

Pioneer Sugar-Makers of the Forest

For five days the children held their way through the forest, followed by the Indian and his pony. The Indian was a good hunter and a good shot, and next day after securing the gun, he brought down a deer.

Every day thereafter he killed enough game for their needs. There was nothing but meat to eat, and that had to be stuck on a stick and roasted over the fire, but no one suffered from hunger.

Each night the boy Will lay awake until midnight at least, hoping that the Indian would go to sleep and give them a chance to escape, but each night he fell asleep while watching.

The wolves were always around them after dark, and now and then they caught sight of a black bear, but Sam did not seem to fear the wild animals at all.

During the five days he did not speak to the children half a dozen times. His look was hard and stern, and they could not help but feel a great anxiety as to what he meant to do with them.

In talking it over between themselves as they passed through the forest, Will said: "We are now so far into the woods that even if the Indian told us to go home we could not find our way. I know that we must have come at least 60 miles, and that we have been traveling to the northwest all the time, but I also know that if we were turned loose in these woods we should be lost and soon starve to death, if not eaten up by the wolves."

"But will not father and the others look for us?" asked Sadio.

"They surely will, but it will do them no good. They may scout around the sugar-bush for three or four days, but they will find no trail to follow. We need look for no help from them."

"What is the Indian going to do with us?"

"I can't tell. I do not believe his tribe roam this far. I think we are on ground belonging to another tribe. He may have brought us this far to sell us to a chief. If he had been going to kill us he would have done it long ago."

While Will was only a boy of 14, he had heard much about the Indians from others. He knew that all the tribes in Michigan were at peace with the whites, but he also knew that many of the tribes



made captives of children whenever they had opportunity. These captives were held until large sums of money were paid for them. He had seen and talked with two boys who

tribe, and Sam meant to join them and never go back to civilization. He was a crafty, cunning Indian, and he meant to make the best bargain he could.

On the sixth morning he made what is called a wickup of brush and limbs, dug one of the blankets over it for a roof and cut away the bushes around, so as to make a camp. When this had been done he said to Will:

"I go away today. I tie you and the girl up again. If you get away I follow and kill you. I come back by night."

They had seen no Indians, and yet Sam knew that he was only a few miles away from a Sac village.

After tying the children to the same tree, he mounted his pony and set out, and before noon he had found the village. He had been living near the white people, he said, and had found them bad and wanted to return to the forest. Most of his own tribe had died of smallpox, and having heard what great hunters the Sacs were, he hoped to be adopted into their tribe.

The tribe gave him welcome, and it was two hours later before he spoke of the children. He did not say that he had two captives, but he knew that he knew where to find two children and what price would be paid for them.

The Sacs were willing to give him two ponies, a pound of powder and two pounds of lead. He accepted the offer and left camp, saying that he would return on the morrow.

Sam felt highly pleased with himself as he rode toward his own camp. He had revenge on Mr. Scott, sold the two captives for a good price and was to be received into one of the largest and wealthiest tribes in Michigan. He had had three or four drinks of whiskey during the day, and these made him feel good-natured; so when he at last rode up to his own camp and found the children as he had left them he called out:

"Good children! Good children! Tomorrow I take you home to father and mother."

"O Will, do you hear what he says?" exclaimed the delighted Sadio.

"Yes," said Will, "but I do not believe what he says. It is more likely that he has sold us to some tribe. If we do not get away from him tonight we shall never have another chance."

"But how can we?"

"I don't know, but we must manage it some way."

And how it was managed I will tell you in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

The Man Who Stole the Light



In a village on the Lower Yukon River there lived an orphan boy who sat with the humble people on the bench over the entrance to the kashim or common house.

The boy was considered foolish, and everyone ill-treated him, but he worked hard and made little complaint.

One day a raven called to him from a tree: "Look in the hollow! Look in the hollow! You will find a magic suit which will change you into a raven."

The boy found a black suit, but he

him where the sun and the moon had gone, for he wished to bring the light back again.

"How should I know where they are?" replied the old woman.

"I am sure you know," said the raven-boy, "for see what a finely sewed coat you wear. You could not see to sew so well if you did not know where the light was."

"Well," replied the aunt, "but on your snowshoes and travel to the south."

The boy traveled to the south many days, until he saw, far off, a ray of light appearing and disappearing. Then he came in sight of a mountain, one side of which was in darkness and one side in light.

On the mountain side was a hut, and in front of the hut a man was shoveling snow. As the man tossed the snow in the air, it cut off the light, and this made the changes of light and darkness which the boy had seen as he approached.

"Hi!" he called to the man, "what do you mean by throwing the snow in the air and shutting off the light? You are keeping my village in darkness. Give me some light to carry back to the Yukon."

"What do I care for your village?" replied the man. "If you want light you can live here with me."

So the boy took up his home with the man who had stolen the light, and begged him day after day for some to carry back north with him.

One day he found a great ball of light lying in front of the hut. He put it into the breast of his magic suit, and, changing into a raven, flew away back toward the village.

As he flew he would, every now and then, break off a piece of light and let it fall to earth. Then it would be gone for awhile. After a period of night he would break off another piece, and so on until, just as he reached the village kashim, he threw down his last piece of light.

Then he went in among the men and told them all that he had done, and there was great rejoicing in the village.

But as the raven boy had flown home without throwing out any piece of light, and when he had thrown out the pieces he had sometimes broken off a big piece and sometimes a small one, and the people on the Yukon say that this is the reason the days are sometimes long and sometimes short, and the same thing is true of the nights.

The raven boy grew up and married and had many children, and he taught all his family of his magic, so that they could be either ravens or men at will, but his grandchildren forgot how to change themselves into men, and thus his descendants are the flock of ravens which are sometimes seen so thick upon the tundra lands.

The Great Toyville Fight



do except to stand still and let them ruin everything.

Then Silas Grabball sent around to Adoniram Bros and asked him if he had enough money to buy a factory and building a big wall around his factory and sending out a dozen constables to arrest Mr. Grabball.

They looked in vain for him until another week had passed, when he appeared on the street with two companions that made people run away like mad the moment they saw him. Mr. Grabball's companions were nothing less than two immense tigers.

Mr. Grabball called the people back and unscrewed the head of one of the tigers to show that they were not real but mechanical.

"You give up," said he, "but are so adjusted that they will only attack constables. The way I did this is very simple. Their eyes are really the lenses of cameras, and the moment they see a constable, the mechanism will set them to roaring and they will leap and bite. But the image of other persons does not reach any of their eyes."

While Mr. Grabball was speaking, the tigers yawned and showed their immense red mouths and their strong white teeth, and jashed their sides with their tails and rubbed their sides against his legs.

Mr. Grabball went back to his factory and left the tigers walking around the town, soon met a constable, and if the unfortunate had not escaped up a tree he would have been torn into pieces.

Before night every constable had locked himself up in his own house and dared not venture out, though Mr. Bros telephoned to them indignantly to arrest Mr. Grabball.

Mr. Grabball called up Mr. Bros that night and asked, "Do you give up?"

Mr. Bros roared furiously, "No!"

So the next day the windows of the Grabball factory opened suddenly again and out ran and scrambled and hopped and jumped and skipped and crawled and writhed and wriggled more than a million mechanical insects and snakes. They went straight toward Mr. Bros's house, and in a moment the place was covered with them.

They crawled up the sides of the house and down the chimneys and through the windows and into the beds and the coffee and the water.

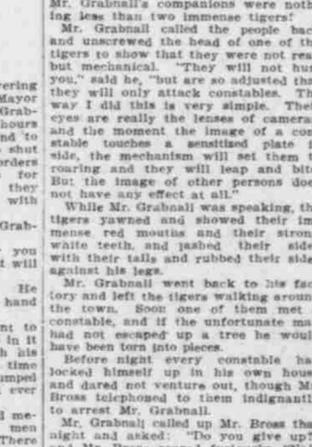
not worry Mr. Grabball by lowering prices. He had himself elected Mayor and then he began to cut off Mr. Grabball's water power every few hours under some excuse or another and to send inspectors to his factory to look it up, and his constables had orders to arrest Mr. Grabball's drivers for obstructing the streets when they drove to the railroad station with goods.

After a few weeks of this, Mr. Grabball called on Mr. Bros and said: "If you don't stop, I'll show you something in the way of toys that will frighten you into a fit."

But Mr. Bros only laughed. He thought that he had the winning hand at last.

Silas Grabball immediately went to his factory and locked himself up in it for a week, day and night, with his best workmen. At the end of that time they opened the windows and out jumped the most wonderful toys that had ever been seen even in Toyville.

There were mechanical cats and mechanical dogs and mechanical men with little hammers and saws. There were so many of them that they quite filled the street and they hurried, slier skelter to the Bros factory and up the stairs they rushed, and the mechanical dogs immediately began to destroy the mechanical sheep and deer and foxes and other animals, and the mechanical cats went for the mechanical rats and mice and birds, and the



carpets. His wife threatened to leave him and his children nearly died with fright. His servants ran away and nobody dared go near his house.

So there was nothing left to do but to telephone to Mr. Grabball that he gave up, and he and Mr. Grabball committed suicide and the firm of Grabball Bros was dissolved.

It is known throughout the civilized and uncivilized world, and sends mechanical toys even into Zouland. And this is the true story of how the firm came to be founded.

forgetting his own danger, but not relaxing his caution.

Again and again a huge roaring wave came rolling along like an ocean liner and Frank had to put his strength into his paddle till he gasped, in order to swing the canoe so that it would not be overturned. Any one of the great billows would have smothered the little craft under tons of water.

For a time he could not see the skiff; but at last, in a momentary glimpse that gave him a quarter of a mile off, and to his joy, sighted Ralph hanging to it.

The sight gave him renewed strength and he forced the canoe to the capstern boat, where they were being articulated, and all, which was to get Ralph into the eranky canoe. Both boys were almost exhausted.

Finally Frank paddled alongside of the upset boat and took hold of Ralph by the collar with one hand while he wielded the paddle with the other to prevent the two boats from crashing into each other. Thus he held on for ten minutes till he got



"Dear ma," the kittens cried, "we fear we must remain quite dumb! The dog has told us that we must become..."

The Useful "Cowardice" of Frank Nolan

"No, siree! I won't go out in that boat today with the weather threatening the way it is. The boat is barely safe in smooth water. It's too much risk altogether to use it when a sea may get up at any moment."

The speaker was Frank Nolan, a lad of 15. His companion, Ralph Munro, who was a couple of years older, sneered at him and stepped into the little skiff that was so frail that it bobbed up and down even in the gentle ripples that were coming into the bay from the sea.

"You're a regular skiff," said he. "I believe that you're scared of your shadow."

Frank Nolan said nothing, but turned on his heel and walked up the beach. Boys don't like to have others consider them cowards, and for a moment Frank was tempted to get into the boat with Ralph, just to prove to him that he wasn't afraid. But he knew a great deal about the water, and therefore was far too well aware of the fact that a storm was brewing, and that Ralph was going into much greater danger than he could even suspect.

As Ralph rowed swiftly, though not very gracefully, seaward, Frank was tempted to let him go with a "Serve you right!" But his better feelings prevailed, and he set off up the beach to the inlet to watch his chum. Had there been another boat near by he would have followed in order to be ready to help when

some strength back. Then suddenly he threw himself on one side of the canoe and hauled Ralph in like a bag over the other side.

"Lie still on the bottom," he said sharply, "and don't stir, whatever happens!"

Fortunately wind and tide were favorable for the return voyage, or perhaps this story would never have been written; for the one who was in the boat was the reckless boy of the story.

He learned several lessons that day that he never forgot. One was not to despise a person's strength, no matter how small, for the forces of Nature which are so much stronger than we are, may call him a coward; and the other was not to dare any of the forces of Nature until he had learned about them by years of practical experience.

Since that day Frank Nolan and Ralph Munro have been on many thrilling and dangerous ocean voyages in tiny canoes that a man can carry on his shoulders. But you may be sure that Ralph Munro is always ready to take the advice of Frank Nolan.

The Indians Were Giants

Baltimore American.

Gigantic skeletons of prehistoric Indians nearly eight feet tall have been discovered along the banks of the Choptank River, in this state, by employees of the Maryland Academy of Science. The remains are at the academy's building on Franklin street, where they are being articulated and restored by the academy expert, John Widgerson, colored. They will be placed on public exhibition, early in the fall.

The collection comprises eight skeletons, of which some are women and children. They are not all complete, but all the larger bones have been found and there is at least one complete specimen of an adult man. The excavations were in progress for months, and the discovery is considered one of the most important from the standpoint of anthropology, in Maryland in a number of years. The remains are believed to be at least 1600 years old. The formation of the ground above and the location of the graves gives every evidence of this. During the excavations the remains of the camps of later Indians were revealed. These consisted of oyster shell heaps, charred and burned earth and fragments of cooking utensils. These discoveries were made fully ten feet above the graves which contained the gigantic skeletons.

There have been other discoveries in Maryland of remains of men of tremendous stature. A skeleton was discovered at Ocean City several years ago which measured a fraction over 7 feet 6 inches. This skeleton was interred in a regular burying mound and bands manufactured by white men were found upon it. The dead Indian was probably one of the tribes mentioned by Captain John Smith, who, in July, 1608, made a voyage of exploration of the Chesapeake Bay.

At the point on the Choptank where the remains were found there are steep shelving cliffs of sand and gravel that extend to the water's edge. Beneath the bank is a layer of marl. The graves are in the sand a few feet above the hard marl, and have deposits of between 20 and 40 feet of sand and gravel above them. A peculiar feature of the discovery is the charred state of the bones in the women and children. Those of the men are untouched by fire. This seems to indicate that the ancient Indians cremated the bodies of all except their warriors. The wet resting place of the bones, for so many centuries has made them very soft and fragile, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they were removed.

Called His Bluff.

Uncle Josh Rickaby, the old guide at the Wisconsin shagging and hunting resort, had been arrested for giving liquor to Indians.

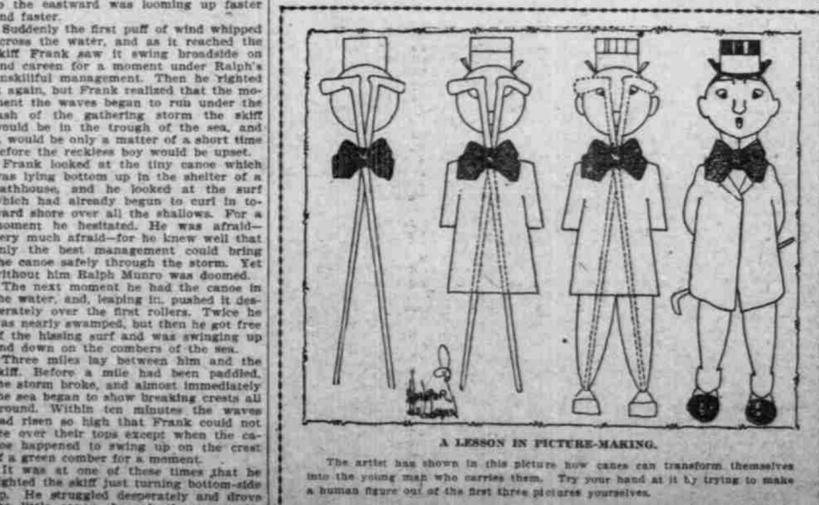
The evidence against him was conclusive, and he was found guilty, even though he was found guilty.

"The fine in your case, Mr. Rickaby," said the Judge who presided at the trial, "will be \$50."

"That's all right, Judge," cheerfully responded Uncle Josh. "I've got the money right here in my pocket."

Whereupon he produced a leather wallet and proceeded to count out five \$10 bills.

"Besides which," continued the Judge, "you will serve a term of 90 days in the workhouse at Milwaukee. Have you that also in your pocket, Mr. Rickaby?"—Chicago Tribune.



The artist has shown in this picture how cases can transform themselves into the young man who carries them. Try your hand at it by trying to make a human figure out of the first three pictures yourselves.

Rides Before Trolleys Came



IN these days when one wants to go somewhere in a hurry he takes a trolley car or the steam railroad. This brings it about that, in all probability, famous rides on horseback have had their day in fiction and history.

But the famous rides of the past will never be forgotten. Among these was the famous ride of Maseppa, a historical fact dressed up in poetry by Lord Byron. Maseppa was a page in the court of the King of Poland. One night a Count who had a grudge against the boy caught him in the park surrounding his castle. The Count had in his stables a wild horse, which had recently been captured in the country of the Cossacks. He bound the boy to the steed's back and let him go. The wild horse started at a terrific speed right across the vast Russian plain for his forest home, and for three days and three nights the boy Maseppa was hurled through the desolate country until the horse finally fell dead from his exertions on the verge of the region where the Cossacks live.

Maseppa was nearly dead from exposure, hunger and the hardships of his terrible ride when some peasants found him lashed to the back of the dead steed and took him to their cottage. He was revived and brought up as their child. When he grew up he became the chief of the Cossacks and a great warrior.

A ride which belongs wholly to the realm of fiction, but which is, nevertheless, deserving of a place among celebrated feats of horsemanship, is the ride of Tam o'Shanter. Tam was riding home very late one night when he saw some witches dancing. The witches also saw Tam, and they made for him.

His old mare, Maggie, ran with all her speed to carry her master out of danger. Tam knew that if he could once reach the center of the next bridge he would be safe, for witches cannot cross a running stream. So they were sweeping through the night, old Maggie doing her best. Tam belabored her with his riding whip and the witches streaming out behind in close pursuit.

Just as the horse and rider reached the center of the bridge the leading witch reached out and grabbed Maggie's tail. But Maggie was game and, giving a great spring, she crossed the middle of the stream but left a part of her tail in the hands of the baffled witch.

This was the story that Tam told his wife the next morning, but nobody ever believed more than half of it, yet when they would scoff at the witches Tam would point to old Maggie's abbreviated tail as evidence and get angry when it was suggested that he cut it off himself. Ichabod Crane was another hero of fiction who had an exciting ride. He was

A Detective Mystery.

The detectives were very anxious to find the witness to a certain happening, but when the letter T came out they let it lie. Now in the story that follows there is a word in every sentence that gives you one letter of the name of the vehicle in which the witness went away.

For instance, in the first sentence, "It was after tea time," the letter T is hidden. In the next one, "We are too late," the letter T is again hidden. It is in the next sentence that you find out what kind of vehicle the missing man departed in.

It was after tea time when the detectives reached the scene. "We are too late," said one. "Oh, I was sure of that," said another. "Let us eliminate all false clues," said the third. "That is an elementary rule of our trade," said another. "Even so," responded the rest. "Then really wise one spoke, 'I can see very well,' said he. 'What is the matter. A swiftly moving vehicle took your man away.' 'We are on the trail!' cried all.

Dorothy's Thought.

The moon is like a lady kind. So gentle and so mild. And every star that peeps at night is like her little child. I'm sure that they are happy there All wandering on high; I bet that they could join the throng And live up in the sky.



Peter's Peregrinations. No. 1. House-work makes a sweeping bow. No time, she says, to chatter now. 'Tis work for me from mom 'till night. And with a smile whisks' out of sight.