

# The Strange Sleepy-Land Experience of Albert and Cousin Betsy

How the Toys Came to Life and a Mischievous Cousin Was Saved From the Wrath of a Terrible African King



They Always Agreed With Her.

WHEN Cousin Albert came to spend a week with her, Betsy possessed many toys, among which a red-flannel elephant was chief, six fine dolls in good condition, a set of china dishes and a little piano; but when Albert departed all that remained of her treasures were the elephant, a battered, bunged-up wreck of a piano, a doll and a toy telephone that had escaped because she had hidden it, as it contained chocolate in the box at its back.

The doll had been so hardy used that nobody but Betsy could have recognized it as the waxen beauty she had cherished. Its nose was a mere lump, Albert having once tested it in the flame of a gas burner. One eye was gone, and the remaining orb was sadly upturned as if trying to see how much flaxen hair had been spared to her, for the greater part of that also had vanished in the blaze.

Even the indestructible red-flannel elephant had not escaped without a memento of the boy's visit, for he bore on his side the letters A. D. V. in black ink and a large and badly-drawn star. Betsy was musing upon the ways of boys. On such occasions she had always consulted her dolls and found them a great comfort, inasmuch as by keeping silence they had always agreed with her.

Betsy rarely consulted the elephant, for, besides knowing that the elephant has more sagacity than any other animal, she sometimes thought that his shoe-button eyes twinkled as if they were laughing at her. No matter whether he stood, in all his majesty, erect and imposing, or on his back with uplifted legs, those sharp eyes always snapped and glittered, never missing anything that happened. But they never revealed anything of his feelings at all. She could easily tell whether one of the dolls sympathized with her, but never what the elephant felt.

There was one in that house who did not dread the elephant's black eyes, and who never hesitated to take a bite out of the flabby skin of red flannel. This was Nip, the cross-eyed bulldog, who belonged to Betsy's Uncle Jim. Nip was also about the only thing in the house which had not suffered at Albert's hands, but the boy had never even thought of making free with the bulldog. An ordinary bulldog seems had enough, but cross-eyed Nip took all the mischief out of Albert by simply looking at him.

As she sat there in the twilight Betsy was as silent as they all were, for she was very sleepy, although bedtime was far off yet. The winter wind was tugging at the shutters outside, making Nip hold up his ears and growl, but the fire glowed in the stove before which all four were placed, and the heat made her eyelids heavy.

Suddenly Nip growled louder than ever and sat up, looking toward the door. Then Betsy, too, sat up straight. She rubbed her eyes and stared, for the door had opened and there stood a creature which she at once knew was an elf, wonder of wonders, a black one! Dressed just as in all of the pictures, and but a few inches in height, yet with a face as black as ebony! Betsy grasped Nip's collar and held him, while the elf walked toward her with his hat in his hand.

"I am sent by Geehaw, King of the elves, to inform you that your cousin Albert is captured by him and held for ransom. If you can deliver a hundred stamps that have never been used he will be released, otherwise he will be tortured by bumblebees."

"Where is he?" asked Betsy.

"In Africa, whence I came. If you have a geography I'll show you the very spot," replied the black elf.

"Goodness! I never can go to Africa! It's miles and miles away!" cried Betsy.

"You have an elephant, I perceive," remarked the elf, "and that's more than King Geehaw has!"

"But he's only a stuffed one!" retorted Betsy. "He's made of red flannel."

"He has some mystic, perhaps magical, marks on him, however," said the elf, pointing to the letters on the elephant's side. "It would be easy to put life in him."

"Then say a charm yourself," exclaimed Betsy. "If you are an elf, you can make him live, I suppose."

"No, I can't do that, but haven't you any magic salve or something?"

Betsy pondered for a moment, and suddenly exclaimed:

"There's a bottle of stuff in the bath room that I have been forbidden to taste!"

"Go and get it!" commanded the elf.

Betsy brought it to him, and he said:

"What are all these marks on it?"

"Gracious! I never thought elves were so stupid!" cried the girl. "These are letters. Can't you read?"

"Certainly not," returned the elf. "Tell me what it says on the bottle."

Betsy read the label to him as follows:

**SMIRK'S REVIVER AND RENOVATOR. RENEWS THE BODY. RESTORES LOST TISSUE. BUILDS UP THE SYSTEM! This Magic Tonic Compound is Guaranteed to be Unequaled as a Revivifier—Shake Well Before Using. FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.**

"That sounds mighty fine!" exclaimed the elf. "I believe you have struck the very stuff, first clip! Try that on your elephant, and see if he doesn't walk around before morning!"

Betsy laughed.

"Suppose he does, what shall I do then?"



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"Start for Africa at once, and save your cousin from the bumblebees; that's my advice, and don't forget to bring the stamps with you. I will be there before you."

"And what is your name?" demanded Betsy.

"Dockstader," replied the elf. "Don't forget the stamps! Good night."

Then he slipped out through the half open door just as Nip broke away from Betsy's grasp, but the dog didn't catch him, although he searched the whole house. Betsy still held the bottle of Reviver, and she drew out the cork and smelled the contents. Then she sprinkled a few drops over the elephant's scarlet body, disfiguring him so that she finally rubbed the brown mixture all over him, and after that she applied a little to Samantha, the doll.

"I am now an Advertising Elephant," said Tippoo.

It actually seemed to her that Tippoo, which was the name of the elephant, wriggled as she laid him aside, but the sound of a bell, faint yet distinct, coming from the closet turned her attention from him, and opening the door she found that the chocolate telephone bell was madly ringing! Holding it to her startled ear, she was surprised to hear Albert's voice, in great distress, say:

"Is that you, Betsy? Well, hurry up with them stamps! The king has just discovered that Dockstader has been to see you and has taken his funny bone away from him! I am in great danger from the busy—no, I mean the bumblebees!"

fruits wafter into the place, spicy scents and odorous breezes stirred the cobwebs on the rafters, and the murmur of rustling palm trees filled the cellar.

Convinced that this was surely the result of magic, Betsy decided to advance into the unknown and followed by Nip she entered the tunnel, which terminated at the arch, but before she had taken three steps she found herself out in the open air, in a land of tropical trees, palms, ferns, fruits and flowers, where the air was heavy with warm, fruity perfumes, as if all the spices and essences in all the world had been blended together. It suggested every sort of cake, pie or candy, all at once.

Then she heard queer, silly-sounding music, seemingly to come from badly made drums and fiddles, all out of tune and mingling with harsh cries and squeals, coming from a grove of trees, which were no taller than her head, a deep silence followed.

Suddenly she caught sight of Tippoo, with Samantha on his back, browsing along the edge of another grove, and she hastened to capture him, whereupon the music and loud cries broke out again behind her back. But she couldn't catch Tippoo. He fled at her approach and vanished in a great cloud of dust that he kicked up with his heels.

She returned to the grove whence the music came, but before she passed the first grove of palms she saw Dockstader, the little black elf, standing with his finger at his lips to warn her to keep silence, and beckoning with the other hand for her to follow him.

She was sure that Dockstader was a friendly elf, and with Nip to guard her she stole softly to his side. He led her through the trees to a spot where she could see her cousin Albert bound to a stake, while in wicked cages about him hung thousands of wicked-looking bumblebees, each showing his sting.

Betsy shuddered as the bowls of glee reached her ears, and she saw hundreds of savage little black elves dancing or strutting about in a circle before one who sat on a throne above them and watched



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"I'm not sad, but I'm mighty sore!" retorted Albert. "This cord is surely cutting me awful! I wish it was a cord of wood!"

"Pah!" exclaimed the King of elves. "Who ever heard of a cord made of wood? You couldn't tie a cord like that."

"Well, railroad ties are made of wood!" retorted Albert, "but I mean another kind of cord."

"You don't mean to say there's two meanings to a word!" exclaimed the surprised Geehaw.

"Pretty nearly always, I guess," replied Albert. "Anyway, it's so with a great many words."

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"I wish you'd get those hundred stamps and let me free you!" said Geehaw. "I can't release you without them now."

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"What on earth does this mean?" she asked.

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"Well, you are stupid, for an elephant!" cried Betsy. "Don't you know these people can't read a word?"

Tippoo sat down with a dull, heavy thud. Then he said:

"Samantha, take in all the signs. I have been wasting my time, after all!"

"You certainly have, and I told you so long ago," replied Samantha, sharply. "It would have been better to have rescued Albert."

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"Where are you?" asked Betsy, for Albert's voice seemed to come from a great distance.

"In danger, I said!" replied Albert.

"Where's that?" asked Betsy.

There was no answer. Albert had evidently been cut off by some other subscriber, for even the toy telephone was like all the rest. Betsy laid down the little receiver and sighed. How to assist her cousin she knew not.

A slight noise made her turn, and to her amazement she saw the red-flannel elephant just disappearing through the door! Samantha had vanished, and Nip was sitting in the middle of the room more cross-eyed than ever from astonishment, as if he had seen something that paralyzed him.

A brown track led from the stove to the door. It was the Reviver that had dripped from Tippoo's sides, and while she looked the flowers in the carpet stirred into life and swayed softly in the draught from the open door, all sorts of impossible carpet-flowers, the like of which are seen nowhere else. A wondrous scent filled the room.

In another instant Nip, recovering his senses, darted out of the door and down the stairs with indignant barks. Betsy soon followed, anxious to save Tippoo from the dog's teeth and to recover Samantha, but save for the slight traces of the Reviver on the stairs there were no signs of either. From the dark cellar came growls and snarls, and then loud, disappointed barks, for, you know, a dog reveals all shades of feeling in the tones of his voice, and Betsy knew the meaning of every note uttered by Nip.

Now, down in the cellar, far in beyond the coal bin, was a sort of arch built of rough stone, a portion of some former house, so her father had told her mother one day, a deep, mysterious and fascinating cave-like place, darker than all else in the cellar, and one which had always held a charm for Betsy, perhaps because she had always been afraid to examine it, although Albert had declared that it was only a little, damp hole.

She was now quite sure that Nip was in there, and also that he had traced the runaway doll and elephant into its depths, but it was some time before she dared follow him down stairs. However, where Nip was, rats and mice were not, and that's all there is to fear in the darkest cellar. So, finally, she went down slowly, ready to run at any moment, of course, and there at the foot of the stairs sat Nip, looking very much surprised.

Betsy also was astonished, for, instead of a dark and gloomy arch, she saw a stream of bright light coming from an opening in the wall; warm, glowing sunshine poured into the cellar, although it was night time! Perfumes of unknown flowers and



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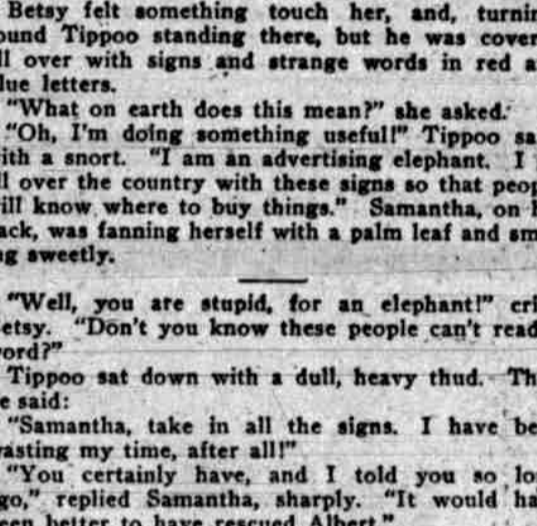
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"Pah!" exclaimed the King of elves. "Who ever heard of a cord made of wood? You couldn't tie a cord like that."

"Well, railroad ties are made of wood!" retorted Albert, "but I mean another kind of cord."

"You don't mean to say there's two meanings to a word!" exclaimed the surprised Geehaw.

"Pretty nearly always, I guess," replied Albert. "Anyway, it's so with a great many words."

"Well, I never heard of that before!" said the King. "Perhaps by killing you I am losing a chance to learn something!"

"I wish you'd get those hundred stamps and let me free you!" said Geehaw. "I can't release you without them now."

Betsy felt something touch her, and, turning, found Tippoo standing there, but he was covered all over with signs and strange words in red and blue letters.

"What on earth does this mean?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm doing something useful!" Tippoo said, with a snort. "I am an advertising elephant. I go all over the country with these signs so that people will know where to buy things." Samantha, on his back, was fanning herself with a palm leaf and smiling sweetly.

"Well, you are stupid, for an elephant!" cried Betsy. "Don't you know these people can't read a word?"

Tippoo sat down with a dull, heavy thud. Then he said:

"Samantha, take in all the signs. I have been wasting my time, after all!"

"You certainly have, and I told you so long ago," replied Samantha, sharply. "It would have been better to have rescued Albert."

Decatur, Bainbridge, McCall (fight with the Frolic), and Perry (victory on Lake Erie), all were thus honored.

In writing to President Monroe on the importance of having the medals awarded by congress artistically executed, Gen. Winfield Scott expressed the opinion that a medal was the highest reward a free man can receive, the recorded approbation of his country. Some years later this reward came to Scott in the shape of one of the largest among our largest national medals. The obverse shows seven battle scenes—as many Scott victories. In the center, Scott, on horseback, is shown at the capture of the City of Mexico. Six crowns of laurel and oak interwined respectively frame scenes of the battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonio and Churubusco. Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. Taylor received a medal of equal size for Buena Vista, and a Grant medal is equally large.

When Loubat began gathering data for his monumental work on "The Medal-

all European governments a hint was thrown out that it might be delicate to omit his Britannic majesty in the distribution.

The so-called "Red Jacket" medal inaugurates the "Indian" or "presidential" set among our "nationals." This set owes its origin to the colonial custom of presenting to chiefs with whom treaties were concluded medals with the effigy of the reigning British sovereign on the obverse and emblems of peace on the reverse. "Red Jacket," a large and crudely-designed piece, was issued soon after Washington became president and was presented by him to the Seneca chief, Sa-go-ya-wat-ha. (He Keeps Them Awake), but also known as Red Jacket. Among the chief's descendants in whose possession it has been was Gen. Ely S. Parker, a full-blooded Indian, who served on Grant's staff and was present at Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

Beginning with John Adams, the Indian medals bear the effigy of the president under whose administration they were issued, and on the reverse up to Fillmore's inauguration, when the de-

## United States History in Medals

From the New York Herald.

FRESH from the United States mint in Philadelphia comes the Roosevelt "presidential" medal, the latest medal to be issued in our so-called "national" medal series, which possesses the greatest interest for both numismatist and layman.

If everything that has been written or printed concerning this country suddenly were to be destroyed there would still remain a curiously interesting record of United States history. On March 25, 1776, even before the Declaration of Independence, the Continental congress voted to Washington a medal for his capture of Boston, which had been effected eight days before. The medal was executed in France, the obverse showing a portrait of Washington, the reverse a representation of the scene, composed from the general's own official report. Thus the medal, a fine specimen of Duvalier's art, commemorates an event in American history and the most conspicuous participant in it.

Though not struck until after several others which were authorized later, in-

cluding the one voted to the Chevalier de Fleury, who was with "Mad" Anthony Wayne in the dash on Stony Point, and hailed down the British flag with his own hands, the Washington piece is classed as our first national medal. The medal was the earliest voted, the event commemorated came first in point of time, the man honored was the greatest American. Starting with him, and the retaking of Boston, the series tells in its numerous engraved portraits and spirited representations of battles on land and sea, the story of our military and naval heroes and their exploits.

Most of the Revolutionary heroes, excepting strangely enough, Lafayette, were honored with medals. The list includes, besides military leaders, John Paul Jones, who criticized the medal presented to him for his capture of the Serapis after one of the most famous sea fights in history, because some of the objects in the picture of the battle on the reverse of the piece were to windward instead of to leeward.

Minor exploits in which courage and

adroitness were displayed also were rewarded by congress. Though not a medal, strictly speaking, yet classed among the "nationals," is a silver repousse pendant, executed in triplicate by a silversmith and presented to Paulding, Williams and Van Wart for their capture of Major Andre in September, 1780. A medal not struck to the order of our government, nevertheless included in the "national" series, is that commissioned by the United Netherlands when that government acknowledged the United States. It is called the "Libera Soror" (Free Sister) from the inscription. The two countries are represented each by a maiden, the Netherlands in breastplate and helmet, holding a staff surmounted by a liberty cap over the head of her companion, an Indian queen, who holds a captive leopard by a chain and plants a foot of the beast's head. On the reverse lies a unicorn, with horn broken against a cliff. This medal certainly "rubbed it into" Great Britain and may account for the fact that when it was suggested to present duplicates of our national medals to the heads of

all European governments a hint was thrown out that it might be delicate to omit his Britannic majesty in the distribution.

The so-called "Red Jacket" medal inaugurates the "Indian" or "presidential" set among our "nationals." This set owes its origin to the colonial custom of presenting to chiefs with whom treaties were concluded medals with the effigy of the reigning British sovereign on the obverse and emblems of peace on the reverse. "Red Jacket," a large and crudely-designed piece, was issued soon after Washington became president and was presented by him to the Seneca chief, Sa-go-ya-wat-ha. (He Keeps Them Awake), but also known as Red Jacket. Among the chief's descendants in whose possession it has been was Gen. Ely S. Parker, a full-blooded Indian, who served on Grant's staff and was present at Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

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sign was changed, the word "Peace" over a crossed tomahawk and calumet, under these two hands clasped, and below these the word "Friendship." The Jefferson Indian medal, executed in this country by John Reich, is regarded as a somewhat noteworthy example of the die sinker's art, because of the fine work shown in the admirable likeness of the president.

Since the administration of Benjamin Harrison the issue of "Indian" medals has ceased, and "presidential" medals have been issued in their stead. The most elaborate of the older set was the Lincoln "Indian" medal, showing on the reverse an Indian plowing, while his children are playing near by, and directly over the scene in which the scene is framed an Indian scalping an enemy, while below are a quiver and a bow and pipe, and between these the face of a weeping squaw—the whole symbolic of the difference between war and peace.

The war of 1812 produced a whole series of naval medals. Truxton, Lawrence (capture of the Hancock), Hull, Jacob Jones (capture of the Frolic),

Decatur, Bainbridge, McCall (fight with the Frolic), and Perry (victory on Lake Erie), all were thus honored.

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