

COURSE OF THE LAKERIMMERS

HERE was a wild chorus of delight that awoke B. J. from his rest thoughts instantly. He almost fell overboard with joy. The Eleven rowed quickly toward the boat, surprised that her raft was a half mile down stream from her. The curiosity of Quiz broke in upon the happiness of the meeting and he shouted:

"What's the matter with your raft?"

"Oh, our keel struck a sandbar," called B. J., "and we let the raft go until we could back off. We just got free this minute."

"Well, how do you like your steam-boating?" yelled Tug.

"I like it so well," B. J. howled as demially as a lonely dog baying the moon at night, "that I am just waiting for my chance to quit."

"Well, you go with us," cried Bobbies.

"In a minute," said B. J., "if you will come up close enough I will drop in right now."

By this time the canoe was almost alongside of the boat, and B. J. was just crouching in eagerness to rejoin and complete the dozen.



HURLING B. J. INTO A CORNER.

must be aching like 120 now, and his head is aching worse, and so in his mother's heart," said Tug very solemnly.

"We can lift out some of the seats, and some of us can lie down. The rest of us can sleep sitting up."

"Well, suppose, while we are sleeping sitting up, one of them gets up and goes overboard, and falls into the water; what'll happen then?"

"You'll wake up," said Tug.

How many will believe there was a very excited pow-wow over this proposition. The result of the council of war you could have seen, if you had happened along the Mississippi in that region that night. For you would have seen— if you had seen eyes for the dark—a shadowy canoe filled with shadows, three of them nodding as if they were very tired and would rather sleep, three of them sitting up and listening, as if they would rather paddle. Four others you would not have seen at all. For three of them were lying like sausages of pain and discomfort in the bottom of the canoe, and the fourth, and last, stretched out in the "caboose," on top of the folding tent and the evaporated food and things, each of them jabbing him in a different place; this last was Hilarity.

CHAPTER XIII.

Usually the sunrise is a beautiful sight on the Mississippi River. But to enjoy its beauty you will want to have slept easily and well. I am afraid that the Lakerimmers did not look upon that particular dawn with the eyes of artists. They had hardly any eyes to set it with at all, and their aching bones seemed to be trying to give the Lakerim Athletic Club yell, each bone doing its little best.

The boys reached out their weary heads and dipped into the cool water of the river, and dashed it upon their hot and sleepy faces. But the thought of another day without alumber was a torment to them.

Tug tried to spur them on by begging them to be men, and saying that once they had recaptured E. J. they could sleep for a whole day.

"It'll take two weeks to square me," said Sleepy, "and I don't want any one to disturb me all that time, except to push a little liquid food down my throat."

The father of Reddy and Heady had been a Union soldier, and their father's brother had been a rebel officer. And both of them had told both of the boys many an anecdote of the hardships of war.

"My father," said Reddy, "often used to be on guard duty and he would spend all night many a time patting his back."

"You mean patting his post," said Heady, "it's only policemen that have backs, and my uncle told me that sometimes the Johnny Rebs would march all night as fast as they could leg it, and fight all next day as hard as they could fight it."

"Well," said Tug, "supposing we pre-

tend that we're soldiers, and we have got to win our battle."

So every Lakerimmer sat up very straight and tried to imagine that his paddle was a musket—a web-footed musket.

Noon time found them at the little village of Nashville, Ia. It found them also in front of the first lock of the canal, a beautiful lock of the big wide and mighty gates cheered them immensely.

"That reminds me of Ivanhoe's palace," said Hilarity. "The river is the moat and those gates are the castle gates. All they need is a portcullis."

"What's a portcullis?" asked Quiz.

"I do not know exactly," said Hilarity, "but it's something they are always letting drop."

"It must have been a kind of basket of eggs," said Jumbo.

It was one thing to find the lock; it was another thing to open it. Those massive gates were moved by steam and they could not be bothered by any small fry like a canoe.

"Has anybody got a key in his pocket that will open that lock?" They decided to wait for a boat, and meanwhile they had something to eat. After this, more waiting. When they were beginning to lose patience, a small boat driven to make another portage, they saw a passenger packet coming down the river. The great side-wheel steambottom was a beautiful sight as she passed, breathing hard like a warhorse, championing the bit impatiently for the gates of the lock to open.

The steamer was well filled with well-to-do people who had been North on pleasure trips. Among these people there was a number of young and pretty girls and they made no effort to conceal their curiosity at the sight of the war canoe and its moth-eaten crew.

The girls stared so hard, in fact, that they embarrassed the Lakerimmers more than if they had been an opposing football team, or a rival basketball team. The Eleven were especially embarrassed by their own appearance. While the girls were all spick and span and full of gaiety, the Eleven felt very much unclean and unbrushed and unbesuttled; their hair was still tousled and their eyes were still full of the sleep they had not had. Pretty suffered more than all the rest of the Lakerimmers put together, because it was a rare experience for him to be seen when he was not at his best. He growled:

"They look at us as if they thought they were pack of monkeys in a cage. We had only a few iron bars up here. I'm sure I'd feel like one."

"Well," said Jumbo, "I wouldn't mind their thinking we're monkeys if they would only throw us a few peanuts and some popcorn."

But much as the Lakerimmers blushed under their coats of tan, when the lock finally opened, and the river was opened to the Lakerimmers lost no time in paddling into the great bathtub, too. At first, they were on a level with the shore, but gradually as the water rose let out, they dropped down, down, till they seemed to be at the bottom of a great dungeon surrounded with dripping wet stone walls.

Then the opposite gates opened and the steamer moved out, and now the great paddles of the side wheels spanked the water into big waves, and they were so busy keeping the canoe from being capsized as the water rose, that they had no eyes for the pretty passengers on the steamer. Indeed, they forgot them altogether till the boat was well in the distance and they themselves with the big gates closed behind them.

(To be continued.)

JUNGLE BOY'S ADVENTURES



SINCE I have been on exhibition at museums and with circuses I have been called Joe the Jungle Boy, the Boy Monkey, Gorilla Joe and various other names, but should I give you my right name you could not pronounce it.

I am a full-blooded negro boy, and was born on the Zambesi River, in Africa, hundreds of miles beyond the Boer country. The tribe to which I belonged was called the Mwats, and my father was chief over all. My people numbered about 20,000, and my father had 3000 warriors under him.

No doubt you have heard much about Africa. In that part where I was born no one ever had seen a white man until a few years ago. Most of the people went naked, and one tribe was always at war with another.

My father and I lived in rude huts and ate fruits, roots, berries, nuts and wild game of various sorts. Our people had no guns, but made use of spears, clubs and slings. No one had any knowledge beyond how to make canoes, kill game or fight the enemy.

My father was called a wise man, as well as a brave one, but he did not know that there were any countries outside of Africa. He believed that he could travel to the end of the world in a week. All this time was spent in hunting and fighting, and if anybody had told him about the oceans or of other countries he would not have believed him.

When I was 5 years old I began to understand things. A short spear and a light club were given to me, and I had to practice with them. I learned also how to fish and set traps.

The talk was always about hunting and fighting, and when an elephant had been killed there was a great feast for two or three days.

At 10 years of age I was called a smart boy. I could find my way through the forest, kill small game and catch as many fish as a man. I had but to see the track of any animal to tell what it was. I could smell a fire a mile away,

and I could see an ostrich on the plains or a man skulking through the forest as quickly as the best of them.

One day the Makololos tribes with whom we were always at war, came marching through the dense forest to surprise our village and put everybody to death. I was out alone with my spear, and I caught sight of the enemy when they were yet two miles away.

I ran for the village at my best speed, and I do not believe that any warrior could have run faster. I told father that the enemy were at hand, and he at once called his warriors together.

The Makololos far outnumbered us at first, but our warriors came hurrying up from other villages, and by and by we gained a great victory. We lost a hundred men, but the enemy lost twice as many.

When the battle was over my father picked up a spear which lay beside a dead man and handed it to me and said:

"My son, you are but a boy yet, but you have the courage of a man. You haven't the strength yet to hold this spear, but you shall keep it until you are stronger. But for you we should have been surprised by the Makololos, and none of us left alive. When you have grown to be a man you will be a great warrior and chief in my place."

All the warriors danced around me and shouted and patted me on the head, and of course I felt very proud to be thus noticed.

I thought I could do as much as any full-grown man, and this led to another adventure in which I did not come out so well. It was hunting in the forest when I suddenly came face to face with a lion. Had I run away he might not have followed me, as he was thirsty and on his way to a pool to drink, but I was foolish enough to think I could kill him single-handed.

I advanced upon him until he was only ten feet away, and then hurled my spear. It was only a boy's spear, and I had only a boy's strength. The lion was wounded in the nose, and with a roar of rage he sprang upon me and dashed me to the earth. I remember that he picked me up and shook me as a dog shakes a rat, and then I lost my senses.

It was an hour before I regained them, and it took me two hours more to crawl home. One of my arms was broken, my left shoulder badly bitten and the lion had clawed me in a dreadful manner. I was so badly hurt that it took me three months to recover, and all because of my foolish pride.

In my next I shall tell you how I was captured by the Makololos, and what came of it, and I hope to interest you.

(To be continued.)

THE TREASURE BOX

HOW TO MAKE AN APPARENTLY INEXHAUSTIBLE RECEP-TACLE

THE treasure box really consists of two boxes, one fitted closely inside the other.

The magician who wishes to exhibit the wonders of the treasure box makes no secret of the fact that it is made in two sections, one acting as a sort of shell for the other; in fact, he begins proceedings by taking the treasure box apart in order that the spectators can see both sections. The outside covering is open at one end, so that it can easily be seen it is empty.

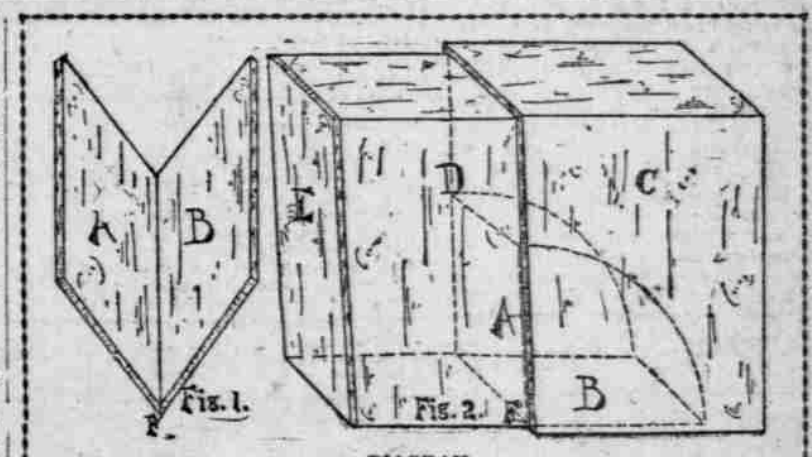
The inside box has a lid, but the magician lifts the lid and shows that this box is also empty.

After the spectators are satisfied, the treasure box is put together and then all sorts of sweetmeats, toys and other trifles are taken from it.

At any time the treasure box may again be shown empty and immediately afterward the work of taking out treasures recommences.

The Hindu magicians make their treasure box in two sections, because the spectators are grouped all about the performer in that country, consequently his work is viewed from every point.

If the spectators are placed only in front of the magician the outer section of the treasure box may be dispensed with.



empty the board B is allowed to swing back into the box C, Figure 1.

The inside of the boxes is painted black, which makes it impossible to detect the pressure of the double back.

If it can be arranged to have the spectators all in front of the larger of the two boxes can be dispensed with, as its only use is to hide the board B when it is necessary to show the box empty.

As the smaller section of the treasure box is kept facing the spectators, it would itself hide the board B, providing no one is behind the box.

If the larger or outside section of the box is dispensed with the magician, while he is showing the box empty and attracting attention to it with his right hand, may replenish the part B with his left hand either from his pockets or from a shelf under the edge of his table.

This enables him to make the apparent capacity of the treasure box as great as he chooses.

PROBABLY THE WORLD'S EARLIEST GAMES

BY H. IRVING KING.

THE Aztecs, who lived in Mexico in a highly civilized state when this country was first discovered, had a curious game of ball. The same game was evidently played by the Mayans, who ruled the country before the Aztecs, and the ruins of those mighty cities are found amid the forests of Yucatan. These ruins are so old that no man knows just how long the cities flourished, but among them are to be seen the great ball courts with strange stone rings built into the walls—places where thousands used to watch ball games with the same absorbed interest as is shown today by the crowds at a game of baseball.

When the King of Mayanah went with his nobles to see a ball game, at Uxmal or Chichén-Itzá, he took his seat with the other spectators on high steps ranged above the walls of the court. Below him the players, divided into two parties, drew up at either end of the court after the manner of football teams. The priest threw a large rubber ball into the center of the court and the game began. Each side tried to drive the ball so that it would hit the wall behind the opposing team. The side that succeeded scored a goal. After the ball had once been put in play, the players could not touch it with their feet or hands unless it fell to the ground (which it was seldom allowed to do), when it could be picked up and put in play again.

They kept the ball going by hitting it with any other part of the body they pleased—shoulders, elbows, knees, breast

or hips. Most of the play was done with the hips.

This was considered the proper and most scientific way of hitting it, and, in order that the ball might rebound better, the players wore pieces of leather upon their hips. High up in the wall were fixed stone rings, which an old writer describes as being "like those of a mill with a hole quite through the center just as big as the ball."

Now, the rings were just large enough for the ball to pass through them, leaving not a perceptible fraction of an inch to spare, and every boy knows how difficult it is to throw a ball through such a ring—it must be a "dead line shot" in order to be successful.

Yet any player in one of these ancient ball games was at liberty to take the ball in his hands and try to throw it through one of the stone rings in the wall if he thought he could do it. If he failed his side lost the game, but if he succeeded he won for his side and received great praise for his dexterity.

In token of this passing of the ball through the ring being an extraordinary success, which seldom happened, the player who accomplished it had the right to the cloaks of all the lookers-on. The result was that whenever the ball was passed through the ring all the spectators took to their heels, nobles and all, running and laughing, while the players of the successful party side rushed after them, trying to catch them and secure their cloaks for the winner, who was obliged to give a feast afterwards.

Although the ball courts of the City of

Yucatan had been in ruins for nobody knows how many centuries when this country was discovered, Cortes, the Spanish General, when he invaded Mexico, found the Aztecs still playing the game, and Montezuma, the Mexican Emperor, took the Spaniards to see a great game got up in their honor.

Afterwards, when the Spaniards had conquered the country, they prohibited the playing of the game because, as one of the writers says, "of the mischief which often happens at it." From this we may infer that in the rushes the players were sometimes injured, as they are sometimes in football games.

This game was, in fact, the football of the ancient Americans, who ruled the country south of the Rio Grande before the white man sailed across the "big water." And if the ruins of the cities of Yucatan are as old as many scientific people think they are, the game may be the oldest regular sport of which we have any record.

Any boy who wants to find out how it would have seemed to have been a ball player in America a few thousand years ago can try what he can do at keeping a ball in the air by hitting it with his hip, or he can try to throw one through a ring of equal diameter, placed higher than his head. They were great and skillful players, those old Mayans and those subjects of Montezuma.

There are about 350 volcanoes on this earth that have performed in modern times. There have been many hundreds more that have long been extinct.

PICTURES TO PAINT # III

"THE DOINGS OF THE BLUNDERKINS"

They meet a few Moonfolk.

"It is indeed a noble sight," Pa Moonkins said with delight.

"To see the world sink far below us and to see the moon so bright!"

And little Andy said to me, "How grand we ought to be of! For then a monstrous thing, all red, was sighted looming dead ahead. And hourly pa stopped the saloon. And cried: 'Ashore here, for the moon!' Now seize your paints and brush, and paint what the tourists saw that day. First little Peter Moon was seen. His eyes were red, his hair was green.

But hourly pa betrayed no fear. He said, 'I know the moon's eye.' And little Andy said to me, "How grand we ought to be of! For then a monstrous thing, all red, was sighted looming dead ahead. And hourly pa stopped the saloon. And cried: 'Ashore here, for the moon!' Now seize your paints and brush, and paint what the tourists saw that day. First little Peter Moon was seen. His eyes were red, his hair was green.

And little Kitty Moon in blue Was most delightful to the view. Yellow and purple, Tommy Star Called for attention round about. They gathered 'round the Blunderkins. With much shouting and noisy and grim. Alas! Their actions were no queer Than little Andy's had with dear. Full glad was he when pa cried: 'Hey! Come aboard! We'll go away!' Quick the balloon sank downward then Till it got back to earth again.



SOME LONELY WHITE CHILDREN

OF all the lonely white children on the face of the earth, the most lonely, probably, are two boys who live on the far-away famous Christmas Island, which is so tiny that it hardly makes a dot on the map. It lies in the Pacific Ocean, more than 300 miles away from the coast of Java, and belongs to England. These two white boys are much like two Robinson Crusoes; for, while there are 50 inhabitants on Christmas Island, most of them are Chinese, and almost all the rest are Malaysians. There are only four white men there, and three women, so the two boys grow up pretty wild and must care for their own clothes and cook their own food. And, besides, there are all the other wants for which most boys look to their mothers and other women.

Almost as lone as these boys are, four white boys who live on one of the 200 small coral islands known as the Oceania or Keeling group, that lies about 1200 miles from Singapore. These four boys are better cared for, because they have a school to go to, but on the whole they are almost as lonely as the Christmas Island boys. There are 42 other boys on the islands, but they are scattered over the whole group, and it often is a day's sail from one island to the other, unless the weather is unusually good. So the boys do not see much of each other. Besides that, all except these four boys are natives or Chinese, and there is not much in common between them and the English boys.

On the Chatham Islands about 500 miles away from New Zealand, there are 30 or 40 boys and girls, all white, who get very little opportunity for ever seeing any body from the outside world, for ships touch there only occasionally. Most of these children have to help their parents take care of the sheep, which are the wealth of the island.

There are several hundred white chil-

dren on the Fiji Islands. They go to school with children whose grandparents were cannibals, and they get along very well with them. The white boys and girls are almost as good at canoeing and sailing as are the native Fiji children. The Tonga Islands are under the protectorate of Great Britain, but King George is a real King for all that, and these white children hail him as such with the rest.

to send them to school in England or America.

On the Tonga Islands there are about 40 white boys and girls, who are under a native King—King George II, the son of King George Tubbou, who died 13 years ago. The Tonga Islands are under the protectorate of Great Britain, but King George is a real King for all that, and these white children hail him as such with the rest.

GAME OF "ONE-HOLE CAT"

MIDDLE-AGED men can remember that when they were boys, in the days before baseball became so popular—in fact, when that game was almost unknown—they used to play "one-hole cat," a game from which some say baseball was originally derived.

There is an old Scottish game of much the same name as the popular game of the '90s, but which is considerably different in the way it is played. The game is called "cat in the hole," and, odd as it is, it is capable of affording some good sport yet.

In playing this game six shallow holes are dug, rather nearer together than the bases in baseball, and arranged so as to form a diamond. In the center stands a boy with a ball in his hand.

At each hole is a boy with a stick, one end of which he rests in the hole, his left hand is on the handle of the stick, and he is guarding. When the boy with the ball sings out "Cat in the hole!" all the other boys change holes.

As they do so, the boy with the ball tries to throw it into one of the holes before any boy gets his stick into it. If he succeeds, the boy who is slow in changing and finds the ball in the hole before his stick is out. He then has to take the ball himself.

Washington, D. C., for free pamphlet entitled "Thirty Poisonous Plants." Every one who lives in rural fields and farms should know the poisonous plants. It is very fortunate for those who are fond of rambling through the fields and woods that most of the plants in that Government list are poisonous only when eaten. Nearly all cases of skin poisoning are from poison-ivy or poison-sumac.

It will doubtless surprise many who read this pamphlet of "Thirty Poisonous Plants" to learn that the lady's-tipsper of incense flowers are included in the list. A poisonous oil similar to that of poison-ivy is secreted in the leaf hairs, especially at the fringing season. The leaves and flowers of the Hiy-of-the-valley are also poisonous when taken internally. The taste, however, is very bitter, so no one is likely to eat them.

The beautiful mountain laurel is so often eaten by sheep, resulting in their death, that the farmer calls it sheep-laurel, or poison-laurel.

Longest Span in the World.

The Strait of Camo, between Cape Breton and the mainland of Nova Scotia, is to be bridged. The task is an immense one, involving great engineering difficulties and the outlay of about \$5,000,000. The bridge will be a cantilever with a span of 1900 feet, the longest in the world.

"Well, it won't be any feather bed, and it won't be any college dormitory, and we'll all ache like @ tomorrow, but B. J.