

GOOD STORIES FOR THE YOUNG

THROWING FOR A LIFE

BY DAVID KIRK.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

A SMALL round clearing in the black shadowy depths of a Norwegian pine forest; a circle of gigantic stones more than twice the height of the tallest man, raised upright in the earth and overgrown with moss; a group of mighty figures in battered armor and dented helmets, from beneath which their shaggy red hair tossed loosely over their shoulders like a lion's mane, as they circled around a broad flat stone in the center of the ring, flourishing their spears and battle-axes—such was the scene upon which the rising sun looked down on a bright summer morning in Western Norway many hundreds of years ago.

Higher by a head than the tallest of that stalwart band towered their grim leader, "Red Rolf," the most terrible and merciless warrior of the whole region, whose fierce eyes were turned hungrily toward a spot on the other side of the clearing, where, bound hand and foot with thousands of bear-skin to the stem of a mighty pine, stood a boy of 12, upon whose long golden hair and fresh, bright, blue-eyed face the first rays of sunrise hovered like a crown of glory.

Young as he was, the scars upon his bare arms showed that he had already faced death in battle; and, in truth, he was no ordinary prisoner. His father was the chief of the Romsdal tribe, with which Red Rolf and his Sneeferdians were at war. In the last battle between them the Romsdalers' chief had been sorely wounded, and young Bjorn (Bear), his only son, taken prisoner, and as it was the custom of the fierce warriors of the North to slaughter all their prisoners as a sacrifice to the cruel gods whom they worshipped, this boy had been brought to the Circle of Odin (as these curious rings of stones were called) to be put to death by Rolf himself.

The hour of sunrise had been fixed for the sacrifice, and now, as its first rays streamed through the gloomy depths of the forest, Red Rolf bade two of his men unbind the lad and lay him upon the broad flat stone which served as the altar of this grim church. Then he sharpened the point of his terrible spear against one of the granite blocks in readiness for the death stroke.

But Bjorn was a true Northern boy, and, face to face though he was with a cruel death, he never flinched one whit. As he saw the savage messengers coming toward him he drew himself up proudly and looked at them so fearlessly with his large bright eyes that these fierce men who could admit even in an enemy the courage which was the only thing upon earth that they revered, eyed him with glances of stern approval, and one of them whispered to the other:

"This city that such a brave lad does not belong to our tribe instead of theirs." "Take the boy; thou hast won him fairly," said Rolf, grasping Ivo's hand. "Were there 10 other Christians like thee, I'd turn Christian myself!"

"And not many years later, on an Easter time, he actually did so."

But before either of them could lay a hand upon the boy, the voice of a third man behind them was heard shouting, "Stop, stop!" and a tall figure, bounding suddenly from the shadow of the wood, came rushing toward them with a look of wild excitement in his eyes, which was what very few men would have dared to do—but he wore no armor and seemed to carry no weapons—an almost unheard-of thing in Norway at that time.

"Who art thou who comest here so boldly?" growled Red Rolf, advancing threateningly toward the intruder. "Ask me rather who I was," replied the stranger. "Once I was your enemy, and ye called me Ivo the spear-burder." "Thou'rt a crafty fellow, Ivo, to be so bold as to come here, knowing full well that the name of the bravest champion among us in the garb of peace, without spear or ax; and, besides, we have heard that he is dead."

"Wounded, but not dead," said Ivo—fer- "It was indeed he. 'He lives, and will be a Christian.'"

"A Christian!" echoed Rolf, with a savage stress upon the word. "There is an end of his spear-burdering then!" "Why not?" asked Ivo, simply. "Thinkst thou that a man's arm is weakened because he runs to God?"

His seldom Rolf's spear and flung it with such force that it flew whizzing across the whole breadth of the clearing and crashed into the young pine. The father aide with such a shock that the stem was split as if a wedge had been driven into it.



If thou succeed, ye shall both go free

himself, with the full power of his mighty voice, he told the work was done. "Take the boy; thou hast won him fairly," said Rolf, grasping Ivo's hand. "Were there 10 other Christians like thee, I'd turn Christian myself!"

OLD MR. JACKSON'S MONEY

CHAPTER X.
WHAT changes two or three days may bring about in our lives, Tommy Clark left Glenwood in irons and looked upon as a murderer, and he returned a free lad and with people ready to welcome him as a young hero. You and I won't blame him if he lost his head over it a bit and had a good opinion of himself. One of the friends that returned with him was the prison detective. He had sent telegraph and telephone messages all over the state in regard to the red-whiskered man, and he went back to make pettiness that the doctor who had been a witness for him should be appointed; in time this came about, and I may say now that he was honest and faithful to his trust.

The boy could not go back to the old house with its memories and its horrors, and so the place was not closed up, but pulled down. The village has grown a good deal since those days, and a fine brick schoolhouse now stands on the woods in the rear of the old house to cut a pole he wanted he came across a sight that made him cry out and set him to running away. He had come across the body of Henry Jackson hanging to a limb, and the man had been dead several days.

After choking his old brother to death that night he had made a hurried search of the premises for money. Perhaps he was still searching when he heard the footsteps of the boy returning. At any rate, he found no money and left the house in a hurry—in such a hurry that when his false beard fell off he had no stop to pick it up. He may have taken shelter in a farmer's barn that night, and he may have returned to the old house next day to see if his brother was really alive, and to make a new search for the money. If so, he found a dead man and no cash. Then, penniless and discouraged, and feeling that the chances were all against him, he picked up an old rope and went to the woods and hanged himself.

As soon as Tommy had given the alarm the suicide was cut down, and the detective fully identified him as the escaped convict, and he was buried at the expense of the village. It was just that and that a bad man might have expected to die, and there was no one to grieve over it. No headstone has ever been placed at his grave, but after Tommy Clark got his money he saw that the old man Jackson had the finest monument in the cemetery.

Well, I have only a little more to tell you. Last Summer I went camping with five or six persons I had long known, and among them was Tommy Clark. Perhaps I should not speak of him by that name, but as Mr. Thomas

Clark, for he's a young man of 22 now, his college education finished, and a new sign hung out over the door of a new law office. Old Jackson's money

Clark, for he's a young man of 22 now, his college education finished, and a new sign hung out over the door of a new law office. Old Jackson's money

Clark, for he's a young man of 22 now, his college education finished, and a new sign hung out over the door of a new law office. Old Jackson's money

not only helped him to get an education and come up a useful member of society and industry, but the good doctor who stood at his back as guardian was as good as a father to him. It may look like a long road to you from the paper boy in the poorhouse up the hill to the spot where Tommy has reached, but things like that are happening all the time. Most of our rich men and great men started out in life as poor boys, and the road is open to you the same as it was to them. You may meet with many discouragements on the way, but pluck, honesty and industry are the three great things that lead on to place and fortune. They will always bring you friends, and friends will push you along until you can stand alone.

(The End.)
Father Likened to a Baby.
Atholton Globe.
A good many years ago when a daughter showed a preference for a man of whom her father disapproved, she was locked in the woodshed, and fed on bread and water. But a baby with a giant standing over it isn't more helpless these days than the father whose daughter is throwing herself away. Should he lock her in the woodshed to keep her from going to the devil, the neighbors would release her in the name "romance."

The Calf-Path.
The Walter Packer.
One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should;
But made a trail of bent grasses.
A crooked trail as all calves do.
Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.
The trail was made on that day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail of old calf's feet,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers do that day.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through these old woods a path was made.
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because these such a crooked path;
But still they followed, not loath,
The first migration of that calf.
And through the winds, wood-way stalked
Because he waddled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footstep of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftest fleet,
The road became a village street;
And this before me was aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf's foot.
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf that had crookedly dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;
For thus much reverence is lent
A well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach;
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh!
Along the calf-path of the mind,
And do what other men have done,
They follow in the beaten track,
And with their devious course pursue,
Who saw the first, primeval calf,
How many change the safe old teach-
But I am not ordained to preach.

AN AWKWARD NEIGHBOR



There was a s-wis-h, an agonized howl.

A BOUT a quarter of a century ago my brother and I came to the conclusion that the British Isles were too small to exercise our talents in. Experience, bitter experience, had taught us this; for though we both had received a good education, try how we would, literature and the arts of the nineteenth century elysium seemed farther off than before.

Somehow naturally, then, we resolved to emigrate, and having made this determination, sought means to carry it out. Each colony had its merits and demerits fully discussed, and finally Canada, it was decided, should have the honor of doing what our grateful mother country refused to make us millionaires.

Having thus briefly sketched our reasons for seeking "fresh fields and pastures new," let me skip over the neglected details of an uneventful passage to the Far West, and the purchase at a nominal cost of a considerable estate in close contiguity with the Rocky Mountains, and pass to a time when we had comfortably settled in our new residence.

Perhaps we were better to alter that slightly, and say "when we were settled on our new estate." "Comfortably" is an adverb which ill describes residence in a wretched lean-to.

The property which had looked rather a grand thing on paper, fell off terribly on close inspection. There was a large proportion of swamp, and the balance was timber, which, however useful in its way, was eminently out of place in a projected maize field. But it was no use grumbling. If we did not set to and work with a will, there was every possibility of starving, as almost every penny of capital had been sunk in land and farm implements. There wasn't enough hard cash to see us back to our settlements, even had we been inclined to go.

And work we did. By almost superhuman exertions, which were drained, and its stagnant waters turned into the stream that flowed through it. Then we started on the timber. Chips flew in all directions from axes wielded by willing arms; and, if they were not very artistically cut, the result was pleasing—the trees came to the ground.

The property which had looked rather a grand thing on paper, fell off terribly on close inspection. There was a large proportion of swamp, and the balance was timber, which, however useful in its way, was eminently out of place in a projected maize field. But it was no use grumbling. If we did not set to and work with a will, there was every possibility of starving, as almost every penny of capital had been sunk in land and farm implements. There wasn't enough hard cash to see us back to our settlements, even had we been inclined to go.

With a terrible amount of labor, a water wheel—the like of which we'll hope has never been seen before or since—was rigged by the stream, which, by good luck, ran swiftly enough for the purpose, and the saw was geared on to it. A wonderful piece of engineering the whole presented, but it answered its purpose grandly, and afforded us an endless source of merriment besides. A movable bed drew the timber automatically on to the saw, and in a very short time we had planked enough for our purpose. These were quickly knocked in their places round a rude framework, and before we had got all of our work substantially added to at a future time.

once he brought home an animal which he said was a skunk. I believe it was, but we buried him, nevertheless.

But one day we were getting on into Spring, and thawing hard—he came bounding up to the house with his face literally beaming with excitement.

"Gus"—I was baptised Augustus, which I hold to be a singularly choice name for a backwoodsman—"Gus, I've shot a deer!" "I've shot a deer," I said, slightly.

"No; it's the same old truth," he said, "I went, doubting somewhat, for Jack lacks that respect which their seniors always bring to see in the young; and he is continually sharpening his small wit at the expense of any one unfortunate enough to encounter him."

However, this time it was a "true bill." About half a mile off we came upon the animal lying stretched on the ground. Cold deer venison, sure enough, and though there was scarcity of food during the Winter, there was slight enough to make us glad the return journey was longer.

Now, to eviscerate a deer—or any other animal, for the matter of that—and to peel off its natural covering, is doubtless a very easy task when you know how to set about it—which neither of us did, otherwise it takes both time and consideration. This will partly account for our still being butchers when night necessitated illumination. A fire of pine knots gave this, and we had heavily dined when Jack gripped my shoulder and pointed out into the darkness. There, lumbering about, as we were, in the night, was a huge animal, apparently almost as large as a bull, and I somehow gathered that its intentions were not amiable.

Jack said, "There's something I've forgotten in the house."

Having delivered himself of this apt remark, he set off as fast as he could run. I, being slightly corpulent, followed at a more sedate pace, though no sense of delicacy at leaving our visitor caused me to lag. We both went in, shut the door, and placed a bar across it by way of fastening.

"This done, Jack remarked, 'It's a grizzly. Not wishing to commit myself, I replied, 'Maybe.' 'He's eating the deer.' 'Hope it will choke him.' 'He's left off eating. He's looking this way.' 'No, put that gun down. Jack, I say, leave it alone. You might as well try to hurt the deer as to hurt me.' 'He's lugging the deer this way. He's taken it on to the saw-bed.' 'Don't, laugh and jump about like a maniac,' said I, severely, as Jack indulged in sundry noises and contortions expressive of delight. 'Set your small brain to work, and find a way out of this mess. He'll eat us next.' 'Whereupon my brother gave vent to expressions that I was bound to warrant him might have done his disadvantage on a future occasion. He seemed to me to have pulled the shutter out of a window (it was innocent of glass), and, despite my warning, disappeared outside.

It was now about going to offer myself a propitiatory sacrifice to save his brother from danger? No such thing. He came back again; he replaced the shutter and closed the window. He seemed to keep silent, and beckoned me to him. Then I shared his joy. He had lifted the animal, which was close to the window, and was now sitting on the floor, trying its living burden along toward the saw, which boomed round at top speed.

Breathlessly we watched, scarce daring to hope that the animal would allow himself to be caught; but hunger masters prudence, and cold deer tasted too good to permit of a change of seat.

Nearer and nearer still, it is but an inch off. Inevitable Nemesis, granddaughter of Chaos, will overtake thee, thou robber of poor men's venison! It twined its body round the saw, and scratches him. Ursus ferocis thinks a fly has bitten him, and exerts uneasily six inches or so. The saw, remorseless, as fate, catches in again. This time, the bed gives a jerk—I said it was crudely made—"Old Eph" receives a tidy splash.

Such treatment is beyond endurance. With a savage growl he turns round to cope with the enemy that has so audaciously disturbed his supper, and for a moment appears disconcerted. There is nothing at all suspicious, save a rust-colored disk, that, though quite still, emits a curious booming. He gives it a blow with his paw, and the whole affair warms him up to his work, and he sets to with a will.

Now, of all animals on the globe which excel in that species of combat which is known as "rough-and-tumble," the grizzly bear of North America stands pre-eminently; wounds appear only to nerve him for fresh efforts, and an opposition to still further enkindle his natural ferocity. Moreover, he is as fond of a row as a college undergraduate. But I dare wager a goodly sum that neither that particular species of bear, nor the grizzly bear of acquaintance, ever before indulged the passion for pugacity against a circular saw. The one in question was not remarkably sharp, and as he advanced was very rusty, but the handicapping was not sufficient to make victory doubtful.

There was a s-wis-h, an agonized howl, and a noise which I shall never again be able to describe. The animal, literally spouting with blood.

Jack, true to his sportsman's instincts, raised his gun and pulled the trigger, but the faithful weapon, seeing the futility of such puny efforts, sensibly "missed fire," and another charge of buckshot was saved for despite his life. Ephraim's struggles soon ended.

We left him alone for that night, and went out to bed. To our surprise, the animal, with gigantic feet, gory, torn and thin, utterly useless.

However, although the adventure was one of little profit, still the way we (Jack says "I") got rid of an awkward neighbor was unique, if not ingenious. (Copyright, 1909, by the Associated Literary Press.)

The Barefoot Girl.
(With Apologies.)
Detective Fred Jones
Blissing on thee, little girl,
Barefoot in the many whirl,
Barefoot in the many whirl,
All your toes are now the race,
Nastiness of Madam Sitter,
O the other headline madams,
O the other headline madams,
O the other headline madams,
For our shekels. But you visit
The emptying feet, emptying feet,
Innocent of shoe or stocking,
Some have termed you barefoot,
But there's drama in your money,
Art may starve, you get the money.

What were we for acting tragic,
Vaudeville now, or feats of magic?
But today to be an artist,
Davenport or Madam Sara,
Fashion change and art is shifting;
No one now would give a fibert
To see a girl in a white flannel;
Shakespeare's plays are dull and dreary,
We want things piquant and shady,
Things through three acts, slips and falls,
Something red-hot by Gene Walters.
But the dramatic treatment
Is to see a dancer's feet.

There were times when "Actresses"
Stood hard for their successes;
But today to be an artist,
Tip-toe, one of the smartest,
All you need is a good story,
Is some good chirotopist.

THE ADVENT OF BILLY POSSUM

BY
IRENE ELLIOTT BENSON

NOW, children, stop and listen, pay heed to what I say,
A change is surely coming—in fact, it's on the way.
The little Dolls are crying as hard as they can cry,
Each Teddy Bear is growling, with fire in his eye.
For as the spring advances, with budding tree and blossom,
Behold! there comes another pet, whose name is "Billy Possum."

THE Doll and all the Teddies his advent will oppose—
This funny little Possum with sharply pointed nose,
And eyes as keen as ferrets', a long and curling tail—
But, Teddy Bears, your protests will be of no avail.
You'll have to keep him, children, for four long years. Make ready
To take him out and tie his bows, as once you did for Teddy.

NOW this is confidential: Upon the lawn last night
I saw a Bear and Possum a-starting in to fight.
When lo! appeared the Dollies in time to interfere.
Sobbed they, "Oh, please remember that there are ladies here!"
"Fair Dollies, pray excuse us, do," squeaked Billy P. politely,
"I've lost my Southern chivalry, and you've reproved us rightly."

THE Teddies growled. Then spake the Dolls: "Were we a Bear we'd make
A trip to Africa, and all this 'simple life' forsake.
Stay not to take a back seat, like Dollies meek and mild,
But live the life of other beasts and roam the forests wild."
"Agreed!" they said. "You've made us wise; this life our nerves has shaken.
When we reach Africa you'll get our pictures if they're taken."

So watch for Billy Possum now—he'll stay four years at least.
Perhaps in time you'll learn to love the cunning little beast.

