

CRUISE OF THE LAKERIMMERS

CHAPTER XIII. Boarders Ahoy!

Now that they found themselves in the canal, the first thing they missed was the assistance of the powerful current; they were in water that was absolutely still, and they had to earn every inch of progress the boat made. But the canal was a pretty place to be a-rowing, and reminded one of a sort of beautiful lane in the river. On one side was a little strip of shore leading to the high towering bluffs. On the other side was the stone wall that separated the canal from the river. It was all overgrown with green, and the people of that region had given it the poetical name of "The Dump."

Precious little time Tug allowed for admiring the scenery. "We are not a crowd of tourists," he growled, "with our little guide books. We're a tribe of Lakerimmer Indians on the trail of one of our best warriors who has been kidnapped by a paleface named Mudd. To prove Tug's words correct, let one of their war-whips with such force that it knocked two weathervane roosters off their perch and scoured all the milk in Lee County."

Having got this notice out of their systems, the Lakerimmers tied the paddles as best they could, and finally reached the middle lock of the canal.

Here luck was not with them and they found the gates closed against them once more, but they got the good news that the Hiram G. Mudd had got the last section of its raft through the canal only a few hours before. So they decided to have an early supper while they waited for some chance steamer to come along.

By the time Sleepy had scraped the last crumb and put it where it would not be wasted, a small freight steamer puffed down the canal and the lock opened its arms and took it in. The steamer had its lanterns alight, and twilight was gathering thick and fast as the Lakerimmers plowed their way down the next stretch, which fortunately was not so long as the first.

They passed many a crowd of boys and young men enjoying their evening swim and skylarking in the gloaming. To the tired Lakerimmers, the mere thought of the cool water was tantalizing, and when they saw a diver plunge kerplunk into the stream, most of them could hardly keep from shipping their paddles and falling overboard in sheer envy.

Now the bluff on their right was all lit up with many windows and street lamps of a city, which they judged to be Keokuk. Just ahead of them they saw a large steamer rising on an invisible elevator, and knew that the first lock—the last lock for them—was dead ahead.

When the steamer was lifted to the level of the canal the gates were ajar and it shoved through. It carried a dazzling and almost blinding electric searchlight in front of its pilot house, and soon began to swing it like a tremendous feeling foil against the great feather duster light along the sky and the hills and the water. Then the light ran along the swimmers and the small craft moored at the dump.

Suddenly the glaring beam stopped and lingered on one rickety vessel. It was brought out in strange distinctness against the black of the rest of the picture. A group of great letters leaped up from the dark. They spelled the name of the boat. With one cry of joy the Lakerimmers read those letters aloud:

"HIRAM G. MUDD."

Then the searchlight moved on about its business; but the Lakerimmers sat stock still. The goal they had been striving for was hit, and so long was right under their noses.

And now that they had it, they wondered what they were going to do with it. While they wondered, the steamer came plowing straight ahead, and all at once the searchlight suddenly swept across them and lingered upon them, while the pilot was wondering whether they were merely a large fish, an empty boat, or what.

Is it possible that they are going to be run over and sunk just in the moment of their triumph?

The steamer is coming for them full speed. They themselves are under no headway at all. And they are absent-mindedly thinking of themselves, but of B. J. in his prison. There is a scurrying of feet, a clanging of bells, the deafening whoop of the whistle and a loud clamor of voices on the steamer. The Lakerimmers wake to the situation in bewilderment. Which way are they to turn?

Punk cries out, "Hard a-port!" The steamer turns in the same direction. Punk screams in his stater to steer to the other side. If the steamer also dodges,



CAPTAIN MUDD THOUGHT HE WAS IN A BASKET OF EELS.

there is no hope for them. But the wise pilot, seeing that there was no room to pass them on the side toward the canal wall, continues to his left, while the wheels are backing water and churning up a furious commotion.

Evidently the head luck of the Lakerimmers had grown tired of fooling them, and had decided to change its tactics. For they grazed past the steamer and escape the smacking of the paddles, though the spray splatters their faces and the waves bounce the canoe hither and thither. Now they are jostled swiftly toward the dump, and against its steep slanting wall they are about to capsize. But the starboard paddles are quickly thrust out like boat-hooks, and they ease the canoe.

Seeing themselves safe, the Lakerimmers begin a shout of jubilee, but Tug hushes them into immediate silence, and reminds them that they must not attract the attention of Captain Mudd.

Now that the steamer has passed with its dazzling searchlight they are left once more in deepest dark. They move up near the Mudd, and row round it as stealthily as Indians. They see a light in the engine-room and make out a few figures, one of them that of a boy.

"B. J.," they whisper to each other, shrilly.

Sawed-off is for making a quick rush and taking him off, but the cautious Punk reminds them that Captain Mudd has a long, quick arm, and that they lost B. J. once before by showing themselves. A council of war is held in a low tone, and Punk advises that they back up the canal a little distance and fasten their boat to the wall, and try a little scouting on foot.

This they do. They swarm up the sloping trail like goats and notice on the river side a little thicket, an excellent place for a night's bivouac. They tiptoe along the cinders that cover the top of the wall, and Tug halts them at a little distance from the boat. Then they all sit down and watch, like hawks waiting for their prey.

It seemed that the people on the boat never would quiet down and turn in like respectable people. But even a watched pot boils if it is watched long enough. After what seemed like an age of waiting, Ready whispered, "All is quiet on the Potomac."

Punk insisted on longer delay, however, and there they sat, growing chilly as the night grew thicker and the hour later.

Finally, Tug rose quietly and led them with all possible stealth along the top of the dump till they reached the steamer. Then he gave the Lakerimmer Club whistle very softly. It was an imitation of a whippoorwill, and was meant to avoid suspicion.

The trouble was that it was so good an imitation that even B. J. listened to it again and again, before it dawned on him what it could mean. It simply made him homesick until it was repeated a score of times. Then, with a start, he realized that the impossible had happened, and that fairy stories were simple things after all.

He listened for a moment till he judged from the heavy breathing of Captain Mudd that his persecutor was asleep. B. J. had never known until this time what a beautiful thing a healthy snore could be after all.

The poor boy, aching in every joint from his mistreatment and from the rough boards he had slept on, rose carefully to his feet, wondering if his creaking bones would not make noise enough to wake up the tyrant. He tiptoed to a porthole, and not having a handkerchief with him, waved his hand out into the air. Again and again he waved it. Again and again the whippoorwill complained. He wondered if he would have to cry out to attract attention and feared that the risk was too great.

At last, when he had waved his hand almost loose at the wrist, he suddenly felt it clasped by some hand outside and, best of all, the hidden hand gave him the Lakerimmer grip. Still better than the best of all, he recognized Tug's voice whispering to him through the dark porthole. He hears Tug say:

"Bless your soul, my boy, I am glad to see you—or I would be if I could see you. How do you feel?"

B. J. whispered back: "It makes me feel heavenly to think you fellows are out there, but I am all covered with welts where that brute has beaten me for trying to get away. He has made me work so hard that I had almost rather go to sleep now than try to get away. He is sleeping in his bunk, but it's so hot he has a cot right across the door."

"You must make a dash for it somehow," Tug whispered. "If you can only once get out here with us, we'll take mighty good care that he doesn't get you back again."

"I'll see if I can crawl under his cot without waking him," B. J. whispered. Then he wrung Tug's hand hard and added: "If I don't get away, I'm just as much obliged to you fellows for coming all this distance after me."

Then he let Tug's hand drop and there was heavy silence. Tug explained quickly to the Lakerimmers who had come down the wall and were standing on its steep slope in anxious excitement. They all listened intently, but there was noth-

ing except silence for a long while. Then came a loud roar, a gruff oath, a sharp cry of pain from B. J. and the noise of a scuffle inside the boat.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Lakerimmers needed no word of command from Tug to follow him. Every boy scrambled aboard the boat wherever and however he could. Once on deck, they were confronted by various tall dark forms. They did not need to be told that these were Captain Mudd's deckhands. They did not need to be told, either, that tough characters Mississippi roustabouts are or how ready and eager they are for a fight with anybody on any pretext.

One deckhand dealt Sawed-off a terrific blow in the chest that almost winded him, but Sawed-off happened to think of an uppercut which he had with him and he applied it to the deckhand's jaw with all the weight of his big body behind it. The deckhand went over like a sack of coal.

A lumbering ruffian laid a swinging fist at Ready's head. Ready's frequent habit of a nick-plated revolver was come true he would have been sorry for it from that moment on. As it was, the fist passed just over his head. In about one-sixtieth of a second both Ready and Headly were on the deckhand's jaw with all the weight of his big body behind it. The deckhand went over like a sack of coal.

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Sleepy was not so lucky with the man who rose up against him. He was bowled over at the first blow. But as he lay on the deck he wrapped his arms lovingly around the ankles of the unknown stranger who had given him such a warm reception, and when the aid of Bobbies he soon had him accounted for. Hairy was the last Lakerimmer aboard, and he was not expected to do much in the pugilistic line, but seeing the deckhand whom Sawed-off had just bowled over getting to his feet again, Hairy grabbed one of them against the man's forehead, sang out in a bloodthirsty tone as he could mutter:

"If you move, I will blow you full of holes."

The deckhand was half asleep, and in the dim light the spectacles glistened as anything else, and he was not in a mood for taking chances, so he kept very quiet.

Meanwhile, Pretty, Punk, Tug, Jumbo and Sawed-off were in the stateroom where Captain Mudd was trying to hold B. J., who was giving an excellent imitation of an eel. Captain Mudd thought he was in a basket of eels when he saw the Lakerimmers pounce down on him. Pretty, Tug and Sawed-off hammered him like mad, and Jumbo, seizing a sheet, threw it over the captain's head, and soon had him suffocated to the point of surrender. Tug and Sawed-off then took B. J. by the arms and led him out of the room. Tug happened to think of the key, and taking it out of the lock from the inside, closed the door and locked it. Tug and Sawed-off then took B. J. by the arms and led him out of the room. Tug happened to think of the key, and taking it out of the lock from the inside, closed the door and locked it.

They made their way back to the bivouac they had selected in the thicket, treading on each other's heels and slapping each other's shoulders as they all held at once to pat B. J. on the back.

They had thought they were sleepy, but they were wide enough awake to listen long and earnestly to B. J.'s catalogue of woes.

At length Sleepy interrupted one of the most exciting situations with a cavernous yawn, and as yawns are as contagious as the mumps, the Lakerimmers, in spite of themselves, were soon yawning large mouthfuls of air in chorus as they curled up in their sleeping blankets—they had not forgotten to bring one for B. J. Quiz had just enough consciousness left to ask a question.

"Now that we have got B. J. all safe and sound, how will we ever get him home, and how'll we ever get ourselves home again?"

"I am tired of conundrums," said Tug, "ask me an easy one tomorrow." (To be continued.)

JUNGLE BOY'S ADVENTURES



THEY LIGHTED FIRES AND DANCED ABOUT ME.

ABOUT a year after being hurt by the lion, as I told you in the first chapter, and after I had fully recovered from my injuries, my tribe determined to strike a blow at the Makololos. My father was very savage toward them because they were always killing some of our men or capturing some of our women.

He called his wisest men together, and they planned to attack with 3000 warriors and destroy two or three villages and kill as many Makololo men as they could. These things will seem cruel to you, but you must remember that we were savages and knew no better. We thought it right to rob and burn and kill whenever we got the chance. If any one had told us it was wrong we should have laughed at him.

It was planned that my father and three of his warriors should take a canoe and paddle up the river at night and act as spies.

We wanted to take the Makololos off their guard, you see, and make a complete surprise. If they did not suspect they were to be attacked it would be a good thing for us.

I was still a young boy, and the warriors would tell me nothing, but I did find out that my father was going in his war canoe and I made up my mind to go along. He would not have consented had I asked him, but I did not ask.

I hid myself beneath some grass in the canoe and the four men got in and paddled away without knowing that I was there. We were very near the Makololo village before my father discovered me.

"We are now going to land and we will wait by the shore while you slip into the

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Makololo village and see what is going on. I am sure you will find out everything we want to know and come back safely."

I was glad to hear my father talk thus, and glad to go on the adventure. I knew that if I was captured in the village the Makololos would give me a cruel death, but I was sure that I could spy about and get away all right.

The canoe was heeled for the shore just before we reached the village, and as I stepped on land my father patted me on the shoulder and whispered that he was proud of me.

It was no use for him to tell me how to act, for I had learned all that long ago. These were my own adventures, and I was a lion wandering about and uttering savage roars, but I kept on my way and felt no fear.

In a little time I was in the village. I found the people all asleep, and I wandered here and there without meeting a single person.

By and by I reached into the door of one of the huts and seized a warrior's spear to carry back and show my father. I was almost clear of the village when misfortune bestruck me. I stepped into a trap which had been set to catch a hyena, and as I was caught by the foot the surprise and the pain made me call out.

In a minute the Makololos were pouring out of their huts to see what was the matter, and they found me held fast.

They knew me at once for one of the Mwas, and they knew I had come to spy. More than that, they knew I was to be the boy who had warned our village when they had come to attack it and they were almost as much rejoiced as if they had captured my father himself.

They lighted fires and danced around, and warriors were sent out to see if any others were prowling about. My father and his companions had to paddle away in great haste, and from that time to this I have not seen him. He must have known by the yelling that I had been captured, and I am sure he felt bad to know it and to be helpless to aid me.

At first, when the Makololos poured out on me I was frightened, but after a bit I made up my mind to act like a man. They would be sure to put me to death, but I would not have it go back to my tribe and make them afraid. He must have known by the yelling that I had been captured, and I am sure he felt bad to know it and to be helpless to aid me.

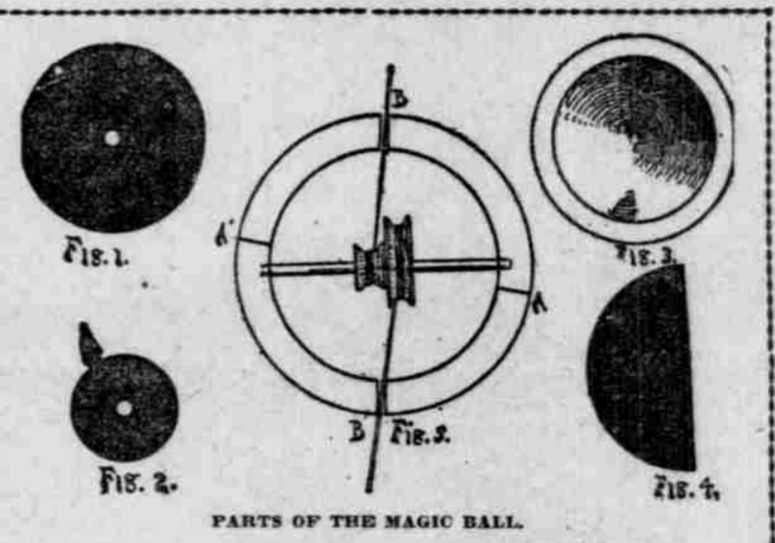
"Yes, I am the boy who warned our village," I replied to them, "and if I had not stepped into this trap would you not have made me prisoner. You need not shout so loudly over my capture, for I am not at all afraid of you."

"He shall die! He shall die!" shouted the men, and the women and boys picked up sticks and struck me with them and spat in my face.

In my next I will tell you what death they were going to give me, and how a poisonous snake made them from having to run over a bed of hot coals.

THE MAGIC BALL

By J. C. BEARD



PARTS OF THE MAGIC BALL.



THE BALL OBEYS THE MAGICIAN.

One end of each string is wrapped around a spool on the inside of the ball, as shown in Figure 1.

One spool must have a little more than twice the circumference of the other. Figures 1 and 2 show relative sizes of wheels.

If spools of the right shape are not to be had, though such spools are quite common, sections can be sawed from different sized cylindrical sticks.

The grooves in the spools can be made with a penknife.

The spools are fastened side by side on an axle, and the ends of the strings of the ball to fit the ends of this axle. See the dotted lines in Figure 5.

Holes are bored in the ball, through which the strings can be run, and then the two halves of the ball are glued together.

The spools do not move on the axle. The axle moves in the sockets cut in the ball.

Figures A A indicate where edges of the ball are joined together.

Figures B B show the holes bored to admit the passage of the strings.

The pull on the upper string—that is, the string running from the smaller spool—will cause the ball to rise, because the larger spool has the greater leverage, and will, of course, unroll the string at the same time winding up the smaller spool.

If the cord is relaxed the weight of the ball will carry it down the string, while if the string is just kept taut, the ball will remain stationary, and the strings exactly the same size, the leverage of each would exactly balance, and the ball could not be made to move in either direction.

It is well to have some sort of mark on the string, so that it can be told at a glance which string runs over the large spool and which string runs from the small one.

AFRICA'S POETIC LANGUAGE

THE most poetical of savage languages is that of the Madagascans, or Malagases, of Africa. They call everything by a name that expresses its appearance or its meaning perfectly. Thus, a hill is a "mountain child" in the mouths of these people. Rivers are "water mothers." A much-used path the Malagases call a "ripe path."

The brain is the "head's innermost," and the pupil of the eye is the "eye king." The grinding teeth are the "teeth princesses," the fingers are called "hand branches." If a man lives carelessly the Malagases say that he "is eating his soul." "A jungle of boys" is the way the youngsters are described when they gather in numbers, and a very short space of time is denoted by the expression "while one could roast a grasshopper."

A selfish man is said to be "embracing the crocodile," and a miser is said to be a "lover of the scorpion." If a person is vain, the Malagases say that he is "grass that is trying to grow bigger than a banana." The saucer is the "wife of the cup."

PICTURES TO PAINT-IV.



"How wonderful progress!" said pa. For instance, take the auto car. And would have thought, when we were small, that such things could be made at all! Yet now, without a thought of fear, we climb right into this one here!"

That little Andy seized the wheel and the machine, with one mad squeal, swooped wildly over hill and dale. Until the puppy dog turned back. Thus, on their trip around the world

The virtuous Blunderkins were hurled. They sped through all the lands so fast. The natives, as they hurried past, Could only rub their eyes and stare. And mutter feebly, "I declare!"

Now if you'd paint the beautiful scene, Fill up your brush with emerald green, And mutter feebly, "I declare!"

Will give her dress its lovely hue. Why little Andy's coat was red. Likewise the hat on pa's fine head. The hat that blew from Andy's bang. Was brown. 'Twas warranted to wear. But as we see, the man was wrong

For Andy did not wear it long. Paint Andy's coat a dainty pink. Paint Andy's pup as black as ink. Except one place. His glaring eyes Were very yellow with surprise.

Pa's coat was purple and his tie Was brightly blue just like the sky. The auto car was red and gold. A gorgeous spectacle as it rolled. So beautiful to see, yet cheap. The Blunderkins went on with haste. Next Sunday, if you'll watch this race, Through Africa you'll see them race.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

THE four-leaved clover has been viewed for many ages as the symbol of luck. Everybody looks for a four-leaved clover whenever he passes a field in which clover grows.

Now the clover does full honor to its scientific name of trifolium (three leaf), because for it to have more than that number is one of the exceedingly rare occurrences in botany.

Yet, despite its scarcity, the four-leaved clover has been seen everywhere lately. Jewelers have been putting it into brooches, and unique designs have been made with it for the center.

Surely this sudden plentifulness of what has been a rare plant must have set many folks to guessing. And here is the truth about it.

The four-leaved plant that has become so common is not a clover at all, although it looks so remarkably like clover. It is a plant that is known under the scientific name of marattia quadrifolia.

The specimens of almost all the world and they all look exactly like clover, and they all have four leaves.

But genuine four-leaved clover may soon become as common as the marattia quadrifolia, for the European botanist, Hugo de Vries, has succeeded in growing genuine four-leaved clover in fair quantities. He says that it is merely necessary to find some four-leaved clover plants and then to cultivate them carefully and save their seeds. He found that out of the seedlings 14 per cent would turn out to be four-leaved.

Book Hospitals.

Philadelphia Record.

Every public library has a book hospital, over which a book doctor presides. The book doctor is, as a rule, a woman. The operations she performs are numerous, varied and complicated. One of them is a repairing of the ravages of the book worm. She has two ways of doing this. The simpler way lies in pasting a tough thin paper over the worm's holes. The more difficult and neater way lies in grinding some paper to a pulp and filling up the holes with this pulp, making thus a patch that is almost invisible. The book doctor must often use a new lining in the cover. In this operation it is frequently necessary to remove, without harming, the book plate. That feat is accomplished by pressing on the book plate a piece of wet blotting paper. The paper draws off the plate easily. A book doctor, pausing in her work the other day, said: "Leather-bound books don't last to say as they used to. In 20 years ago, leather-bound books were much more durable. It is the cause of this rotting. Our gas lighting, our coal heating and our smoking of tobacco fill the air with substances most deleterious to the book bindings."



Bring me a cat to a-mews me! Said Noah one day in the Ark. Bring me a dog, said Mrs. N. To row me ashore in his bark!