the gutter and mastering it by stealth! Yet this boy grew up to be the friend and co-worker of Garrison and Phillips, the eloquent spokesman of his race, the honored guest of distinguished peers and commoners of England, one of the noblest examples of a self-made man that the world has ever seen.

Under equal hardships he learned to write. The boy's wits, sharpened instead of blunted by repression, saw opportunities where more favored children could see none. He gave himself his first writing lesson in his master's shipyard, by copying from the various pieces of timber the letters with which they had been marked by the carpenters, to show the different parts of the ship for which they were intended. He copied from posters on fences, from old copy books, from anything and everything he could get hold of. He practiced his new art on pavements and rails, and entered into contests in letter making with white boys, in order to add to his

knowledge. "With playmates for my teachers," he says, "fences and pavements for my copy books, and chalk for my pen and ink, I learned to write."

While being "broken in" to field labor under the lash of the overseer, chained and imprisoned for the crime of attempting to escape from slavery, the spirit of the youth never quailed. He believed in himself, in his God-given powers, and he was determined to use them in freeing himself and his race.

How well he succeeded in the stupendous task to which he set himself while yet groping in the black night of bondage, with no human power outside of his own indomitable will to help him, his life work attests in language more enduring than "storied urn" or written history. A roll call of the world's great moral heroes would be incomplete without the name of the slave-born Douglass, who came on the stage of life to play the leading role of the Moses of his race in one of the saddest and, at the same time, most glorious eras of American history.

The Boy Who Wanted to Learn[28]

When Booker Washington was a little boy, his family was so poor that he had to work in a salt mine, and often he had to begin working at four o'clock in the morning. He did not have any chance to go to school, but he wanted with all his heart to learn to read, and he persuaded his mother to get a spelling book for him.

He learned the alphabet all by himself, for no one, old or young, who lived near knew how to read. At last a young man came to the neighborhood who knew a little about teaching, and he was engaged to teach everyone.

There were day-schools, night-schools, and Sunday schools, and old men and women came, because they wanted so much to learn to read the Bible. Poor little Booker had to work all day, but he was allowed to go to school in the evening, and by and by his father said that if he worked at the salt furnace from five to nine in the morning and came back to work as soon as school closed, he could go to school by day. Sometimes he had to walk several miles at night to recite his night-school lessons, but he was

determined that no matter what it cost he would get an education.

One day when working in the mine, he heard two miners talking about a great school in Virginia, and he crept up closer to listen. One man said that if any boy was poor he could work at this school to pay for his board. Booker Washington decided at once to go; but he had almost no money of his own, and it was a long way to Hampton.

The older colored people were very generous and they gave Booker all the money they could spare. One gave a quarter, and one a nickel, and one a handkerchief. Hampton was five hundred miles away, and he did not have enough money to get there. He walked, he begged for a ride in wagons that came by, and one night he passed out of doors, walking about to keep warm. At last he reached Hampton, and it seemed the grandest place in the world. He resolved that he would learn all he could, and then do all the good he could with what he had learned.

When he went to see the teacher, he had had no chance to take a bath or get clean, and she looked at him doubtfully. At last she said: "The next recitation room needs sweeping. Take a broom and sweep it."

Booker Washington determined to make that room as fine as a new fiddle. He swept the floor three

times. He went over the woodwork, the benches, tables, and desks four times. He cleaned every closet and corner thoroughly. Then he went back to the teacher. She came into the room and looked carefully at the floor and the closets, then she rubbed her handkerchief on the woodwork and over the benches. When she was unable to find one speck of dirt anywhere, she said: "I guess you'll do to enter this institution."

George Stephenson[29]

George Stephenson, the engineer, was born at Newcastle, England, in 1781, and died in 1848. His family were desperately poor, so poor that the father, mother, four sons, and two daughters all lived in a one-room cottage. Of course, George had to go to work as early as possible, and at the age of eight he earned four cents a day by keeping off crows. He was too poor to go to school, and in England there were no truant laws. To amuse himself he used to make little engines of clay. An engine was like a pet to him, he said: he was never tired of watching it.

At the age of fourteen, he helped his father in the colliery as a fireman. Whenever he got a chance, he worked out sums in arithmetic by the light of his engine's fire, but until he was nineteen he had no chance for schooling. At the age of twenty, he was engaged as a brakeman in a colliery pit at five dollars a week; and very soon afterward he married. His wife died in a year or two, leaving him one little son.

Stephenson determined that his boy should have the education he had lacked, and after his day's work was over, he mended clocks and watches during the

night to earn more money. Before very long, he became well-known to the neighborhood as an "engine-doctor." Every engine came to him for repairs, and he also helped poor mothers by connecting the smoke-jack with the baby's cradle, making it rock automatically.

He invented also a lantern which would burn underwater, and he would attract fish by night with it, catching them in numbers. By 1812 he was earning five hundred dollars a year, and his little son was also beginning to take a great interest in engines.

George Stephenson's heart was set on making a locomotive engine — what was then called a traveling engine. It had been tried unsuccessfully some years before, but he felt sure that he could invent a reliable machine. This he did in 1815. For six years it received little notice, but at last, in 1825, the first public railroad was opened with one of Stephenson's engines. Thirty-eight cars, including six wagons full of corn and flour and a special car for the guests and for Stephenson, were taken safely over the new road. Railways were to be used henceforth all over the world.

Stephenson said of himself: "I have risen from a lower level than the meanest person here, and all I

have been enabled to accomplish has been done by perseverance."

Self-Discipline and Moderation

Fulfilled[30]

A Legend of Christmas Eve

One Christmas Eve, two strangers came to a village, and knocked at the door of a rich farmhouse, and asked if they might spend the night there.

"No, indeed," said the people; "we've no room for beggars!" and they sent them off.

The two travelers went down the hill till they came to the cottage where the poor farm laborers lived; and they knocked at that door, and asked if they might spend the night. The farm laborer and his wife had only one bed in the little house, but they invited the strangers in, and said they were most welcome to sleep there.

There was no meat in the house, but the man went out and killed the one little goat they owned, and his wife roasted it, so that the strangers might have a good dinner on Christmas Eve.

That night the strangers slept on the one good bed, and the laborers slept on straw on the floor in the outer room; but, curiously enough, they had never slept so sweet a sleep in their lives.

The next day was Christmas, and the farm laborer and his wife said the travelers must surely stay with them for the holiday, especially as there was plenty of good meat in the house. So they stayed, and all went to church together; and they had a very happy day.

When, at night, the strangers took their leave, they said to the man, "How many horns had the little goat?"

"Why, two!" said the man.

"Then for your kindness to us," said the stranger, "you and your wife may have two wishes, one each."

The man and his wife looked at each other. Then they said that really they were very contented as they were. If they could have their daily bread and the hope of heaven when they died, they asked nothing more.

The strangers said they should certainly keep these things, and they smiled at the farm laborer and his wife as they went away, and they promised that they would surely come to visit them again the next Christmas Eve. From that day on, everything the farm laborer and his wife touched, prospered. Their hens had more chickens and laid better eggs than any in the country round. They had better milk and finer calves and fatter sheep than anyone else. And it was not long before the poor farm laborers were no longer poor at all.

They knew quite well to whom they owed all the good fortune. And they told people who asked, all about the kind strangers and the two wishes. The rich farmers heard the story too, of course, and they burned with jealousy of the farm laborers, for, rich as they were, they always wanted to be richer. At last, they went and asked the farm laborers to send the two strangers up to them, when they should come next Christmas Eve, instead of entertaining them at the cottage. The farm laborers were glad that the strangers should be so well entertained, and promised to do so. So when Christmas Eve came, and the travelers again knocked at the cottage door, the laborers welcomed them gladly, but said they had promised the farmer to send them to his house for the night. The strangers said very well, they would go, and come back for the Christmas holiday.

So again they went and knocked at the farmer's door. This time there was a grand welcome for them. Remembering about the little goat, the farmer had killed and roasted a fine ox, and he gave the strangers all sorts of good things to eat. And after supper he gave them the best bed in the house, and everything as fine as could be.

The next morning, he urged the strangers to spend Christmas with them too, but they said they must go,

for they were to meet their friends of last year, at church.

"Then, at least," said the farmer, "I must drive you to church," and he went and got his fine carriage and his best span of horses.

Just as they stood on the steps to take leave, one of the strangers asked the farmer, "Did you kill the ox for us? "

"Yes, yes indeed, we did!" said the farmer and his wife.

"How many horns had the ox?" said the stranger.

This was the question the farmers were waiting for. They looked at each other.

"Say four," whispered the farmer's wife.

"Well," said the farmer, "it was a very remarkable ox, in fact, a peculiar ox; it had four horns."

"Ah?" said the stranger, "then you and your wife may have four wishes, two apiece: the next four wishes you make shall be granted you." Then they drove away.

The farmer drove them to church, and started back home. He was so eager to get back and talk over with his wife what they should wish, that he couldn't drive fast enough. He beat the horses, and pulled at the reins, and he was so excited that he drove over a big stone; and one of the traces broke. He mended it,

somehow, and started again. Pretty soon one of the horses stumbled, and then the other trace broke. He mended that one, too, but by this time he was all out of temper.

"Get up, get up!" he shouted to the horses. The horses shied as he struck them with the whip, and came near upsetting everything.

"Oh," shouted the farmer, "the wicked elves take you both! I wish" but he didn't say anything more, for whisk! the horses were gone, and nothing but the harness was left dangling from the pole. The farmer stared and rubbed his eyes, but there was no help for it; he had wished a wish. There was nothing to do but put the harness over his shoulders, leave the carriage, and trudge home.

In the meantime, his wife was waiting and watching for him, very eager to talk over what they should wish. He was gone so long that she lost all patience.

"I wish he would hurry," she said to herself. Before the words were out of her mouth, the farmer shot through the air and landed before her, red and sweaty, with the harness on his shoulders.

"What in the world are you doing with that harness?" said his wife.

"Why in the world did you make me hurry?" said the husband, and in no time they were quarreling. When the wife heard about the horses she called her husband the stupidest man in the world.

"Stupid, indeed!" said the farmer, who was now too angry to think at all. "It was all your fault; you started the trouble by making me tell a lie. Who was it that wanted me to say 'four horns?' 'Four horns,' indeed! I wish two of them were sticking on your head this minute."

"Oh!" screamed the farmer's wife, and she put up her hands to her head. The farmer would have given anything to unsay his wish, but it was too late. The farmer's wife felt two little round nubs under her fingers. And they grew, and grew, faster than I can tell about it, until there were two little pointed horns sticking right up through her hair.

The farmer began to coax and plead and beg, "Oh, dear little wife, sweet little wife, don't mind the little horns! I'm sorry I wished it, but remember that we have only one wish left, and that is yours. Just wish for a million dollars now, and we shall be all right!" Much good a million dollars would do me," said the farmer's wife, "with these things sticking out of my head!"

"You could wear a head-dress," said the farmer. But before he got the words out of his mouth, his wife had wished the horns off her head.

And there they were, neither richer nor poorer than they were before; and the four wishes were gone. And so were the two fine horses.

And they say that's what you get by being greedy!

The Greedy Shepherd[31]

Once upon a time there lived in the south country two brothers, whose business it was to keep sheep on a great grassy plain, which was bounded on the one side by a forest, and on the other by a chain of high hills. No one lived on that plain but shepherds, who dwelt in low cottages thatched with heath, and watched their sheep so carefully that no lamb was ever lost, nor had one of the shepherds ever travelled beyond the foot of the hills and the skirts of the forest.

There were none among them more careful than these two brothers, one of whom was called Clutch, and the other Kind. Though brethren born, two men of distant countries could not be more unlike in disposition. Clutch thought of nothing in this world but how to catch and keep some profit for himself, while Kind would have shared his last morsel with a hungry dog. This covetous mind made Clutch keep all his father's sheep when the old man was dead and gone, because he was the eldest brother, allowing Kind nothing but the place of a servant to help him in looking after them. Kind wouldn't quarrel with his brother for the sake of the sheep, so he helped him to

keep them, and Clutch had all his own way. This made him agreeable. For some time the brothers lived peaceably in their father's cottage, which stood low and lonely under the shadow of a great sycamore-tree, and kept their flock with pipe and crook on the grassy plain, till new troubles arose through Clutch's covetousness.

On that plain there was neither town, nor city, nor market-place, where people might sell or buy, but the shepherds cared little for trade. The wool of their flocks made them clothes; their milk gave them butter and cheese. At feast times every family killed a lamb or so; their fields yielded them wheat for bread. The forest supplied them with firewood for winter; and every midsummer, which is the sheep-shearing time, traders from a certain far-off city came through it by an ancient way to purchase all the wool the shepherds could spare, and give them in exchange either goods or money.

One midsummer it so happened that these traders praised the wool of Clutch's flock above all they found on the plain, and gave him the highest price for it. That was an unlucky happening for the sheep: from thenceforth Clutch thought he could never get enough wool off them. At the shearing time nobody clipped so close, and, in spite of all Kind could do or

say, he left the poor sheep as bare as if they had been shaven; and as soon as the wool grew long enough to keep them warm, he was ready with the shears again no matter how chilly might be the days, or how near the winter. Kind didn't like these doings, and many a debate they caused between him and his brother. Clutch always tried to persuade him that close clipping was good for the sheep, and Kind always strove to make him think he had got all the wool so they were never done with disputes. Still Clutch sold the wool, and stored up his profits, and one midsummer after another passed. The shepherds began to think him a rich man, and close clipping might have become the fashion, but for a strange thing which happened to his flock.

The wool had grown well that summer. He had taken two crops off them, and was thinking of a third, though the misty mornings of autumn were come, and the cold evenings made the shepherds put on their winter cloaks, when first the lambs, and then the ewes, began to stray away; and search as the brothers would, none of them was ever found again. Clutch blamed Kind with being careless, and watched with all his might. Kind knew it was not his fault, but he looked sharper than ever. Still the straying went on. The flocks grew smaller every day, and all the brothers

could find out was, that the closest clipped were the first to go; and, count the flock when they might, some were sure to be missed at the folding.

Kind grew tired of watching, and Clutch lost his sleep with vexation. The other shepherds, over whom he had boasted of his wool and his profits, were not sorry to see pride having a fall. Most of them pitied Kind, but all of them agreed that they had marvelous ill luck, and kept as far from them as they could for fear of sharing it. Still the flock melted away as the months wore on. Storms and cold weather never stopped them from straying, and when the spring came back nothing remained with Clutch and Kind but three old ewes, the quietest and lamest of their whole flock. They were watching these ewes one evening in the primrose tune, when Clutch, who had never kept his eyes off them that day, said:

"Brother, there is wool to be had on their backs."

"It is too little to keep them warm," said Kind. "The east wind still blows sometimes"; but Clutch was off to the cottage for the bag and shears.

Kind was grieved to see his brother so covetous and to divert his mind he looked up at the great hills; it was a sort of comfort to him, ever since their losses began, to look at them evening and morning. Now their far-off heights were growing crimson with the

setting sun, but as he looked, three creatures like sheep scoured up a cleft in one of them as fleet as any deer; and when Kind turned, he saw his brother coming with the bag and shears, but not a single ewe was to be seen. Clutch's first question was, what had become of them; and when Kind told him what he saw, the eldest brother scolded him with might and main forever lifting his eyes off them:

"Much good the hills and the sunset do us," said he, "now that we have not a single sheep. The other shepherds will hardly give us room among them at shearing time or harvest; but for my part, I'll not stay on this plain to be despised for poverty. If you like to come with me, and be guided by my advice, we shall get service somewhere. I have heard my father say that there were great shepherds living in old times beyond the hills; let us go and see if they will take us for sheep-boys."

Kind would rather have stayed and tilled his father's wheat-field, hard by the cottage; but since his elder brother would go, he resolved to bear him company. Accordingly, next morning Clutch took his bag and shears, Kind took his crook and pipe, and away they went over the plain and up the hills. All who saw them thought that they had lost their senses, for no shepherd had gone there for a hundred years, and

nothing was to be seen but wide moorlands, full of rugged rocks, and sloping up, it seemed, to the very sky. Kind persuaded his brother to take the direction the sheep had taken, but the ground was so rough and steep that after two hours' climbing they would gladly have turned back, if it had not been that their sheep were gone, and the shepherds would laugh at them.

By noon they came to the stony cleft, up which the three old ewes had scoured like deer; but both were tired, and sat down to rest. Their feet were sore, and their hearts were heavy; but as they sat there, there came a sound of music down the hills, as if a thousand shepherds had been playing on their tops. Clutch and Kind had never heard such music before. As they listened, the soreness passed from their feet, and the heaviness from their hearts; and getting up, they followed the sound up the cleft, and over a wide heath, covered with purple bloom; till at sunset, they came to the hill-top, and saw a broad pasture, where violets grew thick among the grass, and thousands of snow-white sheep were feeding, while an old man sat in the midst of them, playing on his pipe. He wore a long coat, the color of the holly leaves; his hair hung to his waist, and his beard to his knees; but both were as white as snow, and he had the countenance of one

who had led a quiet life, and known no cares nor losses.

"Good father,' said Kind, for his eldest brother hung back and was afraid, "tell us what land is this, and where can we find service; for my brother and I are shepherds, and can well keep flocks from straying, though we have lost our own."

"These are the hill pastures," said the old man, "and I am the ancient shepherd. My flocks never stray, but I have employment for you. Which of you can shear best?"

"Good father," said Clutch, taking courage, "I am the closest shearer in all the plain country; you would not find as much wool as would make a thread on a sheep when I have done with it."

"You are the man for my business," replied the old shepherd. "When the moon rises, I will call the flock you have to shear. Till then sit down and rest, and take your supper out of my wallet."

Clutch and Kind gladly sat down by him among the violets, and opening a leathern bag which hung by his side, the old man gave them cakes and cheese, and a horn cup to drink from a stream hard by. The brothers felt fit for any work after that meal; and Clutch rejoiced in his own mind at the chance he had got for showing his skill with the shears. Kind will see

how useful it is to cut close, he thought to himself; but they sat with the old man, telling him the news of the plain, till the sun went down and the moon rose, and all the snow-white sheep gathered and laid themselves down behind him. Then he took his pipe and played a merry tune, when immediately there was heard a great howling, and up the hills came a troop of shaggy wolves, with hair so long that their eyes could scarcely be seen. Clutch would have fled for fear, but the wolves stopped, and the old man said to him:

"Rise, and shear; this flock of mine have too much wool on them."

Clutch had never shorn wolves before, yet he couldn't think of losing the good service, and went forward with a stout heart; but the first of the wolves showed its teeth, and all the rest raised such a howl the moment he came near them, that Clutch was glad to throw down his shears, and run behind the old man for safety.

"Good father," cried he, "I will shear sheep, but not wolves."

"They must be shorn," said the old man, "or you go back to the plains, and them after you; but whichever of you can shear them will get the whole flock."

On hearing this, Clutch began to exclaim on his hard fortune, and his brother who had brought him there to be hunted and devoured by wolves; but Kind, thinking that things could be no worse, caught up the shears he had thrown away in his fright, and went boldly up to the nearest wolf. To his great surprise the wild creature seemed to know him, and stood quietly to be shorn, while the rest of the flock gathered round as if waiting their turn. Kind clipped neatly, but not too close, as he had wished his brother to do with the sheep, and heaped up the hair on one side. When he had done with one, another came forward, and Kind went on shearing by the bright moonlight till the whole flock were shorn. Then the old man said:

"Ye have done well, take the wool and the flock for your wages, return with them to the plain, and if you please, take this little-worth brother of yours for a boy to keep them."

Kind did not much like keeping wolves, but before he could make answer, they had all changed into the very sheep which had strayed away so strangely. All of them had grown fatter and thicker of fleece, and the hair he had cut off lay by his side, a heap of wool so fine and soft that its like had never been seen on the plain.

Clutch gathered it up in his empty bag, and glad was he to go back to the plain with his brother; for the old man sent them away with their flock, saying no man must see the dawn of day on that pasture but himself, for it was the ground of the fairies. So Clutch and Kind went home with great gladness. All the shepherds came to hear their wonderful story, and ever after liked to keep near them because they had such good luck. They keep the sheep together till this day, but Clutch has grown less greedy, and Kind alone uses the shears.

The Boy Who Said "I Must"[32]

Farther back than the memory of the grandfathers and grandmothers of some of my young readers can go, there lived in a historic town in Massachusetts a brave little lad who loved books and study more than toys or games, or play of any kind. The dearest wish of his heart was to be able to go to school every day, like more fortunate boys and girls, so that, when he should grow up to be a man, he might be well educated and fitted to do some grand work in the world. But his help was needed at home, and, young as he was, he began then to learn the lessons of unselfishness and duty. It was hard, wasn't it, for a little fellow only eight years old to have to leave off going to school and settle down to work on a farm? Many young folks at his age think they are very badly treated if they are not permitted to have some toy or story book, or other thing on which they have set their hearts; and older boys and girls, too, are apt to pout and frown if their whims are not gratified. But Theodore's parents were very poor, and could not even indulge his longing to go to school.

Did he give up his dreams of being a great man? Not a bit of it. He did not even cry or utter a complaint, but manfully resolved that he would do everything he could "to help father," and then, "when winter comes," he thought, "I shall be able to go to school again." Bravely the little fellow toiled through the beautiful springtide, though his wistful glances were often turned in the direction of the schoolhouse. But he resolutely bent to his work and renewed his resolve that he would be educated. As spring deepened into summer, the work on the farm grew harder and harder, but Theodore rejoiced that the flight of each season brought winter nearer.

At length autumn had vanished; the fruits of the spring and summer's toil had been gathered; the boy was free to go to his beloved studies again. And oh, how he reveled in the few books at his command in the village school! How eagerly he trudged across the fields, morning after morning, to the schoolhouse, where he always held first place in his class! Blustering winds and fierce snowstorms had no terrors for the ardent student. His only sorrow was that winter was all too short, and the days freighted with the happiness of regular study slipped all too quickly by. But the kind-hearted schoolmaster lent him books, so that, when spring came round again, and the boy had

to go back to work, he could pore over them in his odd moments of relaxation. As he patiently plodded along, guiding the plow over the rough earth, he recited the lessons he had learned during the brief winter season, and after dinner, while the others rested awhile from their labors, Theodore eagerly turned the pages of one of his borrowed books, from which he drank in deep draughts of delight and knowledge. Early in the summer mornings, before the regular work began, and late in the evening, when the day's tasks had all been done, he read and re-read his treasured volumes until he knew them from cover to cover.

Then he was confronted with a difficulty. He had begun to study Latin, but found it impossible to get along without a dictionary. "What shall I do?" he thought; "there is no one from whom I can borrow a Latin dictionary, and I cannot ask father to buy me one, because he cannot afford it. But I must have it." That "must" settled the question. Three quarters of a century ago, book stores were few and books very costly. Boys and girls who have free access to libraries and reading rooms, and can buy the best works of great authors, sometimes for a few cents, can hardly imagine the difficulties which beset the little farmer boy in trying to get the book he wanted.

Did he get the dictionary? Oh, yes. You remember he had said, "I must." After thinking and thinking how he could get the money to buy it, a bright idea flashed across his mind. The bushes in the fields about the farm seemed waiting for someone to pick the ripe whortleberries. "Why," thought he, "can't I gather and sell enough to buy my dictionary?" The next morning, before anyone else in the farmhouse was astir, Theodore was moving rapidly through the bushes, picking, picking, picking, with unwearied fingers, the shining berries, every one of which was of greater value in his eyes than a penny would be to some of you. At last, after picking and selling several bushels of ripe berries, he had enough money to buy the coveted dictionary. Oh, what a joy it was to possess a book that had been purchased with his own money! How it thrilled the boy and quickened his ambition to renewed efforts!

"Well done, my boy! But, Theodore, I cannot afford to keep you there."

"Well, father," replied the youth, "but I am not going to study there; I shall study at home at odd times, and thus prepare myself for a final examination, which will give me a diploma."

Theodore had just returned from Boston, and was telling his delighted father how he had spent the

holiday which he had asked for in the morning. Starting out early from the farm, so as to reach Boston before the intense heat of the August day had set in, he cheerfully tramped the ten miles that lay between his home in Lexington and Harvard College, where he presented himself as a candidate for admission; and when the examinations were over, Theodore had the joy of hearing his name announced in the list of successful students. The youth had reached the goal which the boy of eight had dimly seen. And now, if you would learn how he worked and taught in a country school in order to earn the money to spend two years in college, and how the young man became one of the most eminent preachers in America, you must read a complete biography of Theodore Parker, the hero of this little story.

Turning Points in the Life of a Hero[33]

I. The First Turning Point

David Farragut was acting as cabin boy to his father, who was on his way to New Orleans with the infant navy of the United States. The boy thought he had the qualities that make a man. "I could swear like an old salt," he says, "could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and was fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of dinner one day," he continues, "my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, 'David, what do you mean to be?'

"'I mean to follow the sea,' I said.

"'Follow the sea!' exclaimed father; 'yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime!'

"'No, father,' I replied, 'I will tread the quarter-deck, and command as you do.'

"'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as

you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital!' 'That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and I will change it at once. I will never utter another oath, never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, never gamble,' and, as God is my witness," said the admiral, solemnly, "I have kept these three vows to this hour."

II. A Born Leader

The event which proved David Glasgow Farragut's qualities as a leader happened before he was thirteen.

He was with his adopted father, Captain Porter, on board the Essex, when war was declared with England in 1812. A number of prizes were captured by the Essex, and David was ordered by Captain Porter to take one of the captured vessels, with her commander as navigator, to Valparaiso. Although inwardly quailing before the violent-tempered old captain of the prize ship, of whom, afterward confessed, he was

really "a little afraid," the boy assumed the command with a fearless air.

On giving his first order, that the "main topsail be filled away," the trouble began. The old captain, furious at hearing a command given aboard his vessel by a boy not yet in his teens, replied to the order, with an oath, that he would shoot anyone who dared touch a rope without his orders. Having delivered this mandate, he rushed below for his pistols.

The situation was critical. If the young commander hesitated for a moment, or showed the least sign of submitting to be bullied, his authority would instantly have fallen from him. Boy as he was, David realized this, and, calling one of the crew to him, explained what had taken place, and repeated his order. With a hearty "Aye, aye, sir" the sailor flew to the ropes, while the plucky midshipman called down to the captain that "if he came on deck with his pistols, he would be thrown overboard."

David's victory was complete. During the remainder of the voyage none dared dispute his authority. Indeed his coolness and promptitude had won for him the lasting admiration of the crew.

III. "Farragut is the Man"

The great turning point which placed Farragut at the head of the American navy was reached in 1861, when Virginia seceded from the Union, and he had to choose between the cause of the North and that of the South. He dearly loved his native South, and said, "God forbid that I should have to raise my hand against her," but he determined, come what would, to "stick to the flag."

So it came about that when, in order to secure the control of the Mississippi, the national government resolved upon the capture of New Orleans, Farragut was chosen to lead the undertaking. Several officers, noted for their loyalty, good judgment, and daring, were suggested, but the Secretary of the Navy said, "Farragut is the man."

The opportunity for which all his previous noble life and brilliant services had been a preparation came to him when he was sixty-one years old. The command laid upon him was "the certain capture of the city of New Orleans." "The department and the country," so ran his instructions, "require of you success. ... If successful, you open the way to the sea for the great West, never again to be closed. The rebellion will be riven in the center, and the flag, to which you have been so faithful, will recover its supremacy in every state."

On January 9, 1862, Farragut was appointed to the command of the western gulf blockading squadron. "On February 2," says the National Cyclopedia of American Biography, "he sailed on the steam sloop Hartford from Hampton Roads, arriving at the appointed rendezvous, Ship Island, in sixteen days. His fleet, consisting of six war steamers, sixteen gunboats, twenty-one mortar vessels, under the command of Commodore David D. Porter, and five supply ships, was the largest that had ever sailed under the American flag. Yet the task assigned him, the passing of the forts below New Orleans, the capture of the city, and the opening of the Mississippi River through its entire length was one of difficulty unprecedented in the history of naval warfare."

Danger or death had no terror for the brave sailor. Before setting out on his hazardous enterprise, he said: "If I die in the attempt, it will only be what every officer has to expect. He who dies in doing his duty to his country, and at peace with his God, has played the drama of life to the best advantage."

The hero did not die. He fought and won the great battle, and thus executed the command laid upon him, — "the certain capture of the city of New Orleans." The victory was accomplished with the loss of but one ship, and 184 men killed and wounded, —

"a feat in naval warfare," says his son and biographer, "which has no precedent, and which is still without a parallel, except the one furnished by Farragut himself, two years later, at Mobile."

The Boy Who Conquered Fire[34]

Four hundred years ago a little boy named Bernard Palissy was born in a village of France, not very far from the great river Garonne. The country around was beautiful at all times of the year—in spring with orchards in flower, in summer with fields of corn, in autumn with heavy laden vines climbing up the sides of the hills. Farther north stretched wide heaths laden with bloom, and vast forests of walnut and chestnuts. Through the forests roamed hordes of pigs, greedy after the fallen chestnuts that made them so fat, or burrowing about the roots of trees for the truffles growing just out of sight.

When the peasants who owned the pigs saw them sniffing and scratching in certain places, they went out at once and dug for themselves, for truffles as well as pigs were thought delicious eating, and fetched high prices from the rich people.

But the forests of the province of Perigord contained other inhabitants than the pigs and their masters, and these were the workers in glass, the people who for generations had made those wonderful colored windows which are the glory of

French cathedrals. These glass workers were set apart from all other traders. A nobleman might make a beautiful window without bringing down upon himself the scorn of his friends.

Still, at a time when the houses of the poor were generally built of wood, it was considered very dangerous to have glass furnaces, with the fire often at white heat in the middle of a town. So a law was passed forcing them to carry on their work at a distance.

In Perigord the glass workers were kept in the forest where they could cut down the logs they needed for their kilns and where ferns grew, which, when reduced to powder, were needed in the manufacture of the glass.

Bernard must have had many companions among the children of the forest. He went through the world with his eyes always open, and he soon learned a great deal of all that had to be done in order to turn out the bits of glass that blazed like jewels when the sun shone on them. There were special kinds of earth, or rocks, or plants to be sought for, and when found the glass-maker must know how to use them, so as to get exactly the color or thickness of material that he wanted.

And when the glassmaker had spent hours and hours mixing his substances and seeing that he had put in just the right quantity of each and no more,

perhaps the fire would be a little too hot and the glass would crack. Or it might be a little too cold and the mixture would not become solid glass. Then the poor man would have to begin his work all over again.

Bernard stood by and watched, and noted the patience of the glass workers as well as the way that the glass was made.

But Bernard learned other things besides how to make glass. He was taught to read and write, and by-and-by to draw. In his walks through the woods or over the hills he looked at the fallen leaves or up through the branches of the trees in search of anything that might be hidden there. He especially loved the bright-eyed lizards, and sometimes he would persuade them to stay quiet for a few minutes by singing some country songs while he took out his roll of paper and made rough sketches of them.

But after a while Bernard Palissy grew restless. He left home and traveled on foot over the south of France, gaining fresh knowledge at every step as those do who keep their wits about them. He had no money so he paid his way by drawing pictures. Sometimes he made portraits of the village innkeeper's children, or measured the field at the back of the house where the good man thought of laying out his garden of fruit and herbs.

And as Palissy, now a young man, went he visited the cathedrals in the town as well as the forges and the manufactories; and he never stopped until he found out why this city made cloth, and that one silk, and a third wonderful patterns of wrought iron.

After several years Palissy settled down in the little town of Saintes. He supported himself by surveying until something that changed his whole life happened to him.

A French gentleman named Pons, who had spent a long time at the Italian courts returned to France bringing with him many beautiful things. Among these was an earthenware cup, wonderfully shaped and enameled. Pons happened to meet Palissy, and finding that the same subjects interested them both, he showed him the cup. The young man could scarcely contain himself for the sight. For some time he had been turning over in his mind the possibility of discovering enamel, or glaze, to put on the earthen pots. Here, in perfection, was the very thing he was looking for.

Then a pirate boat sailed into port with a great Spanish ship in tow. It was filled with earthenware cups from Venice and plates and goblets from the Spanish city of Valencia, famous for its marvelously beautiful glaze. The news reached Palissy, and he

made a study of the best of the pots before they were bought by the King, Francis I.

The Venetian and Spanish workers still kept their secrets so that Palissy was obliged to work on in the dark. He bought cheap earthenware pots and broke them and pounded the pieces in a mortar to discover, if he could, the substances of which they were made.

All this took a long time, and Palissy almost starved as he worked.

Week after week went by and Palissy was to be seen in his little work shop, making experiments with pieces of common pots over which he spread the different mixtures that he had made. He baked these pieces in his furnace, hoping that some of the mixtures might, when hot, produce a color. White was what he desired above all, though. He had heard that if once you had been able to procure a fine white, it was comparatively easy to get the rest. Remembering how, as a boy, he had used certain chemical substances in staining the glass, he put these into some of his mixtures, and hopefully awaited the result.

But, alas! he had never seen earth baked, and he had no idea how hot the fire of his furnace should be or in what way to regulate it. Sometimes the substance was baked too much, and sometimes too little. And every day he was building fresh furnaces in place of the

old which had cracked, collecting fresh materials, making fresh failures, and spending all his money.

The amount of wood necessary to feed the furnaces was enormous, and when Palissy could no longer afford to buy it, he cut down all the trees and bushes in his garden, and when they were exhausted he burned all the tables and chairs in his house and tore up the floors. His friends laughed at him, but nothing turned him from his purpose. Except for a few hours a week when he worked at something which would bring in money enough to keep him alive, he gave every moment and every thought to the discovery which was so slow in being made.

Again he bought some cheap pots, which he broke in pieces, and covered three or four hundred fragments with his mixtures. These he carried, with the help of a man, to the kiln belonging to some potters in the forest and asked leave to bake them. The potters gave him permission, and the pieces were laid carefully in the furnace. After four hours Palissy ventured to examine them, and found one of the fragments perfectly baked, and covered with a beautiful white glaze.

He was full of joy, but too soon, for success was still far distant.

The mixture that produced the result was due to Palissy having added a little more of some special substance, because when he tried to make a fresh mixture to spread over the rest of the pieces, he failed to obtain the same result. Still, he was not discouraged. He had done what he had wanted once, and some day he knew he would do it again, and always.

He was too poor to get help. He worked for more than a month, night and day, grinding into powders the substances such as he had used in the moment of his success. But heat the furnace as he might, it would not bake and again he was beaten. He had found the secret of the enamel, but not how to make it form part of the pots.

Each time victory seemed certain, fresh misfortune occurred. The mortar used by the potter in building his kiln was full of small pebbles, and when the oven became very hot these pebbles split and mixed with the glaze. Then the enamel was spread over the earthen pots, which at last were properly baked, and the surface of each pot, instead of being absolutely smooth, became sharp and full of points.

To guard against this, Palissy invented a kind of case in which he put his pots while they were in the kiln, and he found this extremely useful.

Now he began to pluck up heart and to model lizards and serpents, tortoises and lobsters, leaves and flowers; but it was a long time before he could turn them out as he wished. The green of the lizards burned before the color of the serpents was properly fixed; and the lobsters, serpents, and other creatures were baked before it suited the potter.

But at length his patience and courage triumphed over all difficulties. He learned how to manage his furnace and how to mix his materials. The victory had taken Palissy, the master potter, sixteen years to win, but at last he, and not the fire, was master. He could make what he liked, and ask what price he chose.

Fidelity and Chastity

Almost Home[35]

A little winding railway in a southern county connects two widely parallel systems and is known as the C & G. The trains are small and meek when compared with the long aggregation of cars with which they connect at G.

But to the old man who sat today in one of the cramped, uncomfortable coaches, defects were not apparent. For forty years little cars like these had passed his door; along this same road he and Mary had taken their wedding trip. How proud he was of her when they returned, and he had taken her home, where his father and his father's father had lived before him. There they had lived and labored together, going on Saturdays to the village and on Sundays to the little church; and there Tom had been born.

It seemed hard to realize that all this was long ago; for so much had happened since then. No lusty boy would come rushing to meet him today; the rocking chair where she used to sit would be very still. The old man choked a little and wiped his eyes with his cotton handkerchief.

He had not known what all this meant to him until he had left it. He had been lonely and Tom had persuaded him to go live with him. But it was all so strange in this new place, so little like he had pictured it. He said nothing. They were kind to him, and he must not seem ungrateful. He would not admit, even to himself, that he wished to go back, but he grew so silent, white and still that his son, watching his wistful face, was touched.

"Father," said he, "am I not your son? Tell me." And the old man answered humbly: "Tom, I am old and getting childish, but I want to go back. I've never lived anywhere else before, and-and she's there, Tom."

So today he was going home; back to the hills and trees; back to his old house and graves; back where she had left him to wait until she had called him; and the journey was almost done.

The sunshine crept across the car, and the noise of voices grew lower and lower. Somehow it was evening, and he was coming home down the long lanes between the fields. Over the hills came the tinkle of bells, as the cattle came home to the milking; here, running to meet him, was little Tom, the red stains of berries still marking his face and fingers; and there by the gate, the love-light as strong in her eyes as

on the day they were married stood Mary, the wife of his youth.

"I am late," he said, "and tired."

"Come," she said, "you can rest now; it is only a step more," and–a long, quavering sigh of relief–and–he was at home. The little rough train went jolting along and reached his station at last. But when the conductor shook him he did not answer.

E. Crayton McCants

What the Spirit of Sunshine Means[36]

"How's business, Eben?"

The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work.

"Fine, Marthy, fine."

"Does the store look just the same? Land, how I'd like to be there again, with the sun shining in so bright! How does it look, Eben?"

"The store's never been the same since you left it, Marthy."

A faint flush came into Martha's cheeks. Is a wife ever too old to be moved by her husband's praise?

For years Eben and Martha had kept a tiny notion store, but one day Martha fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong again–never more be partner in the happy little store.

"I can't help hankering for a sight of the store," thought Martha one afternoon. "If I take it real careful, I think I can get down there. 'Tisn't so far."

It took a long time for her to drag herself downtown, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she

stopped. Not far from her on the pavement stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck. On this tray were arranged a few cards of collar-buttons, some papers of pins and several bundles of shoelaces. In a trembling voice he called his wares.

Martha leaned for support against the wall of a building nearby. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit. Then she understood. The store had gone to pay her hospital expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her weak limbs would carry her.

"It will hurt him so to have me find it out!" she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.

"He's kept it a secret from me, and now I'll keep it a secret from him. He shan't ever know that I know."

That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Martha asked cheerily the old question:

"How's business, Eben?"

"Better'n ever, Marthy," was the cheery answer, and Martha prayed God might bless him for his sunshiny spirit and love of her.

Hanna's Courtship[37]

Nearly thirty-eight years ago Mark Hanna was just starting on his business career as a grocer in Cleveland. He was poor, plodding, and to the casual observer, a very every-day sort of young man. Daniel Rhodes was one of the rich coal owners of the state. He had one daughter, Gussie, the very idol of his soul. Gussie Rhodes met and loved the obscure, poor young man, Mark Hanna. Mr. Rhodes was astounded when the daring young grocer called upon him and asked for the hand of his daughter. He refused absolutely to grant the young suitor even time enough to beg. He said "No!" curtly and sharply, and when he saw his daughter he tried to scold her, but instead he took her in his honest arms and begged her not to think of "this unknown man, Hanna." He said he never, never could consent to such a choice for his child.

Gussie Rhodes told her father, with many a reassuring embrace, that she would never marry without his consent, and she added, "But, papa, dear, I shall never marry any man but Mark Hanna." Then she promised her father not to see her lover or to write

to him for a year at least. A foreign tour was taken for that change of scene which is supposed to work wonders in heart affections.

For nearly a year the "change of scene" prescription was faithfully pursued, and the patient, always cheerfully submissive, gentle and charming, obviously grew frailer day by day. Almost in despair, the old man brought his child home again, and one morning he gathered the courage to ask her if she still cared for Mark Hanna.

"Why, father," she replied, "I shall always love Mark Hanna. I told you that, you know, a year ago.

Poor old "Uncle Dan" Rhodes! Sending for the obscure young man, he said to him: "Mr. Hanna, Gussie loves you; that is my only reason for accepting you as her future husband. You are poor. I'll fix it so Gussie can live as she has been accustomed to, and I suppose I must see you marry her."

Now the coming young man cast ever so slight a shadow of his future greatness on the opportunity of the present.

"Mr. Rhodes," said he, "I most gratefully accept the gift of your daughter's love, but I cannot make her my wife unless she will be content to live as my means will enable us. I can neither accept aid nor permit my wife to accept it from anyone."

So Mark Hanna and Gussie Rhodes were married, and the bride went from her father's big house to live in a tiny cottage, where, with one maid of all work, she was as happy as a queen.

The Telephone-A Memory[38]

The last heavy moving van had driven away. The owner of the house, a stern-faced man, had watched it out of sight, then turned back for one last glance about the familiar rooms to see that nothing had been forgotten. His tread sounded hollow in the deserted rooms; an air of loneliness filled the bare house, and something of its chill struck to his empty heart and made him shudder. With a sigh that was almost a groan, he returned to the hallways, when suddenly, near the telephone, he caught sight of a little sheet of paper, pinned to the wall, and covered with different names, some written carefully in violet ink–they were for constant reference–others were scribbled hastily in pencil, toward the last.

There it was before him, alive and tangible almost–the beautiful page of life that had been his for a few short years. All that he had made up his mind to forget was there–a fragment of human life on half a sheet of paper! With tender care, the man removed the thumb-pin and took the paper from the wall. It was a bright yellow color and as he stepped into the

empty parlor the light seemed strangely reflected when he carried it to the window to read it.

At the top, her name was written: Louise, the most beautiful name he knew, for it was that of his beloved, and the number beside it, 105-08 Orange, was a veritable song of triumph. That was the beginning; she was in the country then, while he was working in the city and planning this home that was to be their heaven; how often had he called that number to tell her of the progress that he was making, and to invite her to run in and see how he was getting on; what delightful little surprises he had arranged each time and how overjoyed she had been with his thoughtfulness! Several erasures followed. Then came the number of the florists, and the livery stable. Then there were several furniture stores; that was when he was gradually building their home. Then there followed T. Cook & Son, Florida; that stood for their honeymoon journey. Next there came Met. O.H.; newly married, they went to the opera every Friday evening. This was their happiest time, for they recognized their own love in the communion of beauty and harmony in the country of dreams, in the land that lay back of the curtain.

Directly below was the number of his bank. That was his work, the vital power which gave him bread

and the means to create a fireside and a home, the very base of existence and its foundation. The number had been crossed out, for the bank had failed. Finally he had found another position in a bank, but only after a long interval, after months of care and anxiety; several names and numbers were written in on the edge as of temporary importance.

Then a man's name, struck through with a pencil, recalled one of their friends of high social standing, suddenly ruined and obliged to leave the city, so fragile and unstable is the wealth of this world.

Immediately below, the lines of hasty pencil scribbling commenced. The violet ink ceased abruptly. First came the name of the doctor; and then the simple word, mother. That was the mother-in-law's number, the gentle lady who, keeping discreetly on one side not to trouble the happiness of the new household, came so quickly, so quickly when appealed to in the time of sickness, so glad to be with them and to help them.

Rougher and more hasty grew the writing. The number of an employment agency; that was to engage the nurse. The druggists...things were more serious then...the dairy...only pasteurized milk was to be used. Then the names of the grocer, the butcher and the baker. The household seemed run entirely by the

telephone. That was because the mistress of the house was no longer in her accustomed place. She was in bed sick.

What followed, the man could but dimly see. A mist had gathered before his eyes. He grew paler still and the hand that held the paper tightened until the knuckles showed white.

There was a blank space and below, written in trembling letters, the name of the funeral director, and a number now illegible as though blotted out by the stain of a tear, and beside it: "two coffins, one small, one large."

Then–nothing.

Only dust–the end of all things in this world! The man looked pitifully at the paper for a moment, then kissing it, put it in his pocket. In a few minutes he had relived years of his life.

He went out, his head held high, carrying with him a heart full of sorrow and tender memories. In his agony he thought to himself: "I have had all that is best on earth, a wife, a fireside, and my work! What is there left?"

Lincoln's Proposal[39]

(Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one, and, singularly enough, it has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been, and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Mr. Jesse Welk of Greencastle, to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably, to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follow:–)

You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew that you were not, I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information, but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time more than anything else to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as

possible I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts–if you ever had any–from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance should depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you

think, just in the manner you think it.

Your friend, Lincoln.

(Probably this is the strangest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love, and a proposal for marriage that does not propose.)

It Will Mend[40]

Ex-Governor Pennypacker, in an address that was both kind and witty, said in Philadelphia of the divorce evil:

"There would be less divorce if there were more forgiveness. We forgive our enemies–would it be so dreadful to forgive our husbands and our wives?

"I have been reading a play by a Frenchman–Hervieu's Connaistoi–I wish we turned out such plays in this country–and in the last act of this play an old soldier says a profoundly beautiful thing about those husbands and wives who forgive.

"'Happiness,' he says, 'is so precious to some of us that, when it is broken, we stoop and gather up the pieces.'"

They Two[41]

They are left alone in the dear old home
After so many years,
When the house was full of frolic and fun,
Of childish laughter and tears.
They are left alone, they two–once more
Beginning life over again,
Just as they did in the days of yore,
Before they were nine or ten.

And the table is set for two these days;
The children went one by one
Away from home on the separate ways
When the childhood days were done.
How healthily hungry they used to be!
What romping they used to do!
And mother–for weeping–can hardly see
To set the table for two.

They used to gather around the fire
While someone would read aloud,
But whether at study or work or play
'Twas a loving and merry crowd.

And now they are two that gather there
    At evening to read or sew,
And it seems almost too much to bear
    When they think of the long ago.

Ah, well–ah, well, 'tis the way of the world!
    Children stay but a little while
And then into other scenes are whirled,
    Where other homes beguile;
But it matters not how far they roam
    Their hearts are fond and true,
And there's never a home like the dear old home
    Where the table is set for two.

A.E.K.

Because You Love Me[42]

Because you love me, I have found
    New joys that were not mine before;
New stars have lightened up my sky
    With glories growing more and more.
Because you love me I can rise
    To the heights of fame and realms of power;
Because you love me I may learn
    The highest use of every hour.

To look through your dear eyes and see
    Beyond the beauty of the Now
Far onward to Eternity.
    Because you love me I can wait
With perfect patience well possessed;
    Because you love me all my life
Is circled with unquestioned rest;
    Yes, even Life and even Death
Is all unquestioned and all blest.

I Am Your Wife[43]

Oh, let me lay my head tonight upon your breast,
And close my eyes against the light. I fain would rest;
I'm weary, and the world looks sad; this worldly strife
Turns me to you; and, oh, I'm glad to be your wife!
Though friends may fail or turn aside, yet I have you
And in your love I may abide, for you are true—
My only solace in each grief and in despair,
If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart
From yours, then may no pleasure great enough to part
Our sympathies fall to my lot. I'd e'er remain
Bereft of friends, though true or not, just to retain
Your true regard, your presence bright thro' care and strife;
And, oh! I thank my God tonight, I am your wife!

Napoleon's Love for Josephine[44]

Napoleon writes to his bride: "Your letters are the delight of my days, and my happy days are not very many. Junot is carrying twenty-two flags to Paris. You must come back with him; do you understand? It would be hopeless misery, an inconsolable grief, continual agony, if I should have the misfortune of seeing him come back alone, my adorable one. . . . You will be here, by my side, on my heart, in my arms! Take wings, come, come! Put travel slowly; the way is long, bad, and tiresome."

Almost daily he writes to his wife: "My only Josephine, away from you, there is no happiness; away from you, the world is a desert, in which I stand alone, with no chance of tasting the delicious joy of pouring out my heart. You have robbed me of more than my soul; you are the sole thought of my life. If I am worn out by all the torment of events, and fear the issue; if men disgust me; if I am ready to curse life, Take my hand on my heart, — your image; is beating there."

She is not well, and does not come to him, and again he writes: "My dear, do remember to tell me that you are certain that I love you more than can be imagined; . . . that no hour passes that I do not think

of you; that it has never entered my mind to think of any other woman; . . . that you, as I see you, as you are, can please me and absorb my whole soul; that you have wholly filled it; that my heart has no corner that you do not see, no thoughts that are not subordinate to you; that my strength, my arms, my intelligence, are all yours; . . . and that the day when you shall have changed, or shall have ceased to live, will be the day of my death; that nature, the earth, is beautiful, in my eyes, only because you live on it."

General Marniont says in his memoirs: "Bonaparte, however occupied he may have been with his greatness, the interests entrusted to him, and with his future, had, nevertheless, time to devote to feelings of another sort; he was continually thinking of his wife. . . . He often spoke to me of her, and of his love, with all the frankness, fire, and illusion of a very young man. . . . During a trip we made together at this time, to inspect the places in Piedmont that had fallen into our hands, one morning at Tortona, the glass in front of his wife's portrait, which he always carried with him, broke in his hands. He grew frightfully pale, and suffered the keenest alarm."

Again he says, "Never did a purer, truer, or more exclusive love fill a man's heart, or the heart of so extraordinary a man."

Lanfrey says, "In this love, which has been said to be the only one that touched his heart, all the fire and flame of his masterful nature showed itself."

Loyalty and Dependability

The Boy Who Could Give Up[45]

William the Conqueror

It seems like a fairy tale come true when we go back to the beginnings of French history and see a little boy only twelve years old the lord of a great castle. He was the Duke of Normandy, a troubled little lad with no mother or father. His name was William, and that is what we will call him, for he was a real boy at heart.

It was a gloomy old castle at Rouen. It was a hundred years old when William came to be its lord, and it was so full of great rooms and treasures of armor and plate that the lad hardly knew all his possessions. There were great stables, a huge banqueting hall, guest rooms hung with rich but dingy old tapestries, and an audience room in which the little Duke seemed lost as he sat on the great throne.

There was a fortress, too, a stout stone fort that stood to guard the entrance to the castle grounds. Those were times of great stress in France. The country was divided into fiefs, small portions of land that were ruled by lords and barons. King Henry of France ruled all the fiefs, in a way, but there were

quarrels all the time about ownership and boundary lines. The King had begun to feel that he was not sufficiently respected in Normandy, and he suddenly decided to invade its territory with an army thousands strong.

William, Duke of Normandy, knew of the struggles and conflicts that were coming nearer and nearer his border lands. He worried about it, but he loved to hunt, and there was nothing that made him so happy as to ride a fleet horse like the wind over the sweeping plains of his land.

Gilbert of Crispin, who had been warden of the castle for many years, guarded it with his yeomen when William wanted to go away to ride or hunt, and no one thought that the King of France would invade the duchy of a little boy of twelve.

That was why William was away, and old Gilbert had few men to meet such an army of invaders, when King Henry of France descended upon the castle of the Duke of Normandy and demanded it with all its men and land for himself.

Even the oldest servants of the little Duke, the kitchen helpers and the stable boys rallied and armed themselves to try to hold the castle for their master. The Knights of the King of France were tried in warfare, though, and they greatly outnumbered the

force of the castle. Their shields and lances flashed in the sunshine and they shouted:

"Give us the keys of the castle. If you refuse we will raze the walls to the ground and kill the Duke and all his followers!" "The Duke of Normandy defies you!" shouted old Gilbert as he rallied his men to a brave attack in resistance of the invaders. They were sorely outnumbered, though. It would have gone very badly with plucky old Gilbert and the castle would have been destroyed if, just then, they had not heard a shrill trumpet peal ring out above the clash of swords.

"Make way; make way for the Duke!" came a shout.

The contending forces of the castle and the King stood aside. The great drawbridge fell, the portcullis rose creakingly, the gate opened, and the Duke of Normandy rode into the courtyard. He rode like a man and his muscles were iron. The wind blew his waving brown hair from his face and showed his high forehead and clear eyes. Gilbert rode up to his young lord, pointing angrily toward the King and his army, but William beckoned him aside and addressed his retainers.

"Cease resisting the King of France!" the boy shouted. "I was only seven years old when my father put my hand in the hand of this same Henry of France

and made me swear to be his man and loyal to him always. I never thought that my loyalty would be put to so great a test as this, but I must keep my promise and give up my castle to my King. It is yours for the asking, my lord, if you feel that this will be best for Normandy and for you."

There was a silence then and the castle followers stepped back as the little Duke had commanded to allow the King to take possession of the castle. But the voice of the King suddenly rang out:

"Kneel before your lord, William of Normandy," he commanded, and the boy did as he was bade. The King drew his sword and struck the little Duke three times on his shoulder with the flat blade and once on his cheek after the fashion of the accolade. Then the King said:

"William of Normandy, in the name of God, of Saint Michael and Saint George, I dub thee Knight. Be valiant and loyal. Speak the truth; do only what is right; protect the defenseless; succor those who are distressed; champion, all ladies; prove thy knighthood by bravery and endurance and perilous adventures and valorous deeds. Fear God; fight for the faith and serve thy land faithfully and valiantly."

So the little Duke William was made a knight at the youngest age ever a boy had been knighted. He went

into the castle with great honor although it was now his King's, and it was a day of joy and feasting for everyone, down to the meanest scullery lad.

There was terrible work for the boy to do before many months. Traitors in the camp of the King of France turned some of William's own subjects against him, and when the little knight was only thirteen he led an army that won back for him the castle in which he had lived so long.

Battle after battle William won, but they were all good fights, and his record comes down to us as almost the greatest of princely virtue. He rode from one conquest to another until he was William, the Conqueror, King of England.

More than anything else, though, was William the conqueror of himself, the boy who could give up when this was the better part.

Damon and Pythias[46]

More than two thousand years ago two young men who were intimate friends lived in Greece. Their names were Damon and Pythias.

The ruler of the country, named Dionysius, was a cruel man. He put Pythias into prison and set a day for his death. Pythias had done nothing wrong, but he had convicted the ruler of wrong-doing.

The father and mother of Pythias lived in another part of the country. "May I go home to bid them good-bye, and to arrange my affairs before I die?" he asked.

The ruler laughed. "That is a strange request," said he. "Of course you would escape and you would never come back."

At that moment Damon stepped forward. "I am his friend," he said. "I will stay in prison till Pythias returns."

Then the ruler asked: "What will happen if Pythias does not return?"

"I will die for him," said Damon.

This surprised Dionysius very much. He put Damon in prison and Pythias went home. Weeks

went by and Pythias did not return. At last the day of execution came, and Damon was led out to be put to death. He said: "Pythias will come if he is alive. I can trust him absolutely."

Just then soldiers ran up, shouting: "Here he comes! Here he comes!"

Yes, there was Pythias, breathless with haste. He had been shipwrecked on his journey and had been cast on shore many miles away. He had walked all those miles to get back in time.

Dionysius was greatly moved. "You are both free," said he. "I would give all I have for one such friend. Will you let me become a friend to you both?"

A Loyal Worker[47]

Louis Pasteur was born December 27, 1822, died September 8, 1895, and lived in the mountain country between France and Switzerland. His father was a poor tanner; he had served under Napoleon, and had many stories to tell about the war.

Pasteur as a boy always worked hard because he wanted to find out what could be done by making scientific experiments. One day in his chemistry class he tried to get phosphorus out of bone. His teacher told him that it was a long and tedious experiment, but Pasteur waited for a holiday and then worked from 4 a.m. until 9 p.m. till he had got three ounces of phosphorus out of bone.

When he graduated from school he opened a new college to teach scientific farming, and in four years' time his lecture rooms were crowded.

Millions of French people depended for their living on raising silkworms and sheep, and making wine from grapes. So Pasteur studied and experimented to find out what it was that caused wine and vinegar to ferment and turn too strong and acid. He found that the trouble was due to tiny germs

invisible without a microscope. And then he had a great idea. He asked himself: If diseases in wines are caused by germs, why may not diseases in people be? And if we can get rid of germs, may not people recover instead of dying?

Naturally, Pasteur longed to work out this idea and save people's lives, but just as he was about to take it up, the French government asked him to do something else. The silkworms were dying by millions, and the French peasants, who made their living by making silk, were in despair about the loss of their silkworms. The government authorities said to Pasteur: "You can help us if you will find out what causes the trouble and how it can be prevented."

Pasteur set to work faithfully. It was fatiguing work and a strain on his health, for he had to live for months in damp and overheated glass houses in order to watch the silkworms. It was five years before he discovered a cure. Before he had finished the work he had a stroke of paralysis, but he would not yield. Just as soon as possible he went back to his hothouse. His doctors advised him that it might be dangerous to his health. "But," he answered, "this work must be done; the future of France and of my countrymen depends on my success."

After he had learned how to cure the silkworms, Pasteur discovered how to kill the germs that get into wounds and poison people. Then he learned how to prevent the fever that killed hundreds of thousands of cattle and sheep and horses in France.

And then he made a wonderful cure for hydrophobia, a disease caused by the bites of mad dogs. Now every one bitten by a mad dog can hope to be given a special treatment and cured. Before Pasteur's discovery, almost every one bitten had died. We owe the safety of our lives here in America in large part to Pasteur and to his faithfulness to work.

The Patriotism of Senator Foelker[48]

The racetrack bills signed by Governor Hughes in 1908 prohibited betting on the racetrack. The tie vote in favor of these excellent bills was cast by Senator Foelker, who came to the Senate chamber at Albany from his sickbed and at the risk of his life. Ill or not, Senator Foelker had made up his mind that he would vote. The question was important for the welfare of his State, and he knew that the vote would be a close one.

Senator Foelker had a night of anxiety and restlessness that was poor preparation for the duty before him. While he was supposed to be resting, with his physician in attendance at his bedside every moment, he worried about getting back to the Capitol and voting for the racetrack bills. Several times Dr. Murphy thought that he would have to call for assistance, fearing that the Senator would take a sudden turn for the worse; but toward daylight he fell asleep.

"Is it getting near time to go?" asked Senator Foelker, when he awoke. The birds were singing in the trees outside and wagons were rumbling in the street.

Dr. Murphy smiled. "No, no. It's only six o'clock," he replied soothingly; "you have still lots of time to sleep."

But the Senator could sleep no more. He feared that he might not be in the Senate when the bills came up for voting. About nine o'clock he managed to choke down a little nourishment, and soon afterward Dr. Murphy issued this bulletin:

"I think now that Senator Foelker will be able to go to the Senate. But I cannot say positively. I shall not know until we get word that his vote is at the point of being actually needed. The Senator's pulse is very weak, and I still regard him as a very sick man. His head is clear, though, this morning. Nothing is the matter with that."

At noon Canon Chase and Assemblyman Surpless of Brooklyn were admitted to the Senator's room.

"It is time to go," said Canon Chase. They led the sick man down and assisted him into the carriage. The horses were walked to the Capitol, and when Canon Chase, Dr. Murphy, Assemblyman Surpless, and the sick man left the carriage, the driver was told to wait.

The Senator limped between his physician and the Canon.

His face was pale and beads of sweat stood upon his forehead. Never once did he raise his head as they

half carried him across the pavement and into the Capitol Building. He walked in a bewildered manner to the elevator, where he was placed in a chair. Gently the elevator was run to the third floor. Still leaning on the arm of his physician, Senator Foelker made his way into the Senate Chamber, and sank into a seat.

Meanwhile no one knew whether or not Senator Foelker would be on hand to vote until he actually appeared in the Senate Chamber. When the hour of noon arrived, after nearly two hours' discussion of the bills, the opposition Senators, seeing that Foelker had not arrived, began to clamor for a final roll call.

At this very moment Senator Foelker was escorted into the Senate Chamber. The spectators in the galleries and on the Senate floor applauded loudly. Disappointment was plainly evident in the faces of the Senators of the opposition. For a moment after the applause had been suppressed, silence hung heavily over the Senate Chamber. Then followed a buzz of excitement in the galleries and in the space on the floor set aside for spectators, which was jammed. Lieut. Governor Chanler let his gavel descend heavily on the desk in front of him, and enforced silence.

It was plain that every moment Senator Foelker spent in the Senate Chamber added to his weakness. Senator Grady spoke to his amendment for five full

minutes, and would have spoken longer had not Senator Raines insisted that the agreement of last night, whereby speeches on roll call should be limited to five minutes, must be observed. Lieut. Governor Chanler, who was keenly alive to the suffering Foelker was undergoing, timed the speakers almost to the second.

In every instance when a Senator who happened to have the floor insisted that his time had not expired Chanler ruled against him.

By this time it was apparent to everyone in the Senate Chamber that the strain and excitement were beginning to tell on Senator Foelker. Time and again he passed his hand over his forehead. He leaned back in his chair wearily. Agnew passed up and down in the Senate Chamber, watch in hand, timing the speakers of the opposition who were trying to drag out proceedings in the hope that the Senator would collapse before he could cast his vote.

A number of the Senators opposing the bills demanded an opportunity to explain their vote. Senator Cohalan in explaining his vote had begun a vicious attack on Governor Hughes, which was cut off in the middle by the announcement from the Chair that his time had expired.

"Then I ask for an extension of time," said Cohalan.

Senator Agnew objected, and then went over to the seat of Senator Raines.

"Foelker is on the point of fainting, he cannot stand this much longer," whispered Agnew. Raines walked out into the middle aisle.

"Under ordinary circumstances, every Senator on the floor would be glad to extend that courtesy," he said. "But in this instance it is my humane duty to hold the Senator to the five-minute limit."

It was agreed that on the final roll call Senator Foelker should be permitted to vote after all the other Senators had voted.

There was much surprise when his name was reached at hearing his "Aye" ring out strong and clear through the Senate Chamber. Every eye turned toward him. There stood Foelker at the door with no one to support him.

The vote on the second bill resulted as did the first, 26 for and 25 against.

Immediately after he had voted Senator Foelker withdrew. The weight of responsibility which had borne down upon him until freed by the last "Aye" had passed. There was a trace of sprightliness in his step as he walked between his physician and the

Canon to the carriage. The paleness had left his cheeks; his eyes, too, which had seemed lusterless and fixed, while he had sat there waiting for his name to be called, were now bright.

On the way down in the elevator Dr. Murphy asked how his patient felt.

"I am glad it is all over," said the Senator. "I can get well now. I feel better already, much better."

Canon Chase had words of praise for the Senator, but Mr. Foelker pushed them aside.

"I did my duty, that's all," he said.

Back to the house drove the carriage, and Senator Foelker was put to bed. Dr. Murphy ran downstairs and called up Mrs. Foelker on the telephone.

"The racing bills have been won," he said when he heard her voice at the other end of the wire in Staatsburg.

"But how is he? How is my husband?" asked the Senator's wife, with a note of anxious fear in her voice.

"Oh, he's doing nicely," replied the doctor. "He has stood the ordeal better than I thought. We will bring him back to you tomorrow and he will soon be well again."

There came a fervent exclamation over the wire —

"Thank God!"

Governor Hughes thoroughly appreciated the fact that nothing but the willing sacrifice of the Brooklyn Senator had saved the day for his reforms. After the bills had been passed, he said to a correspondent of the New York Times, in discussing the act of Senator Foelker:

"That's the kind of conduct for which they give the Victoria Cross on the field of battle. Senator Foelker has earned the gratitude of his fellow citizens. The passage of these bills will act as a tonic on all the people in this state and nation who are believers in law and order and the sanctity of the Constitution."

The Story of General Gordon[49]

General Gordon was born in England, January 28, 1833, and was one of a military family. At the age of fourteen, he entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and by the time he was twenty-one, he had his first fighting at Sebastopol during the Crimean War. There are three great experiences in Gordon's career: his command of the forces in China, his simple friendly life as engineer on the Thames, and his work in the Soudan.

In 1860, the real beginning of his fame was made. He joined the army at Peking, China, and soon was promoted to be a major. In 1802, the Taiping tribes, under an extraordinary fanatic who claimed to be divine, devastated the south of China, destroying towns and even threatening the European factories and silk districts. The English and French forces agreed to help the Chinese imperial forces and defend Shanghai. They were aided by an army of foreigners and about a thousand natives under an American named Ward. The expenses of this army were paid by Chinese merchants. When Ward fell, Li Huug Chang asked the English to remodel the force and appoint a

commander. Gordon was chosen and served till the "Ever Victorious Army" was disbanded in May, 1864.

Gordon led the men without ever carrying arms. He held only a little cane with which he directed his troops. The Chinese troops when they saw how he exposed himself and was never hurt, decided firmly that his cane was a magic wand. Even when shot through the leg at Kintang, Gordon stood giving orders till he fainted.

The Chinese Government made him a Mandarin and gave him the rank of Ti-Tu, the highest army rank, and the Emperor decreed as follows:

"We command that Gordon be rewarded with a yellow jacket to be worn on his person, and peacock's feathers to be carried in his cap. Also that there be bestowed on him four suits of the uniform proper to his rank of Ti-Tu, in token of our favor and desire to do him honor. Respect this."

Gordon declined all presents of money and spent all his pay in making his forces efficient. "I leave China as poor as I entered it," he wrote home at the close of the war.

From 1865 to 1871, Gordon was at Gravesend, England, as Commanding Royal Engineer improving the defenses of the River Thames. He was much more than an engineer. Sometimes his house was used as a

hospital and often as a school. He helped every sick and poor person who came to him, but he delighted especially in helping the boys who were employed on the river. He gave them clothes, he kept them in his house for weeks, he taught them to read, and he got them placed as midshipmen on board ships. "One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into his map of the world. Gordon answered that they marked the course of his boys on their voyages. He moved them from point to point as the boys sailed along, and he prayed for them as they went, night and day."

In 1873 he became governor of the Equator tribes in the Nile basin, on a salary of two thousand pounds a year — his own terms. It was a strange and dangerous undertaking. The government seat at Gondokoro was a miserable station in a wild country — the kind of country that ex-President Roosevelt visited after his term of office ended.

From Gondokoro to Khartoum (a thousand miles) was at times a fourteen months journey owing to inevitable delays. Gordon was made governor of an almost unknown province. His subjects were under the power of adventurers who traded in ivory and slaves, forced traffic on their neighbors, and governed even their factories by the use of armed men. They

had been lawless for ages. Gordon was told to deal with them severely, yet to make use of them if they would enter government service. The land must be tilled, and crops raised by soldiers and by natives. No corn must be seized from the tribes. Posts must be established at Khartoum, and the lakes and the river made navigable. The governor must win the confidence of the natives, stop the slave trade and make the slave-dealers fear him. These were the orders of the Egyptian governor.

The slave trade had wasted the country between Khartoum and Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza. In places where there had formerly been large villages, no one remained. Seven-eighths of the population were slaves; the country swarmed with slave-hunters and slave-dealers; district governors, greedy for pelf, aided and abetted them in their raids. The rest of the population was terrified and subdued; too discouraged to sow crops; too hungry to object to selling their children.

Army stations were six weeks' journey apart, and in the wildest part of the country the soldiers did not dare go out without guards of a hundred men.

Gordon started for Khartoum in April, riding sometimes forty-five miles a day on his camels, giving orders, writing letters, and holding interviews at the

stations he passed through. He knew his work would be arduous, but he was dauntless.

"With terrific exertions," he wrote, "I may in two or three years with God's administration make a good province and suppress slave raids, and then I will come home and go to bed, never get up till noon every day and never walk more than a mile."

Gordon won the affection of the natives; he went alone into isolated spots; he taught the people to sow; he gave them work, testing their capacity and steadiness. Best of all he stopped slave-trading and took care of the slaves till he could return them home. The slave-dealers he helped, whenever it was possible, to become soldiers.

But beyond his own province, all was chaos and brutality. The Governor of the Soudan was jealous and obstructive and the Khedive refused to help. Gordon resigned and returned to England "with the sad conviction that no good could be done in those parts and that it would have been better had no expedition ever been sent."

Naturally Gordon was discouraged and worn; he had been very ill, and his doctor ordered him to take several months of complete rest. But many countries wanted his help. He was offered a position in India,

another in China, a third at the Cape of Good Hope. He did his part and then took a year's rest in Palestine.

At the end of that time, in 1881, the Soudan again needed him. A fanatic calling himself the Mahdi (the redeemer) was conquering the country. On January 18, 1884, Gordon left England again for the Soudan to report to the English government on the situation and what ought to be done, and to provide for the safety of the English garrison and the Europeans in Khartoum. On February 18th he entered Khartoum. The people pressed about him, kissing his hands and feet and calling him "Sultan" and "Father."

"I come without soldiers," he told the people, "but with God on my side to redress the evils of this land. I will not fight with any weapons but justice."

To all who had complaints he gave a hearing. He then ordered burnt in a great fire all the records of the people's heavy debt and the whips and rods that had been the implements of torture. He visited the hospital and the arsenal and flung open the doors of the jail. Two hundred men, women, and children were lying about in chains; some were innocent, some guilty, but most of these last had been imprisoned longer than their rightful sentence. After careful inquiry all were set free. At nightfall he ordered a bonfire to be made of the prison. Far into the night

men, women, and children were dancing round the blaze, laughing and clapping their hands. Next day he established boxes into which people could drop petitions and complaints, and the proclamation of freedom was posted on every wall.

Meanwhile the Mahdi's army was pressing closer and closer, gaining many soldiers from the natives as they approached. Gordon appealed for troops; none were sent. After many appeals to England and to the Egyptian government, Gordon bitterly expressed his indignation and his determination not to abandon Khartoum. He began to arrange a plan of defense and to study how long a siege the town would stand. Five months passed with no word from England, and the garrison was starving. Gordon asked: "Is it right that I should be sent to Khartoum with only seven followers, and no attention paid to me until after communications have been cut?" Finally he sent two lieutenants to try to reach the English authorities at Cairo; these soldiers were treacherously murdered on the way. So now Gordon was alone, the only Englishman in Khartoum. Hunger and doubt were upon him and his people, but they still loved and believed in him although he had promised them help from England and it had not come. Gordon built a tower from which he could see the whole country. By

day he looked to his defenses, administered justice, cheered the people, and directed the fighting; and every night he mounted to his watchtower and prayed for help.

In November, Gordon wrote Lord Wolseley that he had just enough provisions to last forty days. Then at length Lord Wolseley offered a hundred pounds to the regiment which should move most expeditiously to Gordon's help. But it was too late. When Sir Charles Wilson reached Khartoum the city had fallen, the Government House was in ruins. Of Gordon there was no sign. He had been killed. He knew that the end was coming and that the city must fall, but he would not run away and save himself. He did not fear to die. He wrote farewell letters home, and in his last journal were found these words:

"I am quite happy, though the sand in the hourglass is very low. There is not fifteen days' food in the whole town. Good-bye. I have tried to do my duty."

Ezekiel and Daniel[50]

Two boys once lived on a hilly little farm in New Hampshire. They were brothers. The name of the elder was Ezekiel, and that of the younger was Daniel.

The father of these boys was anxious that both should be well educated, for he believed that education was necessary to fit any person for success in life. But he was a poor man and had not the means to send both to good schools.

Ezekiel had many good qualities. He was sturdy and manly and industrious. He would, no doubt, succeed well with whatever he should undertake to do.

But Daniel was not strong. He was a slender child and very delicate. It was thought that he would never be able to make his living by hard work. Yet his mind was wonderfully bright and he was very quick to learn.

"Boys," said the father, "there is nothing in the world that I wish so much to do as to give you both a fine education. But I shall never have enough money to send you to college. You shall have to stop short of that."

"Then let Daniel be the scholar," said Ezekiel, "and I will help you on the farm."

Daniel was the pet of the family and a great lover of books. His brother was always ready to give up anything that he possessed in order to make him happy. And now he was ready to give up his chances of a fair schooling if he could help Daniel to a better education.

The father thought of the matter in this way: Would it not be better to give one of the boys a thorough education, than to limit both to just a little schooling? And if he could send only one to college, why should it not be that one which gave the greatest promise of success?

It was decided, therefore, that Daniel should be the scholar. And Ezekiel, without a murmur, went to work with a will to help earn the money to pay his brother's expenses at college.

Everyone in the family was pleased with the arrangement. Daniel was sent to a preparatory school, and in due time was admitted to Dartmouth College. To his father, his mother, his brother, no sacrifice seemed too great if only they could help him to gain that education which they felt would be of so much use to him.

During all this time, however, the one thing that troubled Daniel was the thought of his brother toiling at home. He knew that Ezekiel had great abilities. He knew that he was not fond of farm work, and that he was anxious to study for a profession. This brother had given up all his dearest plans in order that Daniel might be favored; and Daniel, although very grateful, was pained to think of it.

Once, when Daniel was at home on a vacation, he said, "Zeke, this thing is all wrong. Father has mortgaged the farm for money to pay my expenses at school, and you are making a slave of yourself to pay off the mortgage. It isn't right for me to let you do this."

Ezekiel said, "Brother Dan, I am stronger than you are, and if one of us has to stay on a farm, of course I am the one."

"But I want you to go to college," answered Daniel. "An education will do you as much good as me."

"I don't know about that," said Ezekiel.

"Well, I know about it, and I will see father about it this very day," said Daniel.

He did see him.

"I told my father," said Daniel afterward, "that I was unhappy at my brother's prospects. For myself, I saw my way to knowledge, respectability, and self-

protection. But as for Ezekiel, all looked the other way. I said that I would keep school, and get along as well as I could — that I would be more than four years in getting through college, if necessary, provided that he also could be sent to study."

The matter was referred to Daniel's mother, and she and his father talked it all over. They knew that it would take all the property they had to educate both the boys. They knew that they would be obliged to do without many comforts, and that they would have a hard struggle for a living while the boys were studying. But the mother said, "I will trust Ezekiel and Daniel."

It was settled, therefore, that the elder brother also should have a chance to make his mark in the world. He was now a grown-up man. He was tall and strong and ambitious. He entered college the very year that Daniel graduated.

As for Daniel — well, if it had not been for his brother's generous self-sacrifice, his history might have been quite different from what it was. And Ezekiel Webster's golden deed made him forever a sharer of Daniel Webster's fame.

The Little Persian[51]

There lived in Persia many hundred years ago a famous scholar and saint whose name was Abdul Kaudir.

When he was still a little boy, he longed to go to the great city of Bagdad, to study and grow wise. His mother consented to his plan, and, when he had made ready for his journey, she said to him,

"My son, promise me that whatever happens to you in the days that are to come, you will never tell a lie."

And when he had promised, she said: "Under your coat I have sewed forty gold coins. This is your share of the money which your father left to me. Spend it as wisely as you can, for I can give you no more."

Then she blessed him and bade him good-bye, and he set out for Bagdad.

On the way the caravan with which he was traveling was attacked by sixty robbers. One of them asked the boy if he had any money.

"I have forty gold coins sewed under my coat," said Abdul.

The robber laughed, for he thought the boy must be jesting with him.

Presently another asked the boy the same question, and turned away laughing when he received the same answer. At last the boy was brought before the robber chief.

"How much money have you, my little fellow?" he asked.

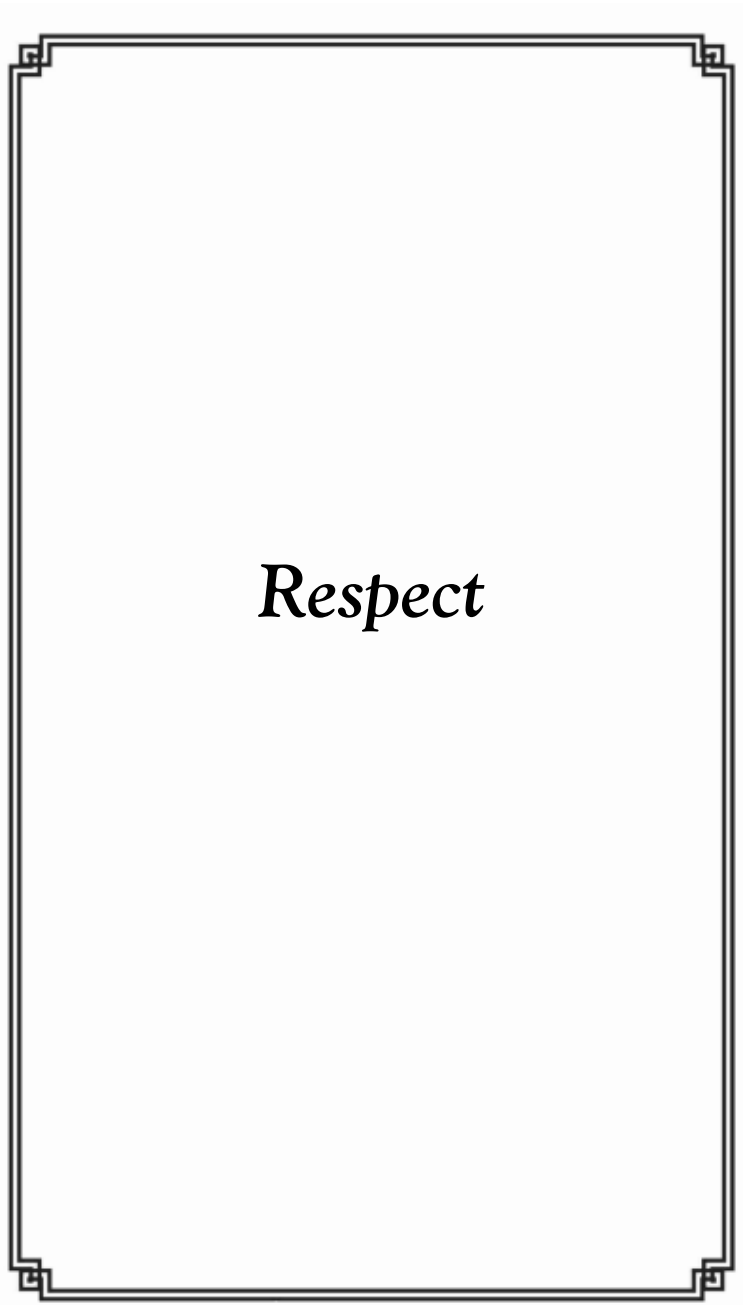
"I have already told two of your people," said Abdul. "I have forty gold coins carefully sewed under my coat. This is all the money I have in the world."

The chief ordered that the coat should be ripped open, and the money was found.

"How came you to tell me so frankly," he said to the lad, "of what has been so carefully hidden?"

"Because," said Abdul Kaudir, "I promised my mother that I would never say what was false."

"Child," said the robber chief, "you are more faithful to your mother's teachings than I have been to God's. Give me your hand. From this day I will lead my men in the path of honesty and virtue as I have led them in crime."


Respect

Dama's Jewels[52]

Dama was a dealer in jewels who lived long ago in Palestine in the Far East. He had the most beautiful and valuable jewels anywhere to be found. One day the high priest in the temple needed some jewels for his breastplate and he sent some messengers to Dama to buy the most beautiful jewels they could get. Dama spread out before them a number of beautiful stones, but they wanted even more sparkling ones. "Then," said Dama, "I will get some of my very most precious ones out of a cabinet in my father's room"; and he went to find the jewels. Presently Dama came back without any jewels. He said that he was very sorry, but he could not get them.

Then the visitors offered him an immense sum of money, but still he said that he could not oblige them now. If they would return in an hour or two he could probably suit them. "We cannot wait," they said, "we need the jewels at once to mend the breastplate." So they went away. "Why did you not sell the jewels and make us rich?" asked Dama's wife. "Why," said Dama, "when I opened the door of my father's room, I saw that he was asleep on the couch. I tried to enter noiselessly, but the door creaked on its hinges and the

old man started in his sleep. I thought to myself, 'I will not disturb the slumber of my father even if it makes me rich. He is far dearer to me than gold.'"

Raggylug[53]

Once there was a little furry rabbit who lived with his mother deep down in a nest under the tall grass. His name was Raggylug and his mother's name was Molly Cottontail. Every morning when Molly Cottontail went out to hunt for food, she said to Raggylug, "Now Raggylug, lie still, and make no noise. No matter what you hear, no matter what you see, don't you move. Remember you are only a baby rabbit and lie low." And Raggylug always said he would.

One day, after his mother had gone, he was lying very still in the nest looking up through the feathery grass. By just cocking his eye, so, he could see what was going on up in the world. Once a big blue jay perched on a twig above him and scolded someone very loudly; he kept saying, "Thief, thief!" But Raggylug never moved his nose, nor his paws; he lay still. Once a ladybug took a walk down a blade of grass, over his head; she was so top-heavy that pretty soon she tumbled off and fell to the bottom and had to begin all over again. But Raggylug never moved his nose nor his paws: he lay still.

The sun was warm and it was very still.

Suddenly Raggylug heard a little sound, far off. It sounded like "Swish, swish," very soft and far away.

He listened. It was a queer little sound, low down in the grass, "rustle — rustle — rustle." Raggylug was interested. But he never moved his nose or his paws; he lay still. Then the sound came nearer, "rustle — rustle — rustle;" then grew fainter, then came nearer; in and out, nearer and nearer, like something coming; only, when Raggylug heard anything coming he always heard its feet, stepping ever so softly. What could it be that came so smoothly, — rustle — rustle — without any feet?

He forgot his mother's warning, and sat upon his hind paws; the sound stopped then. "Pooh!" thought Raggylug, "I'm not a baby rabbit, I am three weeks old; I'll find out what this is." He stuck his head over the top of the nest, and looked — straight into the wicked eyes of a great big green snake. "Mammy, mammy!" screamed Raggylug, "oh, Mammy, Mam-- " But he couldn't scream any more, for the big snake had his ear in his mouth and was winding about the soft little body, squeezing Raggylug's life out. He tried to call "Mammy!" again, but he could not breathe.

Ah, but Mammy had heard the first cry. Straight over the fields she flew, leaping the stones and hummocks, fast as the wind, to save her baby. She

wasn't a timid little cottontail rabbit then; she was a mother whose child was in danger. And when she came to Raggylug and the big snake, she took one look and then hop! hop! she went over the snake's back; and as she jumped she struck at the snake with her strong hind claws so that they tore his skin. He hissed with rage, but he did not let go.

Hop! hop! she went again, and this time she hurt him so that he twisted and turned; but he held on to Raggylug.

Once more the mother rabbit hopped, and once more she struck and tore the snake's back with her sharp claws. Zzz! How she hurt! The snake dropped Raggy to strike at her, and Raggy rolled on to his feet and ran.

"Run, Raggylug, run!" said his mother, keeping the snake busy with her jumps; and you may believe Raggylug ran! Just as soon as he was out of the way his mother came too, and showed him where to go, and he followed now.

Far, far away she led him, through the long grass, to a place where the big snake could not find him, and there she made a new nest. And this time, when she told Raggylug to lie low, you'd better believe he minded!

A *Tribune of the People*[54]

Clad in a homespun tow shirt, shrunken, butternut-colored, linsey-woolsey pantaloons, battered straw hat, and much-mended jacket and shoes, with ten dollars in his pocket, and all his other worldly goods packed in the bundle he carried on his back, Horace Greeley, the future founder of the New York Tribune, started to seek his fortune in New York.

A newspaper had always been an object of interest and delight to the little delicate, tow-haired boy, and at the mature age of six he had made up his mind to be a printer. His love of reading was unusual in one so young. Before he was six he had read the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress" through.

Like the children of all poor farmers, Horace was put to work as soon as he was able to do anything. But he made the most of the opportunities given him to attend school, and his love of reading stimulated him to unusual efforts to procure books. By selling nuts and bundles of kindling wood at the village store, before he was ten he had earned enough money to buy a copy of Shakespeare and of Mrs. Hemans's poems. He borrowed every book that could be found within a

radius of seven miles of his home, and by many readings he had made himself familiar with the score of old volumes in his log-cabin home.

Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton draws a pleasing picture of the farmer boy reading at night after the day's work on the farm was done. "He gathered a stock of pine knots," she says, "and, lighting one each night, lay down by the hearth and read, oblivious to all around him. The neighbors came and made their friendly visits, and ate apples and drank cider, as was the fashion, but the lad never noticed their coming or their going. When really forced to leave his precious books for bed, he would repeat the information he had learned, or the lessons for the next day to his brother, who usually, most ungraciously, fell asleep before the conversation was half completed."

"Ah!" said Zaccheus Greeley, Horace's father, when the boy one day, in a fit of abstraction, tried to yoke the "off" ox on the "near" side: "Ah! that boy will never know enough to get on in the world. He'll never know more than enough to come in when it rains!"

Yet this boy knew so much that when at fourteen he secured a place as printer in a newspaper office at East Poultney, Vermont, he was looked up to by his fellow-printers as equal in learning to the editor himself.

At first they tried to make merry at his expense, poking fun at his odd-looking garments, his uncouth appearance, and his pale, delicate face and almost white hair, which subsequently won for him the nickname of "Ghost." But when they saw that Horace was too good humored and too much in earnest with his work to be disturbed by their teasing, they gave it up. In a short time he became a general favorite, not only in the office, but in the town of Poultney, whose debating and literary societies soon recognized him as leader. Even the minister, the lawyer, and the school teachers looked up to the poor, retiring young printer, who was a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge, ready at all times to speak or to write an essay on any subject.

But the Poultney newspaper was obliged to suspend soon after Horace had learned his trade, and, penniless, — for every cent of his earnings beyond what furnished the bare necessaries of life had been sent home to his parents in the wilderness, — he faced the world once more.

After working in different small towns wherever he could get a "job," reading, studying, enlarging his knowledge all the time when not in the office, he made up his mind to go to New York, "to be somebody," as he put it.

When he stepped off the towboat at Whitehall, near the Battery, that sunny morning in August, 1831, with only the experience of a score of years in life, a stout heart, quick brain, nimble fingers, and an abiding faith in God as his capital, his prospects certainly were not very alluring.

"An overgrown, awkward, white-headed, forlorn-looking boy; a pack suspended on a staff over his right shoulder; his dress unrivaled in sylvan simplicity since the primitive fig leaves of Eden; the expression of his face presenting a strange union of wonder and apathy; his whole appearance gave you the impression of a runaway apprentice in desperate search of employment. Ignorant alike of the world and its ways, he seemed to the denizens of the city almost like a wanderer from another planet."

Such was the impression Horace Greeley made on a New Yorker on his first arrival in that city which was to be the scene of his future work and triumphs.

He tramped the streets all that day, Friday, and the next, looking for work, everywhere getting the same discouraging reply, "No, we don't want anyone."

At last, when weary and disheartened, his ten dollars almost gone, he had decided to shake the dust of New York from his feet, the foreman of a printing office engaged him to do some work that most of the

men in the office had refused to touch. The setting up of a Polyglot Testament, with involved marginal references, was something new for the supposed "green" hand from the country. But when the day was done, the young printer was no longer looked upon as "green" by his fellow-workers, for he had done more and better work than the oldest and most experienced hands who had tried the Testament

But, oh, what hard work it was, beginning at six o'clock in the morning, and working long after the going down of the sun, by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, to earn six dollars a week, most of which was sent to his dear ones at home.

After nearly ten years more of struggle and privation, Greeley entered upon the great work of his life — the founding and editing of the New York Tribune. He had very little money to start with, and even that little was borrowed. But he had courage, truth, honesty, a noble purpose, and rare ability and industry to supplement his small financial capital. He needed them all in the work he had undertaken, for he was handicapped not only by lack of means, but also by the opposition of some of the New York papers.

In spite of the adverse conditions he succeeded in establishing one of the greatest and most popular newspapers in the country. The Tribune became the

champion of the oppressed, the guardian of justice, the defender of truth, a power for good in the land. Through his paper Greeley became a tribune of the people. No thought of making money hampered him in his work. Unselfishly he wrought as editor, writer, and lecturer for the good of his country and the uplifting of mankind. "He who by voice or pen," he said, "strikes his best blow at the impostures or vices whereby our race is debased and paralyzed, may close his eyes in death, consoled and cheered by the reflection that he has done what he could for the emancipation and elevation of his kind."

Well, then, might he rejoice in his life work, for his voice and pen had to the last been active in thus serving the race.

He died on November 29, 1872, at the age of sixty-one. So great a man had Horace Greeley, the poor New Hampshire farmer boy, become that the whole nation mourned for his death. The people felt that in him they had lost one of their best friends. A workman who attended his funeral expressed the feeling of his fellow-workmen all over the land when he said, "It is little enough to lose a day for Horace Greeley who spent many a day working for us." "I've come a hundred miles to be at the funeral of Horace Greeley," said a farmer.

The great tribune had deserved well of the people and of his country.

Hugh John and the Scots Greys[55]

On this great day of which I am telling, Hugh John had been digging all the morning in the sand-hole. He had on his red coat, which was his pride. Suddenly there came a sound which made the heart of Hugh John beat in his side. It was the sound of the drum. He had only time to dash for his cap, gird on his London sword with the gold hilt, and fly.

As he ran down the avenue, the boy had a great struggle with himself. The children were playing "house" under the elm on the front lawn. He could not bear that they should miss seeing the soldiers; but then, if he went back, the troops might be past before he could reach the gate.

"I must see the soldiers! I must!" he cried. Then he turned toward the house and the elm. "I can't be so mean, though, as to go off without telling them," said he.

And so he ran with all his might back to the elm with a warning cry to the children. Then, with legs almost as invisible as the spokes of a bicycle, so quickly did they pass each other, Hugh John fairly flung himself toward the White Gate.

The first who came were soldiers in dark uniform. No one cast a glance at Hugh John, standing with his drawn sword, giving the salute as each company passed. Not that Hugh John cared or even knew that they did not see him. Then came redcoats and one or two brass bands. Hugh John saluted them all.

No one paid the least attention to him. He did not expect anyone to notice him — a small, dusty boy, with a sword too big for him. Why should these glorious creatures notice him? Then came more soldiers, and yet more and more. Would they never end? And ever the sword of Hugh John flashed to the salute, and his small arm grew weary as it rose and fell.

Then happened the most astonishing thing in the world. For there came a new sound — the sound of cavalry hoofs. A bugle rang out. Hugh John watched the white dust rise. Perhaps — who knows? — this was his reward for not being mean. For the noble gray horses came trampling along, and Hugh John grew pale at the sight of them. He had seen soldiers before, but never any like these.

On they came, a fine young fellow leading them, sitting carelessly on the noblest horse of all. He sat erect, leading "the finest troop in the finest regiment in the world." He saw the dusty, small boy in the red coat, under the elm tree. He saw his pale face, his

flashing eye, his soldierly bearing. Hugh John had never seen anything so glorious as these soldiers. He could scarce command himself to salute. But though his under lip trembled, the hand which held the sword was steady as he went through the beautiful movements of the military salute.

The young officer smiled. His own hand moved to the response. The boy's heart stood still. Could this thing be? A real soldier had saluted him!

But there was something more wonderful yet to come. The young officer will never do a prettier action than he did that day, when the small, dusty boy stood under the elm tree at the end of the avenue. This is what he did. First he turned about in his saddle: "Attention, men! Draw swords!" he cried; and his voice rang like a trumpet, so grand it was, at least so Hugh John thought.

There came a glitter of steel as the swords flashed in the air. The horses tossed their heads at the sound; the men gathered up their bridle reins in their left hands. "Eyes right, carry swords!" came the sharp command. And every blade glittered as it came to salute.

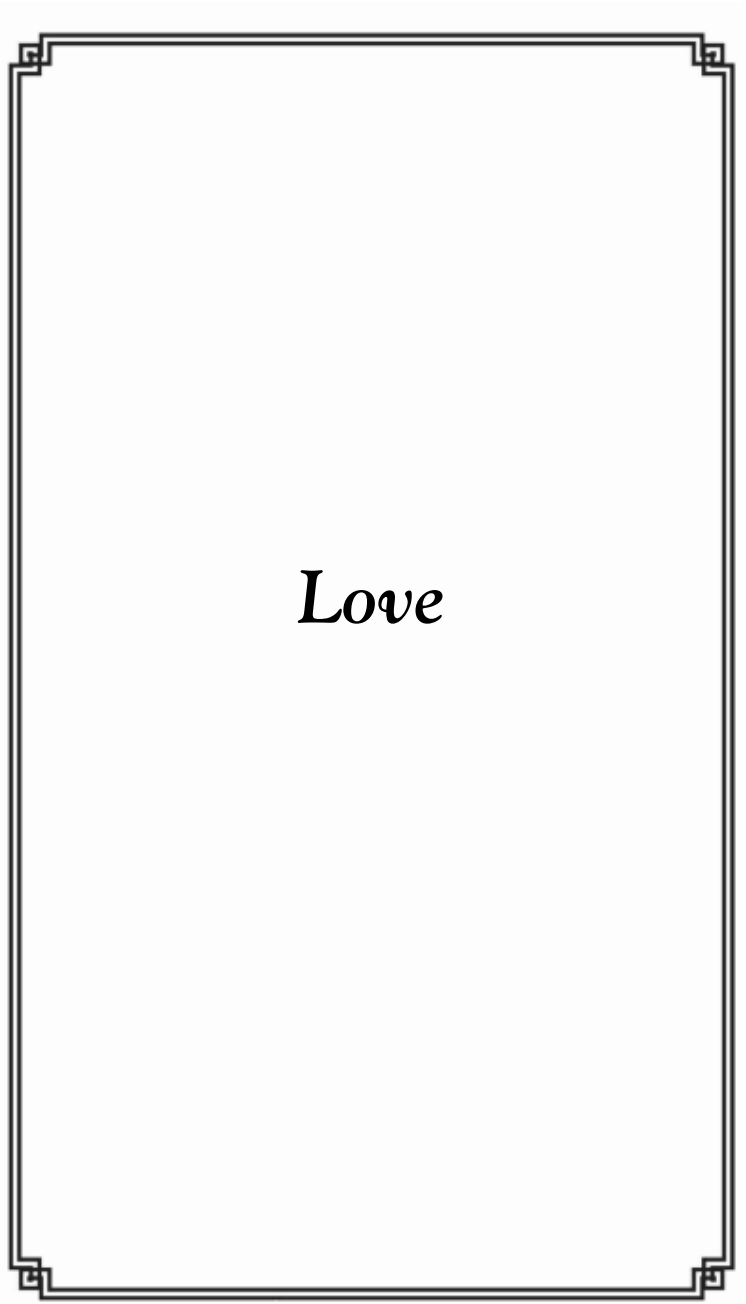
No fuller cup of joy was ever drunk by mortal. The tears were in Hugh John's eyes in the pride of this honor done to him. He was no longer a little, dusty

boy. He stood there, glorified. "Eyes front, slope swords!" rang the voice once more. The troops passed by. Only the far drumbeat came back as he stood speechless.

When his father rode up, on his way home, he asked the boy what he was doing there. Then a little clicking hitch came suddenly in Hugh's throat. He wanted to laugh, but somehow, instead, the tears ran down his cheeks.

"I'm not hurt, father. I'm not crying. It was only that the Scots Greys saluted me. And I can't help it, father. But, I'm not crying. I'm not, indeed!"

Then the stern man gathered up the great soldier and set him across his saddle; for Hugh John was alone, the children having long ago gone back with the nurse. And his father did not say anything, but let him sit in front with the famous sword in his hands which had brought about such wonderful things. And even thus rode our hero home.


Love

A Lesson for Kings[56]

Once upon a time the future Buddha was born in India. He was a prince, and called Brahma-datta. As a boy, he was very good and learned; and when his father died, he became king of Benares.

So just and righteous was he that none who had false cases dared appear before him; and, as the people knew that all injustice would be punished, they lived in peace and love. The great Hall of Justice was closed because there were no disputes to settle.

The future Buddha, Brahma-datta, said, "It behooves me to examine myself, and see if I am as perfect as I should be." Therefore, he besought his councilors to tell him if they found any fault in him, but they one and all had only words of praise. Then he thought, "Perhaps from fear of me, or from a desire to obtain my favor, they say this." So he sought the people outside the palace to tell him what they thought, but they had only praise for his goodness. Even this did not satisfy him, so he turned his kingdom over to his prime minister, and mounted his chariot to go to distant lands, accompanied only by his charioteer.

Now it chanced at the same time that Mallika, king of Kosala, who ruled over his own kingdom, could find none who would tell him of his faults. Therefore he went on a similar errand, and the two kings met in a road where there were steep walls on both sides, so that they could not pass, but one of them must turn back.

Then the charioteer of the king of Kosala said to the driver of the king of Benares, "Take thy chariot out of the way, and let me pass."

But he said, "In my chariot sitteth the Lord of Benares, the great King Brahma-datta: take thy chariot out of the way."

Then the other replied: "In this chariot sitteth the Lord of the kingdom of Kosala. Get out of our way and make room for the chariot of our king."

Then the charioteer of the king of Benares thought, "What is to be done? I know a way. I will find out how old he is, and then the chariot of the younger shall make room for that of the elder." So he asked the age of the other king, and found that it was the same as that of his own master. Then he inquired how large his kingdom was, how much of an army he had, his wealth, his fame, his caste, and the nobility of his family. But this did not solve the problem. They both had kingdoms three hundred leagues square, their

army was the same size, they had the same amount of money, and their fame was equal. They belonged to the same caste, and had equally distinguished ancestors.

Then the charioteer of the king of Benares thought, "There is still the possibility of a great difference of honor: let the king of greatest righteousness pass first." So he said, "What kind of justice does your king practice?" To this the charioteer of the king of Kosala answered proudly, "My king is always lord and master.

"The strong he overthrows by strength,
The mild by mildness, does Mallika;
The good he conquers by goodness,
And the wicked by wickedness, too."

Such is the nature of this king: move out of my way, charioteer."

But the charioteer of the king of Benares exclaimed,

"Are these the virtues of your king?" "Yes," said the other. "Then kindly tell me, if these are his virtues, what are his faults?" The charioteer of Mallika hung his head, and answered, "If these are not virtues, pray tell me in what the righteousness of your king consists." Then the charioteer of the future Buddha replied also in a stanza:

"Anger he conquers by calmness,
And by goodness the wicked;
The stingy he conquers by gifts,
And by truth the speaker of lies.
Such is the nature of this king.
Move out of the way, O charioteer."

Then the king of Kosala and his charioteer, seeing they were beaten, got down from their chariot, and humbly made way for the king of Benares. But the future Buddha stopped and explained to them the way of the higher life, telling them that in it there were no great nor small, and that he that did the most good was the greatest.

He told them that there was no caste nor rank, no wealth nor honor, equal to that of goodness. For good deeds and charity lead to heaven.

Where Love is, God is[57]

In a little town in Russia there lived a cobbler, Martin Avedeitch by name. He had a tiny room in a basement, the one window of which looked out on to the street. Through it one could see only the feet of those who passed by, but Martin recognized the people by their boots. He had lived long in the place and had many acquaintances. There was hardly a pair of boots in the neighborhood that had not been once or twice through his hands, so he often saw his own handiwork through the window. Some he had re-soled, some patched, some stitched up, and to some he had even put fresh uppers. He had plenty to do, for he worked well, used good material, did not charge too much, and could be relied on. If he could do a job by the day required, he undertook it; if not, he told the truth and gave no false promises; so he was well known and never short of work.

Martin had always been a good man; but in his old age he began to think more about his soul and to draw nearer to God.

From that time Martin's whole life changed. His life became peaceful and joyful. He sat down to his

task in the morning, and when he had finished his day's work he took the lamp down from the wall, stood it on the table, fetched his Bible from the shelf, opened it, and sat down to read. The more he read the better he understood, and the clearer and happier he felt in his mind.

One morning he rose before daylight, and after saying his prayers he lit the fire and prepared his cabbage soup and buckwheat porridge. Then he lit the samovar, put on his apron, and sat down by the window to his work. He looked out into the street more than he worked, and whenever anyone passed in unfamiliar boots he would stoop and look up, so as to see not the feet only but the face of the passer-by as well. A house-porter passed in new felt boots; then a water-carrier. Presently an old soldier of Nicholas' reign came near the window, spade in hand. Martin knew him by his boots, which were shabby old felt ones, goloshed with leather. The old man was called Stepanitch. A neighboring tradesman kept him in his house for charity, and his duty was to help the house-porter. He began to clear away the snow before Martin's window. Martin glanced at him and then went on with his work.

After he had made a dozen stitches he felt drawn to look out of the window again. He saw that

Stepanitch had leaned his spade against the wall, and was either resting himself or trying to get warm. The man was old and broken down, and had evidently not enough strength even to clear away the snow.

"What if I called him in and gave him some tea?" thought Martin. "The samovar is just on the boil."

He stuck his awl in its place, and rose; and putting the samovar on the table, made tea. Then he tapped the window with his fingers. Stepanitch turned and came to the window. Martin beckoned to him to come in, and went himself to open the door.

"Come in," he said, "and warm yourself a bit. I'm sure you must be cold."

"May God bless you!" Stepanitch answered. "My bones do ache, to be sure." He came in, first shaking off the snow, and lest he should leave marks on the floor he began wiping his feet; but as he did so he tottered and nearly fell.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet," said Martin; "I'll wipe up the floor — it's all in the day's work. Come, friend, sit down and have some tea."

Filling two tumblers, he passed one to his visitor, and pouring his own tea out into the saucer, began to blow on it.

Stepanitch emptied his glass, and, turning it upside down, put the remains of his piece of sugar on the top.

"Thank you, Martin Avedeitch," he said, "you have given me food and comfort both for soul and body."

"You're very welcome. Come again another time. I am glad to have a guest," said Martin.

Stepanitch went away; and Martin poured out the last of the tea and drank it up. Then he put away the tea things and sat down to his work, stitching the back seam of a boot. And as he stitched he kept looking out of the window, and thinking about what he had read in the Bible. And his head was full of Christ's sayings.

After a while Martin saw an apple-woman stop just in front of his window. On her back she had a sack full of chips, which she was taking home. No doubt she had gathered them at some place where building was going on.

The sack evidently hurt her, and she wanted to shift it from one shoulder to the other, so she put it down on the footpath and, placing her basket on a post, began to shake down the chips in the sack. While she was doing this a boy in a tattered cap ran up, snatched an apple out of the basket, and tried to slip away; but the old woman noticed it, and turning, caught the boy by his sleeve. He began to struggle,

trying to free himself, but the old woman held on with both hands, knocked his cap off his head, and seized hold of his hair. The boy screamed and the old woman scolded. Martin dropped his awl, not waiting to stick it in its place, and rushed out of the door. Stumbling up the steps and dropping his spectacles in his hurry, he ran out into the street. The old woman was pulling the boy's hair and scolding him, and threatening to take him to the police. The lad was struggling and protesting, saying, "I did not take it. What are you beating me for? Let me go!"

Martin separated them. He took the boy by the hand and said, "Let him go, Granny. Forgive him for Christ's sake."

"I'll pay him out, so that he won't forget it for a year! I'll take the rascal to the police!"

Martin began entreating the old woman. "Let him go, Granny. He won't do it again."

The old woman let go, and the boy wished to run away, but Martin stopped him.

"Ask the Granny's forgiveness!" said he. "And don't do it another time. I saw you take the apple."

The boy began to cry and to beg pardon.

"That's right. And now here's an apple for you," and Martin took an apple from the basket and gave it to the boy, saying, "I will pay you, Granny."

"You will spoil them that way, the young rascals," said the old woman. "He ought to be whipped so that he should remember it for a week."

"Oh, Granny, Granny," said Martin, "that's our way — but it's not God's way. If he should be whipped for stealing an apple, what should be done to us for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

And Martin told her the parable of the lord who forgave his servant a large debt, and how the servant went out and seized his debtor by the throat. The old woman listened to it all, and the boy, too, stood by and listened.

"God bids us forgive," said Martin, "or else we shall not be forgiven. Forgive every one, and a thoughtless youngster most of all."

The old woman wagged her head and sighed.

"It's true enough," said she, "but they are getting terribly spoilt."

"Then we old ones must show them better ways," Martin replied.

"That's just what I say," said the old woman. "I have had seven of them myself, and only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to tell how and where she was living with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "There, now," she said,

"I have but little strength left, yet I work hard for the sake of my grandchildren; and nice children they are, too. No one comes out to meet me but the children. Little Annie, now, won't leave me for any one. It's 'Grandmother, dear grandmother, darling grandmother.'" And the old woman completely softened at the thought.

"Of course, it was only his childishness," said she, referring to the boy.

As the old woman was about to hoist her sack on her back, the lad sprang forward to her, saying, "Let me carry it for you, Granny. I'm going that way."

The old woman nodded her head, and put the sack on the boy's back, and they went down the street together, the old woman quite forgetting to ask Martin to pay for the apple. Martin stood and watched them as they went along talking to each other.

When they were out of sight Martin went back to the house. Having found his spectacles unbroken on the steps, he picked up his awl and sat down again to work. He worked a little, but soon could not see to pass the bristle through the holes in the leather; and presently he noticed the lamplighter passing on his way to light the street lamps.

"Seems it's time to light up," thought he. So he trimmed his lamp, hung it up, and sat down again to

work. He finished off one boot and, turning it about, examined it. It was all right. Then he gathered his tools together, swept up the cuttings, put away the bristles and the thread and the awls, and, taking down the lamp, placed it on the table. Then he took the Gospels from the shelf. He meant to open them at the place he had marked the day before with a bit of morocco, but the book opened at another place. As Martin opened it, he seemed to hear footsteps, as though someone were moving behind him. Martin turned round, and it seemed to him as if people were standing in the dark corner, but he could not make out who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear: "Martin, Martin, don't you know me?"

"Who is it?" muttered Martin.

"It is I," said the voice. And out of the dark corner stepped Stepanitch, who smiled and, vanishing like a cloud, was seen no more.

"It is I," said the voice once more. And the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped out and both smiled, and then they too vanished.

And Martin's soul grew glad. He crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and began reading the Gospel just where it had opened; and at the top of the page he read:

"I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

(Matthew, Chap. xxv).

The Newsboy of Gary[58]

Billy Rough was a crippled newsboy who owned a newsstand on a busy street corner in Gary, Ind. But, though a cripple, Billy was such a cheerful soul that he did far more than sell newspapers. He gave away sunshine. He knew his customers and was interested in all their affairs. As he handed them their papers he asked, with neighborly cheerfulness, about their welfare. If the crippled boy had troubles himself, no one ever knew of them. He was far more anxious to help others bear their burdens than to add to them by any tales of his own woes. One day he read in the newspaper of a young girl who had been terribly burned as the result of a motorcycle accident. The doctors said her life could only be saved by grafting someone else's skin upon the burned flesh. Billy Rough said to himself: "I'm only a poor cripple. My life is not of much account. I will offer my skin." He was told that amputation would be necessary and very dangerous. He said: "If it will save the girl, take it off. I'll save money. I'll only have to buy one shoe. The leg is of no use to me. Maybe it'll help her. I'd like to be of some use to someone." He saved her life, but lost his own, for soon after the grafting, he died, saying: "I'm

glad I done it. Yes, I'm going, but I was some good in the world after all." The Mayor of Gary, impressed with this heroic self-sacrifice, issued a proclamation announcing that contributions for a memorial would be received. Nine hundred dollars, which had been sent in for his use before he died, were turned over to the memorial committee. A statue in Jefferson Park, a bronze tablet in the building where his newsstand stood, and an endowed room in the Gary Hospital where he lay before his death, all testify that the name of Billy Rough, the crippled newsboy and hero of Gary, will have an enduring place in the annals of American heroes.

Wanted: A Real Mother[59]

Mary King sat before the dressing-table in her bedroom holding in her hand a string of beads--pearls they were, but they showed signs of much wear, and as Mary looked at them her eyes blazed with anger.

Tomorrow was her graduation day from the High School. All day she had been at the class picnic and she had had such a glorious time. They had danced and played; they had rowed on the lake and sung their school songs in the moonlight. She had been as happy as a girl could be, and to have it spoiled in this way was cruel.

Why should her mother give her a string of old beads for a graduation present? Other girls had wrist watches and pretty dresses and checks and all sorts of beautiful things. When they asked her what her mother's gift had been, how could she say, "A string of old beads?" Mother would expect her to wear them at her graduation and how could she?

She had found them on her table when she had come into her room and with them was a note saying:

"Dear Mary:

"I waited for you to come home so that I could give you my gift, but it is so late and I am too tired to

wait longer, so I will leave them for you. I could not buy you a real gift, so I have given you the dearest thing I have. Every bead has a story which someday I will tell you--perhaps on the day that you graduate from college, but not now. I hope you will love them as I do. I shall see them tomorrow on your pretty new dress. Good night, girlie. I hope you had a good time.

"MOTHER."

Why was mother so odd? All her life long it had been hard for Mary to have her mother so different. Her mother worked for Mr. Morse and so she could never bring her friends to their rooms lest she should annoy the Morses. Other girls' mothers had pretty faces and her mother's face was all red and cross-looking. Other girls' mothers had pretty hair, but her mother had straight hair and little of it. She had tried to get her to wear false hair, but instead of doing it her mother had gone to her room and cried because Mary had suggested it. Other girls' mothers let them wear pretty clothes, but hers were always plain, though they were always very neat. Most of the girls had fancy graduation dresses, but hers was only a little dimity that her mother had made--and now these dreadful beads were more than she could stand and she threw them on the bed in anger. She wished she had a real mother of whom she could be proud.

As she started to take down her long, wavy hair, she saw a letter in Mr. Morse's handwriting on her desk. Perhaps this was a check for her graduation present, so she hastily tore it open. But no check dropped out. Instead, there was a long letter, and she sat down to read.

"My dear Mary," it began. "A few days ago, I chanced to be on the beach when you were there with your friend, and I heard you say to her, 'I wish my mother were as beautiful as yours. Mother can't even go down the street with me for she drags her foot so that everybody turns and looks at us and it makes me feel so conspicuous. You must be very proud of your mother.' So I have decided that for your graduation gift, I shall give you a story instead of the check that I intended to give you. The check can wait."

"A story," said Mary to herself. "That is worse than the old beads. What a house of queer people this is! Anyway, I am curious to see what sort of a story he could write." So she read on.

"Seventeen years ago there came to a town in the eastern part of Pennsylvania a young man and his bride. Just a slip of a girl she was, but her face was full of sunshine and every one soon loved her. She had beautiful wavy hair and bright, blue eyes and a cheery smile. After they had been there for a while, their story

came to be known, for his father was the great mill owner in a near-by town. When the young man had married the High School girl instead of the wealthy one whom the father had chosen for him, there had been a lot of trouble and the young man had been told to leave home with his bride and expect no more help from the father.

"Now the young man had never worked, so it was very hard for him, but she also worked and, little by little, they bought the things needed in the tiny home on the hill, and they were very happy. Then, one day, a scaffold fell and they brought the young husband to the little wife all bruised and bleeding, and that very night a tiny girl came to the home to live. The neighbors helped all they could, but in a few days the father of the baby was gone, and the little girl-wife was left alone to care for the baby.

"When the mill owner heard of the death of the son and the birth of the little girl, he sent to the mother and said: 'We will take the little girl and bring it up as our own if you will give it to us and have no more to do with it.' But the brave little woman sent back answer, 'As long as I have a mind with which to think and two hands with which to work, I can and will support my little girl. I thank you for your offer, but I love my baby too much to accept it.'

"But it was a hard pull. She worked in an office; she worked on a farm. Then a position was offered her as a teacher in a Home for Little Children. Here she could have her own room and keep the baby with her when she was not teaching. And while she was teaching, it would be cared for with the rest. Gladly the mother took the position and for more than a year she was very, very happy.

"One night when the baby was nearly three years old, she sat reading in the parlor of the home when someone called, 'Fire! Fire! Fire in the left wing!' Oh! that was where her baby was, on the very top floor. Like a bird she flew across the hall where the smoke already was pouring out. Up the first flight, choking, she went. Up the second. Then she had to fall to the floor to creep along. She could see the fire. It was on the fourth floor where her Mary was. Could she ever reach it? Would the fire block her way?

"Ten minutes after the call of fire had been given, the workers saw someone staggering through the lower hall. In her arms she carried a bundle wrapped tightly in a bed-quilt. And dangling from her hands was a long string of beads. Her face was burned. There was no hair on her head. She was writhing in agony, but she reached the door, handed the burden to a worker, saying quietly, 'I am badly burned, but I have

saved my two treasures. Keep them safely for me.' Then she fell in a heap on the floor.

"For months and months and months she tossed on a bed of pain. No one thought she could possibly live. But she did, for she was living for her baby. When at last she came from the hospital, her beautiful face was scarred and red; only in spots had the hair grown; her hands were stiff and painful, and one leg dragged as she walked. But she was alive, and that was all she asked.

"While she had been ill, I had gone to see the mill owner to ask for help for the brave little woman who had shown us all what a heroine she was. But his answer had been, 'She took my son from me and I will have nothing to do with her. If she will give the child to me, I will bring it up in luxury, but I will not have her here.'

"So when she was ready to go back to work, I told her that another offer had come from the grandfather of the child to adopt it and I said to her, 'Don't you feel that you had better give them the baby?'

"For answer, she patted the curly head and said, 'If I can fight death for my baby, I can conquer in the fight to live. I shall keep her. You may tell him that the child will not live in luxury but that she shall know no

want, and she shall have both the education and culture which befits her father's child.'

"But the mother's heart was sore when she looked in the glass and saw what a pitiful change had come to the pretty face. 'I am so glad it came while Mary was little,' she said. 'Had it come later, she would have minded my ugly face. Now she knows no better and she will grow used to it.'

"So she was glad when I offered to have her come to live with us in the distant city where none had known of her or of the awful fight she was planning to make. We had taken a large house and there were many things the mother could do with her stiff hands which gradually, because of the long hours she spent on them, were beginning to limber a bit. I gave her rooms for herself and the child and there she lived, keeping away from all so that none might see her shrunken, changed body. She lived only for the child, hoarding carefully the little money that she could save lest there be not enough to send her to college when the High School should be over.

"Often have I heard her praying for strength to fight through the battle; often have I heard her pray that the little girl should grow to be an honor to the family who would not help her; often have I begged her to let me tell the child the story of the days that

had gone, but her answer was always the same, 'No. Let her live the happy, care-free life. Someday I will tell her, but not now. It would kill me to have her pity me. She must love me for myself and not for what I did. My only happiness is to live and work for her.'

"So the heroine has spent the fifteen years and to my way of thinking she is a mother of whom you may be proud.

"She must never know I have told you. But not for the world would I have you add to her burden by thinking she was not all that you wanted your mother to be.

"Sincerely,
"A. E. Morse."

When Mary had finished the letter, she sat as one stunned. Her mind seemed on fire. Mechanically she picked up the pearls that she had thrown on the bed. Her mother had carried them with her through that awful fire. They were one of her two treasures and now she had almost said she would not wear them. Oh, what a selfish girl she had been! She had thought only of herself.

Once she had asked her mother why the scar was upon her face and she had answered, "Just an accident, child, when I was a young woman." Then she had talked of something else. The lame foot, the

misshapen hands, the red face, the queer little knot of hair--all were the price paid for her own life. Every minute since she was born, she had been a burden to her mother.

Now she understood why the little bank account which she had accidentally found was being so carefully saved. She had not known that she was to go to college.

Now she remembered that it had been years since mother had had a new dress, but she had thought it was because she was queer. There had been many days when mother had seemed cross--was it because she was suffering? Oh, how sorry she was! What could she do to make her happy now that she knew?

Slowly she undressed for bed. She must be in the dark to think. When she knelt in prayer, she asked God to forgive her--but she remembered that she could not ask mother to do so. She remembered the words of her mother to Mr. Morse,

"It would kill me to have her sorry for me. She must love me for myself and not for what I did."

So she tossed and tumbled as the time slipped by. Suddenly she heard a foot dragging across the hall, and a big lump came into her throat. How often she had rebelled at that foot! Then her mother came quietly into the room.

"Mother," said Mary, "why are you here? Aren't you asleep yet?"

"No, dear," said the mother, and the girl thought she had never heard a more beautiful voice. "I heard you tossing in the bed and I thought perhaps you were ill. So I came to see. What is the trouble, dear?"

"Oh, tomorrow is my graduation day and I think I am sorry to leave school," said the girl. "I love these dear little beads which I have under the pillow, mother. Have you had them long? I never saw them before."

"Many, many years, girlie. Your father gave them to me and how hard he worked to earn them! I love every little bead on the string. But I shall love to see you wear them for his sake. I saved them for you once in the long ago because I wanted you to have something that he had earned for us. And now you must go to sleep, for you must look bright and pretty tomorrow. Oh! I shall be so proud of you when you start for the school."

Then a white arm drew the mother down close to the bed and a sweet girlish voice said,

"Be all ready when the carriage comes for me tomorrow, mother dear, for you are going with me, even though it is early. No other girl has a mother who has worked so hard as you have to keep her in school.

You are the best mother in the whole world and I am so proud of you."

"Well, if you are as proud of me as I am of you, we are the happiest little family in the whole world," said the mother, kissing her on both cheeks. And two people were happy because real love was there.

Margaret of New Orleans[60]

If you ever go to the beautiful city of New Orleans, go to the old business part of the city, where there are banks and shops and hotels, and look at a statue which stands in a little square there. It is the statue of a woman, sitting in a low chair, with her arms around a child, who leans against her. The woman is not at all pretty: she wears thick, common shoes, a plain dress, with a little shawl, and a sun-bonnet; she is stout and short, and her face is a square-chinned face; but her eyes look at you like your mother's.

Now there is something very surprising about this statue: it was the first one that was ever made in this country in honor of a woman. Even in old Europe there are not many monuments to women, and most of the few are to great queens or princesses, very beautiful and very richly dressed. You see, this statue in New Orleans is not quite like anything else.

It is the statue of a woman named Margaret. Her whole name was Margaret Haughery, but no one in New Orleans remembers her by it, any more than you think of your dearest sister by her full name; she is just

Margaret. This is her story, and it tells why people made a monument for her.

When Margaret was a tiny baby, her father and mother died, and she was adopted by two young people as poor and as kind as her own parents. She lived with them until she grew up. Then she married, and had a little baby of her own. But very soon her husband died, and then the baby died too, and Margaret was all alone in the world. She was poor, but she was strong, and knew how to work.

All day, from morning until evening, she ironed clothes in a laundry. And every day, as she worked by the window, she saw the little motherless children from the orphan asylum, nearby, working and playing about. After a while, there came a great sickness upon the city, and so many mothers and fathers died that there were more orphans than the asylum could possibly take care of. They needed a good friend, now. You would hardly think, would you, that a poor woman who worked in a laundry could be much of a friend to them? But Margaret was. She went straight to the kind Sisters who had the asylum and told them she was going to give them part of her wages and was going to work for them, besides. Pretty soon she had worked so hard that she had some money saved from her wages. With this, she bought two cows and a little

delivery cart. Then she carried her milk to her customers in the little cart every morning; and as she went, she begged the leftover food from the hotels and rich houses, and brought it back in the cart to the hungry children in the asylum. In the very hardest times that was often all the food the children had.

A part of the money Margaret earned went every week to the asylum, and after a few years that was made very much larger and better. And Margaret was so careful and so good at business that, in spite of her giving, she bought more cows and earned more money. With this, she built a home for orphan babies; she called it her baby house.

After a time, Margaret had a chance to get a bakery, and then she became a bread-woman instead of a milk-woman. She carried the bread just as she had carried the milk, in her cart. And still she kept giving money to the asylum. Then the great war came, our Civil War. In all the trouble and sickness and fear of that time, Margaret drove her cart of bread; and somehow she had always enough to give the starving soldiers, and for her babies, besides what she sold. And despite all this, she earned enough so that when the war was over she built a big steam factory for her bread. By this time everybody in the city knew her. The children all over the city loved her; the business

men were proud of her; the poor people all came to her for advice. She used to sit at the open door of her office, in a calico gown and a little shawl, and give a good word to everybody, rich or poor.

Then, by and by, one day, Margaret died. And when it was time to read her will, the people found that with all her giving, she had still saved a great deal of money, and that she had left every cent of it to the different orphan asylums of the city, — each one of them was given something. Whether they were for white children or black, for Jews, Catholics, or Protestants, made no difference; for Margaret always said, "They are all orphans alike." And just think, dears, that splendid, wise will was signed with a cross instead of a name, for Margaret had never learned to read or write!

When the people of New Orleans knew that Margaret was dead, they said, "She was a mother to the motherless; she was a friend to those who had no friends; she had wisdom greater than schools can teach; we will not let her memory go from us." So they made a statue of her, just as she used to look, sitting in her own office door, or driving in her own little cart. And there it stands today, in memory of the great love and the great power of plain Margaret Haughery, of New Orleans.

Unselfishness and Sensitivity

Sir Philip Sidney[61]

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 noble-man, 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 everybody 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.

Brotherhood of Long Ago[62]

A Half-Forgotten Incident

Over one hundred years ago, when our country was fighting against England, there came to help us a young French nobleman named Lafayette. Although only a boy of nineteen years, he had run away from his country because he longed to fight for liberty. He said that he came to learn, not to teach, and, from the first, he took George Washington for an ideal.

Lafayette and Washington became life-long friends. Lafayette named his son for Washington and, on his return to America in 1787, he paid a delightful visit to Washington at Mount Vernon. He promised soon to return, but almost forty years passed by before he kept his word.

He came at last, in 1824, a bent old man, with a heart loyal as ever to his adopted country. He visited every State and Territory in the Union and was welcomed everywhere with the warmest enthusiasm. Receptions, dinner parties, and balls followed each other in brilliant succession, always with Lafayette the chief figure. The welcome of the people was voiced in a song of the time: —

"We bow not the neck,
We bend not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette,
We surrender to thee."

The incident that I am to relate occurred during the visit of 1824.

A brilliant reception was under way. A slowly moving line of stately guests passed by the noble old marquis, who greeted each with courtly grace. Presently there approached an old soldier clad in a worn Continental uniform. In his hand was an ancient musket, and across his shoulder was thrown a small blanket, or rather a piece of blanket. On reaching the marquis, the veteran drew himself up in the stiff fashion of the old-time drill and gave the military salute. As Lafayette returned the salute, tears sprang to his eyes. The tattered uniform, the ancient flintlock, the silver-haired veteran, even older than himself, recalled the dear past.

"Do you know me?" asked the soldier. Lafayette's manner had led him to think himself personally remembered.

"Indeed, I cannot say that I do," was the frank reply.

"Do you remember the frosts and snows of Valley Forge?"

"I shall never forget them," answered Lafayette.

"One bitter night, General Lafayette, you were going the rounds at Valley Forge. You came upon a sentry in thin clothing and without stockings. He was slowly freezing to death. You took his musket, saying, 'Go to my hut. There you will find stockings, a blanket, and a fire. After warming yourself, bring the blanket to me. Meanwhile I will keep guard.'

"The soldier obeyed directions. When he returned to his post, you, General Lafayette, cut the blanket in two. One half you kept, the other you presented to the sentry. Here, General, is one half of that blanket, for I am the sentry whose life you saved."

The Dutch Boor and His Horse[63]

When I was a small child and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read, of a horse, that made my cheeks wet with hot tears. The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Dutch boor, which means that he was a poor man of Dutch blood who was born on the soil of that hot land, and tilled it with the plough and hoe.

He was a kind man at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his mare, and she loved him, and was with him by day, and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it.

But a day came that proved the faith and love of her stout heart and the soul of the man. A great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared, and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds that smote them with all their might.

Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent, and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white waves, straight on to a reef of rocks, too far from the shore to be reached with a rope.

The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood with which to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved?

The men on shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat or raft, and their hearts were sick within them.

Then the Dutch boor was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse. Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there one breath of time.

He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur she dashed in, and, with a rope tied to her tail, swam the sea to the ship's side. She wheeled, and stamped her way on the white surge with a row of men to the shore. There she stayed but for a breath.

At the soft word and touch she knew so well, she turned, and once more ploughed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old. Once more she stood on the beach, amidst tears of joy that fell from all eyes. She stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell down fast on

the ship. There were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore.

The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse; he put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried to the last pulse of her heart.

She walked straight into the wild sea. All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak, but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes.

Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts and prayers came from it to keep up her strength.

The tug was for a life she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it halfway between ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more; her mane lay like black seaweed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath; then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death nearly all of a ship's crew of men.

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch boor and his horse.

They were as friends, one in life, one in death; and both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for young or old.

A Modern Bayard[64]

Dr. Samuel G. Howe had just won his degree as a doctor when he heard of the Greek war for freedom. He loved the courage the Greeks had shown all through history. He wanted to help them. How could he help? He sailed for Greece, and offered his services as a doctor in the Greek army and navy. There he stayed for six years, sharing the dangers and the hardships of the Greeks. Often he slept under the open sky with his head on a stone; often he had no meat but snails and roasted wasps.

"Aren't roasted wasps horrid to eat?" his little daughter asked him, years afterward.

"Not at all," he replied. "Roasted to a crisp and strung on a straw like dried cherries, they were not at all bad. I was often thankful enough to get them!"

Once Dr. Howe found a wounded Greek in great danger with the Turkish soldiers coming up behind and ready to kill him. He lifted the Greek on to his own horse and he himself had to go on foot in danger of his life. The Greek soldier recovered and became a devoted friend to Dr. Howe. He could not bear to be

out of Dr. Howe's sight and slept at his feet like a faithful dog.

So Dr. Howe went about, in towns and forests and on the hills, caring for the sick and wounded; and as he went, his heart was touched by the sight of starving women and children. He came back to America and, burning with his story, he told of the sorrows and suffering he had seen. He asked for money, for clothes, and for food. Quickly it was given, for the need was great. He must have been glad and proud of his people when he sailed for Greece in a large ship full of rice, flour, money, and cloth for the widows and children. How the women flocked about him when he landed in Greece! It is the best of fun to be happy over someone else's happiness, and I suppose Dr. Howe never enjoyed himself more than when he saw the hungry little Greek children contentedly munching the bread he had brought.

But many of the people had been made ill by suffering and want of food. For them he started a hospital with the money he had brought from America.

And then, wise Dr. Howe thought about the future. Do you know what that means? He wondered what all these people were to do by and by to earn money. And he made a plan for them to build a great

wharf for their harbor. He held a meeting of all the people in Ægina, and told them that he was going to build a pier, and that if they would work he would pay them for it. Instantly they set to the men dragging great stones and the women and children bringing baskets of pebbles and earth to fill in the gaps.

Dr. Howe was as happy as he was busy. One day he wrote in his diary: "Getting on finely. The poor who labor are now five hundred, and it is cheering to my heart to go among them and see the change that has taken place. Instead of, as formerly, humbly and tremblingly addressing me and begging for assistance, they look up brightly and confidently, and cry out: "Welcome among us, Sir!" and they often add as I go away,

"God bless your father and mother; God save the souls of your relations; long life to the Americans!"

So Dr. Howe worked and thought and helped day by day. He gave the people seed to sow; he helped them to build houses; he made a wheelbarrow himself and showed them how to make one. He labored night and day till the people were again at peace and prospering. Then he went home.

Fifteen years afterward, Dr. Howe went again to Greece and visited the village he had helped. Presently someone recognized him and called out: "It

is Dr. Howe." Then all the villagers rushed toward him, pulled him off his horse, kissed him, and made a great feast in his honor; for he had made America and Greece one in sympathy and friendship.

The Persian and His Three Sons[65]

There was once a Persian ruler who had three sons. The father owned a beautiful pearl, and he wished to give it to that one of his sons who had shown himself the noblest. Accordingly, he called them all together, and asked each of them what had been the most praiseworthy deed he had performed during the last three months.

The eldest son spoke first. He said: "On my journey last week I was entrusted with a number of valuable jewels. The merchant who sent them took no account of them. One or two would never have been missed, and I might easily have made myself rich. But I did no such thing. I carried the parcel as safely as if it had been my own."

"My son," said the father, "you were honest, it is true, and you have done well. But you could hardly have acted otherwise without shame."

Then the second son spoke. He said: "As I was walking the other day, I saw a child playing by the lake, and, while I watched him, he fell in. I swam in after him, and saved him."

"You also have done your duty," said the old man; "but you could hardly have left the child to drown."

It was now the third son's turn. He said: "As I crossed the mountains the other day, I saw near the edge of a dangerous precipice a man who has hated me and has done me harm. He had sat down to rest and had fallen asleep. I would have passed on my way without a word, but something within me called to me to go back and wake him. This I did, knowing all the time that he would not understand and that he would be angry with me, as indeed he was."

"My son," cried the father, "the pearl is yours! To do good, without hope of favor or reward, to those who have wronged us, is to be truly noble."

Kindness and Friendliness

The Girl Who Was a Loving Sister[66]

There were four little sisters, almost fourscore years ago, in Orchard House in old Concord. Anna was nearly ten and Louisa just past her eighth birthday. Elizabeth was four, and last of all came the baby, Abby May.

What happy times they must have had, we think, wearing the dainty frocks and ribbons that all little girls love and playing with a house full of dolls. Did they go to parties and have a great deal of company at Orchard House? Their father was Amos Bronson Alcott about whom a great deal has been written, and Orchard House is so famous now that no one goes to Concord without visiting it. This family of little Alcott sisters must have had a wonderful girlhood, we feel.

They were the four happiest sisters that ever lived but they were quite poor.

Perhaps they might have had more comforts if their father had not believed that being poor is a help to happiness. They ate plain food and wore simple clothes, but they knew where the most juicy wild berries and the richest nuts could be found. They had few toys that were bought, but such a store of

homemade playthings! The little girls had all kinds of rag dolls and as many kittens as they wanted. They had gingerbread men and a whole toy barnyard full of animals that their mother cut and baked from cake dough. They made up plays of their own, too. Louisa wrote stories full of villains and heroes, witches, princesses, gallant knights, good fairies, gnomes and giants that they could act in the attic.

As the baby, Abby May, grew up into a sunny haired little girl with the most skilful fingers, she designed and painted scenery for their plays. Anna made over old clothes from the attic into wardrobes for the actors and they filled the attic with fun on rainy days.

Orchard House was a quaint brown home with many windows. It was set in the midst of fruit trees and green grass, with an old fashioned garden at the back. Although there was very little to eat sometimes at the Alcott home, its doors were always open to the neighbors or to a stranger who was in need of help and shelter. Anything that the Alcotts could spare was shared.

If we might only have peeped in one of the windows on Christmas Eve! There was a tree that the girls had watched being chopped down in the green woods of Concord. Anna and Louisa had helped to

drag it home on their sled with little Abby May seated like a snow queen on its branches. Standing beside the glowing stove on the worn carpet of the living room, it was made beautiful with things that had not cost any money. Rosy apples from the Alcott's own orchard hung like bright red balls among its branches. The girls had popped com and strung the kernels to make festoons for the tree. The gifts were homemade, a penwiper for father, a knitted scarf for mother, all the work of the sisters' fingers, and all very precious on that account.

The oldest sister in a family always has to be a kind of little mother, and this was true with Anna Alcott. Elizabeth was not a strong little girl. She was never able to help with the work in Orchard House, but her goodness and gentle heart filled it with sunshine. Little Abby May loved nothing so much as to draw pictures all day long. She drew and painted very well indeed, but she found it hard to remember household tasks. Louisa was her father's birthday child, born on Mr. Alcott's birthday. She was loving and fond of the birds and woods and flowers, as her father was. She was strong willed too. Whatever she started to do she finished.

As Louisa grew up into a tall, dark girl with big, far seeing eyes she wanted to do something for these

three sisters whom she loved so dearly. She longed to spare her mother the hard work of the home. She wished that she might buy for her father the books that he loved but could not afford. There were Elizabeth's doctor's bills to pay and Abby's paints to be bought.

If we could have climbed up into the Alcott attic one long ago day when Louisa was still in her teens, we would have seen her at work trying to help her family. She was curled up in one of the wide window seats with pencils and paper in an old tin kitchen beside her. She had a pile of apples on the floor at her feet, for she intended to work late and she might not have time to go downstairs for supper. Scrabbles, a rat who lived in the garret and was Louisa's pet and play fellow, danced about on the rough boards of the floor. Louisa did not notice him, though, nor did she stop work until the shadows of the trees in the orchard cut off all the light. She wrote and wrote, covering many pages with her fine penmanship. When she had finished she slipped the pages in the tin kitchen, for she was keeping her plan a secret from the dear family downstairs.

We will come back from that long ago day with Louisa in the attic now, and open our favorite book, Little Women. Every girl loves Little Women, and

grown people love it so much that it was made into a play and acted before large audiences all over our country.

Little Women is the story of Meg and Jo and Beth and Amy, four loving little sisters, who lived with their dear father and mother in an old brown house like Orchard House in Concord. It tells about old Joanna, a torn but precious rag doll, and about the fairy tale plays that the little sisters wrote and staged and acted in the attic. We read in Little Women how Meg mothered the family and Jo wrote stories that were published and made them all comfortable after their poverty. It tells us how Beth was the good angel of the home and went at last to live with the angels. We read how Amy grew up to be an artist just as she had wanted to be when she was a little girl. Little Women is a book about playing and working and loving just as children may play and work and love today. The best part of the whole book, though, is that it tells us how happy poor people may be.

Who do you suppose gave us Little Women?

The girl that was herself such a loving sister gave it to us. We saw her working up there in the Orchard House attic in Concord so many years ago. She was curled up in the window with her paper and her pile of apples, and only Scrabbles, the rat knew what a

beautiful story she was going to give us. Louisa Alcott wrote Little Women which is the true story of her own girlhood and that of her sisters in their Concord home. Anna Alcott was Meg and Louisa Alcott was Jo, Elizabeth Alcott was Beth and Abby was Amy of Little Women. The home of these four little women with all its fun and sorrow and love was Orchard House of over seventy-five years ago.

Louisa Alcott wrote Little Men and Jo's Boys and Eight Cousins and Rose in Bloom, about herself and her family, grown up. Two long shelves in the Alcott home in Concord are filled with almost thirty books that she wrote. These books did just what she hoped they would. They were bought in hundreds of thousands and helped to bring comfort to the Alcott household when it was most needed.

Little Women did more than that though. It is the book that, more than any other, tells children what real, good fun it is to have to go without things and make our own happiness at home.

The Magic Mask[67]

There was once a great and powerful prince. He had hundreds of soldiers in his army, and with their help he had conquered vast strips of country, over which he ruled. He was wise as well as brave, but, though all men feared his iron will and respected his strong purpose, no one loved him. As he grew older, he became lonely and unhappy, and this made him sterner and colder, and more severe than ever. The lines about his mouth were hard and grim, there was a deep frown on his forehead, and his lips rarely smiled.

Now it happened that in one of the cities over which he had come to rule was a beautiful princess whom he wished to have for his wife. He had watched her for many months as she went about among the people, and he knew that she was as good and kind as she was beautiful. But, because he always wore his armor and his heavy helmet when he rode through his dominions, she had never seen his face.

The day came when he made up his mind that he would ask the lovely princess to come and live in his palace. He put on his royal robes and his golden coronet; but, when he looked at his reflection in the

glass, he could see nothing but what would cause fear and dislike. His face looked hard and cruel and stern. He tried to smile, but it seemed an unnatural effort and he quickly gave it up. Then a happy notion came to him. Sending for the court magician, he said to him: "Make for me a mask of the thinnest wax so that it will follow every line of my features, but paint it with your magic paints so that it will look kind and pleasant instead of fierce and stern. Fasten it upon my face so that I shall never have to take it off. Make it as handsome and attractive as your skill can suggest, and I will pay for it any price you choose to ask."

"This I can do," said the court magician, "on one condition only. You must keep your own face in the same lines that I shall paint, or the mask will be ruined. One angry frown, one cruel smile will crack the mask and ruin it forever; nor can I replace it. Will you agree to this?"

The prince had a strong will, and never in his life had he wanted anything so much as he now wanted the princess for his wife. "Yes," he said, "I agree. Tell me how I may keep the mask from cracking."

"You must train yourself to think kindly thoughts," said the magician, "and, to do this, you must do kindly deeds. You must try to make your kingdom happy rather than great. Whenever you are angry, keep

absolutely still until the feeling has gone away. Try to think of ways to make your subjects happier and better. Build schools instead of forts, and hospitals instead of battleships. Be gracious and courteous to all men."

So the wonderful mask was made, and when the prince put it on, no one would have guessed that it was not his true face. The lovely princess, indeed, could find no fault with it, and she came willingly to be his bride in his splendid palace. The months went on, and, though at first the magic mask was often in danger of being destroyed, the prince had been as good as his word, and no one had ever discovered that it was false. His subjects, it is true, wondered at his new gentleness and thoughtfulness, but they said: "It is the princess who has made him like herself."

The prince, however, was not quite happy. When the princess smiled her approval of his forbearance and goodness, he used to wish that he had never deceived her with the magic mask. At last he could bear it no longer, and, summoning the magician, he bade him remove the false face.

"If I do, your Royal Highness," protested the magician, "I can never make another. You must wear your own face as long as you live."

"Better so," cried the prince, "than to deceive one whose love and trust I value so greatly. Better even that she should always despise me than that I should go on doing what is unworthy for her sake."

Then the magician took off the mask, and the prince in fear and anguish of heart sought his reflection in the glass. As he looked, his eyes brightened and his lips curved into a radiant smile, for the ugly lines were gone, the frown had disappeared, and his face was molded in the exact likeness of the mask he had worn so long. And, when he came into the presence of his wife, she saw only the familiar features of the prince she loved.

The Lame Boy[68]

He was little. He was lame. He was only six years old. His mother was a poor washerwoman, and they lived in a tiny room on a narrow street of a great city.

All day long he sat in his high chair, looking down into the narrow street. He could see, by leaning forward, a bit of blue sky over the tall warehouse opposite. Sometimes a white cloud would drift across the blue. Sometimes it was all dull gray.

But the street was more interesting. There were people down there. In the early morning men and women were hurrying to their work. Later the children came out, and played on the sidewalk and in the gutters. Sometimes they danced and sang, but often they were quarrelsome. In the spring came the hand-organ man, and then everybody seemed happy.

The boy's sad little face looked out all day long. Only when he saw his mother coming did he smile and wave his hand.

"I wish I could help you, mother," he said one night. "You work so hard, and I can't do anything for you."

"Oh, but you do!" she cried quickly. "It helps me to see your face smiling down at me from the window. It helps me to have you wave your hand. It makes my work lighter all day to think you will be there waving to me when I go home."

"Then I'll wave harder," said the little fellow.

And the next night a tired workman, seeing the mother look up and answer the signal, looked up too. Such a little, pinched face as he saw at the high window; but how cheery the smile was! The man laughed to himself and waved his cap, and the boy, a little shyly, returned the greeting. So it went. The next evening the workman nudged his comrade to look up at the "poor little chap sitting, so patient, at the window," and again the smile shone out as two caps waved in the air below him.

Days came and passed, and the boy had more friends. Men and women went out of their way to send a greeting to him. Life didn't seem quite so hard to them when they thought how dreary it must be for him. Sometimes a flower found its way to him, or an orange, or a colored picture. The children stopped quarreling when they saw him watching them, and played games to amuse him. It pleased them to see how eager he was to share in their good times.

"Tell the lad we couldn't get on without him," said one of the weary laborers to the mother one night. "'Tis a great thing to have a brave heart. It makes us all brave, too. Tell him that."

And you may be sure she did.

Garibaldi and the Lost Lamb[69]

One evening, in the year 1861, as General Joseph Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, fighting to make his beloved Italy free, united, and happy, was going to his headquarters, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. The great-hearted general at once returned to camp and announced to his officers his intention of scouring the mountains in search of the missing sheep. His soldiers, inspired by his tenderness on the field of peace as they had been by his valor on the field of battle, at once organized a grand expedition. Lanterns were brought and old officers of many a campaign started off full of enthusiasm to hunt for the lost lamb. But no lamb was found, and the soldiers returned to their beds in the camp. The next morning the servant of General Garibaldi found him in bed fast asleep. When he was awakened the general rubbed his eyes. And so did the servant, when he saw the old warrior bring the lost lamb from under the covering where it had been kept warm, and request him to carry it back in safety to the shepherd.

The man who had endured hardship and persecution, cold and hunger, nakedness and exile to

make his native land free, had thought it a worthy task to keep up his search throughout the long night for the lost sheep until he had found it.

The Golden River[70]

There was once a beautiful little valley, where the sun was warm, and the rains fell softly; its apples were so red, its corn so yellow, its grapes so blue, that it was called the Treasure Valley. Not a river ran into it, but one great river flowed down the mountains on the other side, and because the setting sun always made its high cataract gold-colored, after the rest of the world was dark, it was called the Golden River. The lovely valley belonged to three brothers. The youngest, little Gluck, was happy-hearted and kind, but he had a hard life with his brothers, for Hans and Schwartz were so cruel and so stingy that they were known all about as the "Black Brothers." They were hard to their farm hands, hard to their customers, hard to the poor, and hardest of all to Gluck.

At last the Black Brothers became so bad that the Spirit of the West Wind took vengeance on them; he forbade any of the gentle winds, south and west, to bring rain to the valley. Then, since there were no rivers in it, it dried up, and instead of a treasure valley it became a desert of dry, red sand. The Black Brothers could get nothing out of it, and they wandered out

into the world on the other side of the mountain-peaks; and little Gluck went with them.

Hans and Schwartz went out every day, wasting their time in wickedness, but they left Gluck in the house to work. And they lived on the gold and silver they had saved in Treasure Valley, till at last it was all gone. The only precious thing left was Gluck's gold mug. This the Black Brothers decided to melt into spoons, to sell; and in spite of Gluck's tears, they put it in the melting pot, and went out, leaving him to watch it.

Poor little Gluck sat at the window, trying not to cry for his dear golden mug, and as the sun began to go down, he saw the beautiful cataract of the Golden River turn red, and yellow, and then pure color of gold.

"Oh, dear!" he said to himself, "how fine it would be if the river were really golden! I needn't be poor, then."

"It wouldn't be fine at all!" said a thin, metallic little voice, in his ear.

"Mercy, what's that!" said Gluck, looking all about. But nobody was there.

Suddenly the sharp little voice came again.

"Pour me out," it said, "I am too hot!"

It seemed to come right from the oven, and as Gluck stood, staring in fright, it came again, "Pour me out; I'm too hot!"

Gluck was very much frightened, but he went and looked in the melting pot. When he touched it, the little voice said, "Pour me out, I say!" And Gluck took the handle and began to pour the gold out.

First came out a tiny pair of yellow legs; then a pair of yellow coat-tails; then a strange little yellow body, and, last, a wee yellow face, with long curls of gold hair. And the whole put itself together as it fell, and stood up on the floor, the strangest little yellow dwarf, about a foot high!

"Dear, me!" said Gluck.

But the little yellow man said, "Gluck, do you know who I am? I am the King of the Golden River."

Gluck did not know what to say, so he said nothing; and, indeed, the little man gave him no chance. He said, "Gluck, I have been watching you, and what I have seen of you, I like. Listen, and I will tell you something for your good. Whoever shall climb to the top of the mountain from which the Golden River falls, and shall cast into its waters three drops of holy water, for him and him only shall its waters turn to gold. But no one can succeed except at

the first trial, and anyone who casts unholy water in the river will be turned into a black stone."

And then, before Gluck could draw his breath, the King walked straight into the hottest flame of the fire, and vanished up the chimney!

When Gluck's brothers came home, they beat him black and blue, because the mug was gone. But when he told them about the King of the Golden River they quarreled all night, as to which should go to get the gold. At last, Hans, who was the stronger, got the better of Schwartz, and started off. The priest would not give such a bad man any holy water, so he stole a bottleful. Then he took a basket of bread and wine, and began to climb the mountain.

He climbed fast, and soon came to the end of the first hill. But there he found a great glacier, a hill of ice, which he had never seen before. It was horrible to cross, the ice was slippery, great gulfs yawned before him, and noises like groans and shrieks came from under his feet. He lost his basket of bread and wine, and was quite faint with fear and exhaustion when his feet touched firm ground again.

Next he came to a hill of hot, red rock, without a bit of grass to ease the feet, or a particle of shade. After an hour's climb he was so thirsty that he felt that he must drink. He looked at the flask of water. "Three

drops are enough," he thought; "I will just cool my lips." He was lifting the flask to his lips when he saw something beside him in the path. It was a small dog, and it seemed to be dying of thirst. Its tongue was out, its legs were lifeless, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips. It looked piteously at the bottle which Hans held. Hans raised the bottle, drank, kicked at the animal, and passed on.

A strange black shadow came across the blue sky.

Another hour Hans climbed; the rocks grew hotter and the way steeper every moment. At last he could bear it no longer; he must drink. The bottle was half empty, but he decided to drink half of what was left. As he lifted it, something moved in the path beside him. It was a child, lying nearly dead of thirst on the rock, its eyes closed, its lips burning, its breath coming in gasps. Hans looked at it, drank, and passed on.

A dark cloud came over the sun, and long shadows crept up the mountain side.

It grew very steep now, and the air weighed like lead on Hans' forehead, but the Golden River was very near. Hans stopped a moment to breathe, then started to climb the last height.

As he clambered on, he saw an old, old man lying in the path. His eyes were sunken, and his face deadly pale.

"Water!" he said; "water!"

"I have none for you," said Hans; "you have had your share of life." He strode over the old man's body and climbed on.

A flash of blue lightning rose before him, and then the heavens were dark.

At last Hans stood on the brink of the cataract of the Golden River. The sound of its roaring filled all the air. He drew the flask from his side and hurled it into the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through him; he shrieked and fell. And the river rose and flowed over. When Hans did not come back Gluck grieved, but Schwartz was glad. He decided to go and get the gold for himself. He thought it might not do to steal the holy water, as Hans had done, so he took the money little Gluck had earned, and bought holy water of a bad priest. Then he took a basket of bread and wine, and started off.

He came to the great hill of ice, and was as surprised as Hans had been, and found it as hard to cross. Many times he slipped, and he was much frightened at the noises, and was very glad to get across, although he had lost his basket of bread and

wine. Then he came to the same hill of sharp, red stone, without grass or shade, that Hans had climbed. And like Hans he became very thirsty. Like Hans, too, he decided to drink a little of the water. As he raised it to his lips, he suddenly saw the same fair child that Hans had seen.

"Water!" said the child. "Water! I am dying."

"I have not enough for myself," said Schwartz, and passed on.

A low bank of black cloud rose out of the west.

When he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and again he lifted the flask to his lips. As he did so, he saw an old man who begged for water.

"I have not enough for myself," said Schwartz, and passed on.

A mist, of the color of blood, came over the sun.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and once more he had to drink. This time, as he lifted the flask, he thought he saw his brother Hans before him. The figure stretched its arms to him, and cried out for water.

"Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "do you suppose I brought the water up here for you?" And he strode over the figure. But when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back, and the figure was not there.

Then he stood at the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were black, and the roaring of the waters filled all the air. He cast the flask into the stream. And as he did so the lightning glared in his eyes, the earth gave way beneath him, and the river flowed over

The Two Black Stones.

When Gluck found himself alone, he at last decided to try his luck with the King of the Golden River. The priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it, and with this and a basket of bread he started off.

The hill of ice was much harder for Gluck to climb, because he was not so strong as his brothers. He lost his bread, fell often, and was exhausted when he got on firm ground. He began to climb the hill in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour he was very thirsty, and lifted the bottle to drink a little water. As he did so he saw a feeble old man coming down the path toward him.

"I am faint with thirst," said the old man; "will you give me some of that water?"

Gluck saw that he was pale and tired, so he gave him the water, saying, "Please don't drink it all." But the old man drank a great deal, and gave back the

bottle two thirds emptied. Then he bade Gluck good speed, and Gluck went on merrily.

Some grass appeared on the path, and the grasshoppers began to sing.

At the end of another hour, Gluck felt that he must drink again. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying by the roadside; it cried out for water. Gluck struggled with himself, and decided to bear the thirst a little longer. He put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Then it got up and ran down the hill.

All kinds of sweet flowers began to grow on the rocks, and crimson and purple butterflies danced about in the air.

But at the end of another hour, Gluck's thirst was unbearable. He saw that there were only five or six drops of water in the bottle, and he did not dare to drink. As he was putting the flask away again, he saw a little dog on the rocks, gasping for breath. He looked at it, and then at the Golden River, and he remembered the dwarf's words, "No one can succeed except at the first trial;" and he tried to pass the dog. It whined piteously, and Gluck stopped. He could not bear to pass it. "Confound the King and his gold, too!" he said; and he poured the few drops of water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprung up; its tail disappeared, its nose grew red, and its eyes twinkled. The next minute the dog was gone, and the King of the Golden River stood there. He stooped and picked a lily that grew beside Gluck's feet. Three drops of dew were on its white leaves. These the dwarf shook into the flask which Gluck held in his hand.

"Cast these into the river," he said, "and go down the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley." Then he disappeared.

Gluck stood on the brink of the Golden River, and cast the three drops of dew into the stream. Where they fell, a little whirlpool opened; but the water did not turn to gold. Indeed, the water seemed vanishing altogether. Gluck was disappointed not to see gold, but he obeyed the King of the Golden River, and went down the other side of the mountains. When he came out into the Treasure Valley, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft in the rocks above, and flowing among the heaps of dry sand. And then fresh grass sprang beside the river, flowers opened along its sides, and vines began to cover the whole valley. The Treasure Valley was becoming a garden again.

Gluck lived in the Valley, and his grapes were blue, and his apples were red, and his corn was yellow; and

the poor were never driven from his door. For him, as the King had promised, the river was really a River of Gold.

Justice and Mercy

The Boy Who Loved Justice[71]

It was our first century, A. D., and the birthday of Marcus Verus, a boy of old Rome.

The Roman lad and his mother stood in the courtyard of their home. From the living room of the house where Marcus and his little sister, Annia of thirteen, lived there came the busy hum of the maids' spinning wheels. The white wool from the sheep that pastured on the green hills of Rome was to be made into soft cloth in this careful household. Yet Marcus was a boy of riches and of honor, a magistrate of the city while still in his teens, and a relative of the great Emperor Hadrian of Rome.

A band of burnished gold held back the straight dark hair from Marcus' forehead. He had put aside the coarse mantle that he wore at the hard school of the Stoics and in its place he wore a holiday tunic of white wool. It scarcely reached his knees and showed his well-built frame and tough, sun burned skin. Marcus could play ball as well as a boy of today. He was walking home from a game of ball on one of the grassy plains outside the city the year before when runners met him bearing news that he had been

chosen as a magistrate to sit in the courts of law with the men of Rome. Marcus, though a boy and a ruler, knew what justice was and how to dispense it.

His mother put her hand on this shoulder, and he looked up into her sweet face. Lucilla, the mother of Marcus, was very like a mother of today. She wore the long tunic and outer robe that was the fashion in this long ago time, but her face was full of love and pride as she smiled down at her son.

"How are you going to celebrate your birthday, my Marcus?" she asked.

For a moment the lad was silent. He was thinking of the many happy birthdays of his past. Everyone loved to give in those days of long ago, on New Year's Day, on the feast days, and on the day when the sun was highest and shone longest on the gardens and palaces of the Romans. On his birthday, the neighbors had always come to Marcus' home with rich gifts: bouquets of flowers, carved brass bowls of fruit, and rich sweets.

Marcus remembered a costly toy chariot that had been given him. It was a gilded model of those in which the charioteers rode in the Coliseum. There had been his gifts of painted balls and carved stone marbles and a small javelin in other years. It was different, though, this year. Marcus was too old for

toys. He looked across the marble pavings of the court. Blooming orange and oleander and lemon trees stood all about it in great stone tubs. There was a fountain whose waters sang as they fell into a marble basin. At one end of the court there was a cage of pet doves cooing in tune to the playing of the fountain. Annia, Marcus' little sister, had climbed upon the cage and was feeding the doves from her slim brown fingers.

Marcus' mother repeated her question.

"What will you do on this, your birthday, my son?" she asked. "There is little that I can offer you now that all the wealth of the family is yours. You are very rich, Marcus," she added, sighing a little as she looked at her winsome little daughter.

Marcus straightened himself proudly. With his mother's words there had come a plan to his mind which was always keen where justice was concerned.

"I will celebrate my birthday by breaking a Roman custom," Marcus announced. Then, as his mother looked surprised, he explained.

"It is not just that a Roman son should receive all the riches of his family and that the daughter should be dependent upon his bounty. I shall divide my father's estate today and give half to my Annia."

"Give half of your wealth to Annia! Oh, Marcus, that is like your kindness of heart, but should you?" his mother asked.

"I can and will do anything that is just," Marcus answered, reaching out his arms to Annia as the little girl came running across the court to him.

The blood of the ancient kings ran in the veins of Marcus, this Roman boy of so many centuries ago. He was rich, beloved, handsome, but the qualities that have brought his name down to us through all the centuries are his unselfishness, his simplicity and his justice.

It was not easy for him to become a knight of the Equestrian Order when he was only six years old. That meant strenuous training in horsemanship that would have tried the strength of a much older lad. When he was eight years old, Marcus was made one of the priests of Mars, which meant that he must perform many duties and carry messages in the temple without neglecting or forgetting one.

When Marcus was twelve years old he went to school to the Stoics. They formed an order of the ancients who believed that hardships were more important in life than anything else. So little Marcus put on the Stoic's rough dress. He slept on the hard floor or on the bare ground, denying himself a bed. He

refused even the quilt that his mother offered him. Yet Marcus loved to play. He was a better gymnast than most of the other boys, and he was far above them in scholarship.

It was all these qualities of Marcus which caused him to be made a magistrate of Rome when he was barely sixteen years old.

Perhaps you have seen a picture of the old Roman Forum and remember how grand and great it is. Even the ruins of its stone walls seem to rise to the sky. Can you imagine how small you, a boy or girl, would feel in the Roman Forum?

If you can look back in imagination to the time of this story you may see the boy Marcus there the day of his birthday. He is seated in one of the law courts wearing the rich gown of his office, the official ring and the purple badge. Twelve attendants surround his chair as he listens to the cases that come before him and makes a wise decision in the case of each. His eyes see in dreams the ball grounds on the Roman plains where the other boys are at play, and he hears in fancy the roars of the lions at the Circus, where he would like to be, but he never once turns from the business at hand.

Marcus grew up to be the great Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antonius of Rome. He was always kind and

just and the best loved of all the Roman rulers. He began being Emperor, though, when he was a boy just as all great men are usually great, first of all, in their boyhood.

A Soldier's Pardon[72]

During the Civil War a young fellow named William Scott, who came from Vermont, was sentenced to be shot because he had fallen asleep at his post when it was his duty to guard the army at night. Lincoln could never bear to have any one shot, and he went himself to Scott's tent and asked to see him. They had a long talk together, and Lincoln asked Scott about his mother. Scott drew out her picture, which he always carried with him, and tears came into his eyes at the thought that he might never see her again.

"Well," said Lincoln at last, "you're not going to be shot. But tell me how can you repay me for setting you free and pardoning you?"

Scott hesitated. "We're very poor," he said, "but I think we might get $500, if we mortgaged the farm."

"No, that won't do," said Lincoln; "my bill is larger than that. And there's only one man who can pay it, and that's William Scott. If from this day he does just what he ought to be doing for the country, I shall be repaid in full."

Scott never forgot. He fought for his country, and at last died in her service.

The Good Bishop[73]

By Victor Hugo

Jean Valjean was a wood-chopper's son, who, while very young, was left an orphan. His older sister brought him up, but when he was seventeen years of age, his sister's husband died, and upon Jean came the labor of supporting her seven little children. Although a man of great strength, he found it very difficult to provide food for them at the poor trade he followed.

One winter day he was without work, and the children were crying for bread. They were nearly starved; and, when he could withstand their entreaties no longer, he went out in the night, and, breaking a baker's window with his fist, carried home a loaf of bread for the famishing children. The next morning he was arrested for stealing, his bleeding hand convicting him.

For this crime he was sent to the galleys with an iron collar riveted around his neck, with a chain attached, which bound him to his galley seat. Here he remained four years, then he tried to escape, but was caught, and three years were added to his sentence. Then he made a second attempt, and also failed, the

result of which was that he remained nineteen years as a galley slave for stealing a single loaf of bread.

When Jean left the prison, his heart was hardened. He felt like a wolf. His wrongs had embittered him, and he was more like an animal than a man. He came with every man's hand raised against him to the town where the good bishop lived.

At the inn they would not receive him because they knew him to be an ex-convict and a dangerous man. Wherever he went, the knowledge of him went before, and every one drove him away. They would not even allow him to sleep in a dog kennel or give him the food they had saved for the dog. Everywhere he went they cried: "Be off! Go away, or you will get a charge of shot." Finally, he wandered to the house of the good bishop, and a good man he was.

For his duties as a bishop, he received from the State $3000 a year; but he gave away to the poor $2800 of it. He was a simple, loving man, with a great heart, who thought nothing of himself, but loved everybody. And everybody loved him.

Jean, when he entered the bishop's house, was a most forbidding and dangerous character. He shouted in a harsh loud voice: "Look here, I am a galley slave. Here is my yellow passport. It says: 'Five years for robbery and fourteen years for trying to

escape. The man is very dangerous.' Now that you know who I am, will you give me a little food, and let me sleep in the stable?"

The good bishop said: "Sit down and warm yourself. You will take supper with me, and after that sleep here."

Jean could hardly believe his senses. He was dumb with joy. He told the bishop that he had money, and would pay for his supper and lodging.

But the priest said: "You are welcome. This is not my house, but the house of Christ. Your name was known to me before you showed me your passport. You are my brother."

After supper the bishop took one of the silver candlesticks that he had received as a Christmas present, and, giving Jean the other, led him to his room, where a good bed was provided. In the middle of the night Jean awoke with a hardened heart. He felt that the time had come to get revenge for all his wrongs. He remembered the silver knives and forks that had been used for supper, and made up his mind to steal them, and go away in the night. So he took what he could find, sprang into the garden, and disappeared.

When the bishop awoke, and saw his silver gone, he said: "I have been thinking for a long time that I

ought not to keep the silver. I should have given it to the poor, and certainly this man was poor." At breakfast-time five soldiers brought Jean back to the bishop's house. When they entered, the bishop, looking at him, said: "Oh, you are back again! I am glad to see you. I gave you the candlesticks, too, which are silver also, and will bring forty dollars. Why did you not take them?"

Jean was stunned indeed by these words. So were the soldiers. "This man told us the truth, did he?" they cried. "We thought he had stolen the plate and was running away. So we quickly arrested him."

But the good bishop only said: "It was a mistake to have him brought back. Let him go. The silver is his. I gave it to him."

So the officers went away.

"Is it true," Jean whispered to the bishop, "that I am free? I may go?"

"Yes," he replied, "but before you go take your candlesticks."

Jean trembled in every limb, and took the candlesticks like one in a dream.

"Now," said the bishop, "depart in peace, but do not go through the garden, for the front door is always open to you day and night."

Jean looked as though he would faint.

Then the bishop took his hand, and said: "Never forget you have promised me you would use the money to become an honest man."

He did not remember having promised anything, but stood silent while the bishop continued solemnly:

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul for you. I withdrew it from black thoughts and the spirit of hate, and gave it to God."

Thus there began in the heart of Jean a life-and-death struggle between the spirit of hate and the spirit of love, and because of the good bishop's forgiveness the spirit of goodness won. He became a great and good man, whose story, when you are older, I am sure you will all read.

Edward the Black Prince[74]

For a number of years England carried on a war with Scotland, which ended with the battle of Bannockburn. This war would not have lasted so long if the French had not been afraid that England would become stronger than they, and therefore had done a great deal to help Scotland. This did not make the English feel very friendly toward the French. Moreover, Edward III, King of England, claimed the French crown, because of his relationship to the late King of France. The result was a struggle which lasted more than a century, and which is, therefore, called the Hundred Years' War. It was in the early part of this war that the famous battles of Cre'cy and Poitiers were fought which showed the English yeomen — that is, the sturdy common people — that they could defend themselves with their bows and arrows, and need not depend upon the knights for protection. At the battle of Cre'cy, King Edward shared the command with his son, called the Black Prince from the color of his armor. In the course of the battle, a messenger came galloping up to the king and told him that his son was in great danger. "If the Frenchmen

increase, your son will have too much to do," he said. The king asked, "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "No, sir," answered the messenger, "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king must have longed to go to his son, but he replied firmly, "Tell those that sent you not to send again for me so long as my son has life; and say I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him and to those into whose care I have entrusted him." The brave prince did win his spurs, that is, performed deeds which proved him worthy of knighthood; and when the battle was over the king kissed him and said, "You are worthy to be a sovereign."

After this battle, the English pressed on to besiege Calais. One whole year the French refused to yield, and they would not give up the town until they were starving. Edward was so angry at the long resistance that he told the people of Calais there was only one way in which they could look for any mercy from him. If six of their principal men would come to him in their shirts, bareheaded, barefooted, and with ropes about their necks, he would be merciful to the others. The richest man in town offered himself first, and five

others followed. "Take them away and hang them," commanded King Edward; but his wife Philippa fell upon her knees before him and said, "Since I crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favor. Now I most humbly ask for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary, and for your love to me that you will be merciful to these six men." The king replied, "Ah, lady, I wish you had been anywhere else than here, but I cannot refuse you. Do as you please with them." The queen feasted them, and gave them clothes and sent them back safely to their homes. This story was told by Queen Philippa's secretary, a man named Froissart.

A Hero of Valley Forge[75]

It was winter at Valley Forge. Indeed, it was that famous and dreadful winter when Washington and his little army of patriots were encamped there. Half-clad, half-fed, chilled by the raw, cold winds, is it not a wonder that these brave men did not lose all hope and disperse to their homes? Every one of them performed a golden deed when he kept up his courage and stuck to his post and thus did his part towards keeping the American army together. But the hero of whom I shall tell you was not a soldier; he did not even believe it right to fight.

One day a Tory, who was well known in the neighborhood, was captured and brought into the camp. His name was Michael Wittman, and he was accused of having carried aid and information to the British in Philadelphia. He was taken to West Chester and there tried by court-martial. It was proved that he was a very dangerous man and that he had more than once attempted to do great harm to the American army. He was pronounced guilty of being a spy and sentenced to be hanged.

On the evening of the day before that set for the execution, a strange old man appeared in Valley Forge. He was a small man with long, snow-white hair falling over his shoulders. His face, although full of kindliness, was sad-looking and thoughtful. His eyes, which were bright and sharp, were upon the ground and lifted only when he was speaking.

Many of the soldiers seemed to know him, for they greeted him kindly as he passed.

"Who is that old fellow?" asked a young sergeant from Virginia.

"Why, he is one of our best friends," was the answer. "He lives at the Dunker settlement, over near Lancaster, and many are the wounded soldiers that he has nursed and brought to life. He has a hospital there of his own, and if I were hurt or sick I shouldn't want any better place to go. He doesn't believe in fighting, but he surely believes in helping the fighters."

"Yes," said another soldier, "but the worst of it is that he would just as lieve nurse a sick Britisher as a sick American. All are the same to him."

Then, one after another, the soldiers began to give the old man's history.

His name was Peter Miller.

He was the finest scholar in the thirteen colonies. He had translated the Declaration of Independence

into seven European languages, and the Continental Congress had sent copies of these translations into every country where they could be read.

He had charge of a printing press in the Dunker settlement.

He had translated into English a wonderful German book and had printed it upon his own press. The book was a huge thing, so large and heavy that a man would not wish to carry more than one volume at a time. And what do you think it was about?

It was entitled "The Martyrs' Mirror," and was mostly about the cruelties of war. Its object was to show that all fightings are wrong and unnecessary.

To translate it and print it was the work of three years, and it is said that during all that time Peter Miller never slept more than four hours a night.

"I think I have seen that wonderful book," said a soldier. "I think I rammed a part of it down my musket when I loaded it yesterday."

"That is very likely," said another. "About a week ago, six of us drove over to the settlement in two wagons, and brought back all the "Martyrs' Mirrors" we could find. The paper makes fine wads for the muskets, and you know that we have almost nothing else that can be used."

In the meanwhile, Peter Miller, with bowed head, had made his way to the door of Washington's headquarters.

His name was announced.

"Peter Miller?" said Washington. "Certainly. Show him in, at once."

The old man went in, scarcely raising his eyes to meet the welcoming and inquiring look of the general.

"General Washington, I have come to ask a great favor of you," he said, in his usual kindly tones.

"I shall be glad to grant you almost anything," said Washington; "for we surely are indebted to you for many favors. Tell me what it is."

"I hear," said Peter, "that Michael Wittman has been found guilty of treason and that he is to be hanged at Turk's Head tomorrow. I have come to ask you to pardon him."

Washington started back, and a cloud came over his face. "That is impossible," he said. "Wittman is a bad man. He has done all in his power to betray us. He has even offered to join the British and aid them in destroying us. In these times we dare not be lenient with traitors; and for that reason, I am sorry that I cannot pardon your friend."

"Friend!" cried Peter. "Why, he is no friend of mine. He is my bitterest enemy. He has persecuted

me for years. He has even beaten me and spit in my face, knowing full well that I would not strike back. Michael Wittman is no friend of mine."

Washington was puzzled. "And still you wish me to pardon him?" he asked.

"I do," answered Peter. "I ask it of you as a great personal favor."

"Tell me," said Washington, with hesitating voice, "why is it that you thus ask the pardon of your worst enemy?"

"I ask it because Jesus did as much for me," was the old man's brief answer.

Washington turned away and went into another room. Soon he returned with a paper on which was written the pardon of Michael Wittman.

"My dear friend," he said, as he placed it in the old man's hands, "I thank you for this example of Christian charity."

It was a matter of fifteen miles, by the shortest road, from Valley Forge to West Chester which was then known as Turk's Head; and the road at that time was almost impassable. The evening was already far gone, and Michael Wittman was to be hanged at sunrise in the morning. How was the pardon to reach him in time to save his life?

The matter was so important that Peter would not entrust its management to any other person. With the pardon safely folded in his pocket he set out on foot for Turk's Head. All night long, through snow and slush and along unbeaten paths, he toiled. In the darkness he lost his way, and wandered far from the road. When day broke, he was not yet at the end of his journey.

Old and feeble though he was, he began to run. From the top of a little hill a welcome sight appeared. The straggling village of Turk's Head was just before him, and the sun had not yet risen. He saw a commotion in the street; men were hurrying toward the village green; a body of soldiers was already there, drawn up in order beneath a tree.

Summoning all his strength, Peter ran on and soon entered the village. Close to the tree stood Michael Wittman with his hands tied behind him. A strong rope was dangling from one of the branches.

In another minute the sun would begin to peep over the snow-clad hills. An officer had already given orders to place the rope around the traitor's neck. Peter Miller, still running, shouted with all his might.

The officer heard and paused. The crowd looked around and wondered. Panting and out of breath, Peter came up, waving the paper in his hand.

"A pardon! a pardon!" he cried. "A pardon from General Washington!"

The officer took the paper and read it aloud. "Unbind the prisoner and let him go," he commanded.

Peter Miller had saved the life of his enemy, perhaps of his only enemy. Michael Wittman, with his head bowed upon his breast, went forth a free man and a changed man. The power of Christian charity had rescued him from a shameful death, and the cause of patriotism need have no further fears of being harmed by him.

The Forgiving Indian[76]

Many years since, when white people were making settlements near the tribes of Indians, an English gentleman was standing one evening at his door, when an Indian called and asked for food. The man replied that he had none to give him. The Indian then asked for a little corn and received the same answer. He then asked for a cup of water, when the man said sternly, "Begone, you Indian dog, you can have nothing here." The Indian looked steadfastly at the Englishman for a moment, and then turned and went away.

Sometime after, this gentleman, being very fond of hunting, followed his game until he was lost in the woods. After wandering about for some time, he saw an Indian hut and went in to inquire his way home. The Indian told him he was a long distance from his cabin, and very kindly urged him to stay all night. He prepared some supper for the hunter and gave him his own bed of deerskin to lie on for the night. In the morning the Indian, in company with another Indian, insisted on going with the Englishman to show him the way home. Taking their guns, the two Indians

went before, and the man followed. After traveling several miles the Indian told him he was near a white settlement, and then stepped before the man's face and said, "Do you know me?"

The man answered with much confusion, "I have seen you?"

"Yes," replied the Indian, "you have seen me at your own door; and when an Indian calls on you again, hungry and thirsty, do not say, "Begone, you Indian dog!"

Robert E. Lee and the Union Soldier[77]

After Gettysburg

"I was badly wounded," says a private of the Army of the Potomac. "A ball had shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his retreat, he and his officers rode near me. As he came along I recognized him, and though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as I could, 'Hurrah for the Union'. The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came toward me. I confess I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up, he looked down at me with such a sad expression on his face, that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me and grasping mine firmly, looking right into my eyes, said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' If I live a thousand years, I will never forget the expression on General Lee's face. Here he was defeated, retiring from a field that cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say

words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition, who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general had left me, I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."

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70. How to Tell Stories to Children, by Sara Cone Bryant

71. For the Children's Hour Book Three, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

72. Ethics for Children, by Ella Lyman Cabot

73. Ethics for Children, by Ella Lyman Cabot

74. European Hero Stories, by Eva March Tappan

75. An American Book of Golden Deeds, by James Baldwin

76. A Course in Citizenship and Patriotism, by Ella Lyman Cabot

77. Robert E. Lee, by Philip Alexander Bruce