

The Great War in Tinkletown

ONE day a soldier entered Tinkletown. He was the first one the citizens ever had seen, although they had read a great deal about soldiers and the art of war; so they crowded about him and admired him very much, though, to tell the truth, he was ragged, and his enormous boots needed patches almost as much as his enormous sword needed rubbing to rid it of rust.

However, like most soldiers, he told such exciting stories of his brave deeds that the people all whispered to each other: "How lucky we are to have him within our gates!"

The soldier found Tinkletown very much to his liking. Never before had he eaten such good fare; so he began to plan how he might manage to stay.

One evening, after telling the citizens how famous their town was, and how much everybody admired the wisdom of the citizens and their beauty and wealth, he said:

"Yes, indeed! Wherever I have been in the world, and even in the Chinese Empire and the hot lands where the pepper grows, I heard of your city till I couldn't rest any longer without seeing it. But almost all the people who told me about you expressed a surprise that a city so wise as yours should be behind the age in one most important point."

"Goodness!" cried the Burgomaster. "What can that be?"

"Goodness! What can it be?" cried all the people.

"I hate to tell you," said the soldier. "For it is, indeed, a most serious defect. How did you ever happen to overlook it?"

"I beg you to tell us what it is!" said the Burgomaster.

"Please, please tell us," said all the people.

"Why, you have no army," said the soldier. "There is no other town in all the world that has no army."

"Then we must have one at once," said the Burgomaster, "and we will make you our General. If you will teach us to be brave soldiers, we will give you the best of food and lodging, and maybe we will even give you some money some day."

"Well," said the soldier, "that is very good pay for a General, but I will take it if you will promise to give me all the spoils of war."

He began to form the Tinkletowners into an army at once. He made the Burgomaster drummer because his wife had a great copper kettle which the Burgomaster could hang around his neck very nicely. The town auctioneer became the standard-bearer, because of his big red auction flag which he owned. The Tinkletowners did not have weapons. There was not a musket or a pistol in the whole town, but they were too wise to let that bother them.

When the soldier told them that they ought to buy arms, they said:

"Why spend money for cannons and swords and guns? That is well enough



THE SOLDIER DRILLS THE GREAT TINKLETOWN ARMY.

for people who are not as wise as we

are. Let us be original. What could be more impressive than for each of us to arm himself with the implements of his trade?"

So at the first grand drill, the town barber appeared with his towel tied around his head, his face covered with lather and a great pair of shears in his hand. The shoemaker bore a piece of the best sole leather as a shield and was armed with a shining peg-awl along at his side like a dagger. The town apothecary carried his brass mortar on his head like an antique helmet and he had the heaviest weights tied to the end of a string to serve as a slingshot, for, said he, "I flatter myself that thus I look not unlike the ancient Romans." The tavern keeper was armed with a bung starter, and the butcher had his long knife and wore a cow hide draped around his shoulders.

Even the town clock and the sexton made a military appearance. The town clerk had the huge old iron key of the Town Hall, and as he could blow a loud

blast with it by holding it to his lips, the General at once made him staff trumpet.

The sexton was appointed to be the ambulance department, because he had brought a wheelbarrow as his equipment.

The army looked martial and impressive indeed when it assembled in the town square, and the Burgomaster drummed on the copper kettle, and the town auctioneer waved his red flag, and the town clerk blew on his great key, while the rest waved their weapons and made them shine in the sun to please the wise children.

After they had drilled for a week, the Burgomaster said: "It is clear to me that we are now a great army, and we must declare war."

"But with whom shall we go to war?" asked a citizen, who was not as wise as the rest.

The Burgomaster scratched his head. "Why, with the town of Dubbledee, of course," said he. "We know the people

there and it is the nearest town to ours, so we won't have far to go, which is a great convenience in this hot weather."

"To be sure," said the people. "What a head our Burgomaster has!"

The people of Dubbledee were vastly astonished when they received the declaration of war, and they sent a messenger to ask what they had done to offend Tinkletown, and to apologize for it, whatever it was. The Burgomaster told the messenger that the people of Dubbledee had done nothing at all.

"No, indeed," said he. "There are very few persons in the world whom we like better than we do you. Just go back and give everybody our love and tell them that we only declare war because we now have a General and an army."

The people of Dubbledee did not know what to think or do, so they all climbed to the hill near the town and sat down under the big windmill to watch for the Tinkletown army.

When the Tinkletowners perceived the people of Dubbledee, they cried:

"Aha! The enemy!"

"Go forward, brave troops," said the soldier. "I will wait here, as a General should, while you charge. But remember that all the spoils of war belong to me."

The Burgomaster immediately began to sound the charge on his copper kettle, and the town clerk blew his key trumpet, while the sexton trumpeted his wheelbarrow swiftly along, crying:

"Wounded, this way! Wounded, this way!"

At the sight of the military grandeur the people of Dubbledee jumped up to see just as the Tinkletowners reached the foot of the hill. In running away they dislodged a pile of mill stones, which rolled slowly and majestically down the hill.

"Prepare to receive artillery!" commanded the Burgomaster, and the brave army immediately attacked the millstones with such reckless fury, and fought till every stone had ceased rolling.

"Victory! Victory!" shouted the Burgomaster, and he gathered up the spoils of war for our brave General.

They loaded as many millstones as possible on the sexton's wheelbarrow, and carried the rest between them till they reached the spot where the soldier was waiting.

"Hurrah for our noble General!" cried the Burgomaster, and dropped one millstone after another, so that the soldier's head, so that it sat on his shoulders like a collar.

"Hurrah for our noble General!" cried all the rest, putting millstones around him till he could not move.

"Are these your spoils of war?" asked the soldier, in deep disappointment.

"Hurrah, yes!" cried the army.

"Well," said he, "you are too wise for me," and he rattled his sword angrily and went away forever.

The people of Tinkletown went home, and though they did not go to war again, they have never forgotten their military experience, and every citizen is drawing a pension for this day, and speaks learnedly of the art of war.

struck to his innermost soul. What did it mean—divide? Here was certainly a dangerous rival.

Now he knew what hate was, for he hated Jack.

Jack took him up out of the cart, and in his eye was the look of one who meant harm.

Then the Doughnut Man knew what Fear was.

Out from his pocket Jack took a knife. He unclipped the blade. It was very dull, and the end was broken off, but it was a knife.

"Divide fair," said Jill.

Then the Doughnut Man knew Pain. The children had started soon after lunch on a grand exploring expedition, and at this point Patsy had said what she declared was a bear in the notch of a giant pine.

Certainly it looked like one, and Jim was forced to admit it. Only a cub, to be sure, curled up and fast asleep.

"What'll we do?" inquired Patsy, quite awestruck at this discovery. "Let him alone!"

"Oh, yes, no!" cried Jim. "We must have him! It'll be great! Everybody's been telling about bears' round here, and now we've really got one!"

Jim was dangling up and down with excitement.

"You stay here and guard," he went on quickly, "and I'll run and get one of the men at the mill. He'll be glad to see me!"

"No, no!" cried Patsy. "Are you scared?" said Jim, with quick contempt. "The thing won't hurt you. If it starts to come down, hit the tree with this." He handed her a good big stick.

Patsy took the stick and sat down on a log while Jim sped away down the rocky path by which they had just climbed up so slowly.

Mrs. Newton and Josephine were sitting on the front steps of the little white house.

"What is it?" they cried in concert.

"We've got a bear up Morris," panted Jim. "Patsy's watching. I'm going to the mill for a gun and a man—it's a cub!"

They followed him to the stable while he put the saddle on the resting horse.

"You shouldn't have left her," cried Mrs. Newton. "The mother bear may be near. Where's she?"

"Up the path back of the deserted house. She's all right. She has a stick."

But Mrs. Newton and Josephine did not wait to hear the end. They were off up the road to Patsy's rescue.

On the whole, Gnarly Bill made pretty good time to the mill, but Jim's arms and legs were well tired from the exertion of urging him on.

Tom Derrick was only too pleased with the prospect of a bear hunt, even if it was only a cub. He put his fast horse Neil into the buckboard and, taking his gun, he and Jim and Jack, the guide, got in and away, leaving Gnarly Bill tied to a hitching post.

Meanwhile Patsy sat on the log under the pine tree, her heart beating at every snapping twig or faint stir of the small dark beastie up the tree.

My! But the woods were still! Wouldn't anybody ever come?

After nearly two hours, as it seemed to Patsy, the bear in the tree moved. He had waked up. What would he do?

Patsy, watching him closely, saw that he was coming down. Now would she be brave enough?

She took her big stick and rapped hard on the tree. The bear stopped.

She began to move again. She rattled and rattled, and this time he did not stop. He, too, had evidently made up his mind to be brave. What should she do? Her heart beat wildly. Why didn't Jim come? Should she run away?

Down came the bear, slowly. Patsy hid rapping smartly with her stick.

Then she heard another noise behind her. What was coming?

She was really too stiff with fright even to run, and wasn't she glad she didn't when Jim and Tom and Jack, and they'd have known she was afraid!

Bang! went Tom's rifle and down dropped Patsy's discovery. Bump! Bump! he hit the ground with a thud, and Tom picked him up by one leg and swung him into the air.

He wasn't a bear cub at all, but just a mild black and white porcupine! The men yelled with amusement. Jim looked black and disappointed. Patsy said nothing. She had let a silly thing like that scare her.

Up the path, breathless came Mrs. Newton and Josephine. Patsy's mother went quickly to Patsy to be sure she was all right. She got over her anxiety pretty fast when she saw what had caused all the excitement.

Pioneer Sugar-Makers of the Forest



MADE HER FAST TO THE SAME TREE WITH A ROPE AROUND HER WAIST.

AFTER Sadie had left the sugar-bush to go to the village and inform her father about the bad Indian Sam, her brother Will went about his work in the camp.

Some of the maple trees were a quarter of a mile away from the shanty, and he had visited three or four of these and brought in the sap, when, just as he was starting out again, he was seized suddenly from behind, thrown on his back, and before he could realize what was happening, his arms were bound behind his back and a voice said:

"I told the white boy that I would come back and take the wolf skin."

It was the Indian Sam. He had crept into camp and approached Will so carefully that his presence had not been suspected.

He was a strong man, and he had made quick work of tying up the boy.

"What do you mean by this?" asked Will, when he could speak.

"White boy, you said to hit me with the ax," replied Sam.

"But you were walking off with my wolf skin."

woods for a distance of 20 rods. Then he whirled him around, bound him to a tree, and made a rag out of a stick and tied it to his mouth.

When he had done this he returned to the camp.

Even after the Indian had thrown Will down and tied his arms the boy did not believe that the fellow intended to do more than scare him. It looked different now. Sam had a pony and was robbing the camp, and no doubt he intended to take his captive far into the forest. He would not dare to leave him behind to raise an alarm.

It was no use to try to get away. He was bound too securely for that, nor could he utter a loud sound.

Will at first wondered why he had been gagged, but after a little time the reason came to him. The Indian knew that Sadie had gone to the village. He knew that she would return after a while. He intended to capture her as well.

If her father came with her he was helpless to shoot a warning to anyone. He struggled to free his arms, and he made every effort to get rid of the gag, but the Indian had done his work too well.

For an hour after the Indian went away from the tree he was not heard of again. He had led his pony a few rods away from the shanty and hidden him in a thicket, and then he lay down behind a log to watch for the girl to come back.

We know that she went to the village, remained there about an hour and then started to return. As soon as she reached the camp she saw that something was wrong and began calling to Will.

"White boy is all right. Come and I take you to him," called the girl as loudly as she could, at the same time kicking the Indian's shins to make him let go of her; but he refused to let go, and carried her over his shoulder and was secured to the tree.

He made her fast to the same tree with a rope around her waist, but not gag her, and then disappeared in the direction of the camp. Sadie at once removed the gag from Will's mouth, saying as she did so:

"What does all this mean? What is the Indian going to do with us?"

"He is going to make captives of us!" replied Will, who could speak.

(To Be Continued.)

The Story of the Sweet Little Doughnut Man

SALLY spilled the dough out of the bowl onto the moulding-board. With a rolling-pin she pressed it out into a big petty-cake; then she took her cutter, the big one for the outer rim, and the little one for the hole in the middle.

Soon there were half a dozen doughnuts sizzling in the hot fat in the kettle.

Then Sally made some twisted things out of the long strips, and just as she was frying them she caught sight of Jill, making mud pies in the back yard.

Sally went to her closet, and took a sharp knife, and cut and slashed at the spongy stuff, and that is how the doughnut man was born.

Oh, he was a fair little man, and a brave one.

His legs were straight and slim, and his arms were straight and chubby. Sally put a comely dough nose on his face, and there were clove for eyes and an enticing curaway-seed mouth.

There was a row of beautiful dough buttons all down his jacket; altogether he was most satisfactory.

His first sensation as he entered into being was just a pleasure in the fact of mere living.

Next he felt sure that he was beautiful; and the next thing he felt was a sharp but tingling blow, as Sally dropped him into the hot fat.

Now, you wouldn't be sorry for him, for hot fat does not hurt Doughnut Men as it would you or me. At the first sizzle he felt his ideas broadening.

He was certain that he was the most important being alive, not only because he was getting a swelled head.

Sally turned him over face down in the smoking cauldron. His thoughts expanded with his body. Then a peculiar stiffness spread all over his outside, and he knew his character was forming.

He was no longer plain dough.

He glanced out of his dark clove eyes and saw a lovely brown net stealing over him. He could see his buttons, large and shrewy, and his nose!

What Doughnut Man ever has so generous a feature? A smile flashed over his curaway mouth, and coked there.

When Sally turned him on his back again he was in full form, as he should go through life—firm to the world's eye, but tender-hearted; with an understanding so broad that he could have stood alone if the soles of his feet had not been round, with a genial smile, tempered by a general apoplexy of expression, with a brow wide and thoughtful, and a girlish broad and jolly.

Experience had been so crowded, too, footed upon him, that he could have no

childhood. He was a man from the start. Jill recognized this. She said, when she came into the kitchen: "Oh, Sally! what a dear man! Did you make him for me?"

And Sally said: "Yes, miss."

So the Doughnut Man knew that he had been cut out for a special career.

Even the tender heart thrilled as Jill took him and pressed him to her glowing apron. Life, sensation, emotion, pleasure—all had been his portion in dizzy succession. Now here was love at his door. Jill should be his dear mistress, and he would serve her all his life long.

Jill danced out of the kitchen, carrying the Doughnut Man. On the path stood her little express wagon. Gently she laid him in it, and said:

"Now, little man, you shall have a ride," and off she ran, dragging the cart behind her.

This was not pleasant. He was bounced and jostled and tossed; and what was this? He had believed himself indestructible, but—yes—surely that was one of his buttons bobbing in the cart beside him. Was Jill careless of his well-being?

Doubt grew up in his heart. The cart stopped, for Jill had met Jack.

"Look, Jack! See my Doughnut Man!"

So he was not the only man in the world.

"My, ain't he funny?" said Jack. "Goin' to glimme half?"

Could this be the Doughnut Man's own Jill? Did he hear her say that she would divide with Jack? A pang of jealousy

struck to his innermost soul. What did it mean—divide? Here was certainly a dangerous rival.

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