

Polly Evans For Boys

KING CAMPECHE'S REASURE



"SOON BEYOND REACH OF THE SAVAGES"

"DON'T think the old sloop can keep herself above water much longer," Captain Dunworthy's brows knitted anxiously. The chief mate replied, between puffs on a short black pipe, "The men have been hard at work on the pumps ever since that gale struck the 'Isabel' day before yesterday, but the water is steadily gaining on us. The mate it became evident that the 'Isabel' would founder within the next few hours. Rather than risk the lives of his men, Captain Dunworthy resolved to abandon her at once.

Hastily provisioning the longboat, the crew took their places in it. The mate had lowered himself and the captain was about to descend when suddenly he asked, "Where are Ned and Joe?" "Thunder!" exclaimed the mate. "I believe they're still at the pumps. It was their turn, I know."

Summoning the two lads, it was found that no more could be crowded into the boat. As neither of the lads wished to be separated from each other, they begged the captain to permit them to take the small boat.

"Rather dangerous," he objected; "but I suppose we can risk it."

The two boys rowed on steadily, until the island was sighted.

Then one of those violent storms, which come up so suddenly on the southern Pacific, swept upon them. As it was useless to row, the two lads resorted to their oars. "I can't row for us, old chap," Ned shouted.

"Can't understand why we haven't been swamped already," yelled Joe, in reply.

Hardly had he spoken when they were pitched into the breakers and the lads were soon struggling in the water. A moment, and then Ned, to his surprise, found himself in the water. And there, not more than a few yards away, floated the overturned boat. He hastily swam to it.

Ned had just reached the boat when he heard a faint halloo.

"Hello!" he shouted, with all his might.

Fretfully his shouts were rewarded by the appearance of Joe at his side, almost exhausted.

They rested for a while, and then, by their united efforts, succeeded in righting the boat, and climbed into it.

"I wonder how the other boat got through? We must have fortunately struck an opening in the coral reefs that surround all these islands, and so got into water protected from the wind."

Joe who was bailing energetically, paused a moment to reply: "They had the same chance as we did. But if they were thrown upon the reefs nothing could save them."

Thoroughly tired out, the two went to sleep, nor did they awake until dawn.

Ned was first to awake. He rubbed his eyes for a moment. Then he suddenly pounced upon Joe and shook him roughly.

"Look what's coming!" Ned exclaimed excitedly.

Joe looked, and was instantly wide awake, for paddling toward them was a large canoe filled with savages!

"Aren't they beautiful, and don't they look peaceful?" he murmured when the hideous faces and the murderous-looking spears could be seen distinctly.

"Don't they, though?" agreed Ned. "But, say," he continued, "we've got to make a bluff. Fold your arms and

look like Napoleon or Washington crossing the Delaware."

They had not long to wait. Soon the canoe swept alongside, the natives gibbering and grasping their spears menacingly.

Ned singled out the savage who seemed to be the most important, and drawing forth a watch and a mirror from his pockets graciously presented them to him.

"The ugly old fellow was immensely pleased with the gifts. Ned deigned to smile slightly at his rapturous delight.

They were escorted to land with great honor, and at once became the guests of King Campeche. That was not his name, but it was the nearest Ned or Joe could come to it.

For some days the two lived among the natives. They soon discovered that Captain Dunworthy had made a mistake in his reckoning, for the island was not that of Pindarogo. As for the captain and his crew, nothing more was ever heard of them.

After a time, King Campeche grew afraid that the two white boys, who seemed to be so many wonderful things, might try to wrest his kingdom away from him, so he determined to get rid of them.

He asked them to come with him and showed them a great cliff, at the bottom of which he said he had great treasure of precious stones. He said he intended to give this treasure to them, but that, in return, he wished them to show his people how great gods they were by beating down from the top of the cliff.

"I knew the old byways was up to something," whispered Joe to Ned. "What shall we tell him?"

"We have to accept of course, as you've killed anyway. But I've an idea. Why can't we make parachutes of skins, drop to the bottom of the cliff and escape from here?" said Ned.

Joe then told the king in the few words of the language he had been able to learn that they would gladly accept his kind gift, but that they should like to make the descent in the night, as their magic worked best at that time. To this the king assented.

At the time appointed, the whole tribe was at the cliff. Soon the boys appeared, carrying queer-shaped skins, fastened to what looked like umbrellas. These, they said, were to be used for carrying the precious stones. He liked to have his head scratched, so, and he would look at her so contentedly that Judith was sure that he was saying "Thank you," as plain as plain could be, even though he couldn't speak a word of our language.

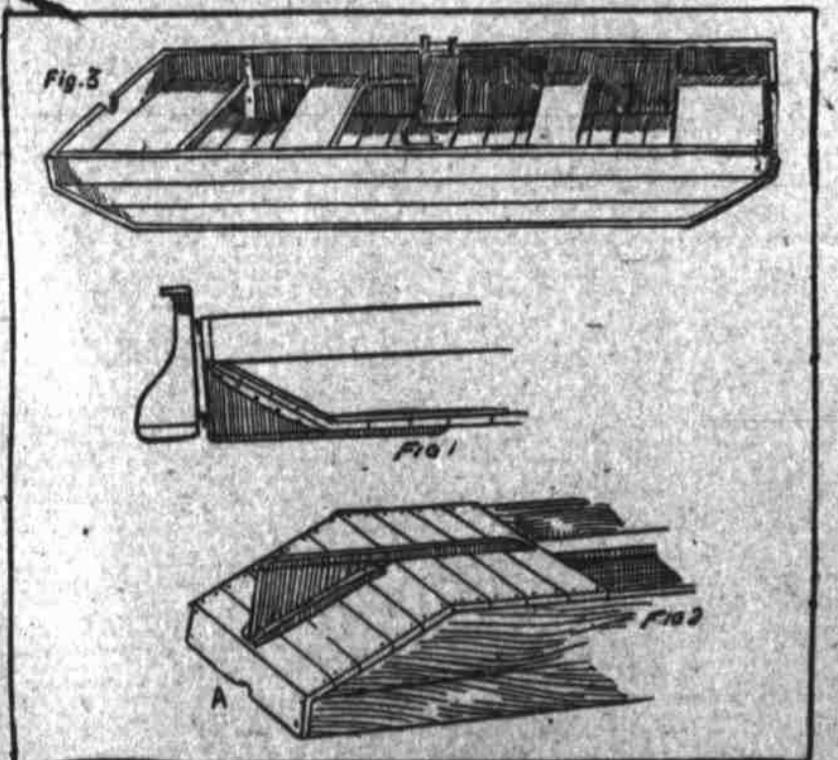
Judith laughed and laughed when she told me how she had shown her new parasol to the same.

It was a beautiful parasol, so that it was but natural that Judith should wish to show it to her favorite pets, especially Whitey.

Raising the pretty parasol, Judith proudly strolled down to the pond.

She thought it funny, as she neared the water, that Whitey or the other swans did not swim toward her, as usual. But she was more surprised

PUNT EASY TO MAKE



It is not at all difficult to build a punt. This sort of boat, with that flat bottom, is ancient, too, as it cannot be readily overturned. Another advantage it has is that it may be rowed from either end, and the overhanging ends afford good seating room. Fig. 1 shows a punt fifteen feet long, fifteen inches deep, and four feet wide. The ends are cut under twenty inches. At one end a skeg and rudder can be attached, as shown in Fig. 1.

For each side, two boards are used, one of six and the other of twelve-inch width. The twelve-inch board is used at the lower end. Fig. 2 shows how the boards are fastened together by battens nailed inside the boat at the mid-

Story Page and Girls

Dwarf Hans, the Shoemaker.

"HANS, Hans! will you never finish that pair of shoes? The gentleman is waiting for them."

"Nat-a-tap! rat-a-tap! rang the hammer merrily as Hans tried his best to have the shoes mended within the next minute.

When this work was done he leaned his face upon his hands, completely tired out. When one is as tiny as Hans it doesn't take much to tire one. He was a dwarf, you know, and as son of a shoemaker, was kept busy from morning to night mending boots and shoes.

"Oh, dear, I wish night was here!" he groaned. Then, as no one was looking, he softly opened the door for a moment. It was so inviting outside that before he knew it he was strolling along by the roadside.

He began to think of all his troubles. "I do wish I was big!" he cried.

All at once there stood before him



"HE TASTED A FEW DROPS."

show that the whole thing had not been a dream.

The little fellow looked at the bottle doubtfully. "It will do no harm to try it, anyway," thought he. So he tasted a few drops.

Immediately he felt himself growing a little larger. After all, the manikin had spoken the truth.

Hans now turned his steps homeward. When he reached the house he carefully hid the bottle, nor did he explain what had happened when his mother, amazed at his sudden growth, asked him what that it should be his secret, and his alone.

Hans found that he could now work much faster than before, but his father observing this, simply gave him more shoes to mend. Then, too, now that he had grown larger, his appetite had grown also, and as his family were poor, he couldn't get nearly enough to eat to satisfy him.

Without sufficient food Hans soon found himself growing as tired as ever he had been.

"I'll drink some more from the bottle," said he to himself, "and then I'll be able to go to work without feeling so tired."

He drank, and at once he became larger.

But again he was given more work to do, and again did he grow tired because he hadn't enough to eat.

In the meantime, he was becoming

much too large for his clothes. Although relatives and friends gave all the clothes they didn't want, the shoemaker and his wife were at their wit's end, for Hans kept drinking all the time in order not to feel tired. At last he became so big that his mother had to make all garments especially for him.

One day, just as he finished the bottle, his head burst through the roof of the little cabin.

The owner of a museum in the city nearby heard of this wonderful boy. He came to see the shoemaker, and offered a big sum of money if Hans were permitted to be placed upon exhibition.

Hans now received plenty to eat, but he soon grew tired and nervous with being stared at.

"Oh, if I would only grow small again!" he lamented, day after day. The manikin again stood before him.



"BURST THROUGH THE ROOF."

"People are never contented," said the same squeaky voice, "but I shall grant your wish."

And Hans was once more a dwarf.

Kept Up With Her.

Sunday-school Teacher—Did you follow what I said, Sammy?

Sammy—Yes, I followed along hard, only it was hard work to keep from falling asleep till you reached there.

NOT LIKE CITY FOLKS



"NICE TO HAVE SOME ONE COMFORT HIM."

MARY scanned the letter excitedly. "Of all that wonderful dress, for the soon from the Jessie had good taste in such things in spite of the fact that she came from a poor country village.

It lacked but a few days of the time Jessie was to return home. "By the way, Jessie," said Mary, "I've arranged with some of the girls to make up a party to go to the theater this afternoon."

"I'm sorry," replied Jessie, "but I've promised to take the twins to the Zoo."

"Nonsense! the little beggars can go any time. You'd be bothered half to death with them."

But Jessie would insist that she would hold to her promise, and Mary left in a huff.

That afternoon, as Jessie was leaving the house with the twins, she was met by Harry, just returned from some adventurous trip.

"Hello! Where are you going?" he asked.

"To the Zoo!" the twins shouted together.

"Well, I'll be awfully!" was the surprised exclamation.

For a moment he stood there scratching his head and seemingly in deep thought.

"I say," he finally asked in some embarrassed tone, "would you care to have a chap go with you?"

"Of course not," replied Jessie, although the twins protested strongly. So Harry went along.

You can't imagine what a fine time they had. From that day on the twins had a new regard for Harry, and he in turn, no longer teased them as he had been accustomed to do.

As for Harry, she could hardly believe that Harry had been with Jessie—Harry, who had always scoffed at such occupations. She had not at all enjoyed herself at the theater; she had a bad headache, and she said a few bitter words that wounded Jessie deeply and Harry to such an extent that he wouldn't speak to his sister for a week. But when Mary thought it all over she told Jessie she was sorry for what she had said, and the two "made up" so there was really no harm done.

As for Jessie had gone. One and all felt her absence, nor could they see how they could do without her. The twins were inconsolable, grandma's eyes looked suspiciously red, while Harry became wonderfully meek and gentle even to his sister. Indeed, each one had been taught something during her brief stay and each was the better for it.

No, she's not at all like city folks, and I'm glad of it! Harry had said with emphasis, nor did Mary venture to contradict him.

Mary, too, grew into the habit of run-

WHITEY, A PET OF JUDITH'S

JUDITH thought it really a shame not to make use of such a grand pond. Ever since they had moved upon the big estate the pond, beautifully covered with water lilies, had not been disturbed by boat or animal.

Uncle Will knew how Judith longed for pets, so he sent five swans. Now the pond was made good use of, and the little girl spent hours at a time watching the graceful creatures.

One swan, whom she named Whitey, because he was pure white in color—soon became her favorite pet. Whitey it was who always saw Judith first and swam to feed upon the crumbs the little miss always brought.

Oh, it was so funny to see all the swans race to the bank to be fed! Judith would clap her hands in glee. And then Whitey was so tame he would even eat from her hands. He liked to have his head scratched, so, and he would look at her so contentedly that Judith was sure that he was saying "Thank you," as plain as plain could be, even though he couldn't speak a word of our language.

Judith laughed and laughed when she told me how she had shown her new parasol to the same.

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"WHITEY DID NOT SWIM TOWARD HER."

when she called, "Whitey! Whitey!" and Whitey merely stared curiously back.

You see, they didn't know her when she had the parasol.

"Billy goose!" Judith exclaimed, scratching her pet's head. He wasn't a goose at all, but he was silly, just the same. Don't you think so?

FUNNY PICTURE STORIES



A SPRING'S A BAD THING FOR TUG-OF-WAR



NIGHTMARE THAT CRUEL TOMMY HAD



PUSSY CATCHES THE CUCKOO, BUT—



TEASING MR. PELICAN ISN'T ALWAYS FUN

A-GOIN' FISMIN'



I KNOW it ain't just right
Away from home to run;
But when the fish will bite
Fishing's such lots of fun.

I trudge down to the brook,
Sometimes without a thought
Of fish—but just to look;
"Deed, not a thing I've brought."

But, 'fore I even think
To cut the hook and pole;
And then, quick as a wink,
Lines from my pockets roll.

Then, too, somehow a worm
I find upon the hook;
There soon a fish will squirm
If one is in the brook!



Great Expectations.

Elsie—My bruvver Tommy is going to be an admiral when he grows up.

Vivian—Ah, a naval academy student, I suppose.

Elsie—Oh, he hasn't got that far yet; but he's got an anchor tattooed on his arm.

A Sure Thing.

Conjuror—Boy, do you think I could put the twenty-five cents which the lady has in your coat pocket?

Arthur—No, sir; I know you couldn't.

Conjuror—Why not?

Arthur—Because the pocket is all torn out.

Unspeaking.

Mother was telling little Martha about the heron. Ending the story she said, "The bird has no tail to speak of."

The next day she asked Martha to tell her what she remembered about the heron. Martha began with, "The heron's tail must not be talked about."

"Boy Wanted."

Toots—Ma says I've been a real baby girl.

Pete—Will that help?

Boots—That's not a sign to help you, window with the glass in it.