Pioneer Sugar-Makers of the Forest

AN hour after daylight the children were ready to start. Everything was packed up and tied on the pony's back and nothing was left to do but to give the Indian food and water.

He was in a savage mood. He had been tied and gagged for hours, and the feeling that the children had got the best of him just when he had all the advantage of them made him furious.

Before removing the gag Will said to him:

"It will do you no good to curse and threaten and yell. We shall not untie you, and we are going away. I am going to give you some of this meat and a drink of water before we go."

It was five minutes after the gag was removed from Sam's mouth before he could talk. Then he began to coax and promise.

He was sorry, he said, that he had stolen the children away, but he would make up for it by leading them back home by the shortest way. He would give them the pony, and Mr. Scott should have the gun, and the white folks in the village should never have occasion to find fault with him again. He had been a bad Indian, but he was going to do better.

He said that Will was a brave boy and Sadie a nice girl, and that he would be their good friend all the rest of his days.

"Will," said Sadie when they had listened to the Indian for ten minutes, "I am sure he will do as he says. Can't you see how sorry he is? If we leave him tied up, how can we tell that the wolves will not come tonight and eat him up? I believe he will take us right home, just as he promises to do."

"Then you are a very silly girl. Sam is lying to us. If we were to untie him he would kill me and sell you to some tribe. Hear what he says when I tell him that we don't believe him."

Will thereupon informed the Indian that they did not feel that they could trust him and should refuse. He said that he never intended to take them home; that he had already sold them; that he would get loose in the course of the day and follow on and overtake them, and that he would kill both.

DID NOT TAKE THEM LONG TO CREEP WITHIN SIGHT OF MANY WIGWAMS.

He ate the meat and drank the water, and when the children finally moved off he called after them:

"You hear what Sam says! I will have you before night!"

"We must go as fast and as far as we can today," said Will to his sister. "I do not think he will get loose before some time tomorrow. We must then be a good many miles away. I will lead the pony by the rope and you follow on with a switch and keep him trotting."

When they started out they took the direction of home, as near as Will could make out, but they had not gone a mile when he knew that he was all turned around. There was a fine, steady rain falling, the forest was almost as dark as at twilight, and only an Indian or a hunter could have told north from south.

For an hour they went ahead at a trot, and then, when the girl complained of tired legs and a pain in her side, she was mounted on top of the bundle on the pony's back until she was rested.

They made no stop for more than ten minutes until the day was done, and then they believed they had made almost twenty miles. They might have gone in the wrong direction all the time, but they felt sure they had got away from Sam.

Just at dark Will shot a wild turkey, and while he was cutting it up and cooking it Sadie made a shelter for the night. It was raining yet, but there were signs that it would clear up during the night.

The pony found plenty of grass in the forest for his supper, and being very tired with the long day's travel the children slept the night through without once awakening.

When morning came a hasty breakfast was made and their travels resumed. The weather had cleared and the sun was out, and the children were in high hopes of coming to some settlement or meeting with some hunter during the day.

No adventure befell them until an hour after noon. They had stopped to quench their thirst at a brook and eat some of the roast turkey they had brought along, when they suddenly heard the barking of a dog.

"We must have come to a settlement!" exclaimed Sadie as she sprang up.

"Don't be too sure about that," replied Will. "That is not the bark of a white man's dog. I believe we have come to an Indian village. I am going to tie the pony to a tree, and we will creep through the forest and see."

They had halted within half a mile of a big Indian village, and it did not take them long to creep within sight of the many wigwams.

The village was on a river, and they saw many canoes drawn up on the bank. Plenty of Indians were moving about, but they were not like the Chippewas the children had seen at home.

The men were much taller, and they dressed in skins instead of clothes. When the children had watched for half an hour they crept back to the pony, and Will said:

"Sister, I don't like their looks. They might not harm us, but I believe they would hold us for a price."

"But what can we do?" she asked with quivering lip.

"We must think out a plan."

And what that plan was, and the adventures connected with it, I shall tell you in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

The Magic of Ak in the Arctic

AK WAS noted all over Sledge Island and among the villages of the neighboring islands for his great strength and his skill in magic. His hands were as powerful as walrus flippers.

His mother and father were very proud of him, as were also his four younger brothers and his sister. The sister was as well known for her beauty and kindness as was Ak for his strength and his magic.

Naturally Ak was a generous youth, but he was so much flattered by his family and the neighbors that he became that most obnoxious of human beings—a spoiled child.

One day, when a terrible wind was blowing, which filled the air with flying snow and kept everybody in the house, Ak's mother said: "If I am to cook any meat today I must have some sea water to boil it in. Ak, go and get me some sea water."

"Oh, let some of the others go," replied Ak.

"I'll go," cried the sister.

"And I'll go with you," said the youngest brother.

So, taking a tub, the two went down upon the ice, which extended far out from shore, and came to where a hole had been cut through that the people of the village migh draw up sea water. When they had filled the tub and started to return with it to the shore, the two children were horrified to find that the strong wind had driven the ice away from the shore and that they were on a floe, which was rapidly drifting out to sea, while a great and constantly increasing space of open water lay between them and their home.

So the children went drifting out into the tempest and were soon hidden from sight by the clouds of driving snow. The people at home waited for them for a long time, and then Ak, going out to look for them, came back with word that the ice had broken up and the children had probably been carried out to sea.

He was much distressed that he had not obeyed his mother and gone for the water himself. As soon as the storm abated he took with him his two remaining brothers and set out in a canoe to look for the lost ones, declaring that he would bring them back if they were alive, and bewailing his selfishness which had been the cause of the sad occurrence.

The three brothers paddled, while Ak sat in the stern with the broad steering paddle. A wild goose came flying by, and the three brothers strained their arms trying to equal the bird in swiftness, but in vain. Then Ak raised his paddle, and the first stroke caused the canoe to leap forward so swiftly that the brothers were thrown from their seats to the bottom of the canoe.

Under Ak's strong strokes the canoe darted through the water like an arrow, throwing streaks of foam and spray on either side and catching up to the wild goose, which was considerably astonished.

Finally the brothers came to an island where they landed in hopes of getting some word of the castaways. But the people received them in unfriendly manner and one of them cried out: "We must kill these strangers!" They seized their weapons and started toward the brothers.

But Ak raised his right arm and then drew it into his body up to the hand, and such was his magic that the right arms of all the hostile islanders were drawn into their bodies likewise, and they were powerless.

"Why don't you kill us? What are you waiting for?" said Ak tauntingly.

When the islanders had promised to let the brothers go in peace, Ak caused his arm to appear again, and the right arms of all the villagers likewise came out again. Then they told the brothers that they might hear of the castaways in the next village.

When they reached the next village they found the people there also unfriendly, but when they rushed at the brothers to kill them, Ak closed his eyes, and immediately all the villagers were compelled to do likewise, which made them blind. When they had promised not to hurt the brothers, Ak restored the sight of the villagers by opening his eyes once more.

Then the brothers resumed their journey and came to a third village, and here again the people rushed at them to kill them. But Ak put his hands on each side of his face and turned his head about on his shoulders so that his face looked backward. Immediately the heads of all the hostile villagers were likewise turned around on their shoulders so that the backs of their heads were where their faces should be and their bodies still in the position of rushing forward.

On getting a promise that they would do no harm, Ak replaced his own head with his face in front, and the heads of the villagers were turned back also. Then the head man of the village told Ak that his brother was dead, but that his sister was held prisoner by the chief of a neighboring island.

So the brothers paddled away to the island, where they fought a battle with the wicked chief and rescued their sister. With her they returned home, reaching their own village after many adventures, and lived happily there ever afterward.

The Noisecatcher of Pleasant Town

UNTIL Simon Growlerly arrived in Pleasant Town, everybody agreed that it was the most delightful place in the United States. There were no factory whistles, the railroad was so far away that the noise of its tooting sounded only like an agreeable distant echo, all the streets were macadamized and all the wagons and carriages had rubber-tired wheels. A person might stay in Pleasant Town a year and never hear a sound except the rustling of trees and the drone of insects.

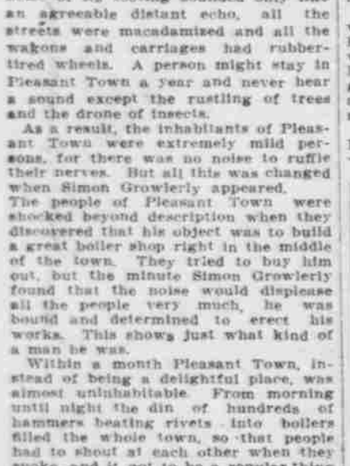
As a result, the inhabitants of Pleasant Town were extremely mild persons, for there was no noise to ruffle their nerves. But all this was changed when Simon Growlerly appeared.

The people of Pleasant Town were shocked beyond description when they discovered that his object was to build a great boiler shop right in the middle of the town. They tried to buy him out, but the minute Simon Growlerly found that the noise would displease all the people very much, he was bould and determined to erect his works. This shows just what kind of a man he was.

Within a month Pleasant Town, instead of being a delightful place, was almost uninhabitable. From morning until night the din of hundreds of hammers beating rivets into boilers filled the whole town, so that people had to shout at each other when they spoke, and it got to be a regular thing for the inhabitants of Pleasant Town to drive away out into the country when they wanted to have an important conversation.

When things seemed to be about as bad as they could be, Simon Growlerly announced that he was going to run his boiler shop night and day, and he hired 100 more men. Then the babies and the grown people could not sleep, and it looked as if everybody would have to move away and leave the town to the mean boiler manufacturer, but just them Dick Sawyer, who was accounted the smartest boy in the place, came out with a wonderful invention that he had perfected in secret.

It was nothing more or less than a Noise Catcher. He had made it out of parts of broken ploughs and a sewing machine, and it was so full of wheels and springs that even the best mechanics of Pleasant Town could not understand it at all; but its effect was wonderful.



"The Noisecatcher Was Erected."

Dick Sawyer placed the queer machine near the Growlerly boiler factory and wound up a great spring that set all the parts to buzzing, very quietly and musically. The moment this happened the noise from the boiler factory vanished as if by magic and the only sounds that could be heard throughout all the place were the good old sounds of rustling trees and buzzing insects. The wonderful machine caught all the noise and conducted it into a huge cylinder of wax, which was inside of the contrivance. This cylinder looked exactly like a phonograph cylinder, only instead of being small, it was nearly as long and as thick as a man.

Old Simon Growlerly was furious when he saw what Dick had done, for he not only liked to irritate people with the noise, but he had been calculating that the inhabitants would be glad to sell him their houses cheap, and now he found his plans upset by a mere 16-year-old lad.

He tried to buy the invention from Dick, but the boy would not sell it to him. Then he ordered his men to hammer their very hardest on the boilers, but the wonderful machine caught all the noise and did not let a single sound escape.

After about eight months of this, Simon Growlerly announced that he was going to build a shop to make steam whistles, and the people of Pleasant Town ran to Dick and asked him to make another machine. But Dick had to confess sorrowfully that he could not make one that would catch the noise from steam whistles, unless he had a great deal of money and time. He feared that it would take him at least a year, and long before that time the people would have been driven mad by the steam whistles, for they knew right well that old Simon Growlerly would set each whistle to blowing as soon as it was finished.

"Dick and Bob Were Standing Over Him."

Dick and his chum, Bob Merritt, were talking things over one night when Bob said suddenly:

"I've got a splendid idea!"

The two boys whispered together for a little while, laughing heartily as the beauty of the scheme struck them. Then they hurried to the Noise Catcher and began to move it toward the outskirts of the town, where Simon Growlerly lived in a beautiful big house.

The next morning, when he looked out of his window, he was amazed to see the Noise Catcher erected right opposite his house on a vacant piece of land owned by Bob's father. Shortly afterward, Dick and Bob knocked at the door and without wasting any words told old Growlerly that they had come to ask him not to build the steam whistle factory or any other noisy shop in Pleasant Town. Simon Growlerly lay back in his chair and laughed till he was purple in the face.

"You boys must be crazy!" said he.

"Very well, sir," said Dick. "Then we will turn the Noise Catcher loose. Please remember that the cylinder is full of eight months' noise of your boiler shop. If I should let all that noise out at once, it would no doubt knock your big house all to pieces and kill you. But as it is, I will let it out only a little at a time. For the beginning I shall let you have just one week's noise."

Simon Growlerly laughed again, but Dick and Bob merely hurried to the Noise Catcher and wound it up. Then they ran away with all their might, stuffing their ears with cotton as they ran.

The next moment the Noise Catcher gave forth, positively the very worst noise that ever had been heard in the world. You must remember that a week's noise of that boiler shop meant seven times 24 hours, and if you multiply that by 60 to get the number of minutes and then multiply that by 50 again to get the number of blows that were struck by each man, and then multiply that by 100 to get the number of blows struck by all the men, you have the horrible total of 504,000,000 of hammer beats all given forth together in one moment by the mammoth phonographic cylinder of the wonderful Noise Catcher.

All the windows of the Growlerly house burst into fragments at the very first revolution of the great cylinder. The wall paper split from the walls. The plaster fell in a shower. The weather vane and the lightning rods twisted. The cattle fell flat and didn't even dare to bellow. Old Growlerly himself fell into a fit.

When he awoke, Dick and Bob were standing over him. The next performance on the great Noise Catcher," said Dick, "will be only an hour's noise, given forth by the machine in one second. How do you think that you will enjoy it?"

But old Growlerly didn't think that he would enjoy it at all. He got on his knees and begged Dick to take the machine away. He promised to stop his boiler factory and to never, never build another noisy shop in Pleasant Town or anywhere else, if only Dick would not turn the Noise Catcher loose again.

Dick got him to put his promise into writing, and then he gave the wax cylinder to old Growlerly, who promptly threw it into the fire, where it melted away, and thus did away with all danger of ever letting go of that terrible noise that it held. And Pleasant Town is the most delightful town in the United States again; but the Noise Catcher still stands in the town square, where you can see it if you will turn to the right after you pass the Mayor's house and then turn to the left around a brown and white cow that belongs to the constable.

Little Volunteer Saved Ship

A FIERCE gale had been beating the coast for days, and not a living being had ventured out. The hotel was but a few rods from the shore, and its long glass-inclosed piazza overlooked the angry sea. Off to the left was the beginning of a long chain of dangerous rocks. Between the two was the famous South Shore Beach.

To those who liked to watch the sea, the glass-inclosed piazza of the hotel offered exceptional attractions. All through the long hours of the gale men and women had walked back and forth with their glasses, exchanging comments and apprehensions, and often allowing the meal hours to pass by unregarded.

They had seen a fishing smack drive in upon the rocks and go to pieces and had breathed more freely when they saw her crew reach shore in safety. Later, they had watched a small sailboat drift in and had looked vainly for some signs of life.

Every year there were hard storms and violent winds on the shore, but it was long since there had been such a gale as this.

Among the guests was a family from the interior, who had never seen the ocean. One of the children was a pale, delicate boy of nine or ten, who seemed to have a fear of the tumbling water. He could never be induced to go in bathing with the other children. Generally he remained in the field, whistling to the birds or chasing the butterflies and grasshoppers.

During the gale he wandered from room to room with a frightened face. When he heard the guests talking about the storm and the probable loss of life, he trembled.

In the third day of the gale a dull booming was heard at sea. All the guests recognized the pitiful call for help, and they hastened to the piazza with their glasses. The sturdy fishermen were on the beach with their boats and other apparatus. But they hesitated in the face of the terrible sea. At last a boat was launched and a moment later was overturned and driven back upon the beach. Again it was launched, with the same result. Then the men stood back and gazed helplessly at the raging waters.

The rain had ceased, but the wind still blew the blinding spray far up on the beach. Most of the guests left the hotel and went down to the group of silent men.

After a while one of the ladies felt a slight pull at her dress. Glancing down she saw the boy. His face was colorless, and his eyes were round and shining. He was trembling violently.

"Why, Arthur," she said childingly, "what made you come down here, if you are so frightened? Run back to the hotel, that's a dear."

But the boy only shook his head and closed his lips tightly.

"Shall I go with you, dear?"

"No, no, I'll stay. But it's—awful! And all those—folks on the boat. Can't somebody help?"

One of the fishermen overheard him.

"Not till the sea goes down," he said gruffly. "It would be suicide. I'm willing to risk my life, but not to throw it away."

Five, ten minutes passed, and the dull booming still continued, only nearer. At last a man sprang forward to where the boat lay, half buried in the sand, as it had been driven back by the waves.

"I can't stand this no longer," he said. "Who'll go with me?"

The men stood silent; only, as the speaker's eyes sought theirs appealingly they shook their heads one by one.

"For God's sake, mates," he called, hoarsely, "won't some of you volunteer? It's better to lose our lives out there than to stay here and see 'em drown."

But none of the men stirred.

The speaker raised his arm appealingly. As he did so a small, slight figure darted forward and clambered into the boat.

"I'll go," he cried resolutely. "Maybe I can help save some of the children."

There was a moment's hush. Then the fishermen to the last man stepped forward. One of them lifted the child from the boat and kissed him gravely.

"We can do better work than you, my boy," he said gruffly. "We are stronger. If only our courage is as good." Then he passed him to the mother who was watching them with a strange, happy look on her face.

A few minutes later the boat was launched, this time successfully. And that night all the rescued passengers, one by one, were glad to shake hands with the little fellow who had such a fear of the sea.

Primitive Ideas.

If boys had teeth like crocodiles,
How terrible would be their smiles!
How it would shock the human eye
To see them eating apple pie!

If little girls had horns like deer,
They surely would look very queer,
And it would be a sad affair
To see them doing up their hair.

If men had long legs like giraffes,
No doubt it would cause many laughs;
But what would be their dreadful plight
Trying to lie in bed at night!

How the Apples Were Saved by Janey

FATHER MARCH stirred his coffee very slowly and put in the extra lump of sugar that lay in the saucer. Then he said:

"The red Astrakhans in the Jerusalem orchard are ripe and ought to be picked. The pigs are getting them as fast as they fall."

"We'll pick them for you!" cried Mary and Bess in one breath. "We know you are busy with your harvesting."

"All right, boys. I'll count on you. It will help me a lot." Father March always called his girls boys and boasted that they were worth more, as they were more harmless and more helpful than the average boy.

"I will help, too," announced little Jane, and after breakfast the three started.

Down the dewy orchard lane they went, between rows of trees hung with little hard pippins, snow apples and greenings, laughing at the cobwebs that tried to bar their way, whistling and singing with the birds.

Mary carried the ladder, Bess the picker and Janey a basket.

Down at the far south end of the orchard stood the red Astrakhan tree, its branches hanging heavy with beautiful crimson apples—the best of the whole season, and not to be lightly left to waste.

Yes, the pigs were there—old Betty and her spotted babies. Betty would have climbed the tree gladly if she had been built for climbing, but as it was she had to content herself with the windfalls. Even these made quite a feast, and she resented the intrusion of the girls.

She would have driven them off if she had quite dared. As it was, she lingered near by and sniffed and grumbled in great ill-humor.

Off came Mary's shoes, and up the tree she went climbing like a cat. When the picker was full, she would lower it to little Jane, who emptied the apples carefully in an unbruised heap upon the ground.

Bess, with the basket, stood on the ladder and stripped the lower limbs.

It did not take so very long to build up a goodly heap. When all were picked the girls sorted them in two piles—the perfect ones for eating, the poorer ones for cider. Betty and her babies were not taken into account at all.

Betty's small eyes turned green with envy as she watched the girls smacking their lips and dipping their teeth into the white deliciousness that lay beneath the cool, crimson skin. It was cruel, for this was the only tree in the orchard where the apples were ripe.

"Look at Betty, wrinkling her nose at us," said Bess, and she tossed her an apple, which Betty ate greedily, without offering to share with her squealing family.

"She's a perfect pig," said little Jane.

"She's nothing but that," laughed Mary. "Bess, we've forgotten the big basket to carry the cider apples home."

"Come on, we'll go and get it, Janey, you stay and keep Betty away from the pile."

"I'm kind—of scared," said Janey. "Betty's so awful big."

"She won't bother if you just shoo her away. We'll be right back."

The two girls darted right off, leaving little Jane a bit frightened, but determined in her stout little heart to do her best. Betty and her babies should not even touch the cider apples.

LITTLE JANE SAT DOWN ON THE PILE OF APPLES.

But Betty was reckoning differently, and she sized up little Jane.

"Pooh!" she grunted. "I could root that little bag of calico right across the orchard. Come on, children, while the big girls are gone."

Whack! whack! Jane thumped Betty's broad back with the handle of the picker.

Betty winked, as if to say: "That's right, Janey. Drive off the flies." Janey could make no impression on her thick skin.

She dropped the picker in desperation and sat down on the pile of apples, spreading her little calico skirts for protection.

On came Betty and her brood. Without any preliminaries she hunted Janey right off the pile and proceeded to crunch the delicious apples, the little ones joyfully following her example.

Then little Jane arose in her wrath. All thought of fear had vanished, only a righteous anger remained. She would protect that pile of apples with her life if need be.

With a terrible shriek of "Get out, Betty!" she threw herself boldly on top of the pile, and struck out with her arms and legs so wildly that she looked like a big revolving centipede.

"Ugh!" said Betty. "If that girl has as many arms and legs as all that I guess I had better reconsider. Come on, children. Back off and let's watch her till she gets tired."

Janey's shrieks filled the orchard and startled the robins so that they flew away chattering in wonder. Her arms and legs gyrated like the wings of a windmill in a nor'easter. Betty and the little spotted pigs grunted in chorus.

Mary and Bess heard the clamor, and came chasing down the orchard to the rescue.

"Ugh!" said Betty, as, grunting and disappointed, she was driven to a safe distance.

Mary picked up her small sister, whose eyes still blazed with the fierce light of battle. "You're a regular brick, Janey. Were you scared?"

Little Jane settled her disordered wardrobe. "First I was," she said, as she dropped onto Mary's lap. "Then I got mad, and then Betty didn't dast."

"A horde of savages wouldn't dare tackle you," laughed Bess. "Come on, girls' let's fill the basket."

His Early Training.

Life.

"Where in the world did that parrot learn to swear so?"

"I brought him up on a golf links, ma'am."