



WELL, here we are up in the mountains, where I told you we were going to stay in my last letter. I wish you fellows could see them. Some of them are so high that I bet it would take a man all day to walk up to the top of any of them and maybe even then he would need a ladder. Dave says that he can see clouds around the peak of one of them, but I can't, so I guess it ain't so. Dave's uncle is kind of mad at us today because a lot of people that own hotels around here have been talking to him about us, and they was so excited kind of, that there wasn't any use of our say-



ing a word. So we ain't hanging around Dave's uncle very much or around the hotel people either. Dave and me made up together that they could just get along without us the best way they could. The reason the hotel people seem to feel that way is because they had a waterfall that came down from the tip-top of the mountain just where all the hotels are, and it tumbled straight down the side. In a long squiggle-like shape, and they called it the Laughing Water, and put it in their advertisements. And so me and Dave climbed up to the top to see where it came from and we found it was made by just the littlest kind of a stream. It wasn't much bigger than the gutter in front of Bill Mulligan's place after a hard rain.

This dinky little thing ran down among a whole lot of rocks and then it made a sort of a pond in a hollow and it was from this pond that the waterfall poured out. So me and Dave saw a fish in the stream and we couldn't catch him with our hands and we didn't have a fish hook. And so we thought that if we was to dam up the stream we could get him, so we pulled an old fallen tree across the brook and then we piled in rocks and sand and leaves and things, just the way the book says that the beavers make dams. And that book is all right. The way it said to make a dam is fine. We had this brook closed up in less than an hour, and then we waded in and got the fish.

After a while me and Dave got chasing a snake, only we didn't catch him because he went down a hole into a rock and so we forgot about the dinky stream. Well, you fellows would laugh if you'd been there. The first thing that happened when we got back to the hotel we saw all the people looking up at the mountain and there wasn't a waterfall at all any more, and everybody was saying, 'Where is the Laughing Water?' First off I was going to tell them that it was all right in the morning when we was up there, but Dave said to me, 'Don't tell them because you know what they might think that we had hooked their old waterfall or something. Some people seem to be just

bound to blame boys for everything, and then, if you say you didn't, they chase you away and you are impudent. So we didn't tell them anything.

The hotel people, they hired men to go up the mountain and look early next morning and when they got up there they found a lot of people from the other side of the mountain and they owned hotels, too, and what do you suppose? The Laughing Water had been turned around and came down on their side and poured right on top of their hotels and the people all got soaking sitting on the porches, and the water ran down through the place all night long and everybody was going around in boats because there was a kind of a hollow there and the waterfall made a pond.

When the men from our hotel got back and told us that, me and Dave we wanted to hurry right away and go to see the other place, because it must have been peaky. But just then the men said that somebody had up and built a dam on the top of the mountain and that was it that had done it.

They said that the dam was put just where it would turn the brook, and that the rascals who made it must have known exactly what to do, and the hotel men up and shouted that they would send right away for the Sheriff. So, without thinking, Dave said that maybe it was just an accident and that he thought probably somebody was only trying to catch a fish. At that Dave's uncle kind of looked at us and all the other people turned around, so I said quick so as to change the talk that anyway it would be a good thing to have something put up there by a plumber right where the brook was littlest, so as to be able to shut the water off whenever there was anything wrong, the way they do in the city.

Now, mind, Dave and me hadn't said a thing about being up on the mountain. Yet almost right away everybody said Ah, so we were the ones that did it. It's a shame, but the hotel men always blame a boy for it.

Well, they was going to make Dave's uncle pay for it, but he up and said that they could send us to jail before he would pay.

Dave and me think that was good and independent of Dave's uncle. There ain't any use giving in to people when they act that way.

So that's all for the present. We are



going to make a glass-bottomed boat like those that it says in the book about Bermuda, where the people look down in the water through the glass and see all kinds of fish. There's a bully lake near our hotel. No more till then.

P. R.—They took the dam away and got the Laughing Water back again, but it's a kind of thin and muddy.

P. R.—They didn't send us to jail. The Sheriff is an awful good man and he said like us that it was only an accident.

Carrie Saved Her Sky Parlor

A BIT of woods just outside the limits of Cloverdale was generally conceded to belong to the children. Under certain of the large trees, pre-empted by one child or another, were "play houses" made of colored stones and sticks. Carrie Spencer's house was of white stones with black spots, and with elaborate trimmings of green moss and gray lichens in the parlor and reception hall. The furniture was of stone and wood and the roof and gables of the overlapping foliage of a magnificent oak. Carrie was very proud of her "Summer cottage" and was accustomed to give ceremonious "teas." But there were other cottages just as pretentious, until one day a pair of yellow orioles took possession of it and directly above her parlor and built a nest. Then Carrie's social supremacy was acknowledged. Every afternoon after that her parlor and reception hall were filled with eager visitors, and, except for an occasional expostulatory chirp, the tiny builders did not seem to mind their presence.

One afternoon Carrie overheard a conversation between her brother Tom and some of his friends.

"I tell you the girls don't own the nest," Tom was saying, brusquely. "We have just as much as they. Orlozo and I are hard to get, and I want one for my collection."

Carrie caught her breath sharply and started on a run for the woods. As she sped down the street she caught sight of a gang of men concerning a new sidewalk. The foreman was the same man who had

had charge of the walks in her own yard. "Good enough! That'll fix 'em," grinned the man as he listened appreciatively to her brother's explanation. "Here's an old can that'll hold the stuff," and he picked up an empty tomato can and filled it with soft tar from one of his kettles. "No, you hadn't say, you're welcome. Only be careful an' not get the stuff on your clothes."

When the boys arrived at the oak tree they found Carrie standing in her reception hall, smiling triumphantly.

"You'd better be careful, Tom," she said, demurely. "I've put tar on the tree, and you're likely to get some of it if you try to climb."

Tom glanced quickly from her to the tree, then an expression of dismay spread over his face.

"Jewittake! fellows, just look!" he cried in consternation. "The tree is splashed with tar clear up to the limbs. What'll we do?"

"Clear out," advised one of his companions, promptly. "We've no business here anyhow. Your sister owns this tree."

"Him," and Tom looked doubtfully at Carrie and at Carrie. Then a broad grin overspread his face.

"Well, I guess you're right," he acknowledged good naturedly. "Anyway, we're checkedmate fast enough. Carrie's scared her nest, and I'll agree not to make any more raids against it."

"Ditto for all the rest of us," cried the others, and then they raced off across the fields, leaving Carrie to rearrange the disturbed boundaries of her parlor and reception hall.

The Enemy That Was Strong

A COMPANY of soldiers was encamped at the edge of a small village. Suddenly there was the sharp click of a sentry's rifle and a peremptory "Halt, there!" followed a moment later by "Halt!" of another sentry.

The officers turned. Who was it that thus dared their guard?

One of them laughed and nodded toward the bushes through which a crowd of 4 or 5 was trading.

"Captain," said one, "shall we run?"

"No, I think we had better stand our ground," was the answer. "See, the enemy has already forgotten us."

It was true. Coming to within three or four yards of them, the child noticed the campfire and the preparations for supper and turned abruptly from her course.

"Oh, say! Hello there!" called one of the officers, "you mustn't do that, you know. Take the bread right back to the fire."

She faced him squarely.

"I won't. My mamma is hungry, an' she needs the bread more than you big, strong men. I'm going to carry it to her."

"Did your mamma send you here?" he asked abruptly.

Her eyes grew mischievous.

"Mamma thinks I'm upstairs playing with kiddy," she answered, "but I climbed out of the window an' down a long ladder. Then I runned here, for I knew you folks had good."

"How do you know your mamma is hungry?"

"I see her pick up a twenty bit of crust I frowed away, an' eat it like it tasted awful good. An' she picked some leaves an' eat them. We've only had one loaf of bread in the house for a long time, an' she's kept that for me. She don't say so, but I know. An' oh, say! I'm ever so much obliged for this bread. You're awful good."

She seemed anxious to put out her hand for him to shake it, but was evidently afraid of dropping one of the loaves. At last she stretched out a finger, and he took it gravely.

He watched her until she disappeared among the bushes. Then he returned to his companions.

"Colonel," he said quietly, "the enemy was too strong. I could not resist the attack."

Pioneer Sugar-Makers of the Forest



HE ERECTED A RUDE SHANTY FOR SHELTER.

Chapter I.

A GOOD many years ago, when Michigan was a pioneer state, there lived in the central part a family consisting of father, mother and two children. The name of the man was George Scott, and he was a hard-working carpenter. The two children were WILL, a lad of 14 at the time this story opens, and Sadie, a girl of 11.

In those pioneer days, when there were only two or three cities in the state, and when one could step out of the villages into the unbroken forest, men had to work hard for what they got, and each one made use of his children to help him along. All around the village in which the Scotts lived was forest free to all to cut firewood, and in the Spring of the year there was no one to forbid a villager from tapping the hundreds of maple trees and making enough sugar to last his family through the rest of the year. There was always a sale for the sugar, if one made more than he wanted, and by selling it many a man got the money

to begin building him a house, or made the first payment on a piece of land.

The Scott family had moved to Michigan from Ohio, and the first Spring after their arrival the father made ready for sugar-making. A mile from the village he selected a piece of ground on which grew many sugar maples, and there erected a rude shanty for shelter.

Then with stones and mud he built a sort of fireplace on which a big kettle could rest while a fire blazed underneath. He then cut down basswood trees, cut the trunks off in short lengths and with his ax hollowed them out and made troughs. This work was done in January, when he could not get work at his trade.

About the last of February, when Winter began to wane, he took a small sugar and bored holes in the trunks of a hundred trees. Into each hole he inserted a straight piece of elderberry with the pith punched out to make a tube of it.

As soon as the sap began to rise from the roots of the trees it would pour out of these tubes into the troughs set to catch it. It would be gathered from the

troughs into pails and carried to the big kettle over the fire, where it would be boiled down until it was molasses. Then it would be dipped into a smaller kettle and boiled until it became sugar.

Most of the maple sugar made in those old days was made by children. They could gather the sweet sap, keep the fire going, and once a week, when the molasses was ready to become sugar, the father would come to the camp and see that all went well. There could be no going home nights when the work had once started. If the troughs were not emptied at least once a day, the sap would be wasted, and if the fire were not kept burning, much time would be lost.

There was bedding in the shanty, and it was home so long as the season lasted. When Mr. Scott had made his camp and got everything ready, he announced to the children that they would have most of the work to do. He would visit the camp every third night to see how they got along, but they must gather the sap, keep the fire going and attend to everything needed.

They were highly pleased at the idea. They would be in the dense woods and a mile from home, and they must stay on day and night, but the idea that they would be in fear never came to them. They were not the children of the city, they went to the sugar camp that Spring.

It had been a long, hard Winter for the people of the village, and as soon as it had passed, camps were made in a dozen different localities and work begun. The children of that day were not afraid of the woods or of the darkness, and they were ready to do anything to do all they could to help their parents along.

That season was what was called a good season for sugar-making. It opened early, and George and Sadie soon had all they could do to gather in the sap and keep the fire going. It was his share of the work to gather the sap, and he was to feed the fire. When night came on there was nothing to do but keep the fire going, and they could sleep for three or four hours at a time. During daylight they saw rabbits, squirrels, foxes, and sometimes deer around them, and there were many wild birds ying about.

Hunters would visit the camp, and sometimes an Indian village on the move would pass them. The cows from the village, each wearing a bell, could be heard around them, and there was no chance for them to get lost.

At night, however, when the great woods had settled down to rest and all was darkness around them, they could not help but feel that they had rather be home in the beds. The howl of the wolf was often heard, and now and then a black bear crept up within a few yards of the fire to wonder what was going on.

There were many owls in the forest, and their sudden and dismal hooting was not a pleasant thing to hear. However, there was no crying with fear and no running home in a panic, and after a week's hard work the first sugar was made and taken home.

Then came the first adventure. It was brought about by a rather strange manner, and it was so exciting for the two children that I must wait for another chapter to tell it. I hope you will be sufficiently interested in my story to want to read all the chapters coming. You will find that each one has its adventure. (To Be Continued.)

When Patsy Rode the Gnarly Horse

JIM had decided he could not be happy in the mountains unless he had a horse to ride. Patsy was pretty hardy, sure that he wouldn't have thought about it if he hadn't found an old Army saddle in the barn. Mr. Peabody's father had been a soldier in the Civil War, and had fought in the Battle of Gettysburg on that very saddle.

Mrs. Newton was quite willing the children should have a horse if they could find the right kind. She wanted one like Mr. Peabody's old white Charlie, who jogged along the road as if he were constantly taking a nap.

That was not exactly the kind Jim wanted. Charlie was so fat that it would make a boy howl-legged to try to ride him, and besides, he had just two gallops—a very slow walk and a terrible, jerky trot.

Mr. Peabody said he had run away once, but Jim found that pretty hard to believe.

At last Mr. Peabody heard that a man at the spool mill had a bronco that he would hire out by the week. Mrs. Newton thought "bronco" sounded dangerous, but Mr. Peabody said the beast was wanted absolutely safe. So the bargain was made, and one morning Mr. Peabody took Jim and the Army saddle as far as the road in his wagon, while Patsy and Mrs. Newton waited in front of the house to see what would come home.

About an hour later they heard horses' hoofs up an awful hard trot, and then he galloped quickly from the house as if he were constantly taking a nap.

Jim looked warm and tired, while the horse seemed entirely cool and satisfied. At the door of the house Jim dismounted and rubbed his knees meditatively.

"Well," replied Jim, "he's a little hard-meat, but—his all right," he added hastily.

"Did you have any trouble?" inquired Patsy.

"Well, not exactly," said Jim; "only he didn't want to leave his stable, and one of the men got him out by holding him in front of him, and then another gave him a touch with the whip and he started off on a trot, and then he galloped, and then he just walked all the way home and I couldn't get him to trot for more than three steps."

Mrs. Newton and Patsy had to laugh, and Jim joined in. Even the horse, whose name was Bill, looked a little pleased. Bill was certainly well-kept, and his legs weren't straight.

"He reminds me," said Patsy, "of a tree full of knots—a gnarly tree—though it's mean to make fun of him," she added hastily.

"Put him into the stable," said Mrs. Newton, "and give him plenty to eat and be kind to him and maybe he'll get over being obstinate."

Next day Jim was a bit lame, though he wouldn't own up to it. But he was glad to go on a trip through the country with Mr. Peabody. Charlie and the wagon seemed comfortable after gnarly Bill.

Patsy, left to her own devices, wandered into the stable to see how their new friend was getting along. He readily appeared quite amiable and stuck out his nose to have it petted.

The saddle hung on a peg near his stall. "Way," thought Patsy, "shouldn't I have a ride? Perhaps Bill will behave better today."

Bill took the bit and bridle very kindly. Patsy had helped harness before, so she knew how things ought to go. The saddle was pretty heavy and when she tried to buckle the girths, she found it was too tight to have it petted. Bill puffed himself up like a baked marshmallow. However, Patsy knew about horses doing that, too, and she didn't have two strong arms for nothing.

Bill resented being buckled up by a girl, for he stepped around and put back his ears, but his protest did no good, and first thing he knew the saddle was on tight.

"Patsy led him out of the stable and up to the front steps; from there she



Back he went on a hard fast trot

climbed on and got both feet in the stirrups. Then Bill jerked around and made for the barn door. But Patsy pulled and clucked, and after a few minutes' struggle Bill gave in and started up the road.

But he was not subdued yet, for as soon as he saw a clump of trees by the roadside he went straight for them and tried to rub Patsy off in the overhanging branches.

That roused Patsy's spirit. She stuck her feet hard in the stirrups, broke a switch from the tree and gave Bill two or three whacks with it.

Immediately he acted as if he had never meant to be anything but gentle and obedient. He went up the road on the slowest and mildest walk you ever knew, and no amount of urging changed him in the least.

Finally, when Patsy had gone about three-quarters of a mile, she turned

him around and, presto! back he went on a hard fast trot with Patsy, bob, bobbing and the laughter shaking out of her.

Bill never stopped a minute till he got his nose close up against the stable door and Patsy was so weak from snaking and laughing that it was all she could do to tumble out of the saddle and let him into the stable.

Jim got so he could ride "gnarly Bill" pretty well, but Patsy said she thought the exertion wasn't paid for by the fun, so she let Jim have him whenever he wanted.

Takes the Cake.

Troy (N. Y.) Times.

The cake used at a Portland, Me., wedding last week was baked for a relative of the bridegroom on the occasion of his marriage 40 years ago.



Jones in his Automobile, is Abused beyond Misdeedation. He got arrested in Jail—Because he was a rushin'!

Dubletown's Great Vacation



THE GRAND DUKE OF BRATWURST

ONE day when the Grand Duke of Bratwurst arrived at Dubletown, the wise citizens put a wreath of roses on his head. It was made of beautiful blossoms, but the thorns had been left on, because the schoolmaster said that roses without thorns were unnatural.

The thorns scratched the Grand



He Would Greet the Sunrise.

Duke's head so badly that he roared, and when the Mayor explained to him why they had not been removed, he said:

"You are growing too wise altogether. I wish that you would give your wonderfully wise heads a two weeks' vacation!"

As soon as he had left the town, the Mayor called all the people and said: "You heard what our dear Duke wished us to do. A wish from a ruler is equivalent to a command. We must all take a vacation immediately."

"But that will cost a great deal of money," said the beadle. "To take a vacation properly, it is necessary to climb mountains or sit on the sea beach, and as we have no mountains and no sea beach, we will have to travel, and one cannot travel for nothing. Besides, we are sure to get homesick."

"All that is very true," said the Mayor sadly. "Yet we must obey our dear Duke."

"I have an idea," said the tailor. "I was at the seashore once and I observed that hardly any of the really fashionable folk went in the water at all. They merely lay out on the sand in their bathing suits. Now, although it is quite true that we have no sea beach, everybody will admit that our main road is as large as anything. I do not see why we could not sit there in bathing suits and have a fine vacation."

"That is a splendid idea," cried the grocer. "I, for my part, do not care for the sea. When one sells salt for a living, he does not care for it in his water tub. I prefer fresh water and as we have no lake near Dubletown, I shall put a tub of water into my garden and camp out by its side for two weeks. I can fish in it just as well as anybody can fish in a big lake, and though it is true that there will be no fish worth catching in a tub of water, that will make little difference if any, because I have noticed that the people who go fishing in large bodies of water do not catch fish either."

"Mountain climbing for me," said the

Mayor. "I shall climb to the roof of the Town Hall. It has more peaks and gables and other difficult places to scale than most mountains, and I shall make a survey and map it. If so that succeeding generations may see what a daring Mayor Dubletown once had in the days of its greatness."

The very next day all Dubletown began a two weeks' vacation. The Mayor climbed on the roof of the Town Hall with an alpenstock and a hammer, and when he wanted food he hauled it up with a rope. In the evening he sat on the highest gable, looking at the sunset, and in the morning he greeted the sunrise from the top of the clock tower, by blowing a cow horn, which was the nearest thing that he could find to an alpine horn.

The grocer christened his tub of water "Lake Michigan" and slept on the side of it rolled in a blanket. In the mornings he lighted a little fire of sticks and would then creep among the hollyhocks and the sunflowers with a gun, or he would patiently in the tub with a long bamboo pole.

In the sandiest part of the road were the people who had taken the sea beach. They all wore bathing suits and they lay around under parasols or dug in the sand with little shovels or buried themselves in it, just as the tailor said folk always did at the real sea shore. The beadle had a big brass telescope, and whenever a wagon went by, he would clap it to his eyes and exclaim: "A ship! A ship!"

The schoolmaster made an automobile trip for his vacation. As there was no automobile in Dubletown, he sat in an old wagon that had been left by the side of the road and turned a wheel that he had rigged up in front of the seat like a steering gear. He wore blue goggles and a long fur coat such as he had seen in automobile pictures, and every little while he jumped down and lay down under the wagon to work at it as if it had broken down.

The shoemaker, who was very original, had decided on a balloon voyage, and he sat in a basket which he had hung out of his top story window from the end of a long pole. He had thermometers, pycnons, a syringe, an anchor and all the other appliances for a balloon and he sat high in the air making shoes. He interrupted his work at intervals to throw out sand balls.

When the Grand Duke heard how the wise people of Dubletown had fulfilled his wish, he laughed till he was pink, and shouted: "That is the best yet! Hurry and get my carriage! I want to see it all with my own eyes!"

He was so eager that he did not stop to eat or drink, and though he was nearly starved when he reached Dubletown, he insisted on seeing the Mayor climbing mountains on the roof and the grocer by the side of Lake Michigan. At all the rest, he was nearly choked with delight when the schoolmaster said: "Toot! Toot!" to him as he passed.

But when he had seen it all, he wanted



They Lay Around Under Parasols.

a meal. He loved meals. So he sent his Prime Minister out to tell the people to hurry and prepare food. But the people all said: "No! No! We worship our dear Grand Duke, and we hate to see him hungry, but we are on our vacation and it will not do for us to be bothered with light when the schoolmaster said: 'Toot! Toot!' to him as he passed."

Well, that was not such a good joke after all.

The Deer Mouse Family

"I CAN'T for the life of me see why folks, great big overgrown humans, want to come up here in the Adirondack woods and disturb our peace of mind."

Mrs. Deer Mouse looked very pretty as she stamped her foot and snapped her shiny eyes and set her ears at a defiant half-cock. Her fawn-colored coat was soft and glossy, and if her tail had only been a furry one she would have been a ravine beauty.

But Mr. Deer Mouse did not mind about her tail, for he was the same kind, and he looked admiringly at his tiny wife and answered:

"My dear, they are certainly nuisances."

Mrs. Deer Mouse sat down to manicure her nails, and chattered on:

"This house surely belongs to us and our neighbors. We've held undisturbed possession since last September, when the Humans moved out, and we've been very comfortable, too. There's that perfectly beautiful nest we made in the barrel with the white cotton that we got out of the comforter. It was a place to dream in, so clean and soft and warm. Winter had no terrors for us. We were so happy and the children were getting so playful and cunning."

And they learned so fast, too. They simply devoured the books on that shelf. The learning they must have taken from the leaves of that dictionary staggers me. I never had much taste for books myself."

"Yes, and now here come the old Humans back again the minute Summer gets pleasant and the mosquitoes go on their vacations. And they go to work and turn everything upside down. Our beautiful nest is shaken out of the barrel and burned up. You were out hunting, you remember, and the children had no fear for us. And they've all had to live on the rafters ever since. No more balls and parties on the great chamber floor. We have to keep between the partitions, for if we show our heads there's a cry of 'Mice! Mice!' and all the female Humans hold their skirts and climb up on chairs and tables and scream like panthers; and the men get sticks and pokers and pound on the walls. They are simply ridiculous."

"Well, my dear, we oughtn't to find too much fault. They certainly do bring excellent food with them, and they have a fine cook this Summer."

"Ugh! I hate her! The bold thing! Only yesterday morning I went into the pantry to take a look into the flour barrel, and wasn't she there, too! I walked in very dignified and pretended I didn't see her. I went up the side of the barrel and stood on the edge and looked at her. I didn't dare to get in where she would have the advantage of me. I was in there for a long time, and she was just as good as saying: 'Well, there was a large piece left from dinner, and what do you think? When I look the children into the pantry for a minute, I build the whole lot of them a good-for-nothing, selfish woman had covered it over with a tin pan, and tug as we would we could not budge it.'"

"Well, I got over that, said Mr. Deer Mouse. "I've found the place where they keep the cheese. It smells heavenly. I only waited for night to tell you. After that I'll tell you the whole story. The children and we'll have a pick-up lunch that will put the blueberry pie in the shade."

"Where is the cheese, dear? You can see it plainly, and one side is open. I've an idea that it would be a fine piece to make a nest next Winter. Well, come. Everything is still new, and if we're not on the grounds early some of our greedy neighbors will get ahead of us."

So, calling the children, off they started in high expectancy.

And that is why, next morning, Cook said to the mistress:

"Sure, we've eight of them mice in the trap, ma'am. I think it'll be the whole family. See they ain't all of the same size. It's a fine trap, that same."