



TUDOR and the Enchanted Plow. BY CHARLES BATELL LOOMIS.

IN THE County of Fairsex, in Connecticut, dwells a family named Windham, and ever since the time of Cotton Mather they have had a bedroom which has been handed down from father to son and has been laughed at and derided by each one in turn until the present bearer of the name, Harvey L. Windham, became head of the house. In Cotton Mather's time Windham was burned at the stake for owning this plow because it was said to be enchanted. And those who saw Ed Windham destroyed supposed that the plow was burned also, but in some way it escaped and came down the generations to Harvey. He had heard many old traditions concerning the old plow and one day he hunted it up in the barn and found it to be an uncouth implement, indeed.

Now, Harvey Windham was an odd sort of a fish, as will be seen if you read the advertisement that he inserted in the Rockton Leader. "To Whom It May Concern: To the one who knows how to run the Windham plow, which is 200 years old, I will give in addition to his board and lodging and a dollar a day, 20 acres of my best land. Apply, ready to begin work, on May 20."

Those of the neighbors who read it said: "Just like Harvey—hair-brained and whimsical." On the morning of the 20th, a thin "mildling"-looking youth of about 18 named Tudor, looked to the house at day-break and asked to see Mr. Windham.

"I've come to do that plowing, sir," said he, when Mr. Windham opened the door. Harvey looked at him curiously and then shook his head. "You're not old enough and you're not strong enough. I can give you work at clearing up the woodshed. But I wouldn't think of letting you touch that plow."

The lad looked disappointed, but he saw from Harvey's manner that it would be useless to say anything further just then. However, without wasting any time in repining, he went out to the woodshed and began to work it up, and while he was at it took the second applicant came. It was now 7 o'clock.

This was a stouthead-looking fellow by the name of Charles, and Harvey felt that he would not be able to do much. But he was strong enough, certainly. "I'm after that 20 acres. Where's the plow," said he.

Now, Harvey did not like Charles' way of talking, and he said: "Field on, until I hire. Maybe you won't do." "I never saw a plow yet that I couldn't handle, and if I don't do the work you want in two shakes of a lamb's tail, you needn't pay me a cent. But I'll get the 20 acres; see if I don't."

Harvey was of a mind to tell him that he didn't want him; but he certainly was strong enough, so he took him out to the lot on which the plow was to be tried, and there it stood with a strong little horse hitched to it.

"Did you ever handle a plow like that?" asked Harvey. "No, and nobody else since Noah died," said the man. "Still, I can do it."

"Well, do your best. I'll come back in an hour. That will be time enough to tell whether you are able or not."

Now, in the first place, Charles didn't believe that the plow was enchanted, and in the second place he was so foolish as to call it names. This one acted like a balky horse. As soon as the man put his hands on the handles it began to back so fast that the horse had hard work to keep up with it. The man just escaped being jammed against a stone fence.

as fast as the horse could trot, and the stones were thrown to one side, and when Edwin reached the other side of the field he chuckled to think of the harm he had done. "I believe it is enchanted, and I'm glad now that I did it. He'll be careful how he speaks to me the next time."

And now Harvey returned, and when he saw the evil that Edwin had wrought he was very angry. "There was not a stone bigger than a pebble in that lot until you came," said he. "If that is what an enchanted plow in the hands of a malicious man can do, I want you to stop work at once. Here's a dollar, and now go and seek work elsewhere and try to be civil to folks, for if you had been well disposed you could have earned the 20 acres. You can handle the plow if you want to, but I don't call a crop of stones the result of good handling."

The man took his dollar and went off muttering, and Harvey returned to the lot on which the plow was to be tried, and there it stood with a strong little horse hitched to it.

"Did you ever handle a plow like that?" asked Harvey. "No, and nobody else since Noah died," said the man. "Still, I can do it."

"Well, do your best. I'll come back in an hour. That will be time enough to tell whether you are able or not."

Now, in the first place, Charles didn't believe that the plow was enchanted, and in the second place he was so foolish as to call it names. This one acted like a balky horse. As soon as the man put his hands on the handles it began to back so fast that the horse had hard work to keep up with it. The man just escaped being jammed against a stone fence.

Now, Harvey Windham was an odd sort of a fish, as will be seen if you read the advertisement that he inserted in the Rockton Leader. "To Whom It May Concern: To the one who knows how to run the Windham plow, which is 200 years old, I will give in addition to his board and lodging and a dollar a day, 20 acres of my best land. Apply, ready to begin work, on May 20."

Those of the neighbors who read it said: "Just like Harvey—hair-brained and whimsical." On the morning of the 20th, a thin "mildling"-looking youth of about 18 named Tudor, looked to the house at day-break and asked to see Mr. Windham.

"I've come to do that plowing, sir," said he, when Mr. Windham opened the door. Harvey looked at him curiously and then shook his head. "You're not old enough and you're not strong enough. I can give you work at clearing up the woodshed. But I wouldn't think of letting you touch that plow."

The lad looked disappointed, but he saw from Harvey's manner that it would be useless to say anything further just then. However, without wasting any time in repining, he went out to the woodshed and began to work it up, and while he was at it took the second applicant came. It was now 7 o'clock.

This was a stouthead-looking fellow by the name of Charles, and Harvey felt that he would not be able to do much. But he was strong enough, certainly. "I'm after that 20 acres. Where's the plow," said he.

Now, Harvey did not like Charles' way of talking, and he said: "Field on, until I hire. Maybe you won't do." "I never saw a plow yet that I couldn't handle, and if I don't do the work you want in two shakes of a lamb's tail, you needn't pay me a cent. But I'll get the 20 acres; see if I don't."

Harvey was of a mind to tell him that he didn't want him; but he certainly was strong enough, so he took him out to the lot on which the plow was to be tried, and there it stood with a strong little horse hitched to it.

"Did you ever handle a plow like that?" asked Harvey. "No, and nobody else since Noah died," said the man. "Still, I can do it."

"Well, do your best. I'll come back in an hour. That will be time enough to tell whether you are able or not."



To hide a trail from the eyes of an ordinary woodsman needs only a good rain or a few days of sun and wind. Very few Indians or trappers can follow a trail if the weather has had one week's time in which to obliterate it. There are some men, however, whose senses are so carefully coached that they follow more resources than does the abnormally trained nose of the bloodhound. To such woodsmen a trail once made will stand for weeks or even months in any sort of weather.

In giving an idea how to go about following a trail it will be necessary to wade through a few unlikely conditions in order to explain what ordinarily happens. Of course, there are a thousand and one ways in which a man may leave traces of himself, as, for instance, by dropping his handkerchief, or if he has been smoking, by his pipe ashes.

These conditions often are used in stories, but when it comes to actual trail-following one is quite likely to find that the man to be traced has neglected to lose his handkerchief, is not wounded and never smokes. When we think aside all, or at least most, of the romantic trappings or dropped-slipper episode of trail-following, we find that there is only one sort of mark which, unless a man walks through running water, he cannot do otherwise than leave, and this is his footmark.

Unless a man rides in a balloon he cannot travel over the ground without some part of his body touching the ground. It is this part which touches the ground and leaves a mark more or less distinct and permanent. It may be the track of an inch deep in the ground, or it may be only the faintest scratch on some stone. It rests with the trapper whether or not the mark shall be correctly read and interpreted.

The footmark is the man's leaves a sort of various kinds, according to the sort of ground he walks over. The trail-follower must always take the ground into consideration and have definitely in mind the sort of marks he is likely to find. It is hardly worth while to watch for a broken twig in a bare field, or the impression of a heel on the face of a boulder. Different surfaces will have different ways of telling the story that "some one has passed this way."

Ground, considered from the standpoint of a trapper, may be roughly divided into soft, hard, bare and overgrown. The first is the most common, and the trapper or amateur can follow a trail over soft ground, but over hard ground the soft becomes an art the practice of which needs much training and great concentration.

Color is a great factor in trail-following. Stones, hard pieces of dried mud, bits of bark, even dust, are of one color next to the brown and gray of another color next to the sun. By noting this it can be determined whether stone, mud, bark or dust has been lately disturbed. An abundance

of large rocks makes trailing very difficult. Unless the person followed wears pegged shoes, the nails of which scratch the surface of the rock, amateurs will not be able to understand which leads over the face of a boulder, but they can circle and pick up the trail where it leaves the rock.

When a trail leads through districts which are overgrown, crushed flowers, grasses and broken twigs are, of course, the signs for which to watch. This is the A. B. C. of trail-following—footprints on soft ground, discoloration on hard ground and broken plants on covered ground. Any boy who keeps this in mind is sure, with a little practice, to become efficient and unlikely to be led astray by old marks. If, for example, in following a trail over hard ground one comes upon a heelmark half an inch deep, it is evident that the impression was made shortly after the last rain, and cannot be the mark of a recent trail.

A game which is quite popular in certain sections of the country gives splendid practice in trail-following. A crowd of boys start walking across country, making a plain trail, but doing it in the shade of trees or by placing stones on the limbs of trees or tying violets to grass stems, or planting a fern or some such plant which always grows in the shade out in the blaze of sun. Half an hour later a second crowd of boys start out to overtake the first lot. This second relay may race, while those whom they are following are making careful count of the time it takes to come up with those whom they are following. When one party has captured the other, they change places and the pursuit becomes the pursued. The boys who occupy the least time in overtaking their companions are, of course, accounted the winners.

Color is a great factor in trail-following. Stones, hard pieces of dried mud, bits of bark, even dust, are of one color next to the brown and gray of another color next to the sun. By noting this it can be determined whether stone, mud, bark or dust has been lately disturbed. An abundance

of large rocks makes trailing very difficult. Unless the person followed wears pegged shoes, the nails of which scratch the surface of the rock, amateurs will not be able to understand which leads over the face of a boulder, but they can circle and pick up the trail where it leaves the rock.

When a trail leads through districts which are overgrown, crushed flowers, grasses and broken twigs are, of course, the signs for which to watch. This is the A. B. C. of trail-following—footprints on soft ground, discoloration on hard ground and broken plants on covered ground. Any boy who keeps this in mind is sure, with a little practice, to become efficient and unlikely to be led astray by old marks. If, for example, in following a trail over hard ground one comes upon a heelmark half an inch deep, it is evident that the impression was made shortly after the last rain, and cannot be the mark of a recent trail.



I'VE COME TO DO THAT PLOWING, SIR.

house, leaving the horse and plow in the field. He glanced at the woodshed as he passed. "Hello, my lad! Well, you are a quick worker. Why, I thought I'd given you a day's work. And did you handle all these logs alone?"

"Yes, sir," said Tudor, "my eyes lightening up. You see, I expect to marry as soon as I can get a piece of land on which to build a house. I'm 18, although I don't look it. Miriam, she's the girl I'm going to marry, read the notice to me and told me it was a great chance for us, and I made up my mind I'd work here until I showed you I was worthy to try your plow."

"Well, I like your spirit, and I'd be happy to have you win that 20 acres." "Why don't you try the plow, sir," asked Tudor, although why he said "sir" in speaking to a man not much older than himself, I don't know. "Sir" is for very old men.

"I'm not a farmer. I'm a lawyer," said Harvey. "I hate work in the field, and this plow must be run by a man who loves his work, and who likes me, and I'm not at all satisfied with myself." Tudor thought Harvey one of the queerest men he had ever seen. He finished

table or walk under a ladder as I would put on my hat. He glanced at the woodshed as he passed. "Hello, my lad! Well, you are a quick worker. Why, I thought I'd given you a day's work. And did you handle all these logs alone?"

"Yes, sir," said Tudor, "my eyes lightening up. You see, I expect to marry as soon as I can get a piece of land on which to build a house. I'm 18, although I don't look it. Miriam, she's the girl I'm going to marry, read the notice to me and told me it was a great chance for us, and I made up my mind I'd work here until I showed you I was worthy to try your plow."

"Well, I like your spirit, and I'd be happy to have you win that 20 acres." "Why don't you try the plow, sir," asked Tudor, although why he said "sir" in speaking to a man not much older than himself, I don't know. "Sir" is for very old men.

"I'm not a farmer. I'm a lawyer," said Harvey. "I hate work in the field, and this plow must be run by a man who loves his work, and who likes me, and I'm not at all satisfied with myself." Tudor thought Harvey one of the queerest men he had ever seen. He finished

table or walk under a ladder as I would put on my hat. He glanced at the woodshed as he passed. "Hello, my lad! Well, you are a quick worker. Why, I thought I'd given you a day's work. And did you handle all these logs alone?"

"Yes, sir," said Tudor, "my eyes lightening up. You see, I expect to marry as soon as I can get a piece of land on which to build a house. I'm 18, although I don't look it. Miriam, she's the girl I'm going to marry, read the notice to me and told me it was a great chance for us, and I made up my mind I'd work here until I showed you I was worthy to try your plow."



TUDOR WAS BOTHERED

when he saw his wife he told her unblushingly that he had just secured a beautiful work of art for the nominal sum of 3000 francs. At this good news she seemed more disappointed than pleased, but said nothing, and the painting was hung up.

Next day the gentleman was obliged to go to the south of France, and when he returned after a week's absence his wife met him with a beaming countenance, and said: "I've done a good stroke of business while you were away. You know the painter you bought for 3000 francs? Well, I sold it yesterday for 4000—a clear profit of 1000 francs."

How She Made a Profit. In Paris a gentleman who is very fond of the paintings bought the other day for 15,000 francs a work entitled "The Bride of Abydos," and was congratulating himself on becoming its possessor, when he suddenly remembered that his wife disliked very much to see him spend his money in this manner.

"How can I avoid a scene?" he asked himself. "If I say that the painting cost 15,000 francs, there will be an awful day, and so I'd better say 7000. No, I'll say 6000." By the time he had reached home, and

Carrying air home.

PRINCESS VIOLET AND THE X-RAYS. STORY OF SERIOUS ILLNESS AND A VERY JOYFUL CURE BY FATHER CERES AND HIS BLACK BOX.

ONCE upon a time, a little Princess Violet was very ill; so ill, indeed, that Dr. Violet, a purple, choleric gentleman, gravely shook his head and declared he could do nothing more for her; here was a hopeless case, past medical aid!

This set all the neighbor violets across the way agog with excitement. Though Princess Violet was of the royal family, three in number, the purple violets, subjects though the Princess was to be pitied—she was so frail, delicate and pale—here was no reason to let her lie in bed and languish, and she burst into tears.

"Hello! What's the matter, my boy?" called a voice some distance off, and looking up, Tudor saw Harvey coming toward him. "See all the stones I have unearthed!" Harvey had now come up and he stopped and picked up one of the "stones." In a moment he gave a cry of surprise and grasped Tudor's hand. "My boy, you are the very one to run this mine! What you have unearthed are really nuggets of gold. You have made a rich man of me."

Tudor could hardly believe his ears. But it was true, every word. His kindly thoughts and his desire to be married, Miriam soon had acted on the enchanted plow, and he was rapidly making a gold mine for his employer that might cause him to rush to California in 1849.

But Harvey had all the money he wanted. He was one of those rare persons who do not care for money. "My boy," he said, "I wanted to see if this plow really had enchanted properties. I see that it has. Go on and finish the plowing of the Queen's garden, and to you with all it contains and you can get married and come here to live."

Tudor was overjoyed. He put his hand to the plow, and thinking only of Miriam, he plowed furrows after furrows, and then put the plow back into the barn, and in half an hour it had dropped to pieces and utterly disappeared.

But if you pass through Fairsex County in your travels you can't help seeing a beautiful palace near Harvey Windham's farm. At this good news she seemed more disappointed than pleased, but said nothing, and the painting was hung up.

Next day the gentleman was obliged to go to the south of France, and when he returned after a week's absence his wife met him with a beaming countenance, and said: "I've done a good stroke of business while you were away. You know the painter you bought for 3000 francs? Well, I sold it yesterday for 4000—a clear profit of 1000 francs."

How She Made a Profit. In Paris a gentleman who is very fond of the paintings bought the other day for 15,000 francs a work entitled "The Bride of Abydos," and was congratulating himself on becoming its possessor, when he suddenly remembered that his wife disliked very much to see him spend his money in this manner.

"How can I avoid a scene?" he asked himself. "If I say that the painting cost 15,000 francs, there will be an awful day, and so I'd better say 7000. No, I'll say 6000." By the time he had reached home, and

of large rocks makes trailing very difficult. Unless the person followed wears pegged shoes, the nails of which scratch the surface of the rock, amateurs will not be able to understand which leads over the face of a boulder, but they can circle and pick up the trail where it leaves the rock.

When a trail leads through districts which are overgrown, crushed flowers, grasses and broken twigs are, of course, the signs for which to watch. This is the A. B. C. of trail-following—footprints on soft ground, discoloration on hard ground and broken plants on covered ground. Any boy who keeps this in mind is sure, with a little practice, to become efficient and unlikely to be led astray by old marks. If, for example, in following a trail over hard ground one comes upon a heelmark half an inch deep, it is evident that the impression was made shortly after the last rain, and cannot be the mark of a recent trail.

A game which is quite popular in certain sections of the country gives splendid practice in trail-following. A crowd of boys start walking across country, making a plain trail, but doing it in the shade of trees or by placing stones on the limbs of trees or tying violets to grass stems, or planting a fern or some such plant which always grows in the shade out in the blaze of sun. Half an hour later a second crowd of boys start out to overtake the first lot. This second relay may race, while those whom they are following are making careful count of the time it takes to come up with those whom they are following. When one party has captured the other, they change places and the pursuit becomes the pursued. The boys who occupy the least time in overtaking their companions are, of course, accounted the winners.

Color is a great factor in trail-following. Stones, hard pieces of dried mud, bits of bark, even dust, are of one color next to the brown and gray of another color next to the sun. By noting this it can be determined whether stone, mud, bark or dust has been lately disturbed. An abundance

of large rocks makes trailing very difficult. Unless the person followed wears pegged shoes, the nails of which scratch the surface of the rock, amateurs will not be able to understand which leads over the face of a boulder, but they can circle and pick up the trail where it leaves the rock.

When a trail leads through districts which are overgrown, crushed flowers, grasses and broken twigs are, of course, the signs for which to watch. This is the A. B. C. of trail-following—footprints on soft ground, discoloration on hard ground and broken plants on covered ground. Any boy who keeps this in mind is sure, with a little practice, to become efficient and unlikely to be led astray by old marks. If, for example, in following a trail over hard ground one comes upon a heelmark half an inch deep, it is evident that the impression was made shortly after the last rain, and cannot be the mark of a recent trail.

A game which is quite popular in certain sections of the country gives splendid practice in trail-following. A crowd of boys start walking across country, making a plain trail, but doing it in the shade of trees or by placing stones on the limbs of trees or tying violets to grass stems, or planting a fern or some such plant which always grows in the shade out in the blaze of sun. Half an hour later a second crowd of boys start out to overtake the first lot. This second relay may race, while those whom they are following are making careful count of the time it takes to come up with those whom they are following. When one party has captured the other, they change places and the pursuit becomes the pursued. The boys who occupy the least time in overtaking their companions are, of course, accounted the winners.

Color is a great factor in trail-following. Stones, hard pieces of dried mud, bits of bark, even dust, are of one color next to the brown and gray of another color next to the sun. By noting this it can be determined whether stone, mud, bark or dust has been lately disturbed. An abundance

of large rocks makes trailing very difficult. Unless the person followed wears pegged shoes, the nails of which scratch the surface of the rock, amateurs will not be able to understand which leads over the face of a boulder, but they can circle and pick up the trail where it leaves the rock.

When a trail leads through districts which are overgrown, crushed flowers, grasses and broken twigs are, of course, the signs for which to watch. This is the A. B. C. of trail-following—footprints on soft ground, discoloration on hard ground and broken plants on covered ground. Any boy who keeps this in mind is sure, with a little practice, to become efficient and unlikely to be led astray by old marks. If, for example, in following a trail over hard ground one comes upon a heelmark half an inch deep, it is evident that the impression was made shortly after the last rain, and cannot be the mark of a recent trail.

A game which is quite popular in certain sections of the country gives splendid practice in trail-following. A crowd of boys start walking across country, making a plain trail, but doing it in the shade of trees or by placing stones on the limbs of trees or tying violets to grass stems, or planting a fern or some such plant which always grows in the shade out in the blaze of sun. Half an hour later a second crowd of boys start out to overtake the first lot. This second relay may race, while those whom they are following are making careful count of the time it takes to come up with those whom they are following. When one party has captured the other, they change places and the pursuit becomes the pursued. The boys who occupy the least time in overtaking their companions are, of course, accounted the winners.

Color is a great factor in trail-following. Stones, hard pieces of dried mud, bits of bark, even dust, are of one color next to the brown and gray of another color next to the sun. By noting this it can be determined whether stone, mud, bark or dust has been lately disturbed. An abundance

of large rocks makes trailing very difficult. Unless the person followed wears pegged shoes, the nails of which scratch the surface of the rock, amateurs will not be able to understand which leads over the face of a boulder, but they can circle and pick up the trail where it leaves the rock.

When a trail leads through districts which are overgrown, crushed flowers, grasses and broken twigs are, of course, the signs for which to watch. This is the A. B. C. of trail-following—footprints on soft ground, discoloration on hard ground and broken plants on covered ground. Any boy who keeps this in mind is sure, with a little practice, to become efficient and unlikely to be led astray by old marks. If, for example, in following a trail over hard ground one comes upon a heelmark half an inch deep, it is evident that the impression was made shortly after the last rain, and cannot be the mark of a recent trail.

A game which is quite popular in certain sections of the country gives splendid practice in trail-following. A crowd of boys start walking across country, making a plain trail, but doing it in the shade of trees or by placing stones on the limbs of trees or tying violets to grass stems, or planting a fern or some such plant which always grows in the shade out in the blaze of sun. Half an hour later a second crowd of boys start out to overtake the first lot. This second relay may race, while those whom they are following are making careful count of the time it takes to come up with those whom they are following. When one party has captured the other, they change places and the pursuit becomes the pursued. The boys who occupy the least time in overtaking their companions are, of course, accounted the winners.

Color is a great factor in trail-following. Stones, hard pieces of dried mud, bits of bark, even dust, are of one color next to the brown and gray of another color next to the sun. By noting this it can be determined whether stone, mud, bark or dust has been lately disturbed. An abundance

PRINCESS VIOLET AND THE X-RAYS. STORY OF SERIOUS ILLNESS AND A VERY JOYFUL CURE BY FATHER CERES AND HIS BLACK BOX.

ONCE upon a time, a little Princess Violet was very ill; so ill, indeed, that Dr. Violet, a purple, choleric gentleman, gravely shook his head and declared he could do nothing more for her; here was a hopeless case, past medical aid!

This set all the neighbor violets across the way agog with excitement. Though Princess Violet was of the royal family, three in number, the purple violets, subjects though the Princess was to be pitied—she was so frail, delicate and pale—here was no reason to let her lie in bed and languish, and she burst into tears.

"Hello! What's the matter, my boy?" called a voice some distance off, and looking up, Tudor saw Harvey coming toward him. "See all the stones I have unearthed!" Harvey had now come up and he stopped and picked up one of the "stones." In a moment he gave a cry of surprise and grasped Tudor's hand. "My boy, you are the very one to run this mine! What you have unearthed are really nuggets of gold. You have made a rich man of me."

Tudor could hardly believe his ears. But it was true, every word. His kindly thoughts and his desire to be married, Miriam soon had acted on the enchanted plow, and he was rapidly making a gold mine for his employer that might cause him to rush to California in 1849.

But Harvey had all the money he wanted. He was one of those rare persons who do not care for money. "My boy," he said, "I wanted to see if this plow really had enchanted properties. I see that it has. Go on and finish the plowing of the Queen's garden, and to you with all it contains and you can get married and come here to live."

Tudor was overjoyed. He put his hand to the plow, and thinking only of Miriam, he plowed furrows after furrows, and then put the plow back into the barn, and in half an hour it had dropped to pieces and utterly disappeared.

But if you pass through Fairsex County in your travels you can't help seeing a beautiful palace near Harvey Windham's farm. At this good news she seemed more disappointed than pleased, but said nothing, and the painting was hung up.

Next day the gentleman was obliged to go to the south of France, and when he returned after a week's absence his wife met him with a beaming countenance, and said: "I've done a good stroke of business while you were away. You know the painter you bought for 3000 francs? Well, I sold it yesterday for 4000—a clear profit of 1000 francs."

How She Made a Profit. In Paris a gentleman who is very fond of the paintings bought the other day for 15,000 francs a work entitled "The Bride of Abydos," and was congratulating himself on becoming its possessor, when he suddenly remembered that his wife disliked very much to see him spend his money in this manner.

PRINCESS VIOLET AND THE X-RAYS. STORY OF SERIOUS ILLNESS AND A VERY JOYFUL CURE BY FATHER CERES AND HIS BLACK BOX.

ONCE upon a time, a little Princess Violet was very ill; so ill, indeed, that Dr. Violet, a purple, choleric gentleman, gravely shook his head and declared he could do nothing more for her; here was a hopeless case, past medical aid!

This set all the neighbor violets across the way agog with excitement. Though Princess Violet was of the royal family, three in number, the purple violets, subjects though the Princess was to be pitied—she was so frail, delicate and pale—here was no reason to let her lie in bed and languish, and she burst into tears.

"Hello! What's the matter, my boy?" called a voice some distance off, and looking up, Tudor saw Harvey coming toward him. "See all the stones I have unearthed!" Harvey had now come up and he stopped and picked up one of the "stones." In a moment he gave a cry of surprise and grasped Tudor's hand. "My boy, you are the very one to run this mine! What you have unearthed are really nuggets of gold. You have made a rich man of me."

Tudor could hardly believe his ears. But it was true, every word. His kindly thoughts and his desire to be married, Miriam soon had acted on the enchanted plow, and he was rapidly making a gold mine for his employer that might cause him to rush to California in 1849.

But Harvey had all the money he wanted. He was one of those rare persons who do not care for money. "My boy," he said, "I wanted to see if this plow really had enchanted properties. I see that it has. Go on and finish the plowing of the Queen's garden, and to you with all it contains and you can get married and come here to live."

Tudor was overjoyed. He put his hand to the plow, and thinking only of Miriam, he plowed furrows after furrows, and then put the plow back into the barn, and in half an hour it had dropped to pieces and utterly disappeared.

But if you pass through Fairsex County in your travels you can't help seeing a beautiful palace near Harvey Windham's farm. At this good news she seemed more disappointed than pleased, but said nothing, and the painting was hung up.

Next day the gentleman was obliged to go to the south of France, and when he returned after a week's absence his wife met him with a beaming countenance, and said: "I've done a good stroke of business while you were away. You know the painter you bought for 3000 francs? Well, I sold it yesterday for 4000—a clear profit of 1000 francs."

How She Made a Profit. In Paris a gentleman who is very fond of the paintings bought the other day for 15,000 francs a work entitled "The Bride of Abydos," and was congratulating himself on becoming its possessor, when he suddenly remembered that his wife disliked very much to see him spend his money in this manner.

PRINCESS VIOLET AND THE X-RAYS. STORY OF SERIOUS ILLNESS AND A VERY JOYFUL CURE BY FATHER CERES AND HIS BLACK BOX.

ONCE upon a time, a little Princess Violet was very ill; so ill, indeed, that Dr. Violet, a purple, choleric gentleman, gravely shook his head and declared he could do nothing more for her; here was a hopeless case, past medical aid!

This set all the neighbor violets across the way agog with excitement. Though Princess Violet was of the royal family, three in number, the purple violets, subjects though the Princess was to be pitied—she was so frail, delicate and pale—here was no reason to let her lie in bed and languish, and she burst into tears.

"Hello! What's the matter, my boy?" called a voice some distance off, and looking up, Tudor saw Harvey coming toward him. "See all the stones I have unearthed!" Harvey had now come up and he stopped and picked up one of the "stones." In a moment he gave a cry of surprise and grasped Tudor's hand. "My boy, you are the very one to run this mine! What you have unearthed are really nuggets of gold. You have made a rich man of me."

Tudor could hardly believe his ears. But it was true, every word. His kindly thoughts and his desire to be married, Miriam soon had acted on the enchanted plow, and he was rapidly making a gold mine for his employer that might cause him to rush to California in 1849.

But Harvey had all the money he wanted. He was one of those rare persons who do not care for money. "My boy," he said, "I wanted to see if this plow really had enchanted properties. I see that it has. Go on and finish the plowing of the Queen's garden, and to you with all it contains and you can get married and come here to live."

Tudor was overjoyed. He put his hand to the plow, and thinking only of Miriam, he plowed furrows after furrows, and then put the plow back into the barn,