

# Adventures of Ben and Nancy

**CHAPTER V.**  
**B**EN had lit a candle, and there was still a fire on the hearth, and the children at once saw that the two men belonged to the fishing village, and were two of the toughest-looking fellows of the crowd. For a moment no one spoke, while the men edged farther in and shut the door behind them. So far as could be seen the only weapons they had were the knives used by all fishermen. Ben was the first to speak.



earned over \$600 during the winter. Mr. Richards was the only one who knew how much money they had, and one day he said to Ben:

"No one may ever come to rob you again, but it is not prudent to keep such a large sum of money in the house. The place may burn down when you are away, or something else may happen, and my advice is that you take your cash over

to Glenville and deposit it in the bank. It will be safe there, and any time you want to draw any you can do so."

Ben and Nancy took the advice was good, and at once proceeded to act on it. The banker thought it very strange that two children should be possessed of such a sum, but when he came to hear their story he had only words of praise for them.

From the time the ice broke up until the sailing season fully opened the children were busy getting their boat ready. She had to be repainted and overhauled and provided with a new sail, but when completed she was one of the best of what fleet of twenty or more boats along that shore. The time had now to be divided up on a new scale. When they went out in the boat it was for four days' trip—two and a half for fishing, one day and a half to take their catch to market and sail back home. They cooked and took along with them provisions to last this length of time and also blankets to cover them at night, as they made their beds in the boat. All the fishing was done with hook and line, and they knew the feeding grounds of the fish as the best.

The children had made five or six trips home one day to find a surprise awaiting them. The house had been broken open on going away, no longer having any money in the house, and they found it wide open on their return. As they looked in and saw the door open they stepped back and Ben whispered:

"Somebody or something has been here and may be still inside. We will raise a yell and if it is a wild animal he will come bounding out. Be ready with your rifle."

"Fortunately for them, the children always took their weapons along with them, and now had them ready. They set up a great shout, and what followed I shall tell you in the next chapter.

**Concealed Sentences.**  
 Concealed in each one of these sentences is a sentence that expresses exactly the same thing in a much better way. Transpose the words so that you make a new and more simple sentence, being careful to use every word that is in the original sentence:

Vastly different are the ways, right and wrong, of saying things.  
 Try, again try, if you don't at first succeed.  
 Cheerless over hills of gray that brief December day rose the sun.  
 Everything is worth doing well that is worth doing at all.  
 Thou sluggard, go to the ant; be wise and consider its ways.  
 Fear makes all of us cowards.

**West Indian Proverbs.**  
 Spier an' fly no muck good bargain.  
 Trouble neber beak no good for know.  
 What man no know be good for know.  
 When berryin' day come at you door, you no pick an' choose gravedigger.  
 When dog howl too much owner, him sleep widout supper.  
 When dog howl merr, hawk him catch chicken.  
 warning. Dick took it for applause, and ran the harder.

# The Tall Girl's Fifty Cubit



THERE WAS A ROOMFUL OF GIRLS CROWDING AROUND HER.

**IT** WAS luncheon hour at Hilton Academy, and excitement was high among the pretty girls who were preparing for a presentation of the cantata of "Ethereal."

"Who's that coming?" asked one suddenly.

"Oh, that is the girl from Shelby."

"That backward place! No wonder she looks as if she came out of the ark."

The girl from Shelby was drawing near timidly, and paused as she saw the forbidding faces. Tall and stoop-shouldered, with hands that told of hard work, it was Ruth Alden who she wanted to be like other girls; hard to wear that old dress with out-grown sleeves and skirt stuck out.

She wished she knew how those other girls did their hair so prettily, but there wouldn't be time even if she knew. She must use every minute before school, for her invalid mother must be made comfortable, and dinner left cooked for the children, and at night there was even more to be done.

"Kings and queens wear royal purple trimmed with ermine."  
 "We'll get purple cambric, and for ermine cut white cotton batting into strips and link it for ermine tails."  
 "And what for crowns?"  
 "Gold pastebord with gold paint. Will Newton's shirtcord can be the Kohinoor."  
 "Good. We girls will wear white muslin."  
 "I'll wear my new silk," said Angie Fenner, who was to be prophetess.  
 "How you would look prophesying in an apple-green silk! You must have a costume."  
 "You needn't talk about it! I'm going to wear the silk."  
 Ruth Alden wasn't asked to take any part, but one of the girls had said Fifty Cubit might be useful in the dressing-room and told her to come. The name of Fifty Cubit still clung, only two or three girls making any protest. Ruth knew that they had given her some queer nicknames, and felt more lonely and left out than ever.  
 On cantata night the hall was packed to the doors. The girls' dressing-room was a room of apron muslin, and Fifty Cubit was here, there and everywhere, helping to make the others beautiful.  
 When the curtain rose, the king, standing on Mrs. Fenner's best rug, looked royally impressive. Fifty Cubit with Haman. The chorus sang their "Song of Joy," and then the prophetess appeared in her silk, fluffy with lace and a garland of roses.  
 The audience rustled with approval, and when she had promised a rainbow of glory to the righteous, there was a round of applause. As she bowed, her dress fluttered against a glaring candle—a scream and she ran.  
 "Shut the door after me!" pealed a voice, and Fifty Cubit burst through the dressing-room and told her to come. The floor and catching up the rug, rushed her over and over. Another instant, and Angie's father dashed over the footlights to disengage her.  
 Angie was saved, but Ruth's hands and arms were badly burned, and only her woollen dress saved her from a worse fate.  
 "Oh, Ruth! What can we ever do for you?" faltered Angie's mother.  
 That night Ruth slept in Angie's room, and next morning Mrs. Fenner said: "Ruth, dear, we have sent a good woman to your mother, and you must stay here and rest. Angie needs just such a sister as you. Angie said: 'Here's something for you,' said Mr. Fenner, laying down a curious looking paper. 'I'm not a man of many words. It's no use trying to tell you how I feel.'"  
 "What is it?" asked Ruth.  
 "It's the deed of Pine Hill cottage. I give it to you."  
 When Ruth began to understand she could hardly believe herself alive. That pretty house, right in town, to be here!  
 All day long she lay on the couch, with a song in her heart, until Angie came from school, but not alone; there was a roomful of girls crowding around her.  
 "You dear, splendid girl!" cried in a breath. "Do forgive us—we've been so cold and hateful. But we've planned out the nicest times, and you shall be queen of us all!"  
 Ruth looked from one to another of the thankful, eager faces and smiled. "I don't want to be queen," she said. "I just want to be one of the girls."

# THE WILD DOGS' TURTLE FEAST

A Tiger Invited Himself to a Spread on a Java Beach.

**ACCOMPANIED** by my friend Cranford, I made a hunting visit once to the island of Java, where we bagged many strange sorts of game. The head of a wild dog glares down at my writing desk now as a trophy of that expedition.

men, and seek their fortunes on the... which are run on a system of profit sharing. Thus, if fish are plentiful their earnings are large, but if the season is had they have little or nothing coming to them.

# THE FISHER BOYS OF GREAT YARMOUTH

Yarmouth, on the east coast of England, owed its origin to fish, and its present prosperity is owing to fishermen and fisheries.

# The Profligate Knight.

(A Plain Tale in Mixed Rhyme.)

Yarmouth, on the east coast of England, owed its origin to fish, and its present prosperity is owing to fishermen and fisheries. The Yarmouth boy takes to the water as easily and naturally as a duckling. Not so many years ago he began to fish when a mere child, but the law now imposes restrictions on him, and child slaves on the herring boats, and no longer to be seen any more than they are to be found in the fish-curing factories where the Yarmouth boaters are soiled and smoked.

A regular system of apprenticeship under keen government supervision now prevails, and the number of boys to each boat is limited by law. But it is hard work on the herring boats, and the boys earn every penny of their scanty wages.

The nets are stretched over a large sea surface, corals keeping the upper part near the surface and lead sinking the lower part.

The herring are caught in the meshes as the shoals seek to force their way past.

The fish are drawn overboard toward sundown and are hauled in at daybreak. The fish are drawn out of the meshes and thrown into the bottom of the boat, and if the catch warrants it, the boat is steered for the harbor.

The fish are either sent off by rail or carted to the factories, according to the state of the market, where they are transformed into bladders.

The life is hard and the food is coarse, but the fisherboys are healthy and hardy sailors. They serve four years, their pay for the first year being about £5 a year, and progressing until the last year of their apprenticeship, when they are paid £50.

Then they become full-fledged fisher-

men, and seek their fortunes on the... which are run on a system of profit sharing. Thus, if fish are plentiful their earnings are large, but if the season is had they have little or nothing coming to them.

Dick's Criticism of the Season.  
 This ain't no real good time of year. For skating isn't nowhere near. Yet it's too cold for swimming, while Toss and kite-flying ain't in style. Sometimes it really seems to me. As if a boy just couldn't be. Real happy at this time of year. If Thanksgiving was not so near.

# DICK MITCHELL'S GREAT FOOTBALL

It Was a Brilliant Play But Not Exactly as He Had Planned It.

**F**RANKFORT and Rockville occupied opposite sides of the river and were intense rivals. The high school at Frankfort had more students from which to make up a football eleven, and for four years had beaten Rockville in the annual championship game.

was over. Putting their hands on each other's shoulders the boys marched round the field in single file, lock-step, keeping time as they went by shouting, "Left, left—Rockville got left!"

When the second half began, Rockville seemed stronger. Before anyone realized it she had secured the ball, carried it into the enemy's camp and made a successful drop kick. Frankfort could add nothing to her score, and Rockville got the pigskin again on downs as the half was drawing to a close.

The ball was on the 35-yard line at the time and the team summoned all its resources to get it over the white mark ahead.

"Now, boys," said Reddy, "push right along. Don't mind them. Get in the game, everybody."  
 "Chew 'em up, chew 'em up," came from the side lines where the Rockville forces were thoroughly aroused.

It was Joe Bartlett's play around left end. He was catapulted through the knot of Frankfort men who were massing there, and dodging to the right raced towards the goal. As he dodged again to the left, he saw the Frankfort quarter back crouching in his path, and remembering his Summer prowess on the high hurdles, gave a leap which took him over the quarter back's head, and dashed forward.

Joe Bartlett sent the ball whirling towards the posts, but it went wild, and Rockville's chance was gone. The best she could hope for in the six minutes remaining was to keep her opponents from scoring, and although Frankfort got the ball immediately after the kick off on a punt, Rockville blocked her like a wall of granite when she lined up.

"Second down and five yards to gain," shouted the referee.

Then Dick Mitchell saw his chance to make a grandstand play and make his name. He whispered to the quarter back: "Throw it to me for a fake kick and I'll carry it down the field."

The center snapped the ball. It passed

out of the hands of the quarter back like a shot, but Dick fumbled it and Gill Peasley, the Rockville right end, ran into him, head down, like a battering ram.

Dick turned a complete somersault, while the ball spun out of his hands.

A dozen boys swooped down after it, and Dick was buried beneath a pile of arms and legs.

The mass parted. A figure sprang out with the ball. It was Dick. He had recovered it and was running like wildfire across the field. But he was headed for his own and not the enemy's goal!

Dick had been completely turned around in the scrimmage, and was running in the wrong direction. As soon as they could find their tongues the Frankfort crowd yelled to him to come back, but Rockville set up a roar to drown the

# DILLYDOLL AND JAPLITTLE THEIR MISDEEDS

**D**ILLYDOLL was born in Nuremberg. Nobody knew where Japlittle came from. He looked mysterious whenever the subject was mentioned and hinted that he was a kidnapped son of the Mikado.

But nobody in the ark believed that. Noah used to laugh at it—that is, he tried to laugh, but his fine red smile had been washed half off by a glass of water that was upset over him, so his laugh was not a real success.

The ark was laboring in a heavy napkin sea when Dillydoll and Japlittle came aboard in a tremendous hurry. They were so much bigger than the other passengers that even the elephant complained.

Japlittle fell on top of the hyena when the ark rolled, and broke off two of its excellent spotted legs so that thereafter the sufferer had to lean against things.

Dillydoll settled all in a scraggly heap on trees and houses and Japlittle and the lion. The lion's noble curved tail broke off under her foot, and the monarch of the jungle begged the brown ape in a great fright to examine the injury and tell him if it was fatal. The ape looked at it carefully and said to the anxious one:

"If Your Majesty did not have such a wonderful wooden constitution, you would have had to be operated on long ago. You are suffering from an inflamed condition that is known as the gueleulose, and it is well that your royal tail has broken off. A new one will soon grow."

But it never did.

"I would make you walk the plank," said Noah to Dillydoll and Japlittle, "only I have none aboard."

The conversation ceased then, for the ark began to roll harder than ever. The napkin billows mounted until their white crests were high over the top of the good craft, and Noah cried to Ham to man the pumps.

Ham lay still on the bottom of the ark with a dim expression on his benignant face. He knew that there were no pumps aboard, because they hadn't been invented, so he did not move.

Suddenly the ark stopped stock still with a shock that mixed up everything. Noah fell with his head down into the tangle of beasts. The giraffe cried frantically: "My neck! My neck! Look out for my neck!" He carved out against the grain and the least shock will break it off!"

The bear said nothing. His head had been broken off—straight, clean, clear, banging off!

"Land, ho!" cried Japlittle, hoarsely. "Where away?" cried Dillydoll.

"Let me see, too," cried a voice from the bottom of the ark, and upward flew tigers and lambs and dogs and spotted pigs, as if they had been blown up.

That was Blackerblack. He had come aboard as a stowaway.

Japlittle, Dillydoll and Blackerblack climbed out of the ark and found it stranded on a desolate shore.

"A tableland, as I live!" said Japlittle. So it was.

They immediately hastened to explore the country, after having set out two trees in the hope that they might sprout into a forest in no time.

This did not prove true.

As they left the giraffe hung up a

sign, "To Let." That, he explained, was done in sarcasm.

Japlittle, Dillydoll and Blackerblack were called, and they found a strange house. It had neither doors nor windows nor chimney nor stairs.

Japlittle and Blackerblack could not imagine what it was, but Dillydoll knew. She had seen one like it in Nuremberg.

"Let us coax Blackerblack to climb up any sit on the roof," she whispered to Japlittle, "and you will see something very queer."

As they stepped onto the roof, a large, many-looking creature, with long jaws and white teeth, whose gleam we could see plainly, their fangs dripping and their wild cries never still, spread themselves among the dunes and over the beach, even close down to the water's edge, attacking the turtles.

Their scheme seemed to be to turn the creatures over on their backs, and then rip off the lower plates of the turtles with their teeth.

Once the lower shell was off, the fierce dogs had the sea creatures at their mercy. But the turtles made a fight for it, grabbing the dogs by the legs with their sharp, beaklike jaws and striving desperately to drag them toward the water.

A large sea turtle's bite is no slight thing, and many a dog was so badly bitten that he was unable to use his legs, and lay over and over, yelping and being helplessly.

I saw one great turtle, which had been attacked by two dogs near the water, grab one of his enemies by one of his hind feet and actually drag him into the sea and take him down. Others of the dogs, no doubt, shared the same fate.

The dogs battled fiercely among themselves every now and then, for soon as the under plates of a turtle were torn off, all the dogs fought for the prey.

The brutes were soon smeared with their own blood, and the blood of their victims, and the scene was a perfect pandemonium. I took aim at one great, wolfish-looking dog, a dirty-white in color, who seemed to be a sort of leader of the pack, and dropped him at the first fire. It is his head which I have over my writing desk.

I expected that the sound of my rifle would scare the pack away, but so intent were the fierce creatures on their savage work that they scarcely seemed to notice it. A few stopped and looked around as if searching for the direction of the sound, and then went on with their bloody work.

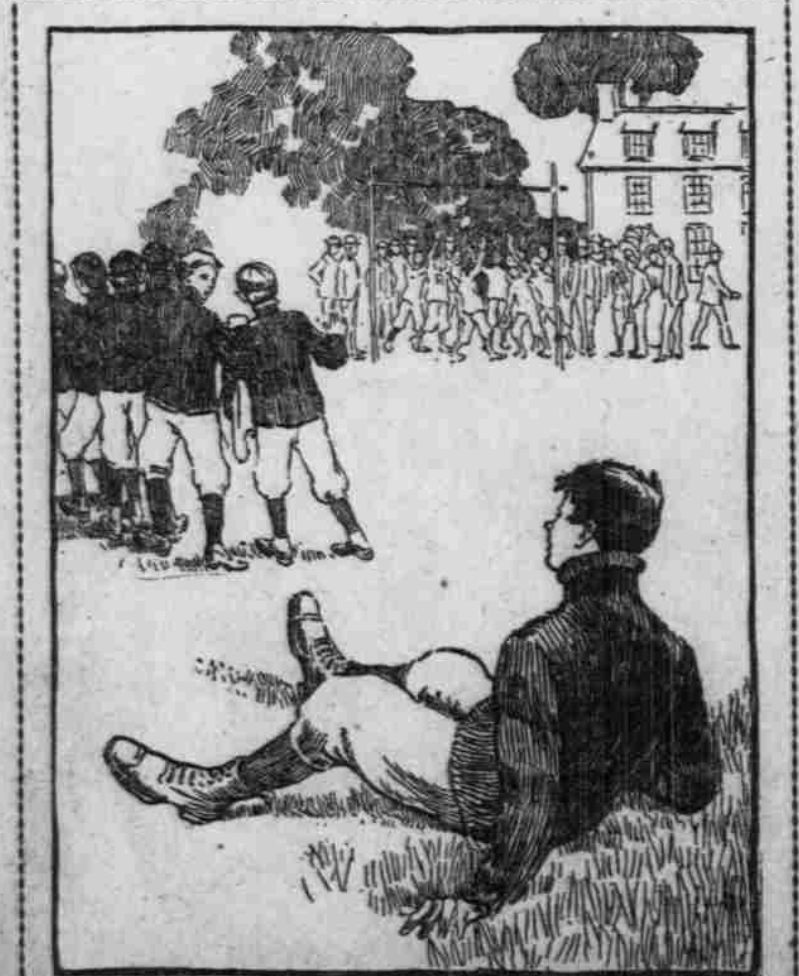
I was just going to fire again, when from behind one of the dunes sprang a great tiger right into the middle of the pack.

With a smart and a growl, he sent the dogs scampering and yelping in all directions. They dared not face the master of the jungle, and soon we heard their cry dying away in the forest as they sought safety in flight.

The tiger was a beautiful specimen, and apparently was as fond of turtle steak as were the dogs. But he did not try to tear the live turtles, contenting himself with scooping out the shells which the dogs had torn apart.

Having finished his course of turtle steak, the tiger approached the dead dog which I had shot, sniffed at it contemptuously like a cat and then turned away. He was roaming slowly down the beach looking to see if he could find any more unshelled turtles, when the wind having shifted a little, he scented us.

With a low growl, he faced right at



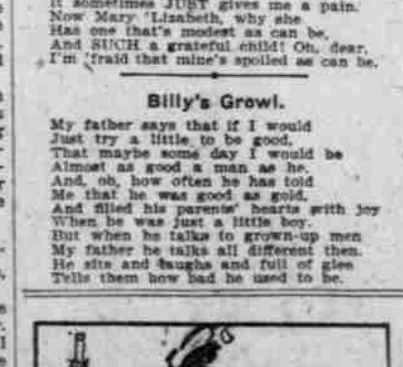
NOBODY HEARD HIM, THE FRANKFORT SUPPORTERS, FADED AWAY.

# MARY 'LIZABETH' DOLL

**M**Y dear, is just the QUERKEST child; she really is! She is just BAD, you know, and she doesn't cry OR fret OR stew; I wouldn't mind THAT I tell you! Now Mary 'Lizabeh' Doll gives me a pain. Has one that's modest as an eye. And SUCH a grateful child! Oh, dear, I'm 'fraid that mine's spoiled as can be.

# Billy's Growl.

My father says that if I would just try a little to be good, he'd make me a man. Almost as good a man as he. And, oh, how often he has told me that. But when he talks to grown-up men my father he talks all different then. He sits and smokes his pipe and tells them how bad he used to be.



NOBODY HEARD HIM, THE FRANKFORT SUPPORTERS, FADED AWAY.