

# FLATBOAT BOYS

A STORY OF PLUCK AND LUCK

HARRY was still lying on the ground and wondering what was to become of them, and his heart was faint as he thought of the loss they had sustained, and what would be said about it in Cooper'sville, when Ned came back from his stroll and said:

"I have made a find in the channel down below, and I want you to come along and overhaul it with me."

"What sort of a find?" asked Harry as he sat up.

"It's the wreck of a flatboat. I don't know how long ago she was wrecked, but I should say it was four or five years. I can't tell what cargo she carried, but we may make a valuable find."

"If she had been loaded with anything valuable it would have been



"I've got it! I've got it!" said Ned when he had finished his counting.

When it had been decided to keep the gold Ned said:

"Let's bury it at once. We shall be here until tomorrow, anyhow, and we can't tell who will land here during that time."

A hole was dug, and the coins flung in and covered over, and it was half an hour later when a man came through the woods from the other channel, and seeing the fire and the boys he came up to them and said:

"Hello, but what are you boys doing here?" and at the same time he cast his eyes around him so sharply that had one of the gold pieces been in sight he must have seen it. He also looked in the water, and the boys pounced upon it and demanded more.

(To be continued.)

# ISOBEL IN MEDITERRANEAN

THE storm ceased the day before they sighted the coast of Spain.

The passengers gradually crawled to the deck again and the places at table slowly filled up. Most of the people looked pretty white and tired, but the anticipation of seeing land cheered them.

Isobel was very glad to be able to get around without falling all over herself, and she spent a great deal of time looking eagerly out that she might be the first to see the line of the shore.

But land was discovered while they were all sturdily sitting at luncheon and by the time they got to the deck it looked like the dim outline of a mountain.

Later in the day they saw boats plying about, most of them sailing vessels, with triangular-shaped sails. The coast was very dismal, sandy and barren, and apparently there were no towns.

Suddenly Isobel's father called to her, for the vessel had seemed to make a turn in its course.

"Look," he cried, "there is Gibraltar!"

Isobel and her mother hurried to the side of the vessel and, sure enough, the big rock lay there.

"What does it look like?" Mr. Strickland asked.

"Isobel thought a moment.

"Like a sleeping lion," she answered suddenly.

"Pretty good!" replied her father, "and

larger one than 'The Boy Partners' and it had a cabin below decks instead of a slant at the stern. They found a table, chairs, crockery and some clothing hanging up, but these things had been in the water so long that they were worthless to any one.

There were three or four cupboards in the walls of the cabin, and the boys found the doors of all but one unlocked. To get into this one they had



Isobel looked out, and then gave a quick cry of pleasure.

to bring down a small log and burst the door in. Neither had hopes of finding anything of value, and when Ned pulled away the shattered door and brought out a tin box both boys cried out in surprise.

"The captain kept his papers in this box," said Ned, "and we may find out something about the boat. It's powerful heavy, though, for only papers. It's a good lift for either one of us."

"Suppose it's gold?" whispered Harry as the red and rusty box was carried on deck.

"It's more likely to be brickbats," laughed Ned, as he wrenched at the brass padlock.

The hinges of the box had been so weakened that they gave way and the cover came off in the boy's hands. The next moment they were looking at each other and growing pale. Lying amidst a pasty substance were many bright gold pieces, and it was two or three minutes before the boys had counted the deck and the money brought into plain view.

The pieces had been tied up in buckskin or leather bags, and the bags had rotted away in the water. The boys began counting without a word to each other. They were too surprised to speak.

"I've got \$750 here," said Ned when he had finished his counting.

"And I've got exactly the same," replied Harry a moment later. "Oh, Ned, can it really be money?"

"It's money, sure enough. This boat went down so quick that nothing could be saved. The captain must have been drowned at the time or he would have hunted for and found the wreck."

"And in the money?" asked Harry.

"We'll talk about that by and by. Let's see about the cargo."

The cargo had been composed of barrels of flour, but when the boat was wrecked many barrels had been burst open. The others had been under water so long that their contents were only paste.

The gold was carried ashore in the boys' hands when they had returned to their fire Ned said:

"That boat belonged to some freighter or trader. There are no papers to tell who he was, and one might look around for years and not be able to find his relatives. If he left any, the wreck surely occurred three or four years ago, and I believe the money belongs to his family."

Harry agreed with him. They were honest boys, but had they gone about telling of their find some one would have managed to rob them of it in some way. This was not what Harry and his said at the same time may have left a wife and children or he may not. But for their own wreck and landing on the island the old wreck would have been long since buried and the gold found its way to the muddy bottom.

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# The Child With Copper Nails

ON the shores of Skidegate Creek there was a family which consisted of a man and his wife and five sons. All three sons except one died, and the father and mother felt very lonely. One day when they were out fishing they saw a dead whale floating on the water with a strange-looking creature clinging to its back.

"It is a child," said the woman, "let us take it."

They found that the creature on the back of the whale was indeed a child, but unlike any that they had ever seen before. Its finger nails were of copper and it was remarkably strong. When they took it home and set it to play with their youngest and only surviving boy the strange child began to grow with such rapidity that in a week's time it had changed into a wicked-looking old woman with beady little red eyes and such strength that she could go out and take a bear



TAXET SLID DOWN THE MOONBEAM INCLINE.

from the bear trap and tear it to pieces with her sharp copper nails.

The whole family was in a state of the strange creature, but they didn't like to send her away, for they were generous people who had been born in Food-Giving Town.

One day the witch child brought in a salmon. The boy, whose name was Taxet, ate the fish, for it was the custom among the people of Food-Giving Town for anybody who was hungry to help himself. When the witch-child with the copper finger nails came in she declared in a rage that it was her salmon and that Taxet had no right to eat it. The rest of the family were astonished. They had never heard of anybody acting that way before, and to this day the people who live on the shores of Skidegate Creek sing that of the witch-child who was the first person in this world who ever was stingy.

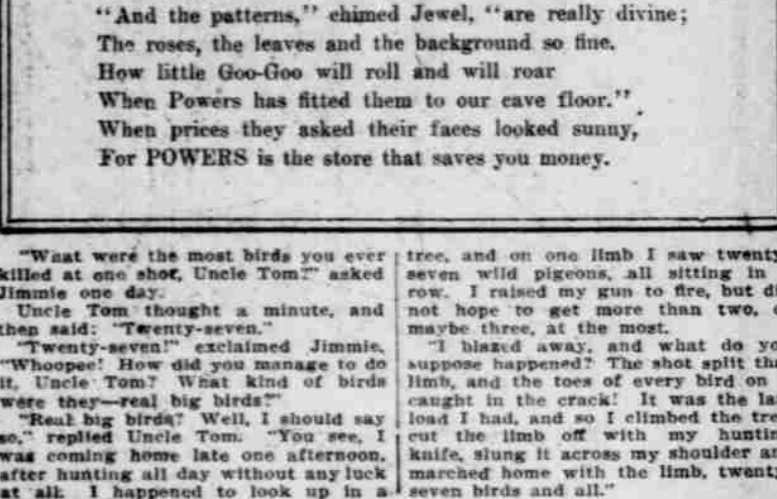
The witch-child was a little bit afraid of Taxet's father and mother, but she switched for an opportunity to do the boy harm. One day when Taxet was out hunting he saw the witch-child running toward him.

"Oh, ho!" she cried, "your father and mother have been deceived by the witch-child of their canoe. It was the whale, the dead whale, from whose back they took me, that did it. He has come to life again and drowned them because they took me away from him. It was the specter

# The Bears and the Carpets

"My! My!" gasped Ajax to Jewel, his wife, "These are the carpets for us, bet your life! They are soft to the touch like the new fallen snow, and our paws will sink in them two inches or so."

"And the patterns," chimed Jewel, "are really divine! The roses, the leaves and the background so fine. How little Goo-Goo will roll and will roar. When Powers has fitted them to our cave floor." When prices they asked their faces looked sunny, For POWERS is the store that saves you money.



AND THEY WOULD TALK BACK AND FORTH.

# Joy in the Little Wire Cage

HIS name was Joy, and that is what he was indeed, to the little lady who worked all day by the other window. She looked up now and then and smiled to see him teeter on his swing in the sunny open casement, and sing as if Heaven itself had opened for him.

He was truly an embodied Joy, this tiny yellow bird, singing in his gay little brass prison. He did not know it was a prison, for he had been born in a cage, brought up and educated in a cage, and if the little lady had let him fly away, it is dreadful to think what might have happened to him out in the great city.

So Joy lived in his cage and sang there, and the more he sang the harder the little lady worked, for there was money to be earned, and more than herself to care for, and Joy helped her, as joy always helps everybody.

His song was not loud nor shrill; it began with a dreamy, faraway tremble, as if somehow in his little brain there lived a memory of the sunny, tropic isle where his grandparents were born. Then came a clear call, as if he were calling his mate, then a long, wild trill of ecstasy, as if he were too full of gladness to live; it seemed as if his little body must shatter to pieces with the vibrations. Then at the last came one more sweet, plaintive call, and when all was done he gave three soft, questioning notes, as if he asked the little lady if he had done well.

And she would answer him:

"Yes, little Joy, it was beautiful, and they would talk back and forth, he answering her every word. Oh, they took great comfort together, these two, and the little lady often asked herself which of them earned the money for their bread and butter.

Not that Joy did eat bread and butter. He dined on the choicest of seeds and the sweetest of loaf sugar and the clearest of water, and the most delicious of green peppers; and besides all this, every morning a leaf of crisp lettuce. Oh, he was a well-kept bird, with his sandal floors and his polished perches.

But Joy and the little lady were not the only ones who lived in the little city parlor. There were other tenants, and these were grave sorrow for the little lady. There was a family of mice that lived in a tiny nest behind the partitioning. It was reached through a hole by the steam pipes. At night, when the little lady was asleep, they would come out and go to the kitchen-end of the room and help themselves to the crumbs that had fallen on the floor; and they wouldn't have stopped short at the crumbs if the little lady had not been very careful to keep her eatables under cover.

The father mouse grew so tame that he used to come out in the daylight and search in the waste basket, and after a while he would stop in the middle of the room and sit up and listen to Joy's singing as if he, too, enjoyed it. He looked so pretty that the little lady could not bear to set a trap for him.

Perhaps father mouse told mother mouse about the bird. Something surely gave her the idea, for she had a fine, promising family of baby mice, just weaned, and food must be found for them, and the little lady was so very particular, you know, that it was hard to find enough for all.

So mother mouse thought: "That bird



See Rogers About It. Philadelphia North American. "Fourteen cents a gallon is too much for oil," was Mr. Rockefeller's indignant message to his Lakewood grocer, on receiving his bill. So it is, John, about 6 cents too much.

# JOHNNY AND THE BULL

Johnny was visiting with his mother at a country farmhouse. Johnny had been told that, whatever he did, he must not go out in the road in front of the house alone, because a bad-tempered bull had broken out of his pasture and was wandering up and down, chasing everything in sight. Even the farmers were afraid to go out with their teams.

Johnny immediately wanted to go out into the road, just because he had been told not to. He loitered around the front fence all day, and often as he was called away returned again at the first chance.

The road looked very inviting. There was plenty of yellow mud out there, which would make perfectly elegant mud pies. Johnny could bear it no longer.

He looked around, saw there was no one to call him back, marched out into the middle of the road, and began to make mud pies. The fact that the big bull might charge upon him at any moment made it delightfully dangerous work.

Johnny was wearing a red shirt-waist, which made a bright spot of color against the yellow road. He soon forgot all about the loose bull till he heard a heavy bellow behind him.

An awfully short distance away was the bull himself. Johnny sprang to his feet. The movement of the red shirt-waist attracted the bull's attention; he came closer and closer, and Johnny thought that he felt a hot breath upon his legs and increased his screams.

"Come here, Johnny, run this way, quick!" the hired man was coming across the field and had almost reached the fence. Johnny ran up, leapt with fright, and the hired man lifted him safely over the fence just as the bull came charging by.

Johnny went aloud as he was placed in his mother's arms. And now he stays where he is told to stay.

# PUNISHED BY THEMSELVES

Walter and Jennie called nurse. "You Walter and Jennie-e-e!" Jennie and Walter-r-r!"

There was no answer. She walked around the yard, looked into the peepholes behind the evergreen hedges and the rose bushes—no Walter and Jennie.

She walked around the house and came to the front again, calling loudly every few steps. She looked up and down the street, then walked slowly back to the house. At the top of the steps she turned and called once more: "Walter and Jennie-e-e!"

The wind rustled the leaves in the trees, and the clematis vines scraped on the side of the house, but there was no answering call for the two children.

Walter and Jennie were twins. They were playing in the yard when they heard nurse coming out of the house, calling them.

They did not want to come in, and so they ran for the leafy mulberry tree. Walter climbed upon a low-hanging limb and pulled Jennie up beside him. There they sat and clasped each other in arms as nurse walked through the yard, calling them and wondering where they were.

They thought it great fun to watch nurse pass right under them without ever seeing them.

As soon as nurse was safely back in the house they slipped down from the tree and began their games again. They played for an hour before they grew tired.

They thought that now they would go and see what nurse wanted. In the hall they met her face in face.

"Where have you two children been?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, we've been just playing," they answered.

"Didn't you hear me calling you a while ago?" asked nurse.

"Walter and Jennie were twins, and made no answer.

"Well, your papa came by in his automobile to take your mamma and all of you children out for a ride. They are going out into the woods and eat luncheon there. They took Johnny and Mary and Dorothy, but you didn't answer when I called you, so they had to go on without you."

Walter and Jennie wept long and hard, but it was too late. And now, when nurse calls, Walter and Jennie answer.



AND THEY WOULD TALK BACK AND FORTH.

# An Ideal Statute

Hartford Times.

The Connecticut law which is the easiest to obey and the hardest to break in the statute which forbids a person to catch more than 20 brook trout in one day.

King Siam of Cambodia, is soon to visit Paris, and will bring with him a numerous retinue, including a special retinue of 100