

THE STORY-TELLING MACHINE

ALL HANDS TRAVEL TO A NEAR-BY FAR PLACE WHERE EVERYTHING IS DOWN-HILL ALL WAYS BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

"Well, we are not dreaming now," said Buster John. "Let's go down the road and see if we can find the little old man."

"An' der what?" inquired Drusilla, with suspicion in her voice. "Spoken you fin' 'im, deu what you gwintet do? You can't eat 'im, an' you can't take 'im home wid you. Ef you can't do nothin' 'ud 'im, what you want wid 'im? I bet you de man is doin' mighty well widout you, an' so long as dat's de case, what you want ter fool wid 'im fer?"

"Oh, come on and don't talk so much," said Buster John, impatiently. "While we are talking here he may be getting away."

"I hope he'll hit you a crack on de shin wid his walkin' cane," exclaimed Drusilla, with great earnestness. "You all ain't got no mo' business foolin' wid dat man den you got flyin'."

But Drusilla's protests were overborne, and if she went along it was through sheer force of habit, and not because she had any desire to go. She had a very vivid remembrance of their former adventures, and she always said that she'd rather have the nightmare every night than to go through them again.

The children had no difficulty whatever in finding the little old man. Indeed, as Drusilla suggested, it seemed that he had been waiting for them. He certainly left that impression on their minds. When they came up with him he was still poking his cane in the fence corners. He turned about when he heard them coming and laughed. He had a most comical countenance; he seemed to be always on the point of winking familiarly at those to whom he talked, but he never winked. When just about to do so he could catch himself and immediately look sober and serious. This made his appearance all the more comical. He had laughed or smiled so much that there were deep furrows between his nose and his cheeks, and he had a funny looking wart on the side of his face, just above his chin. Such a countenance, topped by a tall stovepipe hat, was very promising, and Sweetest Susan would have clapped her hands in ecstasy if she hadn't been afraid that the little old man would have misunderstood her meaning.

He turned about and looked at them very brightly. "Three howlies and a half," he exclaimed. "Is it good morning?"

Sweetest Susan looked at Buster John, Buster John looked at Wally Wanderer, and Drusilla looked at first one and then the other. As for Billy Biscuit, who was the biggest man in the crowd, according to his own estimation, he looked at the little old man and began to smile again. "I thought it was a good morning," he said. "Yes, I had that idea. I thought, too, that when a fellow gives out three howlies and a half he ought to be entitled to at least one good morning at least."

"What do you mean by three howlies and a half?" inquired Sweetest Susan. "Why, three for you larger ones, and a half for the little chap. Suppose I had given him a whole howley all by myself, what would he have done with it? Economy is the word. Why, when I was young—"

He paused, waved his cane, sighed, and then turned his attention to peering and prodding in the fence corners.

"What are you looking for?" asked Buster John. "Why, it's the simplest thing in the world," replied Wally Wanderer. "I am looking for the Good Old Times we used to have."

"The Good Old Times?" exclaimed Buster John in astonishment. "Yes, sir; nothing less. Talk about gold mines! Why, if I could find the Good Old Times we used to have, I'd be the richest man in the world before the end of the week. I'd divide 'em up with the people I met in the road, and they, in return, would give me everything they had. I know men, and women, too, who would give everything in this world if they could get back their share of the Good Old Times we used to have."

"Why do you search for them here?" inquired Buster John, who was somewhat puzzled.

"Why not here as well as elsewhere?"

FINE DEEDS BY BRAVE BOYS

ONE of the most remarkable boys the world ever saw was William Pitt.

He astonished folk with his learning at the age of 7. He became Prime Minister of England when he was 24.

He was a sickly boy, but he took all the out-of-door exercise his delicate frame could bear, and was as eager to study as most boys are to play. He would not let his weak body stop his work, and he was reading ancient history at an age when most children are reading stories written in words of one syllable.

His father was the great Earl of Chatham, and the boy was brought into contact with all the great men of the time in England. When he was 13 years old he wrote a tragedy which he called "Laurentine, King of Clarnium."

At this age, too, he was able to read Greek and Latin almost as well as he could English. He also was well informed on the politics of the day and on a variety of subjects about which only men of learning are supposed to know anything.

At 15 he was able to take the works of Thucydides, written in Greek, and read page after page, turning it into excellent English as he read, and this off-hand translation of his is said to have been almost without a flaw.

His father spoke of him as "sage Mr. William, the philosopher, the philosopher." At the age of 14 he entered the great University of Cambridge, in England, and at once, in spite of his youth, took a high place among the students at that celebrated place of learning.

When he went to Cambridge the boy was such feeble health that he had to be accompanied by a nurse, and all through his course there he was in so poor a condition, physically, that it was doubted if he ever would be able to finish his course.

But hard study seemed to agree with him, and when he was graduated, at the age of 17, he was much stronger than when he entered the university.

At an age when most boys are preparing to enter college, or, if they are very clever, have just become freshmen, young Pitt won the degree of Master of Arts from one of the greatest universities in the world and began the study of law.

At 21 he was admitted to the bar and the same year was elected a member of Parliament, to become Prime Minister three years later.

While he was yet a law student and only 19 years old he attracted the attention of prominent men by his clear views on the questions of government which then were perplexing the rulers of England. The boy was invited everywhere, and men holding the most important offices listened to his advice and asked his opinions.

His friends wanted him to go into Parliament when he was 20, and all pre-



THEY WERE FLYING MORE RAPIDLY THAN A RAILWAY TRAIN—AND YET THEY WERE HOLDING ON TO A PINE SAPLING.

answered the little old man. This seemed to be reasonable, and Buster John made no reply. "More than that," the little old man went on, "if I could find 'em here I'd unfold 'em right before your eyes, so you could see what they look like; I certainly would, and I wouldn't charge you a cent. Oh, they'd be well worth seeing, the Good Old Times we used to have. The sight of them would make your mouth water."

"I dunner what you all talkin' about," remarked Drusilla, "but it sho' would take sump'n mo' dan of times fer ter make my mouf water."

"Speaking of the right place," remarked

Wally Wanderer looked at the negro girl as if he wanted to tip her a humorous wink, but he caught himself just in time, and, instead of winking, lifted his eyebrows so high that his tall hat was in danger of tilting off. "It all right," he said. "The Painter that painted you painted us all, I reckon—some one color and some another, and some betwixt and between."

"My mammy say dat it don't make no difference how black yo' is, ef yo' heart is in de right place," said Drusilla very solemnly.

"Speaking of the right place," remarked



WALLY WANDERER AND BILLY BISCUIT AVOIDED THE CALAMITY.

HOW POLLY WAS LAID AWAY

POLLY HALL, 1845-1903.

THIS is the inscription engraved on a silver plate and neatly placed in the center of the polished casket that lay on the old mahogany sideboard in the little home of Dr. Fayette Hall, a personal acquaintance of Lincoln, a frequent visitor of the White House in ante-bellum days, and for over half a century a distinguished student of osteopathy. The tall, stately old gentleman, his flowing hair whitened by a world experience of 60 years, leaned over the little box and mourned in silence over the remains of a true friend and a constant companion. He kindly gray eyes moistened as he placed his life-worn hand upon the green plume of the little bird, he brushed the tear stains from his cheeks and turned away.

"Yes," he said, "it was only a parrot and it may seem very eccentric, but Polly and I have faced the storms of the world for nearly a half century and it grieves me to part with her. My wife died many years ago and it was then that Polly and I became fast friends and confided in each other. I have had a longer, continuous and closer companionship with her than any other person. Yes, I speak of her as a person, for she had a personality, a strong individuality, she conversed most intelligently and she had one of the most kind and sympathetic hearts that ever throbbed with affection. Parrots are people; they assume the characteristics of the people, and many of them, Polly at least, have a better conscience and a deeper sincerity than the more high-caste

of young Pitt when he was a boy 15 years old and he read it at first sight, translating into English as he read and explaining it in a manner which made the learned man declare that had he not seen it he "would have believed it to be beyond the power of human intellect."

When Pitt was 16 his father declared that he would be a great statesman and was the hope of the country. Other folk who became of his father's way of thinking, and that is why they put him into Parliament when he was so young and made him Prime Minister so soon after.

He fulfilled all that was expected of him. He ruled England during 13 of the most eventful years of her history. Pitt's poor health prevented him from being a great soldier or sailor, but it did not prevent his cultivating his brains so that he became a powerful man in his country while he was yet in his teens.

Dr. Hall's Reflections on a Constant Companion for 43 Years.

specimens of the Creator's handiwork. Every morning on arising for 43 years past Polly has greeted me with a cheerful "Good morning, doctor," and as the last of her life was drawing to a close, she was about to slumber good night and wished me a refreshing sleep. You will pardon me if I seem grieved, but this is one of the saddest partings in my life.

During Polly's last illness, which was said by physicians to be pneumonia, Dr. Hall remained in almost constant attendance.

"Polly's sick," she said as she looked into the old gentleman's care-worn face. "Poor Polly, poor Polly." Then she became weaker and it was seen that medical skill could not prolong her life. She was now too weak to sit on the doctor's shoulder, a position which she occupied for all these years, while he was engaged in his investigations or at work on the manuscript of the life of Lincoln over which he had labored since the President's tragic death. He held her in his arms and with eyes grown dull and slowly closing, she said, "Polly's sick; Polly's dying; Goodbye, doctor, goodbye."

And the faithful bird fell asleep as he held her closely to him, and the old man bent his head in sorrow.

For three days the little green parrot lay in state on a marble slab in the Hall home, on Whalley avenue in New Haven, Conn. The aged doctor remained at home and by his own handiwork constructed a handsome and costly little casket, carefully lined on the inside, in which the bird was placed. An old silver hearse was melted and recast for a coffin plate and engraved by the grief-stricken master.

"I wish her buried in the family lot at Evergreen cemetery," he said, "but the burial yard sexton protested and said he was interested under the hollyhocks in the garden back of the homestead." Flowers were placed on the little mound and were kept renewed for many weeks.

Dr. Fayette Hall, although about 80

years old, is a man today of vigorous intellect and remarkable experience. When nine years of age he left his home and entered the world's struggle. He shipped at sea; he traveled the continents; he gathered a knowledge of the customs of the nations; then he studied osteopathy and became a dentist, securing a lucrative practice and acquiring wealth. He became a ruler of England during 13 of the most eventful years of her history. Pitt's poor health prevented him from being a great soldier or sailor, but it did not prevent his cultivating his brains so that he became a powerful man in his country while he was yet in his teens.

Dr. Hall is now devoting himself entirely to the writing of his life investigation, a work which he has been writing for many years. He works with a quill and his manuscript pages now number in the thousands. The octogenarian is still in the fullness of health, six feet two inches in height, he stands erect, his strong features blending into a marvelous personality, and every afternoon he can be seen in the college city with his shining silk hat towering far above the crowd of Yale athletes, and bowing genially to each passerby as he hurries briskly along.

Origin of "Klondike."

What is the origin of the word "Klondike?" S. B. P.

"Klondike" is the anglicized pronunciation of an Indian word with a harsh guttural and a click ("Kl'und'k'ee") is an approximation to the way the aborigines say it, signifying, it is said, abundance of fish.

JOE JOLLY BOY IN JOLLY LAND

NO. III.—HE TELLS OF THE CANNIBALS AND HIS NARROW ESCAPE



Some sort of a creature rose up out of the sea, clutched the craft and dragged it under.

I had heard the fishermen say that somewhere in the China Sea was an island inhabited by cannibals, and that many fishermen whose boats had been blown far out to sea by storms had been captured and eaten by these islanders.

The stories had not frightened me, as I knew the cannibals never approached shore, and that there was no fear of my ever meeting them.

The wind held steady for me on the night I saw the mormon, and, though I had to manage the boat, I caught a few winks of sleep now and then. If I had not been born Jolly I should have felt very lonely upon the wide sea by myself and darkness all around, but as it was I sang and whistled and laughed, as on the previous night, and the hours slipped away

and daylight finally came. Scarcely had the darkness begun to fade away when an island loomed up in front of me. It was covered with trees, and near its center was a very high hill. It was almost high enough to be called a mountain.

I could not tell whether I had arrived at the island of Jolly Land, or whether this was some other island. Never once did the thought come to me that it might be the place where the cannibals lived.

I sailed in close to shore looking for a good spot to land, and, though I kept a good lookout, I saw no people. It was so early in the morning that none of them were yet awake, and coming to a sandy beach I ran my boat ashore and got out to look around.

The ground was covered with green grass, and there were many trees bearing wild fruit. A stream of cold water ran down to the sea just where I landed, and

when I had taken a drink and eaten some of the fruit I felt so good that I began to sing and laugh. If I had only known what danger lurked there I should have been as quiet as a mouse.

It wasn't more than five minutes after I began to laugh when I saw a dozen naked savages dodging around in a grove not far away. Each one was armed with a club, and as I stood there staring at them they brandished their weapons and uttered such shouts that my hair stood on end.

Knowing them to be enemies, and suspecting they might be the cannibals of whom I had heard, I ran to my boat and jumped in and pushed off. The men were almost upon me as I left the shore, and I saw that they were as black as negroes and as fierce as tigers. They danced about and yelled like Indians, and I put up my sail in a hurry and headed out to sea.

As I had seen no canoes on the shore I felt safe when I was half a mile from the beach, but lo! three boats came paddling after me as I looked around. They had been concealed in the bushes further down the shore. There were six natives in each craft, and they were determined to capture me. I held my boat before the wind, that she might go at her best speed, but I soon saw that the canoes were gaining on me.

If I had laughed before, I did not do so any longer now. I knew that if I was captured I should be roasted and devoured by those terrible looking men. My boat went through the water pretty fast, but the canoes sped faster, and when I was a mile and a half from shore I could have thrown a stone over the nearest craft. I had no weapon of any sort, but even if I had had a rifle or spear I should have been helpless to fight so many enemies.

I was saved in a strange way. As the canoes came on, and as the first one would have been up to me in five minutes more, some sort of a creature rose up out of the sea and clutched the craft and dragged it under. I cannot tell you what it looked like, as my face was turned the other way. I yelled and shouts from the cannibals followed by a great splashing in the water, and when I looked around the canoe was gone and two or three savages were swimming toward the other craft.

Whatever it was that had come to my rescue, it so terrified the savages that the two other canoes immediately put back and made all haste to reach the shore, and I was molested no more.

I could see other people also—men, women and children—on the beach, and they kept shouting and shaking their fists at me as long as I was in sight. It was a good two hours before I felt like laughing over my adventure, and perhaps I did not laugh very heartily then.

In my next, if you will read it, you will learn of my arrival in Jolly Land and the curious manner in which I discovered the right island.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO DO CIRCUS TRICKS

NO. VIII.—THE TRICK MULE

It is said that a mule will be good for more than a year just to get one fair swing with his heels at some unsuspecting man.

The circus mule shown in the illustration is never good for any period like a year. This is because he gets plenty of chances to kick without the necessity of pretending to be other than he is, the most vicious and untrustworthy animal in the ring.

The several clowns who attend upon the trick mule sometimes make very tempting offers to any spectator who will ride the animal; but I have never heard of any one who enriched himself by the experiment. If you can imagine an animal beside which a bucking bronco is like a tame lamb, then you will have a fair idea of the character of a circus trick mule.

He knows just when to buck and how to buck, and when a mule knows that, there is not a man in the world who knows just how to stay on the beast's back.

A team of two sturdy boys can make themselves into a trick mule without very much trouble. The team must procure two sticks. Each stick should be about five inches long, three inches wide and one inch thick (see the side pieces in the diagram connected by the dotted line B).

The side pieces are connected by two broad strips of canvas (see A and A' of the diagram).

In the center of each piece of canvas is a hole through which the team put their heads.

The two pieces of wood will be allowed to hang one on each side of the performer, under their arms. This gives the framework on which to build the back of the mule. A couple of pillows or one bolster bound over this framework will give the mule somewhere near his proper shape.

The head of the mule is made somewhat on the principle of a rag doll. It is nothing more or less than a bag stuffed with bits of paper, excelsior or any other material which will keep the head in shape.

The hair on the mule's forehead and along his neck can be made by sewing on bits of ordinary cotton. But if it can be obtained, some horsehair from an old mattress is better.

The mule's ears can be made of cardboard stiffened with thin strips of wood. Fasten these to the head at different angles.

With every move of the mule the ears will flop about in the most ridiculous manner.

The eyes, which should be very large with the eyeballs in the outer corner, can be painted on a piece of paper; then cut out and paste in place.

The tail is a light cane, with a bunch of excelsior or cotton tied at the end.

The bridle of the mule can be made of ordinary straps, or even pieces of rope. In real life the bridle of the everyday mule is usually patched up, until at last he has a bridle of his own.

A rug or curtain can be thrown over the mule's back to hide the pillow and the side pieces.

A partition is sewed across the bag which forms the mule's head in the place indicated by the dotted lines in the diagram. The mule's head is slipped over the head of the first boy and pinned about his shoulders.

Eyeholes are cut in the neck, as indicated, so that the boy may see where he is going.

The tail is held in the hand of the second boy. No saddle is needed, but if some brightly colored bit of cloth is thrown over the mule's back it will give somewhat the idea of a circus.

The boys who take the role of the mule's legs will wear long black or gray stockings in gaudy short, tight trousers. The trousers must, if possible, be the same color as the stockings.

The success of a trick mule depends a great deal upon his attendants, and whether or not they play their part well. They must be very nervous every time their pet makes a sudden move, and they must show a strong dislike to the idea

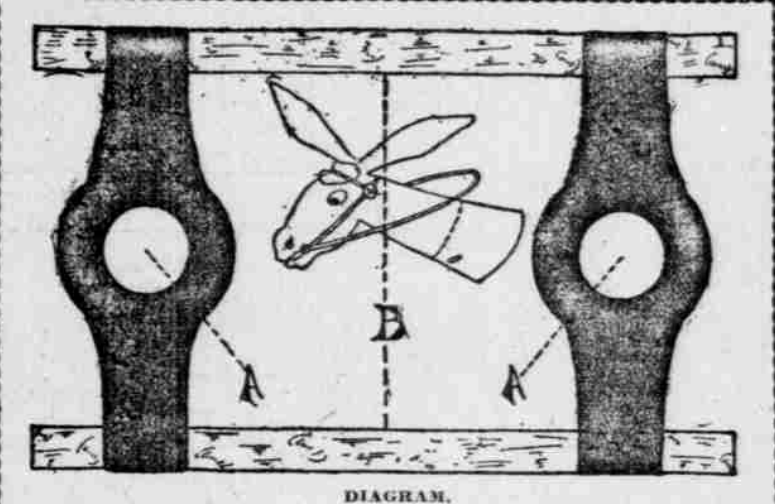


DIAGRAM.



THE MULE IS ON.

of either riding him or getting behind him.

When the clowns desire the mule to do one of his tricks, such as jumping a hurdle, etc., they enter him to perform the trick. They will inspire him not to make them ridiculous in the eyes of the audience by refusing, and they will offer him all sorts of bribes.

When they name something which pleases the mule's fancy, he does the trick, or at least tries to do it.

The clown must keep assuring the spectators that the mule is quite harmless, "as gentle as a lamb," etc., and they will stick to this, even after the mule has given very visible evidence that he is no such thing.

THE WORLD'S GREAT MYSTERY

ONE of the great mysteries of the world that is left to explore is the source of a river in South America and the land through which it runs.

The river is the Pico-Mayo, and the land is the territory known as the Chaco in Paraguay. Explorer after explorer has entered this unknown country and none has returned. Last year the famous explorer, Erland Nordenskiöld, one of the great Nordenskiöld family of explorers and naturalists, tried to follow the Pico-Mayo to its source, but, although he penetrated further than any other man ever managed to go and return, he did not succeed.

Enemies who could not be seen, surrounded him day and night, and at last the mysterious terrors of the region forced even him to return. He has announced that Chaco still waits for the traveler who can conquer its secrets.

So constant and unchangeable has been the doom of the explorers who tried it,

that the natives have named the Pico-Mayo the River of Death, and they speak of the Chaco as the Unknown Land.

Geographers know where the Pico-Mayo River begins. It is in the high plateau of Bolivia. Near Aunacion in Paraguay a broad and beautiful river empties into the Paraguay River. It is called the Pico-Mayo, and it is supposed that it is that river. But no man knows, for no man has followed the great stream from its source to its mouth.

Men have tried to follow the Pico-Mayo in canoes that were hung with hides to serve as protection against Indians who occupy the Chaco. But after days of fighting they were beaten back and accounted themselves lucky to escape alive. Some of the best men of South America have lost their lives there and of their parties not one man escaped to tell what fate had befallen them.

Fiercest of the several tribes of Indians who hold Chaco against exploration are the Tobas and Chorotes Indians. They are utterly uncivilized, subsisting entirely on game, fish, wild honey and roots. Their

few garments and shelters are made from jaguar skins. They rub pieces of wood together to make fire.

Most of them are gorgeously painted and tattooed, and they ornament themselves still further with feathers and flowers.

They do not know anything about metal-working and do not even use flints for their weapons, but make them entirely out of hard wood, even their arrows being made simply out of pointed wood.

They bore holes through their lips and ears and thrust pieces of polished wood through them. They are splendidly formed, immensely strong and agile, but hideous countenances, and they will not have anything to do with strangers, but seek to kill them as soon as they find them. They fight fiercely among themselves, also, and it is believed that they are cannibals—at least part of them.

This is the country that has lured explorer after explorer in the last 30 years without letting one return. It appears probable that it will continue to defy the world for many years to come.