



"HAM BURR" CATCHES the CHRISTMAS TURKEY

TOLD by "CHIMMIE FADDEN" EDWARD
W. TOWNSEND ILLUSTRATED by W. H. GALLAWAY

[Copyright, 1906, by the New York Herald Company—All Rights Reserved.]

THE last time we were at the farm grandpa told us the story of the cave. He said that when he was a little boy his grandfather told him the story, and said he was certain that such a cave was on the farm. Grandpa used to look for it when he was a little chap, and because he never could find it made up his mind that it was only a story book cave after all. Since the wind blew down the tree which had grown up in front of it and let Eggy fall into it grandpa has made lots of trips out there and found plenty of things to prove that it was really the cave of the story.

He said that during the Revolutionary War a party of Continental soldiers had been sent by General Gates to take the news about the defeat of Burgoyne over into the New England States. They had stopped in the very house which was the beginning of the house grandpa lives in now, and after telling the news to the women, who were the only ones there, had filled their knapsacks with good food and started away. They had not been gone more than an hour when they came hurrying back and told the women that they had discovered signs of some of Burgoyne's Indians and did not like to leave them there in the house alone.

One of the women, who was grandpa's great-grandmother, said she would take her people to a cave on the farm where they would be safe. She would not let the soldiers stay to protect them, because she said the good news the soldiers had to tell would make lots of farmers join General Washington, and that was worth more to her than being made safe herself, so the soldiers saw the women to the cave and went on their way.

Grandpa says that soon after that a little landslide must have covered up the mouth of the cave and allowed the tree to grow over it, which was knocked down by the wind the day before Eggy fell into it.

Grandpa has some old copper dishes which he found in the cave and which he feels certain were left there by the women when they went back to the house.

Of course a story like that set us kids to playing war. We played the war of Troy, and it's ever so much more fun playing it than studying it. We made the rope swing under the oak tree in front of the house Troy and drafted Towser, grandpa's hound, to be the wooden horse, which he liked all right until Eggy stabbed him with an icicle, and after that he played his own part at a safe distance. We didn't have enough kids to go around, so I was Achilles and Ulysses; Eggy was Hector and Priam; Pussy had to play both Helen and Paris.

First we had the fight between Achilles and Hector, in which I had to chase Eggy three times around the city—that is, the swing—and that part of it Towser delighted in. The people of Troy came out of the swing and gave us our arms—long icicles for swords and short ones for spears—which were all right except that Achilles had to stab Hector with the butt of his sword, owing to the fact that the wooden horse bit off the point in the early part of the engagement. We had just finished the slaughter of the people of Troy when grandpa called us in to dinner, and Mary, who was there, said that the new teacher was lucky that we had a game which made us remember the names of the characters.

When grandpa heard about our battle of Troy he said he guessed we'd have more of a real fight if we went out and caught a turkey he wanted to send to my dad for Christmas. We did.

I'd never caught a turkey, but I've dearly wanted to ever since I saw my first live one, which was when I came here. So the girls and Eggy and I went out to the barnyard, where the hired man pointed out the turkey grandpa had se-

lected for dad, and we made a plan of battle. Eggy and I were to chase him up to the girls, who stood at the barnyard gate. They were to hold him in check until we brought up our forces, and then we were to fall on his flank, compel his surrender and his loss.

When we told our plan to the hired man, whose name is Si, he said it beat anything he ever heard of. It did. Si said that turkey was a grand bird. It was.

Well, the girls took their places, and Eggy and I began to manoeuvre to cut the grand bird out of the flock, but either he didn't want to leave him, for they ran in a bunch and beat that three times around the walls of Troy a mile or two.

Si sat on the fence to encourage us, he said, but the other things he said didn't have so much encouragement as humor. Anyway, Si fell off the fence, laughing.

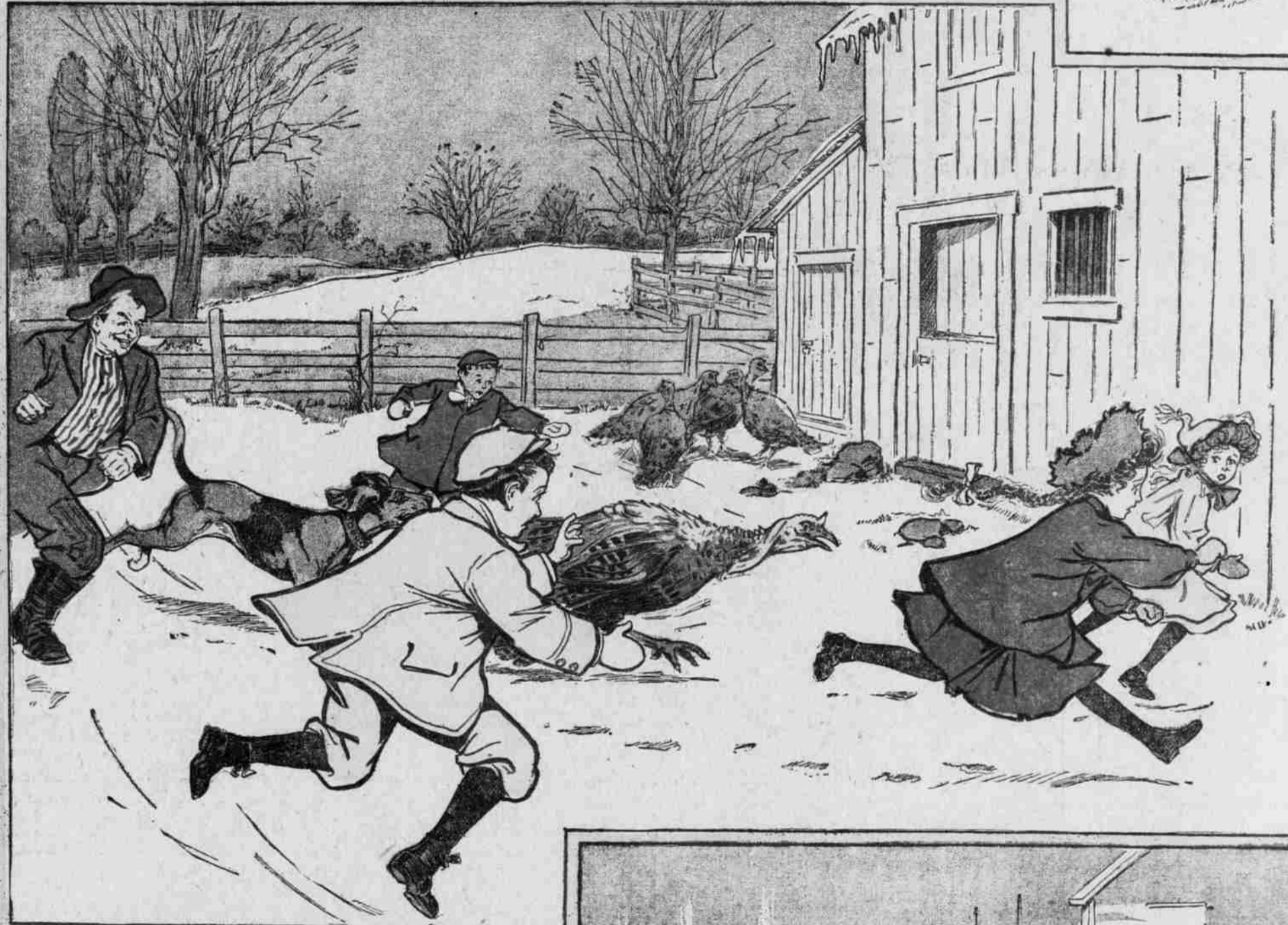
Then we called in Towser, and he understood at once what we wanted, and got the grand bird separated from the flock in no time. Also he got some of its tail feathers, which did not improve its temper at all. But we drove it toward the girls, who, seeing it coming, screamed and ran into the barn, with master turkey after them, and Eggy, Towser, the hired man and me following. Finally, just as we thought we had it cornered, it flew up



ACHILLES HAD TO STAB HECTOR



(COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)



WE DROVE IT TOWARD THE GIRLS

WE WENT DOWN TO SEE IF THE ICE WOULD HOLD

the barn stairs and we flew after it. There we did corner and fall on it.

You would never know from eating turkey in the excitement of the chase. In our struggle we all rolled down the stairs, and it was some time before the hired man could untangle us, for Towser had the bird's tail clinched, the bird had my trousers' leg clinched, Eggy was hugging us all and there was a great deal of fuss and feathers. But dad has the bird now.

After dinner we went down to the pond to see if the ice would hold, but it wouldn't. It held Towser all right, and he barked at us to come on so joyfully that Eggy and I tried once more. I say once more, because we've tried that ice every day for a week now, and each time we found out that it wouldn't bear us up. Of course it isn't much fun to go into ice water up to your waist, but the hot cider and doughnuts grandpa gives us to prevent a chill after we have rubbed down and put on dry clothes is really worth the trouble of the rub down.

My Tintype Girl.

In fluttering show of summer faces,
Keats the shade of a pretty paragon,
Shines the sweetest of possible faces,
From the murky mirror against the wall,
'Twas there I looked her, with pride and pleasure.

When I cast my lot in the city's whirl
And owned, poor verandah, but this one treasure—
My tintype girl,
Ah, dear, meant only for sweet beguiling,
I fear you have grown most worldly-wise
With the sounds you have heard—and kept
on smiling—
With the sights that have passed before
your eyes.

When over the wine cup's crimson glow-
ing
While you watch the smoke of our pipes
We bend to the cards, with look how
knowing—
My tintype girl,
Yet your honest gaze shines on as clearly
As those nights when we tripped thro'
Virginia roads, through the lane, he stopped
at the spot where the shoe came off, and
there found growing a bunch of moonwort.

He then remembered reading years ago
that in Europe, locally in Devonshire and
Hertfordshire, and also in Normandy, the
plant was called unshoe-the-horse and that
it possessed the wonderful power of open-
ing locks if a leaf was put in the keyhole
and of extracting nails and unshoeing the
horse when trodden upon.

This curious property of moonwort is re-
ferred to by one of the minor English poets
of the sixteenth century as follows:—
Horses that, feeding on the grassy hills,
Tread upon Moonwort, will their helves
bend,
Though lately shod, at night go barefoot home,
Their master musing where their shoes become.
Oh, Moonwort, tell me where thou hast
thy
Hammes and pickers thou unshoest them
with?

Again, the dog in ancient times is no-
where mentioned as being especially intel-
ligent, but was considered a low and in-
ferior animal, and the expression in the
Scriptures is well known, "Is thy servant
a dog that he should do this thing?" while
in Egypt as early as the ninth dynasty
the horse, as is mentioned by Herodotus,
was worshipped as a deity, as was also
the cat, it being a capital offence to kill
one, and its body was mummified and laid
away in the tomb to await the resurrection
noon.



IN OUR STRUGGLE WE ROLLED DOWN THE STAIRS

How the Black Snake Avenged Her Children.

ONE time I was forced to spend Sunday at Old Fort, in North Carolina, where the mountains loom high above you and the country is wild and rugged. I did not want to stay, but I was afterward glad that I did, for I saw a snake story with my own eyes, and I challenge the world for another like it.

Snakes have always been charmingly mysterious to human kind. A man will declare himself beautifully indifferent to a snake story and yet after a few minutes of listening will lose himself in its eagerness to hear it through. It is because snakes really do perform wonderful things, as the cropping up of an occasional newspaper article will testify, and everything that newspapers publish may be regarded as solemn truth. Here will be found a rattlesnake or a king snake in the centre of a city, here is a reptile which is coiled about a hawk and finally brings him to earth from a lofty height, there is a snake trained to catch rats about a residence, there is a rattler that has found its way into a stove and allowed itself to be baked and another that was discovered on a front porch harmlessly toying with a little child. So the tales go with infinite variety, and all are read breathlessly and hoisted at as "but snake stories."

At Old Fort I had a travelling friend named Moody, who was a partner in my loneliness. We wandered about all the morning and looked at mountains and rocks and trees and flowers, and becoming very tired, sat on a log to rest. We were so tired that we were foolish and told each other wild tales of Indians who long ago roamed the mountains threatening deadly attacks upon the feet built near by to keep them in check. Not that we knew any of the tales to be history, but they answered the purpose of amusement pretty well. Moody grew enthusiastic. "Suppose there were now a band of savages," said he, "creeping from behind that big rock?" I held my breath and looked.

Suddenly there was a rustle near our feet and we both started. It was not an Indian, but a snake, a blacksnake, which glared in the sunlight as he drew his long body through the dried leaves and

twigs on the ground. He was moving slowly away from us. Moody sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Let me find a stick, I'll kill him!" But I grabbed him by the leg and pulled him back. I was too tired to work the reptile's destruction myself and did not care to delegate the sport to any one else.

Entirely unconscious of the commotion we made, the snake raised his head and looked deliberately about him. Then we became interested. Our interest might have taken a personal turn had he moved toward us, but he pursued his way in another direction. In a little while he raised his head again, after the manner of the boa constrictor in "Swiss Family Robinson"; only he lacked the impressiveness which came with thirty feet of the boa's length, and our snake was not large enough to swallow one of us, much less a jackass. He was evidently in search of something.

Moody had another paroxysm, and nervously stooped for a stick. I laid a forceful hand on his shoulder, and commanded him to desist. I wished to see the adventure through, and pleaded with him to be reasonable. He subsided somewhat, and for half an hour we watched the snake, following him at a respectful distance. There was no abatement of interest in his quest till he reached a log and slowly crept over it.

For a moment we lost sight of him. Then there was a movement, and we saw our snake dart up and down again with lightning speed. A wild, noisy flurry followed, and we ran forward and reached the log in time to see the snake raise himself once again for a stroke, and fall viciously upon the neck of a huge rattler that writhed, wrangled, hissed and shook his rattles noisily. The fight was a glorious one, and we knew that our black was destined to be the victor. He lashed the rattlesnake with his tail and clung to his neck with a deadly grip. For five minutes the struggle lasted. The rattler quivered and lowered his tail as a sign of defeat. The black newly loosed his hold and moved off into the woods, leaving his enemy to die in peace.

It was the hour of triumph for the black snake, and also for Moody; for, in an unguarded moment, he seized a stone and sprang toward the victorious reptile and martyred him in the full flush of his achievement. Then he mutilated his body with stone after stone. I felt helpless in the presence of such unrestrained blood-thirstiness and muttered wearily: "I feel sorry for you, Moody."

I was determined, however, that Moody should do nothing to the rattlesnake, and prepared to protect his dying frame at all hazards, for I wanted his skin. He was a rare specimen, with six good rattles and a button, which indicated that his years upon the mountainside had been seven, and that the victims of his deadly bite had been legion. When he moved his last I lifted him carefully about the middle of his body, and we went down to the hotel. The hotel man knew the way of snakes, and interpreted the whole affair with the wisdom of a seer. He told us that the rattlesnake had been robbing the nest of his black brother, as an examination of his stomach would show. We ripped him open carefully and found no fewer than ten little black snakes, upon which he could have rested luxuriously for a week, free from the distress of hunger.

An Unprogressive Institution.
"One of the most successful clergymen in Philadelphia," remarked a college professor, "was proud of the fact that he was always addressed as 'platin' 'mister,' and that he possessed no degree which entitled him to the honorable name of 'doctor.'"
"An elder entered the clergyman's study one morning and handed him a marked paper. The item stated that the minister had been honored by his old college, and that now he could attach D. D. to his name."
"Well, well," muttered the pastor, "not without feeling, for he loved his college, 'my old school is a little behind the times, and still believes in capital punishment.'"

The Horse in the Light of Tradition.

RECALLING the very interesting article in the HERALD from a professor in the Smithsonian Institution, wherein he said that the dog was the most intelligent of all animals, possibly he may not know that Smithsonian himself, the founder of the Institution, was a close student of animal life, especially the horse, of which he was a most enthusiastic admirer, but in his letters to Lord Granville, published by the Royal Philological Society, who was also greatly interested in natural history, he relates how the

horse of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus, would at night, on hearing a blast of the trumpet from the soldiers on guard, showing the approach of the enemy, run at great speed to his master's tent, and with his teeth grab the sleeping monarch and shake him until he sprang into the saddle and galloped toward the enemy.

Also how the great Caliph, Haroun al Raschid, in the eighth century, in marching toward the forces of Queen Irene of Constantinople constantly had a number of trained Arabian horses thrown forward to camp and by a peculiar whinny and neigh and the pawing of a fore foot reported the proximity of the enemy. Again he relates the experience of the Portuguese explorer, Albuquerque, who lived for many years in the sixteenth century on the Island of St. Helena, where he and the natives taught the herds of wild horses there not only to dig potatoes, but to husk corn and shell peas.

But to come down to the present day, the writer, who spent the summer in the Berkshires, was told by a very intelligent resident New England clergyman, whose