

Isobel's Seat-Mate at Miss Van Wyck's

THE idea of school was very pleasant to Isobel. In the first place she was to be in Miss Van Wyck's room, and Miss Van Wyck was by all odds the sweetest teacher in school, as every girl admitted.

In the second place, she was tired of vacation. She was tired of the piazza of the hotel where they had spent the summer. She was weary of clean white clothes and carefully brushed hair and people every minute. Her ideal of summer was different, but her mother liked fashionable places, so, of course, there were no sweaters and camping and knocking about.

Her own room and her bookcase full of books were most inviting and her plain school frock felt more comfortable than anything she had put on for months. The morning was very bright, and she enjoyed the first glimpse of the girls standing on the stone doorstep. Every one was so glad to see every one else, and they chattered like sparrows.

"Did you have a good time?" "Perfectly fine." "Where did you go?" and then came an answering tide of names of places and talks of golf and swimming and paddling.

There were only a few new girls entered, for Miss Damon's school was not large and the children who began in the primary grade were pretty sure to stay through until they went to boarding-school or college.

Miss Damon called them into the assembly-room and gave them a nice little talk and a welcome and then they sang some songs and went back to their respective rooms.

When Isobel's desk was given to her, she found to her great disappointment that her seat mate was a new girl. She and Martha Chester had expected to sit together, of course, and Martha's face looked like a thundercloud when she found herself sitting with Mary Arthur, whom she did not like.

Martha motioned to Isobel to go and make a face right away, but Isobel saw that Miss Van Wyck was busy and confused with the things to be done, and she decided to wait until later to ask to be reseated.

She whispered this across to Martha, who agreed sullenly and settled down to her books.

Isobel's seat mate was a curious little girl. She wore a plain black dress with white cuffs and collar. Her face was thin and very white in contrast to the tanned faces around her. She evidently had not had a vacation.

At recess time Isobel spoke to her. Her name was Jean Stewart. She said she had recently come to the city. She lived in an apartment a few blocks from the school with her mother and uncle.

Isobel could see that Jean was timid and she could also see that she was very popular.



"Been away for the summer?" Isobel asked Jean.

Isobel was sorry, for it was not pleasant to be at Miss Damon's and have the girls slight her. Martha pulled Isobel into a corner to talk over their affairs. She said Miss Van Wyck would have to change their seats or she would go straight to Miss Damon.

Isobel said she preferred to wait until tomorrow at least before making a fuss, but Jean said she had so many things to attend to.

At that Martha frowned off and joined the group of girls who were opening their lunches over in one corner of the school-room.

"Come on, Isobel, hustle," they called. "The food'll be gone quick, eat it's terribly good."

Jean was sitting alone in her seat, eating her little luncheon daintily. There was something very lonesome about her look and attitude.

Isobel went to her desk, pulled out her box of luncheon, laid it upon the desk where the girls were eating. Picking out a sandwich, she returned to her seat and sat beside Jean. The girls gazed. What did Isobel mean? But then, Isobel always was doing crazy things. She'd get over it.

"Excuse me for the summer?" Isobel asked Jean.

"No," was the reply. "We've been at home all summer. Mamma hoped to send me to Miss Van Wyck's school. My father died last spring and mother has to be very careful. And she did want me to come here to school, and that costs a good deal, you know."

Isobel did not know. She had never thought of its being a special privilege to attend Miss Damon's. It was just natural that all the girls did.

"Wasn't it hot in town?" inquired Isobel.

"Sometimes, very," replied Jean, "but we always hid plenty to do, and you forget when you're working and then I had plenty of books from the library for the times I wasn't busy."

"Oh, don't you like to read?" cried Isobel, enthusiastically.

Jean's face lighted up as Isobel had not before seen it.

"I don't know what I should ever do if I couldn't," she said. "You can just live inside a book, can't you?"

"I hardly get a chance all summer," said Isobel, ruefully. "There was so much to do every day. I studied, and some one would interrupt or mamma would want me to dress up or something. I guess you had a better time than I did."

"Except occasionally," Jean said soberly.

"What does your mother do?" inquired Isobel.

"She makes shirtwaists," the girl answered simply. "She does it very well."

Isobel was silent. What would the girls say? What would they do? A dressmaker's daughter in Miss Damon's school! It was a disgrace.

After school Martha came to her. "Will you come and see Miss Van Wyck now?" she demanded.

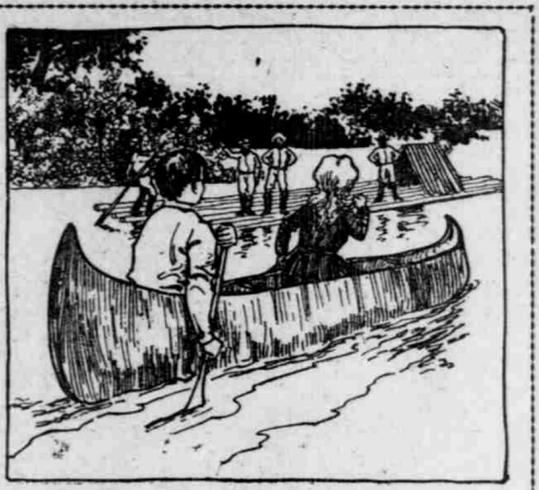
"No," said Isobel quietly.

"I don't believe you're going to do anything about it."

"No, I'm not," replied Isobel. "I like Jean Stewart, and I'm going to sit with her."

For a whole week Martha Chester would not speak to Isobel. But Jean would, and Jean was very good company. And Isobel had other reasons, too. The girls began to treat Jean quite politely.

Pioneer Sugar-Makers of the Forest



THEY CAME UPON A RAFT FLOATING DOWN THE STREAM.

Chapter X.

IT WAS about an hour before the Indians in their canoes came paddling slowly back. A part of them searched one bank and a part the other. Sam was of the party searching the bank against which the children were hiding.

He talked the Indian language, and they could not understand him, but they could hear that he was very angry and wanted to get them in his power again. He had told his story over and over again, and while some of the Indians laughed at him for being tied up by two white men, others were anxious to help him recapture them and share in the reward.

Will and Sadie gave up all hope as the canoes stopped to inspect their place of hiding. It was very dark under the overhanging limbs, but the Indian was almost a good sight at night as a wild animal.

Nothing prevented discovery except an alarm raised by the party on the other side of the river. What it was about the children could not say, but as soon as they called out, all the canoes went paddling that way.

They were not yet across the river when Will said: "Now is our chance! Help me to pull the canoe through the limbs and we will paddle down stream as fast as we can."

The made the light canoe fairly fly along until they had gone a good five miles and their arms ached. Then they slowed up a little and the girl asked: "What do you suppose the Indians on the other side found to make them call out and fire two or three rifles?"

"In searching under the trees they may have found a panther," replied Will. "The beast may have even jumped down into a canoe and attacked the paddlers. It was something like that or they would not have raised such an alarm. But for that we should be captives in their village by now."

"Are we to keep on all night?" "No. We will go about five miles further and then land on the other shore. You can get a few hours' sleep while I keep watch, and when morning comes I will kill some game and we will make a breakfast."

An hour later, as they paddled leisurely along the shore, they came upon a

good-sized creek entering the river. Up this they paddled for half a mile, and when the water grew too shallow to float them the canoe was tied to the bank.

Sadie was so tired and hungry that she was asleep in five minutes. Will was more roused, and he also felt that it was for him to keep watch and see that no danger came to her. He never closed his eyes throughout the night, though everything was quiet and he had reason to hope that the Indians had given up the chase.

He was in the woods as soon as day had fairly come, and he had scarcely looked around him when he saw a fat turkey roosting on a limb and brought her down.

Then he made a small fire and had some of the meat cooked when Sadie woke up. When they came to talk about going on, Will said:

"I have been thinking it over, and I believe it is safest to hide here during the day and start out after dark. There are probably other Indian villages on the river, and if we are seen passing we shall be pursued."

It was settled that they make no move during that day. The canoe was hauled out of the creek and concealed in the brush, and the children slept much during the day. When it had come dark they dropped down the creek to the river and resumed their journey.

Twice during the night they passed villages and Indian dogs barked at them, but no canoes put out. It was just at daylight, and when they were looking for a place to hide for the day, that they came upon a raft floating down the stream, and on the raft were five white men.

They called out to the canoe as soon as seeing it, and a few minutes more Will and his sister were among friends. It was timber the men were rafting, and Grand Rapids was only 20 miles away.

The newspapers had told that the children had been lost from the sugar bush. Everybody was pretty certain that the Indian Sam knew all about it, and 50 men had turned out and hunted for him for a week without success. Will and Sadie therefore got a very warm welcome when they reached Grand Rapids, and they were such objects of curiosity that every one had to see them and shake hands with them.

They were a hundred miles from home, and in those days there were no rail roads in that part of Michigan. When they had remained in Grand Rapids a week they were placed in charge of mail riders and stage coach drivers and teamsters, and after five days they reached their own village and home, to be talked about and pointed out for many years after.

This is the end of my story, and if you have been interested in following it I may write you a still better one some day.

(THE END.)

The Strange Sea Ride of the High Priest



THE JAPANESE SPRANG ON HIS BACK AND HELD FAST.

ONE day as Pao, the High Priest, was sitting under the broad frond of a tree in front of his hut on Samon, watching the long Pacific rollers break in white thunder on the sleepy beach, a Japanese sailor came along in rags. Pao beckoned to him and asked what had brought him to such a plight, and the Japanese sailor told him that he had been shipwrecked on the coast and had been forced to live on the beach while waiting for a ship that might be willing to hire him as a sailor.

Pao immediately took the stranger into his hut and brought forth food and drink. Then he gave him the best clothing that he had. Thus they lived together in comfort, till at last a ship arrived and the Japanese sailor found employment on it.

Before he went away he said to Pao: "Come thou with me to the sea. I am minded to catch a turtle. Pao followed wondering.

The Japanese and the High Priest paddled to sea in Pao's beautiful pig-proved canoe, till they spied a floating black spot in the blue water head. Then the Japanese silently dived, without even making a splash, and sped with swift strokes, but as noiselessly as a shadow through the ocean, till he was close to the sleeping turtle. He dived again and came up under the monster, seizing it by the hind flipper. Then the Japanese sprang on its back and held fast to the upper part of its shell around the creature's neck. Off it went, paddling straight down into the deep sea like a great bird soaring.

Pao watched from his canoe and saw the strange horse and its rider go down, down, down, into the clear blue water, till they were more than 50 feet below the surface, and at last they glimmered out of sight in the vague depths. He had given up all hope of seeing his companion again when the big turtle came rising toward the surface as fast as it had gone down, and the next moment the Japanese was shaking the water out of his hair, while the turtle lay, utterly wearied and spent, on the surface.

Soon it was lifted into the boat, and the Japanese addressed it, saying: "I have conquered you in fair fight, and taken you prisoner in your own element, with nothing to help me except my bare hands. Now you are mine. If I let you go, will you promise to obey the command which I shall lay on you?"

The turtle turned its hawk-like head toward its captor and opened its jaws wide three times.

"It is well," said the sailor. "This is my benefactor, Pao. Look upon him." The turtle turned its head and looked at the High Priest.

"If he be lost in the sea, swim with him and guide him to the land," said the Japanese. Then he took out his knife and carved a sign on the big turtle, and taken which he put it back into the water.

A few weeks after the sailor had departed Pao came upon a bonito leaping madly among the sharp pinheads of a coral reef, a little way from shore. He saw that a great shark was chasing

still was racing straight at him with its crest foaming and all around and behind it were other waves roaring. It seemed the end.

That very moment there was a smart jerk on his canoe and instantly it headed into the huge wave and rode it as if it had been guided by a guide in strong hands. Pao looked and saw that a big fish had hold of the canoe and was pulling it. It was aku, the bonito.

But the waves were getting bigger and bigger, and Pao felt certain that before long they would smash his canoe if they did not overturn it. Already the seams were beginning to open from the straining. Just then a beautiful red fish rose to the surface. It was the opelu, his swim around and around, the canoe so fast that Pao got dizzy. Every wave that dashed toward him was broken by the opelu. He would stiffen out his great body and the wave would break harmlessly against his gorgeous red sides.

They traveled all night and when morning broke they were far out in mid-Pacific. Aku was still pulling strongly and opelu was breaking the waves without tiring. Pao said that they did not know where to go. He knew that they were heading farther and farther out to sea and he feared that he would soon be on starvation and thirst. But as soon as the sun rose a great hawk-like head appeared in the sea and a turtle came alongside and began to guide the canoe. It was the opelu.

The moment the bonito and the opelu knew that they had a guide they dashed after him as fast as the wind till the canoe actually leaped from the water at last. Before sunrise a great hawk-like bird came alongside and soon the canoe was safe and sound in a great lagoon.

The islands to which the faithful turtle and the opelu had been taken were the Hawaiian Islands, and he built a temple there and became a very famous man, about whom the Hawaiians tell stories to this day. He was the opelu, and the opelu have been worshipped as gods in the Hawaiian Islands by the people who are now our fellow-Americans. And the opelu, the opelu, are still released turtles, taken in the nets that they have inscribed their signs on them, because they believe that turtles so treated will guide them back to land if they should be lost out at sea.

The Sad Fate of Greedy Ping

"HA, HA, HA!" laughed Ping. "Is that funny thing a man's head?"

Ping was a young and ignorant mosquito, just emerged from the sweltering stage, which had been spent happily and uneventfully in a near-by pool. The one unpleasant circumstance that she had to look back upon was a taste of petroleum, which had been placed in the otherwise lovely and stagnant bit of water.

The fact that Ping was just hatching into her present state was all that saved her from an untimely death. As it was there was a bad taste in her mouth as she dried her wings and flew away.

In her haste she bumped straight into Mrs. Sing. They exchanged compliments, and Mrs. Sing told Ping of a place near by where they could crawl through a hole in a netting and get a good square meal.

"What's that?" asked Ping.

"That's a man. He's snoring. Now is our time."

Wing and wing they flew and perched together on the edge of a pillow.

"Where does the noise come from?" asked Ping.

"From that cavern just below the mountain in the middle of his face."

"Does man always look like that?" "No. Sometimes the cavern is closed."

"What is it for, anyway?" "I think he eats with it, and sometimes I've seen him put one end of a stick into it and get fire to cook with. Then a lot of disagreeable smoke comes out, and you have to get out of the way or you'll be choked."

"Where's that square meal you promised me?" queried hungry Ping.

"Silly Ping!" laughed Mrs. Sing. "Don't you know that right under the man's skin flows the most delicious beverage? You've only to poke your bill through."

"Let's go to work. I never had a square meal in my life. Where is the best spot to begin?"

"His cheek right there above the patch of bristles is the nicest," said Mrs. Sing. "But it's the most dangerous. There's a good quiet spot behind that round arched opening of his cheek. Sing! Don't sing so loud if you go there! He hears with that. Go quietly."

But Ping was so happy at the prospect of a supper that she could not keep from singing.

"Whack! Ping had barely time to dodge a great flat thing that nearly crushed her. She scuttled out through a crack in the netting and hid behind Mrs. Sing.

"My, what an escape!" gasped Ping. "Do you call that place safe?"

"Safest of any unless you light on the finger he hit you with. But you must learn to keep still."

"That mountain just above his cavern looks good. I'm simply starving."

"For your life, don't go there! He'd have you in a twinkling. Try under his chin and don't sing if you have any sense at all."

She stole quietly up Mrs. Sing's side and softly beside Ping, and the glorious feast began.

"Don't take too much or you'll be sorry," whispered Mrs. Sing.

But Ping did not hear. Deeply she drove her pointed bill.

"Oh, how delicious!" she sighed.

"Come, Ping! No more," said Mrs. Sing. "But Ping was not to be cut off from her first draught at the springs of life. "Come, come! It'll be too late."

But foolish Ping staid, and Mrs. Sing flew away in a twinkling.

When Ping's thirst was quenched she could not fly. She crawled off on a pillow to rest.

When morning broke she was still there. The man woke up and she was still there. Then the man saw her.

"A-ha!" said he. "You little gnat! I have you!"

Whack! And greedy Ping was no more.



Peter's Paraginations. No. 1. As Peter in the Kitchen, looking - What should he see there - but - The Cooking. Aha! it cried - what's this I spy? But come along - I like small fry.

The Story of Dick Spencer's Lucky Idea

DICK SPENCER lived in a town near a great gorge, through which there ran a river full of rapids so fierce that no man had ever been able to devise a boat that could live in the swirl. As a result, whenever people wanted to cross from one side of the gorge to the other they had to go many miles around by way of a ford far above, near the head of the river.

Much time was wasted in this way, and at last the town authorities sent to a firm of engineers and gave them a contract to build a fine steel bridge across the place.

Within a few months the steel girders and beams were unloaded at the edge of the gorge, and then men came to erect the bridge. But they had hardly begun before they stopped again, for they realized suddenly that, while their plans provided for everything that was necessary to build a bridge, they had not devised a way to get the first beam across. The gorge was nearly half a mile wide, and there was no beam or plank strong enough in the whole world, of course, to lay across the chasm so that men could begin to work.

Dick's father was the Mayor of the town, and when he went down to the river to see the engineers they told him the trouble.

"You see," said they, "we thought that it would be easy enough to carry a wire cable across the river in a boat; but now we find that no boat ever made could live for a moment in these terrible rapids. The gorge is far too wide to throw, or even shoot, something across, and we hardly know what to do."

The engineers spent some days examining the scores on both sides, but they found that the rapids were bad for so great a distance that there was no place where they could try to get a beam across with any prospect of success. After consultation they said to Dick's father:

"We wish that you would let us have the best kite-flyer among the boys of the town. We're sure to be able to do what was done at the Niagara gorge, where the engineers got the first cable across by flying a kite from one bank to the other, and then by means of the kite string they hauled a heavier string over and so on, until they got a string heavy enough to haul a rope over, and then the rope pulled the first wire cable across."

Dick, who held the honor of being the best kite-flyer, hurried home and returned with his biggest kite; but though he flew it with all his skill, it was impossible to get the kite over the gorge. Whichever way the wind blew there was an eddy over the rapids that drove the kite back every time. The engineers were unwilling to give up, and they encouraged Dick to keep it up for a whole day. By then they had to confess that the kite plan would not work, and they sat down to figure out some other plan.

"We are sorry," they said finally to the town authorities, "but we are afraid that the only way to erect the bridge will be to dam the river up near its mouth and make a false channel for it, so that we can work in the gorge. But this will cost a great deal of money—more than the bridge itself."

That night at supper Dick's father said that he was much worried. "The town needs the bridge very badly, indeed," said he, "and we all lose a great deal of time and money because we have none. But the building of that dam is going to cost more than \$20,000, and that means that we will have to increase taxes heavily and keep them up for a good many years to come. The town council is to meet tomorrow, and I hardly know what to say to them. It seems to me that we should have to spend \$50,000 just because we can't get a line across the gorge."

The next morning Dick went fishing for bass in the gorge. About him lay the steel for the bridge, but there was no workmen and everything lay in apparently hopeless inaction. Dick climbed out on a rock where the current swirled green and hungry, and cast his minnow into the whirl.

The bass did not bite, and gradually he allowed his line to run out farther and farther into the current. Suddenly



HE FLEW IT WITH ALL HIS SKILL.

he noticed that after it had gone about a hundred feet, an eddy would seize the tail and scramble up the cliffs a rock that showed above the worst part of the rapids in the very middle of the river.

He tried it again and again. Then he reeled in hurriedly and ran home. Soon he was back again in the gorge with a long reel of braided line and a great piece of wood, to which he had affixed a score of old fishhooks. He threw it into the current and played the line out swiftly until the wood lodged against the rock in the middle of the rapids.

The he made his end of the line fast to the tree and scrambled up the cliffs and hurried around to the foot three miles above. He came down to the rapids again opposite to where he had been standing. Here he tossed out the first and let it run with the current. After repeating it half a dozen times, a swirl took it against the very rock where the first piece of wood lay lodged; and by clever manipulation his line he succeeded at last in floating

the two together, so that their many hooks became interlocked.

Then he secured the end of the line to a tree, just as he had secured the first line on the other bank, and there was the solution of the problem that had baffled the engineers!

When he hurried to the bridge builders and told them what he had succeeded in doing, they lost no time in fastening a heavy cord to the line and this was pulled across without mishap. Then another cord was pulled across and this in turn pulled a light rope through the rapids. Before evening the engineers had pulled the first wire cable across and with this stretched over the gorge it was easy enough to carry others back and forth and to begin the work of building the bridge.

They gave Dick a handsome present and the two gave him \$100. But better than that was the fact that the chief engineer offered him a position, and today Dick Spencer is building bridges in the Northwest where he often has to use his ingenuity in overcoming problems that seemed at first as difficult as that of the gorge in his native town.

Fat Ghosts in Haunted House

"KNOW a real true ghost story about this house," said Uncle Jim to Amy and Dora, as they passed a very pretty house standing some distance from the road.

"Tell us, tell us," cried both the children as they sat down among the fragrant leaves of uncle's feet.

"Well, a family once lived in that nice house only a short time before they were sure that they heard strange noises in a chamber which they seldom used. One said it sounded like a person walking back and forth as if he had some great trouble and could not sleep. Another said it was like the sound of one person following another in the dark ready to spring on him and kill him. A third was sure that she heard a scuffle as if a robber had made a leap on his victim. But in the morning when they went up to the room there was not a thing to show that any person had been there."

"Didn't they go up in the night and look?" asked Amy.

"No, they moved out. But the second family that heard the strange noises went up in the night. They heard a sound like someone hurrying out of the room. But when the door of the chamber was flung open there was no human being in sight. That seemed very strange to them as the noises which they had heard were quite distinct. Well, that family also moved out in haste.

"Then a third family moved into the house," continued Uncle Jim, "and the neighbors told them about the ghost. But they only laughed. As soon as they heard the noise in the chamber they listened as hard as they could. And they did not think that it sounded like that who could sleep, or like a scuffle trailing on the floor, or like anything the others had told about. And the more they listened the more they agreed.

"So the very next night Mr. Alms took the pistol and hid in the room as soon as dark. His wife was listening below.

"As soon as the strange noise came she heard her husband take some quick steps to the corner of the room, and then laugh: 'Come up with a light and see the ghosts.'

"She laughed merrily, too, when she opened the chamber door. There in the middle of the room were two fat woodchucks, who seemed vastly surprised at their situation.

"Mr. Alms stood before a large picture which leaned against one corner of the room. It was found that behind this was the hole by which the 'ghosts' had crawled into the room. They had climbed up a large tree and gnawed a hole through the cornice of the house, and had had merry times playing 'ghosts.'

"How people must have laughed," said the children.

"Indeed they did," said uncle. "And these two fat ones were glad that they had agreed in their ideas, and they are living there now."