

GOOD STORIES FOR THE YOUNG

ADVENTURE AFTER WATER

BY A. A. FRASER.
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THE following incident occurred while we were cruising about the Fiji Islands, in the time when club law was the law of the islands.

We had run out of water, and found it was difficult to be obtained without danger. Our captain, however, anchored under an island lying off the coast of Big Fiji Island, then occupied by cannibal tribes, whose haunts in the interior had never at that period been visited by Europeans.

Captain H. visited the brave missionary living on Viwa Island to get information, and soon afterward returned on board, to make the necessary arrangements.

Having carried on the boat service when communicating with the natives, or when visiting Europeans who lived hazardous lives in various places, I was sent for, and informed I was to tow the longboat, filled with coals, to a waterfall, up a river on Big Fiji Island, for a supply of water.

The captain having asked my opinion on certain matters, I took the opportunity of asking how I should find my way to the fall, and under whose protection we should be placed to insure safety and success.

"I arranged that on shore," he replied. "You will have a guide from the mission station who knows the river. He speaks English and Fijian, so he will be interpreter and guide. He will take you up the river to a powerful chief, who has authority over that part. You will take the presents I shall give you for him, and you must seek his authority and protection without him you can do nothing. Use your tact. Keep your natives well in hand. I have no doubt you will succeed."

Starting early the next morning, we stood away for the supposed entrance to the river under sail, having a fair wind. The river's mouth was small, but was easily recognized by a well-marked opening in the dense foliage which covered the flat coast running north and south.

My native crew now took to their oars, they pulling in the whaleboat, while I stood up and steered, keeping a good lookout up stream. The rowers, however, soon fell into confusion, the oars catching in the roots of trees growing down into the narrow stream. The oars were then laid aside for paddles, which the natives handled more at ease.

After some miles of steady paddling we reached a clearing on the left bank. The sight of outrigger canoes and the sound of human voices told us we had reached a village. Here our guide put on a serious air. He did not relish the position into which he had been thrust. He mistrusted these natives, and feared them.

Here lived the chief whose authority and protection we had come to seek. The old chief, as we entered his roomy, smoke-dried house, was informed of our arrival. We squatted down on the mats, and looked around upon his retinue of big, brawny, all-but-naked warriors, who stared at us in no pleasant manner. The chief lifted his head from his carved iron-wood pillow, and looked sleepy.

The guide acted as ambassador now, but his eloquence made little impression on the scowling face of the old warrior. The presents were spread out before him. Then his face lighted up with a keen, greedy, and almost dignified look. He appeared to look at the presents with a certain interest.

"Vinaaki! Vinaaki!"—good! good!—said he. "The young chief, meaning myself, is at liberty to take nearly as much water as he liked." "Go," said he; "the whole river is open to you."

The character of the river now changed—broader, deeper, no trees on the banks, and less foliage inland. The men began to pull again. As we advanced, we saw the country became elevated inland. We were advancing, in fact, toward the first part of the Fijian highlands. All at once the waterfall came into view. The whole stream fell some nine or ten feet, and the sight of the rushing, bubbling, crystal water cheered us greatly.

A flat, rocky ledge on one side led up to the fall, and to this we moored the boats, the first boat nearly touching the rushing waters. After a good drink the natives set to work; some dipped the water, whilst others filled the coals.

Samsona, a Samoan, was stationed in the bow of the long boat to see that all went right. He was a very capable and unflinching spirit, who was not very valiant. The filling was going on gaily, when, looking up, I saw that the high banks, rising above us rather inland from the river, were gradually being covered by an armed band whose looks were not reassuring.

Just over the long boat, on a jutting rock at the edge of the fall, stood a tall, muscular young chief. He watched us in silence, leaning on a spear, salutation, "Salvanda sala!" was my salutation, a common greeting. His only reply was to move his spear defiantly.

"What does he want?" I asked. Samsona said at once, "He wants make a fight, sir."

My henchman seemed rather pleased than otherwise at this—not so myself, however. I ordered Samsona to keep quiet and do nothing without my orders.

But his blood was up to be thus openly defied. He actually begged a club from me, anybody, declaring he would "kill the black fellow."

The young chief irritated Samsona, who blurted out defiance in offensive tones. The Fijian now raised his spear and launched out a volley of threats,

buckets passed rapidly. We were fast filling the canoe in the gabpost. We were in good spirits. Our tormentors had disappeared; when, presto! up jumped the young chief and his band again. We now knew him to be the leader of a band of Fijian wasmbucklers, the pest of the river, and sworn foes to our



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amid which I could make out the word kaku—a order to stop at once.

Here was a fix. To go on would bring the fierce-looking Fijians upon us; and Samsona, in spite of his, seemed determined to bring this about, for, seizing a boathook, he poised it at the young chief, saying, in his broken English—which I laughed heartily afterward—"Suppose you touch me, I'll make you head!"

Before the Samoan could do more mischief, I pushed my way into the whaleboat, and gave the longboat a sharp tug astern. This jerked Samsona nearly overboard, and amazed the upstart chieftain—just what I aimed at.

Before his anger had recovered itself, we were pulling rapidly down the river again. I kept my men rowing hard until we were out of sight of our tormentors. By this ruse I hoped to deceive them as to my real intentions. My men were silent. Samsona was sullen, and I did not break the silence.

Arrived at the village again, I went ashore with the guide to pay another visit to the old chief of the district. He was asleep. No one dared wake him up. I squatted down and waited impatiently until his lordship roused up.

"Here again!" said he. "What does the young chief want now?"

"Another chief and some armed men at the waterfall won't let us take any water," was my complaint. They laugh at your authority, and threaten to kill us all if we take water without their permission!"

An outburst of anger followed on his part. Then came explanations and negotiations. Some more presents followed—then he had—and then some of his doughty warriors, headed by a veritable Fijian Hercules, followed us to the boats to go back with us—to finish watering at the fall.

With so many hands to help me, the friend, Ratu Iako-motha (Chief "Go-to-sleep," as we called him).

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"Who? Where?" burst from me as I looked right and left. "On the other bank," he said. "It was true. But the observation applied to some magnificent shadowy trees, the huge ripe fruit from which we hooked down into the boats by the score."

Samsona became a sort of hero on board after this, and his "Suppose you touch me, I'll make your head!" was a constant joke among the sailors.

Reddy Burke's Queer Ride

THE village of Saint Gingsgolph on Iron Lake was bounded on the east by a great forest of hardwood, spruce and pine.

Near the eastern edge of the forest, late in the afternoon in the first week of September, when the weather was baking hot and the woods were tinder-dry, a fire started in a stealthy way in the thick mattress of pine needles made of the stings of a hundred years.

Slowly and silently the creeping fire widened, widened and spread out, stealing, stealing, stealing; and presently it reached up and gently touched the dead, drooping branch of a big spruce.

The next morning when Reddy Burke, the Standard Lumber Company's fire-ranger, swung open the door of his little log camp in the middle of the forest, and looked eastward over the pines, he saw the smoke of a fire rising skyward through rolling smoke clouds.

An hour before noon the yellow, pungent smoke began to swirl into Saint Gingsgolph. The villagers removed all the furniture, and everything else that was portable, loaded it on two lumber scows that happened, by the grace of chance, to be lying at the village wharf, and four men in two canoes towed the scows across the lake.

Hardly a minute away from the shore, a noise had slipped away from the shore there was a sound of quick, light, hoof-beats upon the road that ran from the forest down to the beach.

Through the yellow darkness dashed a six-year-old Virginia buck, carrying a man upon his back. The man sat gripping the deer's withers with his knees, and the many-tined, curved beams of the animal's antlers with his hands.

When the buck reached the shore he splashed through the shallow water and plunged out beyond his depth. Then his rider slipped off and began to swim toward the north, parallel with the shore line. He was Reddy Burke, the fire-ranger.

With a rush and a drumming of hoofs, a herd of moose and Virginia deer followed close behind, swimming madly down the street through the smoke and dashing into the water.

A few hours later, when the wind had rolled most of the smoke away into the lake, the red moon, through the haze that remained, shone dimly on grassy slopes—Saint Gingsgolph.

When Reddy Burke, from his camp door at 5 o'clock in the morning, beheld the fire sweeping toward him, he realized that he was in a desperate situation.

"I'm in a bad hole," he told himself. He trotted five miles; then he walked five. He was then midway between the tips of the horns of the half-moon of fire. He could see that the tips were curving slowly inward. The fire was closing around him, and he ran for his life.

An hour later the fire was close behind him. All morning a soft, insistent purring had filled the air. Now the purring deepened into a roar.

Presently the smoke overtook him and enveloped him. Despair quenched the faint hope that had been glowing within him.

Suddenly he heard the soft thudding of many hoofs, and a moment later a herd of deer closed around him, moving at an easy trot, indistinct in the blurring smoke.

"You don't seem to be in a hurry," said he aloud, as he kept pace with them. Then in the next moment, just as the herd drew ahead of him, an idea flashed through his mind, and he acted upon it with the willingness of the desperate man to take any kind of a chance.

Bounding between two bucks that were running abreast, he leaped upon the back of the larger animal, quickly reaching forward, he gripped the beams of the spreading antlers with his strong hands. The startled animal extended himself and raced away from the herd.

Thus the deer carried him 20 miles through the woods to Saint Gingsgolph. The fire-ranger declined to describe that ride in detail, but he merely says, "I rode as fast as he could run, or I wouldn't be here."

"Can I be getting a fever myself?" he asked, as he looked at the deer's eyes.

That evening the Wise Man sat in his room, away and away up in a apart-room, and looked out over the roofs of the city, wondering and pondering over his little girl's strange fancy.

And as he looked a flash of light shot straight into his eye.

"How dazzling the glare from the lighthouse is tonight!" said the man to himself. But it was not the lighthouse.

It was something else. It was the light from the twinkling star, that glared green and fierce from its watch tower on the highest rampart of the sky.

A little old woman had come riding down on the flash of light, and she rode as swiftly as the star could wink more swiftly than a railroad train; quicker say "Boo!" to a goose. She rode straight down to the Wise Man's left eye, and popped right into it, and the next moment she sat in his heart and was laughing like anything.

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THE SKYSCRAPER FAIRIES

BY J. W. MULLER.
PART I.

WHEN the Wise Man's little girl told him that she could see a beautiful fairy fluttering around the house, he was very much troubled. He had not grown too wise to love his little daughter dearly, and he feared that she must be suffering from a fever, for

thought the Wise Man. "I have such a strange feeling around my heart. It must be beating too fast."

He took out his big gold watch and counted his heart-beats. They were going pit-a-pat, jump-a-lerum, jinkety-bang!

The Wise Man was so very wise that he knew perfectly well that heart indulging in such antics was in a bad way.

What was he thinking. "Indeed," she said, "when men cut down our big dark woods long ago, to build the city, they did not drive us away. Even the trees have been flying over the city, and stand still and straight, holding great sails on their strong trunks and driving your ships through all the seas. Some of them stand breast deep in your rivers, growling as they fight with the adees to hold up your piers and shores. And we that dwelled in the trees now fill all around you in your busy town."

"But what can fairies do in a city?" remonstrated the Wise Man. "It is too wicked for fairies. Statistics show—"

The Wise Man stopped. At the word "statistics" the air was filled with clamor as if a million and a dozen aleighs were being shaken violently. That was the sound of the fairies' shrieks.

"Hush! hush!" whispered the purple fairy to the Wise Man. "Don't you know that statistics are worse for fairies than evil enchantments?"

"But my statistics are exact," insisted the Wise Man. He did not say it so very firmly, though, as if he had been at home, instead of flying over the town with his dressing-gown flapping far above the roofs.

"Exact enough," said the fairy, with a toss of her head, "they made Hattie spangles fall down from her hair in a shower. 'Exact enough. But the trouble with you is that all your statistics begin at the wrong end and end at the wrong end.'"

"Show him tonight and let him learn," rang a tinkling chorus from the horde of fairies that flew around them. "Show him tonight and let him learn."

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Little Brothers of Gobolinks

AN ACCIDENTAL drop of ink upon a sheet of letter paper, which was idly folded over the blot and pressed down, resulted in the making of such an extraordinary monster (figure 1) that more than one child, with the result that the children were greatly interested, and finally one of the brothers, "Billy-bug-eye," had an idea. He did not say that he had an idea, but his brothers and little sister knew that he had one, for they recognized the symptoms. These were a kind of swelling up and a rounding of his eyes which was the reason for giving him the nickname, "Billy-bug-eye."

Who, you know, was Uncle Remus' friend the Owl) which was unmistakable evidence that he had an idea.

Billy's idea was a good one, and before bedtime arrived a kind of game or contest was worked out which has proved a very enjoyable way of passing a part of the time at children's parties. The rules decided upon were very few and simple. Each child is to be provided with eight pieces of paper—four with a glazed surface, like ordinary letter paper, and four of paper that has no glaze and is somewhat porous, like the cheap kinds of tablet paper. The reason for the different kinds of paper is that entirely different results are obtained by using the two kinds of paper, and finally one of the brothers, "Billy-bug-eye," had an idea. He did not say that he had an idea, but his brothers and little sister knew that he had one, for they recognized the symptoms. These were a kind of swelling up and a rounding of his eyes which was the reason for giving him the nickname, "Billy-bug-eye."

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