

Adventures of Ben and Nancy

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN April finally came and the lake was clear of ice, except here and there a big cake floating about, Ben and Nancy were ready for the fishing season. They had made two trips to the grounds and met with fair success, and were out on their third, when a schooner hoisted in sight flying a signal of distress. She was the only craft in sight on the waters, and after looking at her for two or three minutes, Ben said: "That schooner has set that signal for us, Nancy. I can't say what the matter with her, but we'll run down and see."

The lines were taken in and the boat headed for the schooner, which was five miles away and had to wait for the best. As the wind was light it took the best part of an hour to reach the bigger craft, but the children had made out the cause of her trouble long before reaching her. She had run into a solid cake of ice and stove a great hole in her bows. Her crew had stuffed bedding into the hole, but were doing lively work at the pumps to keep the water down.

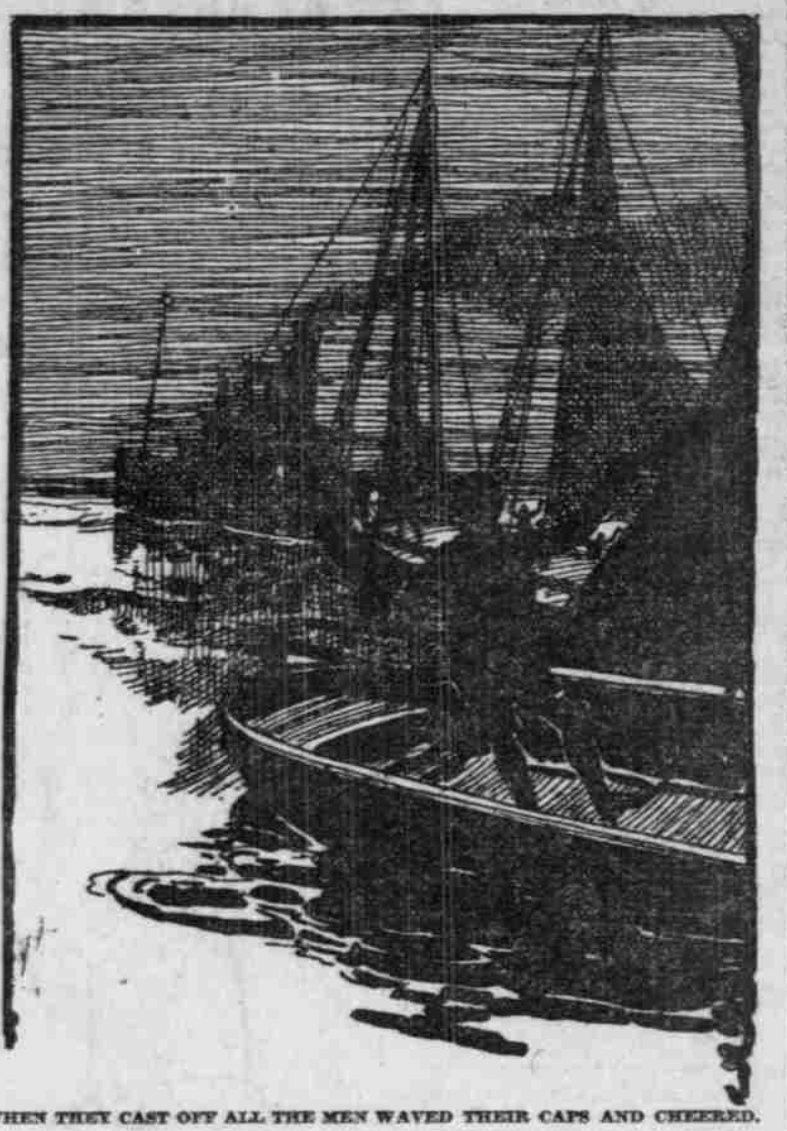
"Hello the boat!" called the captain of the schooner as Ben and Nancy drew near.

"Hello the schooner!" called Ben in reply.

"We are badly stove and must have help. Can you call to Shelter Bay with a message for me? There is a tug there, and I want her as soon as she can get here. This schooner has a cargo aboard worth \$20,000."

Ben said he would take the message and get it along as fast as possible, though the distance to the bay was almost 20 miles, and it was then so late in the afternoon that he could not hope to make it before dark. He was told to find a certain business man and tell him that the schooner Red Bird was badly damaged and likely to go down, and the captain said a good reward would be paid for delivering the message. It would have been carried just the same if nothing had been promised, as sailors and fishermen feel bound to aid each other in distress. While the fishboat headed for Shelter Bay the crew of the schooner went back to the pumps, and both Ben and Nancy thought they would have hard work to keep her afloat until the tug arrived.

The bay was not reached until after dark, and Ben lost no time in hunting up his man and delivering his message.



WHEN THEY CAST OFF ALL THE MEN WAVED THEIR CAPS AND CHEERED.

Word was at once sent to the tug to get an extra man engaged, and after up steam, and the services of half a dozen children had been given time to eat

per the tug started out. She took Ben and Nancy aboard and their boat in tow, and the owner of the schooner said to them, as the tug swiftly made her way to where it was expected that the schooner would be found.

"How is it that two such young children as you are allowed to be sailing about so far from shore? Why didn't your father come along?"

Then Ben told him their story, and that both had been fishing, sailing and hunting ever since they could remember, and that they were now here to help make that way. He also told him how much money they had in the bank, and what their hopes were for the future.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the man as the story was finished. "I knew we had some pretty good people up here in the woods, but I never thought our boys and girls were so full of energy and courage. Why my boy, you and your sister have got along better than most men and their wives. Very few men have made as much money as you have for the last year, and very few children could have planned better. I am going to give you \$50 for bringing me that message, for there is the light of the schooner showing that you are in time to save her, and if the time comes when you need a good friend, just remember my name."

The six extra men on the tug were put aboard the schooner to help the crew at the pumps, and the tug got out a stout rope to take the disabled craft in tow. When she was ready to move off, the captain of the schooner shook hands with Ben and Nancy and said:

"If you will come along to the bay with us I will see that you have the best rooms at the hotel tonight, and the best breakfast the landlord can spare up in the morning. Mr. Rudderman has told me your story, and of the amount of money he has given you, and I want to tell you that I am very grateful for your willingness and promptness. I am a poor man or I should have handed you at least a hundred dollars the minute you got back. I have no money to give, but you can count me your friend and make my house your home as long as you will."

In reply, the children thanked him for his kind words and good wishes. They were used to passing the night in the boat, having good warm blankets to cover them, and instead of returning to Shelter Bay with the tug they would get into their own craft and be ready to drop their lines over at the first signs of daylight. When they cast off all the men waved their caps and cheered, and Mr. Rudderman, the owner of the schooner, called after them:

"Good luck go with you, and don't forget that I want to be your friend."

"Tomorrow," said Ben, as they watched the lights of the tug and schooner making up the lake, "we will go over to Glendale and bank our money and see if Mr. Scott has come back."

(To Be Continued.)

Story of Pilot Boys of Norway



WHEN THE VESSEL APPROACHED HE LIGHTS A FLARE-UP.

THE hardy Norseman takes to the sea like a duck to a pond. He is almost amphibious. The youngsters on the coast begin to work for their living at an early age, and it is astonishing what different phases of sea life the boys fill to the satisfaction of their employers and themselves. The Norwegian pilot-boat, a clumsy-looking craft of some 30 feet in length, is as seaworthy a craft of her size as swims the sea.

She has a large cruising ground. She carries a sprit sail of fair size and several jibs to suit the weather. Carefully handled, she will ride out the heavy gales which in the German ocean kick up a dangerous and choppy sea that calls for all the seaworthy qualities of a sailing vessel.

The boat is manned by a pilot and his boy. Her cruising ground is between the Norwegian coast and the British and Irish Sea coasts in many a hostile and bloody raid.

The young Norwegian after his training in the pilot-boat or mackerel-el-boats mans trading ships of every country.

Lars or Nils or Oscar has one ideal, and that is to ship aboard an American yacht, preferably a steam craft, where he lives a happy life, well fed and well treated. He is a frugal, thrifted sailor, and his earnings, with but few deductions, are sent home to gladden many a Scandinavian freddie.

He gets on an average \$30 a month on a yacht, an amount which looks very big to him in comparison with the scanty wages paid to sailors under the Norwegian flag.

Norwegian ports or harbors in the Baltic or Gulf of Finland.

The pilot-boat is run alongside the ship, the pilot jumps aboard and the boy trims sheet and steers for his home port, which may be as far north as Stavanger.

The sail is long and lonely, but the boy contrives to navigate thither, blow high or blow low. He seems to have the homing instinct of the pigeon as the only aid to navigation that he has is a chart and a compass. An easterly gale often blows him far off his course.

Some of these boys are only 13 or 14 years old. They are the youngest navigators on any sea. Flaxen of hair, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, they are brave and sturdy sailors. Their diet is chiefly salt fish and sea biscuit when afloat, but sometimes the vessel that takes the pilot will throw the youngster a chunk of cooked salt beef or salt pork, and sometimes a hunk of plum duff for his own private consumption; but these cases are comparatively rare, and the boy generally has to depend upon the narrow resources of his own larder.

His little craft carries no side lights. Whenever a vessel approaches him he lights a flare-up signal—a torch of oakum soaked in tar or kerosene.

On his solitary voyage to his home port he steers in the daytime, his boat steering herself. In this way he prepares for the vigil of the night.

The dangers he encounters are many and great, but he takes them in a matter-of-fact, way highly creditable to him. It is strange that so few of these boats are lost. The truth is that their model is such as to withstand just the sort of weather they meet. In their principal features they resemble the viking ships of old, which in their adventurous voyages weathered the heaviest Atlantic gales and ravaged the British and Irish Sea coasts in many a hostile and bloody raid.

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Thrilling Story of the Jaguar of the Temple

Adventures With the Tiger of Yucatan, by Capt. R. L. Spicer.

BENEATH my feet is a mat made of the skin of a jaguar, the largest and fiercest of America's wild beasts, with the possible exception of grizzly and polar bears.

He is to the New World what the tiger is to India, and fears neither man nor beast. I got my specimen in the forests of Honduras, where I went looking for him, and, by the same token, the jaguar was looking for me and nearly got me instead.

Accompanied by a single guide, I had worked into a remote part of the little republic—a region to which white men seldom came, and where the forests were reputed to be swarming with all sorts of game. We reached a native village in a clearing and were received with extravagant joy when it was understood that I had come to shoot jaguars. It reminded me of my reception in a native village in India, where I once went to shoot a man-eating tiger who had been a terror of the neighborhood.

A native boy of 12 begged to be allowed to accompany me on my hunt. Six months before, he said, a jaguar had caught his brother on the outskirts of the village and killed him. He was eager for revenge and I took him along.

We traveled two miles into the woods to the ruin of a great building of prehistoric times. It had been a temple in its day, but now liards and wild beasts "kept its courts" and trees of great age grew upon its crumbled terraces and battlements.

We built a fire to keep off the animals, tethered our horses and camped for the night, taking turns in watching, for all about us the deep black forests resounded with the cries and calls of wild creatures.

Toward morning I was awakened by a shout of terror from the boy Jose, and sprang to my feet to see a great jaguar jump upon my horse and bear him to the earth, while the steed actually shrieked with fear and pain.

Of course I fired as soon as I could get my hands on my gun, but in the dancing firelight I missed the jaguar and only buried my bullet in the carcass of the horse. Again I fired, but the jaguar had plunged into the near-by river, and the darkness was so dense on the opposite shore that the huge cat escaped me.

Jose was in a state of intense excitement, and my guide was hardly less excited than the boy. "No to aporia tanto! Don't fret yourself so much," said I. "There are other jaguars in the woods, though, alas, no other horses. Jose shall yet have his revenge and I my jaguar skin."

After breakfast that morning I started to explore the old ruin. Broken flights of steps led to the platform on which the great building had once stood in all its splendor, and as I reached the foot of the flight, I looked up to see a great jaguar slowly emerge from a richly sculptured

doorway and stand, with lashing tail and bared and gleaming teeth, looking down at me from the top of the broken stairs.

My rifle was at my shoulder in an instant and the bullet sped. At the same instant the beast crouched for a spring and launched himself through the air with an angry snarl, changing into



grewl in which was mingled a note of pain.

I knew that I had hit him, but not so as to cause death. As the beast launched himself toward me, I threw myself to the right, and his great body just brushed me as it swept past. It was all done in an instant of time. It was quick work and a close call.

Brused from the stones of the ruined stairway, I turned to see the jaguar

rolling on the ground in his death agony. I had shot him through the lungs, and another shot in the head at close range put an end to him. But there, not far from the dead beast, lay poor Jose, apparently dead. The boy had been following me when I started from the ruins, and when the jaguar sprang and missed me, Jose, close behind and too paralyzed by terror to move, had received a stroke from a huge paw as the beast fell to the earth. He had escaped death by a narrow margin. One arm was broken and half of his scalp torn away.

We carried the boy to his village and I tended him with my rude surgery until he was well on the road to recovery.

The Misdeeds of Dillydoll and Japlittle. No. IV

GRANDPA Jack Springbang soon became so excited that he leaped clean out of his house and began to teeter around on his long, thin, spiral legs. Instead of being sorry to see an old and venerable man make such a show of himself, Dillydoll punched Japlittle in the ribs and said: "Grandpa Jack is having fun with those policemen, isn't he?"

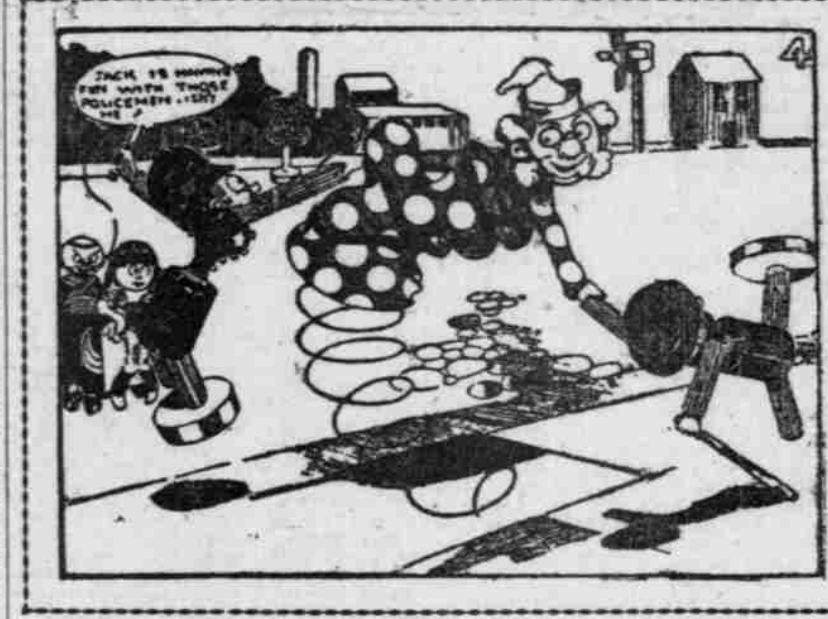
So he was.

No doubt, Grandpa Jack Springbang, being a ven-er-a-ble and respect-a-ble old party, only attacked the two policemen with such in-tense and un-ex-amp-pled fury and de-ep-er-a-tion because he was highly excited. But the natural cast of his kindly countenance was so lovely that even in his violent he looked deeply pleased. So old Dame Guddygudd, who was walking by just then, said to herself:

"Ah! Now I can see through that old villain. He has lived here in our midst for 71 years, four months and three days, and all that time he has acted so nice and kind that we all thought he was the best man a-liv-ing. All but me. I always says, says I: 'Wait and see! Wait and see!' I says that 60-year ago, when he was only 10-year old, and I says that only last week. And now we have it! Look at the bad, bad old man smiling like anything while he is fighting! That shows how he loves to fight!"

You cannot see old Dame Guddygudd in the picture, because she just SNEAKED past. That's why.

Old Grandpa Jack Springbang did not really love to fight. But his thin, spiral legs seemed to be full of life and he could



not help but feel excited, so he kept on bobbing up and down and this way and that way, and every time he bobbed, he would hit either Clibclub or Clibclub very hard on their beautiful and carefully made faces.

Sometimes he would hit them both. One time Clibclub would fall down and another time Clibclub would fall down. It was a hor-ri-ble scene.

Yet it was not to be expected that Grandpa Jack Springbang could long defy the forces of law and order. The police

were bound to rule in the end. So it was in this case.

But Dillydoll and Japlittle did not care who won. All they wished was to see everybody fight and get hurt. They even laughed like anything and more too when the ambulance came with a ding-dong and took poor little Blackerblack to the hospital where the doctors snip-napped with scissors on his poor head and stitched and cross-stitched him.

Yee. All the time, Dillydoll and Japlittle just laughed Hahahahahaha!

Which of Them Was to Blame



THE BLACK CAT SAID NOT A WORD.

"JOHNNY'S a good boy!" said the green and red parrot from his perch.

"Humph!" said the black cat. "Do you think it manners to be always praising yourself? Green and red feathers don't prove goodness."

"Johnny's a good boy! Johnny's a pretty good boy!"

"Concoited, stuck-up old bird! Fur is better than feathers any day. I'd be ashamed to go around with an extra claw on the end of my nose. Don't bother me



THE BLACK CAT SAID NOT A WORD.

any more with your virtues, my breakfast's waiting."

"Johnny wants his breakfast!"

"Well, don't you interfere with mine. Stay on your perch and eat your old sun-flower seeds," said this ill-natured black cat.

"Johnny wants his breakfast!" said the parrot, and down from his perch he went, head first, and scuttled toward the black cat's basin.

"P-P-P-P-P! at! at! at-r-r-r-r-r!"

"There was a whirl of fur and feathers, black, red and green.

An Oriental Answer.

Lippincott's.

It was in a Maine Sunday school that a teacher recently asked a Chinese pupil she was teaching to read if he understood the meaning of the words "an old cow."

"Been cow a long time," was the prompt answer.



which is made of pasteboard, comes down, the boy who holds the handkerchief and whom you may be sure no one is noticing particularly at that moment, gives a little stamp with his foot. That is the third of the ax. The deep-toned bell is a poker hung up by a string and struck with a stick.



JOSE, TOO PARALYZED TO MOVE, RECEIVED A STROKE FROM HIS PAW.



THE AXE COMES DOWN WITH A THUD.